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THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VISITS TO THE CAPE.

To refer occasionally to the impressions created by the country in which we live, or by those who occupied it before us, on the minds of early visitors from the older seats of the world's civilization, is not, in our opinion, without interest. Nor, indeed, will it be deemed undeserving a little trouble to endeavour to read the character of these visitors themselves, by the light of their remarks on the then infant settlement of Europeans in South Africa.

Our purpose, at present, is to place before the reader the Cape as it appeared to Captain Cook, the distinguished navigator, and to his fellow-voyagers, on the several occasions when they visited this valley under Table Mountain. Their personal observation did not extend far beyond Cape Town; but their means of learning the condition of the interior country were the best attainable; namely, the information willingly accorded them by residents whose authority was beyond question, and between whom and themselves a most cordial friendship appears to have grown out of the brief stay which they were, from time to time, able to make at the Cape.

The honourable and kindly mention made of such individuals by Captain Cook and his colleagues ought to be considered among the most pleasing memorials of them which have come down to their descendants. It unquestionably afforded no little encouragement to the navigators, that they found in this corner of the world, if only for a few days, the sympathy and conversation of the educated men to whom they allude with so much warmth and gratitude, and who seem to have been so well able to appreciate the work in which their guests were engaged. One passage of Mr. Forster's account of the second voyage may be introduced here, as a specimen of the character which these men had gained for the Cape and themselves:—

> Among the principal inhabitants there are persons of both sexes, whose whole deportment, extensive reading, and well cultivated understanding would be admired and distinguished even in Europe. Among them we cannot, in justice, avoid mentioning the Governor, Baron

Joachim van Plettenberg, a gentleman whose hospitality and affability do great honour to him and his nation; Mr. Hemmy, the second Governor, and his family; Mr. von Prehn, the Major; Mr. Bergh, the Secretary, a man of science, of a noble, philosophic turn of mind, with a family who distinguish themselves in every mental and bodily accomplishment, above the whole rising generation of the Cape; Mr. Kerste, Mr. de Wit, and our worthy host, Mr. Christophel Brand, Commander of the fort at False Bay, and all their families. It is a real satisfaction to perpetuate the memory of valuable members of society, and friends to mankind.*

But to return to Captain Cook personally. He was here, in the whole, four times. In March and April, 1771, on his homeward voyage, having proceeded outward by way of the Horn. (Hawkesworth's Coll., vol. 3, p. 377). Secondly, in November, 1772. (Forster's Voyage, 1, 57). Then, homeward, on the same voyage in March, 1775. (Foster, 2, 548). Cook's fourth and last visit was in November, 1776, when prosecuting the voyage in which his melancholy death occurred. The expedition then touched here again in April, 1780.

Turning to Cook's account of his first visit, we are at once struck with the changes that have taken place in the nature of the communication between Europe and India, even round the Cape of Good Hope, since a period still so comparatively recent. The sufferings attendant on the ordinary India voyage of that day are sufficiently indicated in the following allusion to the condition of an Indiaman he found in Table Bay:—

> While we lay here, the *Houghton*, Indiaman, sailed for England, who during her stay in India, lost between thirty and forty men; and when she left the Cape had many in a helpless condition with the scurvy. Other ships suffered in the same proportion, who had been little more than twelve months absent from England. Our sufferings were, therefore, comparatively light, considering that we had been absent near three times as long. (Hawkesworth's Collection, 3, 380.)

The same state of things is exhibited in Forster's account of Cape Town in the second voyage, vol. 1, 61:—

> Another great building serves as a hospital for the sailors belonging to the Dutch East India ships which touch here, and commonly have

* This account of the voyage is by the younger Forster, who accompanied his father, Dr. John Reinold Forster, the author of the "Observations on Physical Geography," &c., made during the expedition of which he was the naturalist. We cannot refrain from here adding to what is above said of the Dutch officers whom the Forsters found at the Cape, the following eulogy on one of them:—"We retired to the house of Mr. Brand, where we were received with that hearty welcome which always makes men forget national characters, and convinces them that real worth is not confined to certain climates or nations." (Vol. 2, p. 548). This gentleman was the direct ancestor of the present Speaker of the Assembly,—his grandfather, if we mistake not.

prodigious numbers of sick on board, on their voyage from Europe towards India. The vast number of men, sometimes six, seven, or eight hundred, which these ships carry out to supply the military in India; the small room to which they are confined; and the short allowance of water and salt provisions they receive on a long voyage through the torrid zone, generally make considerable havoc among them. It is, therefore, no uncommon circumstance at the Cape that a ship, on her passage thither from Europe, loses eighty or a hundred men, and sends between two and three hundred others dangerously ill to the hospital.

What follows still more resembles the horrors of the "middle passage," and their attendant crimes:—

A fact no less deplorable than certain is that the small expense and facility with which the *ziel-verkoopers* actually carry on their infamous trade of supplying the India Company with recruits, makes them less attentive to the preservation of health among these poor people. Nothing is more common, in this and other Dutch colonies, than to meet with soldiers in the Company's service, who, on inquiry, acknowledge that they have been kidnapped in Holland.

Holland, we may here remark, was not the only source of supply of such soldiers. The following instance of the escape of a Hanoverian, who certainly commands our sympathy for the flogging he is described to have got on board, appears on the occasion of Mr. Forster's second departure from the Cape (Vol. 2, 557):—

On the 28th, in the morning, a man was found concealed in the hold, and proper inquiry being made, it was discovered that one of the quartermasters had conducted him thither some days before, and shared his daily allowance with him. His good nature was punished with a dozen lashes, and another dozen applied on the stranger's back as a welcome. He was a native of His Majesty's German dominions, who, having been kidnapped into the Dutch East India service, had applied to Captain Cook to take him under his protection. But it being deemed improper to protect all His Majesty's subjects alike, he had been reduced to the necessity of going on board by stealth, in order to escape from a service to which he had been unjustly forced. He soon proved to be one of the most industrious men in the ship, and gave our men a good idea of their Hanoverian fellow-subjects.

Of the extent and varied character of the "kidnapping," as it is here called, of troops for the foreign service of both the English and Dutch Governments, in the latter half of the last century, few readers will need to be reminded. Probably the *ziel-verkoopers*, referred to by Forster, were individual speculators, who confined their operations chiefly to Holland. In Germany, the petty sovereigns sold their people by regiments, for American service, to England—for duty in the pestilent climate of Batavia, and the "terra incognita" of the Cape, to the Netherlands.

Those familiar with Schiller will at once call to mind, in the *Cabale* and *Liebe*, the heartrending exclamations of the

old servant who brings a box of jewels to the Duke's mistress:—"Ihn kosten sie keinen Heller. Gestern sind sieben tausend Landskinder nach America fort—die zahlen Alles! Edelsteine, wie diese da—ich habe auch ein paar Söhne darunter." And his relation of their farewell:—"Gott mit euch—Weib und Kinder! Am jüngsten Gerichte sind wir wieder da!" Lord Chatham, in 1788, indicates strongly enough the extent to which the hire of German troops had been carried by Great Britain:—"Germany will give no more. I have read in the newspapers of this day, and I have reason to believe it is true, that the head of the Germanic body has remonstrated against it, and has taken measures accordingly against it." Elsewhere he speaks of yet trying to gain the confidence and affection of those who have escaped the Indian tomahawk and German bayonet. That the wretches sent on these expeditions were as unwilling emigrants to foreign scenes of warfare as the individual recruits kidnapped by the Dutch *ziel-verkoopers* is tolerably manifest. There were exceptions, such as the case of some who left their native country of their own accord, and enlisted in the Dutch army for the express purpose of being so fortunate as to be left behind sick at the Cape, which as private colonists they would not be allowed to enter! But for the most part, fraud or despotism were the agencies by which mercenary soldiers were supplied alike for American and Indian service.

Mr. Forster's description of the garden attached to the hospital—a building situated, we believe, on ground now partly occupied by the property of the Board of Executors, is interesting. It will be remembered that sometimes very fine pictures are drawn by lovers of the "good old times" of the early state of what are now the Government and Botanical Gardens. Mr. Forster throws some light on the differing authorities on which either these views, on the one hand, are entertained, or, on the other, the still more erroneous fancy of others that the ancient gardens sometimes spoken of were a myth altogether. We must necessarily, as the reader will observe, include the "apothecary's shop" in the view given of the "garden:"—

> There is an apothecary's shop belonging to the hospital, where the most necessary remedies are prepared, but no expensive drug is to be found in it; and the method of administering to all the patients indiscriminately out of two or three huge bottles, full of different preparations, suffices to convince us that the fresh air of the land, and fresh provisions here, contribute much more to the recovery of the sick than the skill of their physicians. Patients who are able to walk are ordered to go up and down the streets every fair morning; and all kinds of

greens, potherbs, salads, and antiscorbutics are raised for their use in an adjacent garden belonging to the Company. Travellers have sometimes praised and sometimes depreciated this garden, according to the different points of view in which it has been considered. It is true, a few regular walks of indifferent oaks, encompassed with elm and myrtle hedges, are not objects engaging enough to those who are used to admire the perfection of gardening in England, or who contemplate, in Holland and France, cypress, box, and yew trees, cut out into vases, statues, and pyramids: or *charmilles* turned into pieces of architecture. But, considering that the trees were planted in the beginning of this century, more for use than ornament; that they shelter the kitchen herbs for the hospital against the destructive violence of storms; and that they form the only shady and airy walks comfortable to voyagers and sick persons in this hot climate, I cannot wonder that some should extol, as a *delightful spot*, what others contemptuously call a *friar's garden*. (Foster, vol. 1, 63).

The reader need scarcely be reminded, among the varying opinions of the value of the Cape as a possession, and of its garden as useful either to science or for health, of Lord Nelson's denunciation of us in the House of Lords, when defending the conduct of ministers, in 1803, for restoring the colony to the Dutch It is the more worthy our attention, at present, in connection with the allusions already made to the nature of the navigation then carried on between Europe and India, and the awful mortality consequent upon its defects. Lord Nelson alike testifies to the former necessity of ships touching at the Cape, and the improvements in ship-building, &c, which were lessening this necessity. As the reader will afterwards perceive, Captain Cook shared the opinion of the great Admiral, that the Cape was fit for nothing but a tavern; but, in his day, the evils consequent on the expenditure of a large English army had not yet so grievously affected "mine host's" bill. The following was Lord Nelson's language:—

With regard to another part, the Cape of Good Hope; when the Indiamen were heavy ships, it might have been found useful for them to touch there and refit; but ever since the Indian ships were coppered like our men of war, and swift sailers, it frequently happened that they sailed out to India without touching at any port whatsoever. He had himself been there, and considered it merely a tavern in the passage, which served to call at, and thence often to delay the voyage. While the Dutch held it, you could buy a cabbage there for two pence; but since it was in our hands, a shilling was obliged to be paid for a cabbage. It produced little that made it worth holding, and it could not be maintained but at an enormous expense. He therefore thought that, considering the present situation of our territories in India, His Majesty's ministers had acted with prudence and economy, in giving up the Cape, and making it a free port. (Woodfall's Debates, Nov. 1803.)

Captain Cook's description of the garden implies that he considered it, to some extent, as intended for forwarding botanical science, although this object seemed less kept in

view than it had previously been. We are not aware when the catalogue was framed to which he alludes. But the mention of the catalogue induces us to ask, by the way, if any is in existence, belonging to our present Botanical Garden?

At the farther end of High-street, the Company have a garden, which is about two-thirds of an English mile long. The whole is divided by walks that intersect each other at right angles, and are planted with oaks that are clipt into wall edges, except in the centre walk, where they are suffered to grow to their full size, and afford an agreeable shade, which is the more welcome, as, except the plantations by the sides of the two canals, there is not a single tree that would serve even for a shepherd's bush, within many miles of the town. The greater part of this garden is kitchen ground, but two small squares are allotted to botanical plants, which did not appear to be so numerous by one half as they were when Oldenland wrote his catalogue.* At the farther end of the garden is a menagerie, in which there are many birds and beasts that are never seen in Europe, particularly a beast, called by the Hottentots "Coe-Doe," which is as large as a horse, and has the fine spiral horns which are sometimes seen in public and private collections of curiosities. (Hawkesworth's Col. 3, p. 384.)

Captain Cook's mention, in the same page as we have just quoted, of the manner in which strangers are entertained is repeatedly alluded to elsewhere. The higher officers, not excepting even the "Secundus" in the Government himself, were prepared to receive respectable strangers as lodgers, at a rate very different from the "shilling for a cabbage" indicated by Lord Nelson thirty years after. "The charges were," says Captain Cook, "from five shillings to two shillings per diem, for which all necessaries were found." There are houses in Cape Town, which were then in the possession of these officials, bearing sufficient evidences of their occupation by lodgers of this class. Among them are the buildings of the South African Bank, belonging, during Captain Cook's visits, to Mr. Hemmy whose name is so respectfully mentioned above by Mr. Forster, on some panes of glass in which are inscribed the autograph of Capt. Clerke, the commander of Capt. Cook's consort ship on his third voyage, and apparently the autograph also of Omai, the Tahitian native who was taken to England, and sent back to his native country after some residence there. These panes of glass, we respectfully submit to all concerned, and particularly to Mr. Rawstorne whose residence they at present adorn, ought to be, if they are not already, placed in Mr. Layard's charge at the Museum.

* *Oldenland* is mentioned by *Valentyn* as having been the superintendent of the Cape garden, in 1695, and as the author of an elaborate catalogue and description of Cape plants, which appears to have been still here, in manuscript, at the time of *Valentyn's* visit. The catalogue is printed in *Valentyn's* work, where Captain Cook probably met with it.

We cannot compress into this paper any further mention of the series of voyages in which we consider the Cape to possess so peculiar an interest. But we trust that we shall be permitted to return to the subject on a future occasion. Meantime, we think that the following passages from Captain Cook's narrative of his first visit deserving of peculiar attention. They afford a well-drawn picture of the naturally unattractive and desolate character of the country, as it must have appeared to the enterprising men who first began to plant civilization in South Africa; and convey appropriate praise to the triumphs of industry in a land which, for a century and a half before Riebeek, Europeans had thought unworthy of culture. Even in Cook's time, the description is dreary enough:—

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, no other country that we saw during the voyage makes a more forlorn appearance or is in reality a more sterile desert. The land over the Cape, which constitutes the peninsula formed by Table Bay on the north and False Bay on the south, consists of high mountains, altogether naked and desolate: the land behind them to the east, which may be considered as the isthmus, is a plain of vast extent, consisting almost wholly of a light kind of sea sand, which produces nothing but heath, and is utterly incapable of cultivation. All the spots that will admit of improvement, which together bear about the same proportion to the whole as one to one thousand, are laid out in vineyards, orchards, and kitchen grounds, and most of these little spots lie at a considerable distance from each other. There is also the greatest reason to believe that in the interior parts of this country that which is capable of cultivation does not bear a greater proportion to that which is incorrigibly barren; for the Dutch told us that they had settlements eight and twenty days' journey up the country, a distance equal to at least nine hundred miles, from which they bring provisions to the Cape by land: so that it seems reasonable to conclude that provisions are not to be had within a less compass. While we were at the Cape, a farmer came thither from the country, at the distance of fifteen days' journey, and brought his young children with him. We were surprised at this, and asked him if it would not have been better to have left them with his next neighbour. "Neighbour!" said the man, "I have no neighbour within less than five days' journey of me." Surely the country must be deplorably barren, in which those who settle only to raise provisions for a market are dispersed at such distances from each other. That the country is everywhere destitute of wood appears to demonstration; for timber and plants are imported from Batavia, and fuel is almost as dear as food. We saw no tree, except in plantations near the town, that was more than six feet high; and the stems that were not thicker than a man's thumb had roots as thick as an arm or leg. Such is the influence of the winds here to the disadvantage of vegetation, setting the sterility of the soil out of the question.

The only town which the Dutch have built here is, from its situation, called Cape Town, and consists of about a thousand houses, neatly built of brick, and, in general, whited on the outside. They are, however, covered only with thatch, for the violence of the south-east winds

would render any other roof inconvenient and dangerous. The streets are broad and commodious,—all crossing each other at right angles. In the principal street there is a canal, on each side of which is planted a row of oaks, that have flourished tolerably well, and yield an agreeable shade. There is a canal, also, in one other part of the town; but the slope of the ground in the course of both is so great, that they are furnished with flood-gates or locks, at intervals of little more than fifty yards.

A much greater proportion of the inhabitants of this place are Dutch, than in Batavia; and as the town is supported chiefly by entertaining strangers, and supplying them with necessaries, every man, to a certain degree, imitates the manners and customs of the nation with which he is chiefly concerned. The ladies, however, are so faithful to the mode of their country, that some of them will not stir without a *chaudpied* or *chauffet*, which is carried by a servant, that it may be ready to place under her feet, whenever she shall sit down. This practice is the more remarkable, as very few of these *chauffets* have fire in them, which, indeed, the climate renders unnecessary.

The air is salutary in a high degeee, so that those who bring diseases hither from Europe, generally recover perfect health in a short time; but the diseases that are brought from India are not so certainly cured.

Notwithstanding the natural sterility of the climate, industry has supplied this place with all the necessaries, and even the luxuries, of life, in the greatest profusion. The beef and mutton are excellent, though the cattle and sheep are natives of the colony. The cattle are lighter than ours, more neatly made, and have horns that spread to a much wider extent. The sheep are clothed with a substance between wool and hair, and have tails of an enormous size. We saw some that weighed twelve pounds, and were told that there were many much larger. Good butter is made of the milk of the cows, but the cheese is very much inferior to our own. Here are goats, but they are never eateu, hogs, and a variety of poultry. Hares are also found here,—exactly like those of Europe; antelopes of many kinds; quails, of two sorts; and bustards, which are well flavoured, but not juicy. The fields produce European wheat and barley; and the gardens, European vegetables, and fruit of all kinds, besides plantains, guavas, jambu, and some other Indian fruits, but these are not in perfection. The plantains, in particular, are very bad, and the guavas no larger than gooseberries. The vineyards also produce wine of various sorts, but not equal to those of Europe, except the Constantia, which is made genuine only at one vineyard, about ten miles distant from the town.

F.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KAFIRS AND KAFIRLAND—A SETTLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

A KAFIR'S NARRATIVE.

"I WAS born," said Scarface, "long times ago, before the face of the white man was often seen in this land, or the

voice of his fire-powder heard among these hills. My father was chief of his tribe, and one of the head men of the great Hintza. He counted more cattle than the hairs on the white man's head, and had more wives and children than any of the surrounding chiefs. In those days, when I was a little child, our people were at peace, and the assegais slept in the huts, except when the feet of the elephant were heard crashing down the branches of the forest, or the wild dog and panther came by night to rob our kraals. Then the land was covered with corn gardens, and food was abundant as the grass on the veldt. We then slept in peace, without fear of being waked by the war-cries of the enemy, or the bellowing of the red coats' thunder. Our people were then wise, and content, and happy. Men would sometimes come from the far regions below the rising of the sun; and tell us that the white men who lived there had houses ten times bigger than our huts, that they had corn and cattle, sheep and horses, beads and blankets,—such as were never seen in our country; and we listened and wondered, but were content. The evil spirit was then at rest, and our people were not tempted.

"I was the favourite son of my father, and, according to the manner of the country, he chose me as the future chief. I had many brothers, and they all were jealous of me; but, while my father was alive, they were cunning enough to hide their anger. Yet often would I see them talking and consulting together, and I felt it was about me; and when we were out hunting, or away in the open country, they would mutter dark whispers of death and revenge. But for all this I cared very little, for I knew it would have been the same with any other son who might have been chosen. So I let them talk and whisper, and thought when my father was dead I might prepare against their threatened revenge. Foolish boy that I was, as if it is not time to defend your cattle, when the roaring of the lion is heard coming nearer and nearer the kraal;—for was not my father getting older every day, and did not every moon make him still more feeble and helpless!

"All this time, we kept hearing of the white men coming and settling on every side, and about two years before I became the chief and head of the tribe, one came to my father, and offered to buy some land very near where the fort is now. He brought with him beads and blankets, in exchange for what he wanted, and my father told him he might take what land he wished for, as there was room for the cattle of both, and he wished to be friends with the strangers who possessed so many wonderful things, and were so much more

wise than his own race. So the white man came and built his house on the place he had chosen, and brought his wife and his children to live there. He was very friendly with my father, and would often come to the kraal with tobacco and presents, in return for which we sent him women, to dig his fields and gather in his crops.

"One of the white man's children was a daughter, a maiden more beautiful than anything I had ever seen before: I cannot tell you what she was like, for she was incomparable. Her moonlike face was wrapped round in hair, like the clouds that wait upon the dying sun. I treated her as a spirit, for she was so different from the women of our people. Sometimes she would come with her father and brothers, mounted on horses, to our kraal, and would speak to us in her English language, interpreted by her brothers, and once she sent me a scarlet and blue blanket, with a message that I was to get her a young springbok for it, and night after night, and day after day, did I spend afterwards in catching for her what she wanted.

"And so the days went on, and we continued friendly and at peace, not only with these, but with all the other white men around our place. But, at last, there came a cloud like that which goes before the thunder of the heavens. A witch-doctor came among our people, and told them of dark things. He said that the white men were only waiting their time to destroy and kill all who had a black skin, and that their promises of peace and goodwill were only deceitful disguises. This was six months before my father died, and he had no faith in what the prophet said, neither, of course, had I, who wished to have the stirrer of war sent out of the country, or punished; but the people looked up with reverence to the doctor, and we were obliged to leave him alone.

"At last, my father died, and I immediately became chief, knowing that if I was slow in assuming the chieftainship, I should lose it altogether. In a week after his death, the prophet came to our kraal, and said the spirits had told him that my father had died from witchcraft. Among our people, when such a statement is made, the successor has always to order gatherings to be held, for the purpose of discovering the witch; besides I half believed that my father had been bewitched, and I thought, too, of the cows that would become mine on the discovery of the guilty person. So I made preparations for a great meeting of all the chief men of my own and the surrounding tribes, and all others who could come, were summoned to be present.

"When the day came for the detection of the witch, the

people poured to my kraal from every side, and sat down in a wide circle. When they had all arrived, the witch-doctor, after we had waited a little time, came rushing in, as is usual on such occurrences, covered with skins and wild cats' tails. He ran, leaping and stamping into the centre of the ring, shouting, "Look out! Look out! I see him! I see him!" and then began jumping, singing, muttering, and twisting himself about, during all which time he was talking with the spirit, and the people remained perfectly quiet, lest he should be disturbed, and his power injured. At last, he sat down on the ground, and commenced chanting "There he is, there he is; I have found him!" Every person now listened attentively, as some description of the witch would probably be given. He went on, 'Were Great Zeekoe's* cattle many and fat? Was the grass of the people sweet? Were the wives and women of Great Zeekoe strong? Did he think the soft words of the fair-haired one would take away the arms of the young men of the Amakweshe?' On hearing this, all my strength left me, for I then knew that the doctor, Umzoka, was speaking of the white man, our neighbour and friend,—then I knew that the father of the fair daughter of the sun was the person spoken of by Umzoka as the bewitcher. But the customs of his race are with the Kweshe stronger than anything else, and I must do as my fathers had done before me. So I asked the doctor the usual questions, and told him to bring the charm that had bewitched and killed my father. Then he told a man sitting near to go into the old chief's hut, and he would find the thing upon a mat, under a buckskin, with a corn cob lying on the top; and the man went, and soon came back, having in his hand the red and blue blanket which had been given to me by the white man's daughter, and which I had lent my father in his sickness! On seeing the blanket, all the people cried out that Umzoka was a great doctor, and that the spirit was his friend. He then declared that the blanket was bewitched, and had been given to me that the old chief might die by its means. I said that it had not been given to my father, but to me, and that the white man could not have known that I should lend it to any one. Then Umzoko bent his ear to the ground, and after listening a little time, he answered that the spirit told him the eyes of the white woman had bewitched me, and caused me to lend the blanket to my father. I could not say any more, for the power of the witch-doctor is very great, and even a chief cannot slight his words. Then Idolo, one of the eldest of my brothers, got up in a

* Zeekoe was the name of Scarface's father.

great rage, and said,—'People of the Amakweshe, shall your chiefs be killed by the white robbers? Will you let your young men be bewitched by the white women? Will you be made like girls and fools? The white intruder has killed our father, Great Zeekoe, who gave him ground for his gardens, and women to plant his corn? He crept among us like the snake, and with cunning words and large beads deceived our great father. The white man has killed the chief of the Amakweshe; let us then destroy him and his people, let us burn his huts, and destroy his gardens, let us take the assegai, and punish the false white man as a witch and a murderer.'

"Such language as this roused the tribe to a great degree of excitement, and they all started up, waving their spears and shields, shouting that they would see the white man's blood and the smoke of his houses before the day was over. Then I spoke, and, telling them to put their spears down, said that I was now their chief and king, and that they were not to go out with the sharpened assegai till I nodded my head. I told them that the white man had always seemed our friend, and that the next day I would send armed men to fetch him, and that then he should be punished as he deserved, in a more painful manner than if he was only stabbed by the assegai;—for I was determined to save him and his daughter, and when I thought of her, I was choked with passion, for I knew the custom of my people, and the horrible fate she would meet, if once in the power of our young warriors. In the dark time of night, I intended going myself to the house of the white man, and warning him of the wrath of our tribe, so that he and his family might mount their horses, and escape in the night time to the secure settlements of the whites down below. When the people heard my words they were satisfied, though I could see that my brothers disbelieved me, and were intent on the death of the 'white witch.' The people went back to their kraals, while I returned to my place to wait the darkness of the coming night.

"As I was sitting in my hut, about sunset, I started at hearing a sound coming over the hill, that seemed just like the shouts of a number of armed men. I only heard it once, and went in again to my hut, thinking I had been mistaken. A little while passed, and then it came again, louder and longer than before, and I could not doubt that it was the war-cry of the Amakweshe going forth to battle. It came from the direction of the white man's place! I was in a frenzy. My brothers were then carrying out their deadly purpose, and I should be too late to save!

"I immediately snatched up shield and assegais, and rushed out to endeavour, with my command as chief, to stop the fury

of the warriors. On and on I ran, and the road never seemed so long before. At last, I gained a hill, from which the white man's house could be seen. I screamed with joy, for there was the house still standing, apparently untouched. Down, down I went, through rivers, bushes, and kloofs, nothing could stop me. A snake darted through the grass just before me. I knew it was the spirit of my father, telling me to run faster and faster. A second but lower hill was in front, from which I could also see the settlement. I got to the top, and there I saw, oh great Hintza! I saw the smoke, the black cloud of smoke hanging over the house. I was then too late; the house was burning, and the people must have been murdered, and the maiden have been * * * *. I dare not think of it. I screamed and yelled, and vowed vengeance on the murderers. Still I proceeded. I heard the shouts, the triumphant shouts, of the warriors, returning, and almost immediately I met them. On seeing me, they stopped, more, I thought, from curiosity than fear. I then spoke, and told them that I had vowed, by the spirit of my father, that the chief conspirators should die for what they had done. Then the brother who had incited them to the work, in the gathering that day, came out from among them, and said, "Hear that, men of the Amakweshe! hear the son of the Great Zeekoe take part with the white witch. He thought he would save the white girl, so that she might bewitch more of the strong men of the Amakweshe; but was he right? could he save her? No! the spirit of our great chief is too wise for that! It came and told me that Umomo (my name) only wanted to give the white man time to run away like a frightened dog. Umomo was false; he used deceitful words; he wanted to deceive you,—you, the children of Great Zeekoe. But it could not be; the white man must be punished, and we have punished him. Listen to me, Umomo; we went softly, and made a circle round the house, for we knew that the white man was cunning and slippery as the snake. I went and rattled against the door, and he, the old one, came and asked what we wanted. I told him Umomo was sick, and wanted to see him; and then, when he was standing in the doorway, I seized, and stabbed him. He struggled, and called loudly to his people inside, but I held him firm, and pierced him again and again, till the red blood came round him like a sheet or a blanket, and he fell to the ground like a dead ox. Then his sons came to the door, and we stabbed them too,—yes, we stabbed them as witches should be stabbed. We cut off their ears and their noses, their hands and their feet. And all this time, the women were shrieking and

crying like a drove of frightened kids; and, when we were busy with the young men, the yellow-haired daughter came rushing out of the house, and threw herself before her brother, to save him from the assegai; but it was no use, for we threw her aside till the last, for her turn was yet to come. And then the mother and the little children were killed, yes the little ones; and then, when they were all lying quivering on the ground, like crushed frogs in the red mud, we took the white girl; aye, Umomo, shrink now, we took her, the white spirit, the great chieftainess, * * Tell him, men of the Amakweshe, tell this white-hearted boy what we did to the girl of the white men. * * * * At last, she was stabbed like the rest, and left on the ground for the wolf and the tiger; ha! ha! a fine meal they will have to-night from the tender flesh of the whites; and see here, Umomo, see here.' The speaker here held up a bunch of yellow hair, on seeing which the rage of the tiger boiled within me, and I rushed with a raised assegai at my brother, for I wanted to kill him. But he was prepared against my rage, and threw up his shield to cover him, and my blow did no harm to the stiff ox skin. I lifted my arm to strike again, but he had already raised his spear, and I fell to the ground beneath its stroke. I thought that I must be dead, for the assegai seemed to cut into my skull, but it really only pierced my cheek, and left this scar, by which I am known among the white men. When the warriors saw me lying on the ground, they came and bound me with strips of bark, and carried me back to the kraal, where, in the morning, I had been chief and king. I was thrown into one of the huts, and left to lie there. They seemed after this to be holding a consultation among my brothers and the head men of the tribe. I could hear, too, the voice of Umzoko, the prophet. They were talking of me, and of my fate. The doctor said I was a witch, and ought not to live, and that the spirit said that the son of Zeekoe, who, on going to battle, brought back a bundle of ripe grass, was to be the king. Then the brother who had already said and done so much, seemed to show the grass spoken of, but which I knew was the hair he had shown with such joy to me. All the people then murmured that it was he, Ukohla, who was the chief of Amakweshe, and that I was a witch and a bastard. I then could hear them decide that in the morning, when the sun rose, I was to be tortured and killed as witches always are among our people. After that I could hear them do nothing but eat, drink, and sing, till one after another, all went to their huts. Six or seven came to sleep in the hut I was lying in. On

their coming in, I closed my eyes, and seemed asleep. They gazed at me, and laughed, and some of them kicked me, and wondered how I should look in the morning, when the ants were running over my roasted flesh. The way they spoke showed me that they thought I was half dead.

"When, by their loud snoring, I could tell they were all asleep, I opened my eyes, and began to think if I could escape. I did not care about dying; no, I was no coward. I had nothing to live for; was I not an outcast and a reproach among my people? No! life was not pleasant to me; but I wanted to live for vengeance. My blood boiled hot when I thought of what had happened. I must live, I must be revenged. I thirsted for the blood of my brother and the false doctor. Yes, I must live. So I looked about to see if there was anything which would help me to get loose; and there, in the dim light of the embers, I saw near my feet an assegai. I now felt no fear, for my hands were only bound in front; very gently I twisted my body round to the assegai, and, then turning it with its edge upward, I put my hands upon it, and moved my wrists along the sharp edge. The thongs were quickly cut, and those binding my feet were immediately undone, and I was at liberty.

"Yet, although I was unbound, I felt very weak and womanish. The wound on my face had poured forth streams of blood, and was very painful. Standing near the embers was a large pot of beer. I took it up, and drank as much as satisfied me. When I put it down, it slipped from my hands, and fell to the ground, making some noise. This awoke one of the sleeping men, who sat up, staring at me as if at a witch. His fate was fixed; he must die, or I must again be bound. I lifted the assegai in my hand, and pierced him through the heart. He fell dead with a groan. The other men had drunk too much beer to be easily roused, and they continued sleeping. With the assegai still in my hand, I crept through the entrance, and, with all the softness of the panther's foot, and passed among the other huts of the kraal. Down the hill I went, through the running water, and again climbing the other side, I reached the bush at the top, and beneath its shadow and darkness was safe.

"Yes I was safe, but that was all. A great fire burned within me. I, who was the proper chief of my father's tribe, the head and king of his people, was there an outcast, a runaway, a reproach. I must have revenge, and lived for that only. I had now no people, no race, no home. I would go to the whites, and their red coats should punish the Amakweshe for their treatment of me, their king.

"The night was made bright by the moon; but heavy clouds kept hiding its shining ball, and a cold wind blew about me, but I thought not of that, or of the pain it caused in rushing through the open wound in my cheek. The burnt home of the white man was before me, and towards it my feet went unconsciously, for they had gone that way before numberless times, and the cow finds its own way to the kraal of its owner. I had reached the hill overlooking the white man's settlement, from the burnt remains of which smoke was still pouring. I thought of the smoke darkening my own heart, and of the blackness of my life, and I again vowed, by the spirits of all the great chiefs of our people, that I would be revenged. I say that I had reached the hill from which I could see the white houses, when there came to my ears the noise of distant shouting, and I knew that my enemies had discovered my escape, and were pursuing. So I ran on; the beer drunk by me had now warmed my blood, and made me strong and stouthearted. I ran on like a leaping buck, and only stopped when the ashes of the houses were under my feet.

"The white man's place was built of hard stones, and nothing was left but the upright walls. All the wood and thatch were burnt to ashes, the smoke from which nearly choked me, and I went out to where the air was clearer. Then it was I found that other things had come before me, though, ah! on a different errand. There, a few yards off, were five or six wolves and wild dogs, devouring the feast given them by my brother. On seeing me, they gave long shrill howls, and sullenly shrunk away, and I shuddered, for I knew they must be gorged and satiated with the flesh of the white man, and that I should probably not be able to find what I was looking for. At last, I saw lying in the grass something that looked like a bunch of the night flowers; but, on going to it, I found a piece of white wrapping, and close by that a dead body, crushed and torn by the wolves. I could not first discover whose it might be, till a tress of yellow hair proved that it was that of the young white chieftainess. On seeing it, I thought of the fierce struggle that must have taken place, and of her white bosom being pierced again and again by the spear of my brother, and I vowed never again to call him brother, or to give that name to any living man; for had not my people shown themselves more treacherous than the spotted snake, or the smooth-skinned panther?

"I was glad, too, when I saw the piece of rag, because I could bind it round the wound in my cheek, through which the cold wind was blowing most painfully; so I tied it

round my head as I had seen the white men tie their limbs when cut or wounded.

"It was now quite light with the moon, and I was still standing among the ashes looking about, when, close to me, there rose a shout as of hundreds of our people, and, starting round, I saw close behind me a multitude of armed warriors. They had only just seen me, or I knew very well I should have been surrounded on every side without a chance of escape. Glad was I that it was not so; and then and there I started off, running as fast as it was possible for man to do. Unfortunately for me, no bush was near, and I must go down one hill and up another before I could hope to be out of sight of my pursuers. On I went, however, while my brothers, ha, ha! were following, shouting their fiercest war-cries, and hurling assegais at me, but at too great a distance to do me any harm. I was now on the hill, at the top of which the bush was to be seen; it was very steep, and I was getting more weak at every step; still I pushed on—I could hear the spears falling nearer and nearer to me, and death again seemed certain. If I could but hear my heart beat twenty times at the hill-top before they reached me, I might be safe. Faster than ever I went.

"The top of the hill was gained, and my pursuers were yet six assegai throws behind me; but, alas! I saw instantly that the bush could give me no shelter, it being only a long narrow clump, which would be surrounded immediately. It was useless going there. What was I to do? Suddenly, a thought struck me. The ground was, as usual, full of porcupine and other holes, covered by clumps of grass. They would be safer than the bush. One was close to me; I immediately rushed to it, and crept down backwards, not feeling the scrubs and scratches that hurt my flesh while doing so. I managed to squeeze all my body in but my shoulders, and there I stuck till I tore some earth away with my hands and got in as far as my chin, leaving my head hidden among the long grass. My pursuers were on the top, and apparently thought I had escaped into the bush. I could hear them tearing the branches about and shouting at me in taunts, telling me to escape now, if I could. After a little time, they seemed to have found their search was useless, and began to wonder where I could have gone to.

"Presently all became quite still, and when the moon was just overhead I ventured to look out, and saw not the trace of a man visible on any side. I then came out and felt how much the narrowness of my place of refuge had injured

me. At the bottom of the hill I was descending was a river (the same we came along to-night), and towards this I went, heedless whether it was fordable or not. When I was standing on the bank, looking down into the boiling waters, I heard the tramp of feet, and, looking round, saw I was hemmed in on every side by my old pursuers. I stayed no longer, but jumped into the water, and was carried by the current down to a place much lower, where I managed to land safely on the other side. The people behind had spread themselves along the bank in search of a shallower spot, while I continued to advance, as fast as possible, up the hill.

"This was a part of the country I had seldom visited, and I wondered greatly when, on reaching the hill top, I found the same river still in front,—it having wound round the hill I was upon. I could still do nothing but proceed, and, therefore, ran down the hill, fearing that the people would have spread round the point of it and again stop my way. I hurried down to the shore, where I should still be out of sight, and there saw what would be to me a most secure hiding place. About ten times my length from the shore was a small island, or rather lump of earth, that had been swept down the stream; this was still covered with small bush, enough to have safely concealed two or three men. I resolved to go over to this place. The river, however, between was deep, and running very quickly; I could never get across by swimming, but immediately determined to go higher up the shore, and then be swept down by the current. I did so, and threw myself again into the water. The current was very strong, and it was all I could do to keep my head above water. Quickly, however, I drew near the island, but, to my horor, I saw that I was being hurried to the further side, and should probably miss the land. I made a strong struggle, and moved my arms boldly, till just when I seemed certain to go past, a large branch half floating in the water struck my breast; I seized it, and by its means was able to drag myself up the bank of the island, when I crept under the brushwood and was safely hidden.

"Almost directly after this, I heard the people coming round the hill. They stopped when opposite to the island, and I could hear them consulting whether I could be on it or not. They decided that the water was too deep for any one to have crossed, and that I must still be on the other side. One of them threw an assegai into the bush; it scraped my foot, but did no other harm. They then all went on, and through the bushes I could see them crossing the river at a place

some distance from where I was hiding. After getting over the river, they seemed to form a band across the country, and to go downwards along the stream.

"I was now again free from immediate danger, and determined to take advantage of being unobserved to cross the river again. The moon was just setting, and there was only sufficient light to enable me to cross the stream, which I did without much difficulty, it being broad and not so rapid. Once across, I knew my position again, and through all that night travelled towards the settlements of the whites, which I reached the next morning, and came to a red-coat's house on the evening of that day.

"And now, for many moons, I stayed among the whites, always remembering the object for which I lived—revenge. At last, war commenced between the white man and some tribes of the Amakosa, and I then looked out for the opportunity of accomplishing my purpose. One night a great many cows were stolen from a farmer who had settled near my old kraal; I brought the news to the white captain, and said I would take the red coats by a secret way direct to the kraal of the robbers. The chief was glad at what I said, and the same night I went with a large party of white warriors on our way to the well remembered place.

"I led the men through ravines and among bushes by a path which I well knew was never used, and when the sun set the next day we were behind the hill that alone separated us from the kraal and huts of my fathers.

"We waited for a little moonlight that our path might be certain, and that the enemy might not escape. I grasped my spear with joy at the thought of punishing with death my treacherous brothers. So, when the moon had risen above the hills, we went forward and surrounded the kraal on every side before they knew of our presence.

"The white men had told me that they only wanted to make prisoners of the people and their cattle, and to destroy their kraals as a punishment for their robberies. But I was determined on something deeper and deadlier than that; and when I saw the huts in which I had seen my father and his children,—from which I had been driven like a sick dog,—in my passion, I gave a terrific shout, which woke every sleeper there. They came crowding out, looking for the enemy, but seeing none,—for the white men were behind grass and bushes, waiting to see if the Kafirs were armed or not, and when they saw them come out like sheep, the white captain told me that I might tell them they should all, except a few, be unharmed, if they would give up all their

cattle in a peaceable way. And then the red coats drew near that their number and their guns might be seen; while the women and children yelled, and the men drew together and consulted upon what the white man had said. One of the most important—and I saw he was the chief, my brother—came out, and said that 'the tribe would give up their cattle if the red coats would leave them their huts and women, and they would punish and give up the robber to the white chief.' The captain said he was satisfied, and the cattle were brought out and counted, while the white men rested, in turns, before their return in the morning. But I wanted nothing but blood! blood! and, throwing off my kaross, I rushed before Ukohla, my brother, and said, 'Ha, ha! men of the Amakweshe, ha, ha! Ukohla, you thought I was dead or drowned—you thought you could kill the son of Zeekoe, the great and only chief of Amakweshe; but no, it was out of your power, you could not; I lived, I went to the white men; I told the white chief of your thieving; I brought the red coats here, and I will repay you for your kindness to me your king;' and here I rushed on to him, and thrust my spear into his breast; he fell, and again and again I pierced him, till he was dead and stiff as the bodies of those whom he had murdered. Then the people all started up, and some threw assegais at me, but instead they hit a white soldier just behind, and the red coats rose up and sent their balls among the people for killing so treacherously (as they thought) a white man; and the Amakweshe rushed and got their spears, and hurled them among the white soldiers, who soon cut the people down in heaps, till all the men had either fled or were destroyed. The women and children ran to the bush; the kraals were all set fire to, the cattle taken, and the tribe of Amakweshe were utterly destroyed. And I now was happy, for I had had revenge, and the spirit of the Great Zeekoe was appeased for the treachery of his sons.

"Ever since that time I have lived among the whites. I know that they are just and merciful, and wish to be at peace with our people. But the tribes are foolish and wild, for I can see the strength of the white man, and his knowledge and his power."

And thus Scarface finished his story: a wilder one is, perhaps, seldom heard. It bears, necessarily, a crude and rough appearance, a natural consequence of attempting to Anglicise the figurative and disjointed narrative of a Kafir.

And so interested had I been in hearing this tale of vicissitudes that the moonlight had waned unobserved, and the morning beams were now pouring, sharp and penetrating,

through the interstices of the branches, while I still sat, with my dusky companion before me, thinking of the fate of the "white girl," and the probable anxiety of one, both nearer and dearer, who would most likely be now looking with weary eyes for the return of the expedition and her husband.

SOUTH AFRICAN PHILOLOGY.*

BY DR. W. H. BLEEK.

When, two hundred years ago, a settlement was first established in Table Valley, a handful of Europeans found themselves surrounded by a native population, who, although they seem never to have been very numerous, exceeded, at all events, for more than half a century, the number of the colonists ten times told. The latter, therefore, like the present Natal farmers, from the very circumstances of their case, and through the necessity of maintaining friendly intercourse, traffic, and mutual assistance, were forced to study the customs and habits of their aboriginal neighbours, and to try to understand their peculiar ideas and views of things. It is for this reason that the early records, and particularly the Journal of His Honour Commander J. A. van Riebeek, teem with such interesting and valuable ethnological observations. At that time, the study of the native language became thus almost a necessity, in a political point of view; and the first native interpreters, Austhumao (or "King Henry"), Doman (or "Anthony"), and Crotoa (or "Eva,"—later, Mrs. Meerhof), were, under Van Riebeek's government, persons of the greatest consequence. And afterwards, during the time of his successor, Z. Wagenaar, the Court of Directors thought fit to encourage the zeal of the author of a Hottentot vocabulary† by a pecuniary reward, and by recommending him strongly for promotion in the service. The superadded suggestion of the Council "that it would be much more advantageous for the company that the natives there should

* Correspondence between the Committee of the South African Auxiliary Bible Society, and various Missionaries and others, relative to the translation, &c., of the Scriptures in the native languages of South Africa, &c. Cape Town, 1857.

A Grammar and Vocabulary of the Namaqua Hottentot Language, by Henry Tindall, Wesleyan Missionary.

Zulu-Kafir Dictionary, etymologically explained, with an introduction on the Zulu-Kafir Language, by the Rev. J. L. Döhne. Cape Town, 1857.

† Vide *Cape Monthly Magazine*, vol. ii, No. 10, October, 1857, pp. 246-250.

learn our language, than that we should learn theirs," seems indeed to have been a very idle one, for soon the natives began to recede from the neighbourhood of the Cape, or they were absorbed by the increasing European and slave population, or amalgamated with them. The memoirs of later Governors cease, of course, to contain those minute and picturesque ethnographical details which give such a peculiar freshness to Van Riebeck's memoranda; and for now more than a century, Table Valley had not been visited by any considerable number of aborigines of South Africa. But in the course of this present year, the introduction of thousands of uncivilized Kafirs has again peopled that valley with almost whole tribes of savages, whose numbers, though they are a mere drop in comparison with the present population of our city, exceed, probably, greatly those of the aboriginal Hottentot tribes, as they were found here by the first settlers.

Naturally, therefore, native affairs claim again a large share of our attention. Our interest will indeed be particularly engaged by the social and political bearings of the Kafir immigration, and to such discussions of this question as were ably presented in the November number of the *Eastern Province Monthly Magazine.* But we must not forget here that such general views, in order to be reliable and trustworthy, must be the results of very minute researches in detail. It is with ethnology, as with astronomy, geology, and other sciences;—the bold general views and the practical inferences interest the general public, and in the enjoyment of these, they are apt to forget those laborious, painstaking studies, extending into an infinite variety of details, which, dry as they seem to the uninitiated, are absolutely necessary for a right understanding of questions of the highest practical importance and universal interest. Men may spend their whole life-time in astronomical calculations and observations, or in geological researches, or in other scientific pursuits, without arriving at any discovery, such as might attract particular attention or celebrity to their names. But, based upon their plodding and hard-working investigations, their successors will, perhaps, soon work out results of universally acknowledged importance. If, therefore, the public want to see the brilliant achievements and useful appliances of science, they must need also, encourage, and reward, those quiet and unobtrusive studies, the fruits of which are seldom immediately visible. And what applies to natural science is here not less true of philological studies. There is no doubt that great political and moral lessons are to be learnt from philology,

that is, if we refer it to its true and final bearing and object, which is to elucidate the history and the whole course of the development of human-kind, and to give an insight into the character of man, and the varying nature of the human mind. Truly, we can understand what an advantage it must be for a statesman to have his views expanded by a knowledge of all the varieties of feelings, of ideas, of religious sentiments, and of social habits and customs, of which man, in his different stages of development, is capable. If it is true (and, to a certain extent, it is doubtless true) that with every new language with which we become intimate, we acquire almost a new mind, and a new manner of thinking is disclosed to us, then it follows naturally that nothing tends so much to remove narrowmindedness, to produce broad and enlightened views of human affairs, and to raise the mind above the varying trifles of the day, to an unbiassed, yet warm contemplation of the fates and struggles of men, as a knowledge of humankind in its most varying and different stages. To this one great purpose it is that all philological studies tend, —even those which seem as dry and purposeless as astronomical calculations themselves. But if we wish to see a Kopernicus or a Newton lay down the great laws of nature, we must not despise those apparently slow and sterile details, on which their grand views are truly based. And likewise if we expect future philosophers to lay down the broad laws of human nature, and the grand features of the development of all the varieties of human kind, we must encourage, also, those detailed philological researches, which, little interesting as they may be to the general public, are the necessary materials on which alone every comprehensive and reliable classification of mankind, and every well-founded system of ethnology, and all important discoveries in the primeval history of our race must be based.

In this respect, we enjoy here, at the Cape, very great and rare advantages for ethnographical inquiries. It is probable that there are not two more distinct varieties of the human species than the two races which were the original inhabitants of South Africa,—the Hottentots and the tribes of the Kafir kindred. And the very primitive stages in which both nations have remained, render them peculiarly fit to serve as safe bases for ample comparative ethnological and philological researches. This is more particularly true, inasmuch as the higher advanced stages of the development of our race can only be properly understood by tracing them from their original forms, which cannot have been very dissimilar to the primary types, as they are, in a great measure,

preserved in the customs, habits, languages, and ideas of the Kafirs on the one side, and the Hottentots on the other.

It is therefore extremely gratifying that vigorous efforts are now made to preserve from oblivion the leading features of these two ethnologically important nations, which, in probably a few generations more, will have vanished as such from the face of the earth. We are rejoiced to see works issued from the colonial press, which are not merely intended to serve either the passing interest of the day, or to administer to political strife; but to advance us in the true knowledge of our fellow-beings, and which increase greatly our means of intercourse with these two most ancient nations.

The three works mentioned at the commencement of this article are all most valuable additions to our stock of knowledge of the native languages. Of their importance and usefulness in facilitating mission work amongst Kafirs and Hottentots, we need not speak here. But we may, perhaps, say a few words on their scientific or philological value. The firstmentioned book was brought into existence by a desire of providing the best possible translations of the Scriptures in the native languages of South Africa. This called forth the "Correspondence" here published, in which the different missionaries, and other gentlemen intimate with these matters, express their various opinions on the subject, and throw thereby not only much light on the state and progress of the mission operations, but they furnish also very valuable information on the native languages. The correspondence will be read with interest. It receives a dash of liveliness and spirit, through the dissensions of opinions existing between the various writers. The hero of the Kafir correspondence is the Rev. J. W. Appleyard, the well-known Kafir grammarian, and probably the ablest scholar among the Kafir missionaries. He fights here gallantly, encountering a whole host of assailants—with what success we refer the reader to ascertain in the pages of the correspondence itself.

We have also to praise the great care which has apparently been bestowed on the publication of this, as well as the two other books. With the small type, and the numerous foreign words, it must necessarily have been a very difficult and laborious task.

The second work, Mr. Tindall's Grammar of the Namaqua-Hottentot Language, was, we presume, published in the course of the last year, 1857, although the book itself says nothing on the subject. People abroad will probably be at a loss to know where Adderley-street, Plein-street, Wale-street, St. George's-street, &c., may be found. The book does not

inform them in what town these rather uncelebrated thoroughfares are situated. However, notwithstanding these very serious faults, and a few other slight omissions, Mr. Tindall's work is a most valuable acquisition to our Cape literature, and to South African philology. We refrain here from further remarks, and refer the reader to a short review contained in the December number of the *South African Church Magazine*, with which we, in this instance at least, may entirely agree. But we think it right to correct one mistake—committed not indeed by Mr. Tindall only, but by the majority of colonial writers and Cape travellers. There is nothing more common than to hear them lament that the Hottentot nation has wholly vanished away. This is entirely groundless. It is indeed true that the Hottentot tribes who inhabited the colony have been nearly all swept away; but the most powerful, most original, most pure, and most numerous branch of the Hottentot nation is still well preserved in the Namaqua variety, and will not so very soon become extinct. Practically, this fact increases, of course, greatly the value of Mr. Tindall's work; and scientifically, if we should be asked what portion of the Hottentot tribes we think most important to see described and recorded, we say, without hesitation, that the Namaquas are, in this respect, certainly more worthy of our attention than the other Hottentot tribes would be, even if they were still in existence.

The able lecturer on Great Namaqualand has therefore done a great service to science by the compilation of his grammar and vocabulary. We should indeed have wished to see both, and particularly the vocabulary, a little more complete; but, as it is, it contains at least 600 words more than any previous vocabulary; and it is, besides, a rare circumstance to find that an author is too short for his readers.

Mr. Döhne's dictionary is a work of stupendous labour and assiduity; and furnishes us with a vast amount of most valuable materials for a study of the Zulu language, as spoken by the tribes in the colony of Natal. Whilst we gratefully hail the appearance of this important work, the publication of which, as the author states, is mainly due to the patronage of our noble-minded Governor, Sir George Grey, we cannot conscientiously help recording the points on which we dissent from the excellent author. We believe that where he has left the *terra firma* of hard solid facts, and entered upon the dangerous field of etymological researches, he has exceeded his own and proper sphere. This, however, does not operate against all those numerous, careful, actual observations, made during twenty years' residence among the frontier and the Natal Kafirs,

proving of the greatest value to the student of this language, although he would probably have found the book more useful if the actual observations and etymological explanations were a little less mixed up together than they are in many cases. In the arrangement of the words in their alphabetical order, &c., we can entirely agree with the author; and we have to thank him very heartily for the numerous short sentences, taken from the every-day life of the Kafirs, with which he has illustrated the different meanings of the words. They will prove most valuable, and it is very judicious not to have them selected from the writings of foreigners, or missionaries, but to have them taken down from the lips of the natives themselves. Mr. Döhne's introduction contains some very valuable remarks, and we think it will interest the reader to see here a few extracts from it:—

"In the study of languages in general, and of barbarian language in particular, two objects are to be aimed at,—a philosophical and a practical. The philosophical object is the attainment of an insight into the character of a people, by means of an accurate acquaintance with the form into which its thoughts are moulded,—and which is invariably the true expressions of the national spirit. As regards savages this is in an especial degree the fact. The investigation of the language discloses the secrets of national character, otherwise impenetrable, and reveals the origin of customs long since forgotten. The spirit of the nation is exhibited to our minds in the living words which have conveyed its ideas for ages, as clearly as its physical appearance is presented to our eyes. Thus the national language is the only safe exponent of the national character.

"The interest at present taken in philological studies is very great; the enquiry which embraces all the languages of the earth is perhaps the most important of scientific investigations; and it is right that the missionary, with his opportunities, should furnish all the aid in his power in order to render this investigation as complete as possible.

"It is not my design, however, to enter largely into the subject of the affinity of all the African languages. I have not had the advantage of possessing the several works which are indispensable for such a purpose, and feel my incompeteney to institute the comprehensive examination which I should desire. But while I endeavour to supply a practical want by the publication of this Zulu-Kafir Dictionary, I hope that an experience of twenty years among different Kafir tribes will enable me, in imparting the observations which during that period I have made, to contribute in some degree to a scientific understanding of the particular language of which this work treats and to the philosophy of the African languages generally.

"If we compare the external form of the Zulu-Kafir with other languages of Western or Northern Africa, or with those of other parts of the world, we find that it is peculiarly characterized by a set of forms, which by former writers have been called *prefixes*, or *euphonic concord*. But this term does not give their proper signification, because it expresses only the one side of these forms, viz., as regards their use, and their true nature remains unexplained. Properly speaking, they are *primitive words*, pronouns, in the present state of the language, used as *nominal forms* compounded with other words. The Zulu-Kafir is,

therefore, to be distinguished as a *pronominal language*, a name which, at once, is sufficient to remove the erroneous idea in accordance with which it had been thought to be a language quite distinct from all others. But although the name 'prefixes' was properly significant, it does not require much examination to find that there are more living languages which have prefixes of the same kind, and the Zulu-Kafir is not absolutely exceptional in this respect.

"As a pro-nominal language, it is of common descent with those of the remotest Northern tribes, from the Suaheli down the coast, to immediately south of the Equator,—which have the bulk of their several languages in common. This is quite evident from the general use of the same roots; and though the identity may be often obscured by a change of letters of the same or of different organs, the signification is obviously deducible from the same sense.

"And some agreement having already been discovered between languages entirely disconnected, is it not reasonable to expect that, if analogy be carried a step further, and new materials be collected in those fields which have not yet been thoroughly searched, the affinity of the Kafir language will be discovered, and light thrown on many other branches? Proper attention given to such comparative research will wonderfully advance philological knowledge, and impart interest and value to many of the driest details. The discovery and demonstration that the same root is common to all languages of one family,—the tracing of this root through all the changes which it has undergone,—the development of each particular language by careful induction from the law of inflection or phonetic changes,—these can change the dead bones into a living body, and render the study of a language truly a delight.

"By this means the Zulu-Kafir may be brought into nearer connection with other languages, and even its original parentage discovered."

With these excellent remarks we entirely agree. And, finally, we congratulate the author most cordially on the successful completion of his important work, which only the most undaunted courage and unabating energy could have contemplated and carried through as it has now been accomplished.*

* We trust we may not be considered presumptuous in venturing to suggest to Mr. Döhne an addition to his work, which will add largely to its usefulness and value. At present the dictionary is a *Kafir-English* one, and best adapted for service in the translation of Kafir into English. What we should very much wish to see, in addition to this, would be an *English-Kafir* rendering of the same work. With such a form superadded to the present one, the dictionary would be complete, and would prove of infinite service to all who may be struggling after the acquirement of the native languages. Of course it would entail on Mr. Döhne a considerable amount of additional labour; though that would be insignificant in comparison with the stupendous work he has already accomplished. We respectfully submit that it would be well worth the consideration of the Government, or the Legislature, whether Mr. Döhne should not be specially engaged and paid from the public revenue to undertake so important a work. The expense would be trifling in the extreme, in comparison with the public benefit gained. With the Zulu-Kafir dictionary, thus completed and perfected, and with the Rev. Mr. Grout's companion Zulu-Kafir Grammar, to be published under the auspices of the Government of Natal, we should have a monument raised of philological research, worthy of the able, and laborious, and devoted men who accomplished the work, and of lasting advantage to the native tribes of Southern Africa.—Eds.

APROPOS DE CRINOLINE.

A CONFESSION.

We sat opposite to one another in a first-class railway carriage. She was very intent on a book. I was pretending to read the *Times*. I was not reading at all: I was peeping over the top of the paper, and looking at her. What was she reading? Impossible to tell, for the book was covered with writing paper. Who was she? No means of finding that out, for her luggage I had not seen, and she was travelling alone. *Venus Anadyomene!* how beautiful she was;—what eyes! what hair! what teeth! what a complexion! what a figure! what ———! Yes, decidedly, what an extent of crinoline! My own knees were hidden by it: it seemed to pervade half the space of the six-seated carriage; at all events, it encroached on four out of the six divisions. What of that? it is the fashion; and who would object to some of that pretty airy muslin dress clinging about his shins, or tickling his boots? At all events, *I* did not; and the only other occupant of the carriage was a little squab old man, in spectacles, in the corner furthest removed from us, intently perusing one of Spurgeon's brimstone and slang sermons.

She glanced at me, and the look seemed to pierce me through, and cow me. I felt that I was a miserable sinner, and an impertinent one, for daring to feast my eyes on the miracle of beauty before me. I fancy I blushed, but I am not quite sure, for when you are out of practice in any accomplishment, it is difficult to command it at a moment's notice. Yet the glance was clearly meant to overawe me, or, perhaps, just to hint that a little more discretion in my looks would be advisable. I turned to the *Times* again, and read six lines of the leading article without stopping; then I took a peep—only a peep—and then I read again; and this I continued till I came to the end of the "leader," and made the discovery that I had not the smallest recollection of what it was all about.

Let me look again. "The present aspect of affairs in the Spanish Peninsula"—those eyes certainly have the deep, dark, liquid glance of a true girl of Cadiz—"is gloomy in the extreme. Christina,"—I wonder what her name is; let me guess, Julia. Yes, I am certain it must be Julia; it is such a fine, proud, commanding name. So like her own beauty!—"according to the latest accounts, is once more intriguing,"—I wish I knew how to set about speaking to her, or learning something about her. I'll bribe the guard to let me look at

her luggage,—"through the infamous agents ever at her command."—If she were to order me to do anything on earth at this very moment, I believe I should comply.—"Her unhappy daughter ———." What? eh?

"Confound the paper," I cried aloud, utterly bewildered between the jumble of my own cogitations and the editor's remarks on Spanish politics.

My exclamation roused both my fellow-travellers from the perusal of their books. The lady looked surprised, and somewhat alarmed, as if she entertained doubts of my sanity. I shall never forget her glance; there was no doubt about my blushing this time. As for the little squab old gentleman, in the other corner of the carriage, he heaved a deep sigh, such as might come from a plethoric turtle, and silently handed me an attractive-looking *brochure*, styled "Turn or Burn." I took it, and politely passed him *Les Lorettes Vengées*, by Paul de Kock, jun., which I happened to have in my pocket,—a little interchange of civilities, which the old gentleman did not appear to duly appreciate. Perhaps he did not read French.

I turned to my *Times* again; the young lady resumed her book; the little squab old man gave another plethoric sigh, and sought fresh consolation in Mr. Spurgeon's pleasant sketches of a certain uncomfortable locality. But it was the young lady's turn to pretend to read now. I could distinctly observe that she was peeping at me over the top of the leaves, and although her looks were at first those of curiosity, with, perhaps, a dash of alarm in them, yet, after a time, I flattered myself, they were more of interest. The train stopped suddenly, and the porters at the station shouted "Bampton," at the top of their voices.

"Can you tell me how far we are from Sissington?" asked a silvery voice.

I started with delight; it was *her* voice. Here was a chance!

"I'll tell you directly," replied I, and diving into the pocket of my overcoat, I pulled out my "Bradshaw," and searched for Sissington. I found that it was five stations further on, and about forty miles. I informed the young lady of those facts, and she thanked me. As I flatter myself that I am not a fool, I certainly did not stop here, but managed to start a conversation, which soon became animated. We talked about the country, about town, about amusements, about books, about music and flowers,—in short, about everything one *can* talk about with a pretty woman. The fair one's conversation delighted me greatly. I saw, or fancied I saw, as many charms of intellect as of person in her; and then those magnificent eyes, how they flashed! and those lips, how they smiled!

I have very little recollection how it began; but, certainly, I found myself, at last, cherishing the idea that I had made a deep impression on the fair one. At all events, I could not be deceiving myself as to the fact of something very gently resting against my own foot. Something—what? Another foot, to be sure, but not mine. What a thrill went through me at the discovery!

The little squab old gentleman had fallen fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of Mr. Spurgeon's pictures of the unnameable place. We were virtually alone, the fair one and myself. I ventured to throw a little more meaning into my glances, and the fair one seemed to blush just as faintly as possible. And now about that sweet little foot, so confidingly resting against my masculine shoe. Could it be accident? No; for I just pressed a little closer against it, and, although it yielded slightly, it was not withdrawn. I was more and more enraptured.

It is true that a twinge of conscience assailed me now and then, when I thought how heedlessly I was plunging into love. Not that I was a married man, or even an engaged one; but I was certainly at that very moment, on my way to the house of an old friend of my father, by whom I was to be introduced to a certain Miss Emma Meredith, and if I saw a prospect of being accepted by that young lady, I had promised my father to make her a proposal. For Miss Emma Meredith was an heiress, and was reported to be beautiful and accomplished; and my worthy governor, for all these qualifications, thought her eminently suited to be the wife of his paragon of a son. My conduct, therefore, in the railway carriage was unwise, to say the least of it. What did I know of the fair one before me, except that she was pretty and clever? What did I know of her birth, family connexions, possessions, &c.? And yet I was actually allowing myself to feel such an interest in her as might probably deter me from ever caring a fig for Miss Meredith.

We all know how difficult the "still, small voice of conscience" finds it to make itself heard at some moments, and, therefore, it is not surprising that it was soon inaudible to me in the rattle of a railway carriage, and with all the tremendous excitement of a beautiful girl before me whose sweet little foot—oh, that foot!

I have said—or if not, I meant to say—that this little foot rested against my left one. I would not have moved mine an inch for the whole world; but I gradually lifted my right one, and twisting my heel away from me brought my toes gently—so gently!—on to the little soft ones pressing against

my own. The pressure was far too gentle to have hurt even a corn (if I could have imagined the fair creature to have possessed anything so unromantic), but palpable enough, nevertheless, to be felt. Again, the foot was not withdrawn.

I had lost all notice of time—I had not counted what stations we had passed, when suddenly I felt the train stopping, and heard the porters shouting "Sissington." She was to leave me here! The thought was horrible, but I had not a moment to reflect. The door was thrown open—

"Let me help you out," I cried, and I made a step to spring from the carriage. Something prevented me: my foot had apparently become entangled with the mat of the carriage—I struggled and at last made a desperate bound forwards. Instead of alighting on my feet I fell forward on to my hands and felt one of my feet still pinioned. I kicked about violently—I heard a terrible shriek from a female voice behind me—at the same moment my foot came released from the carriage, but with something clinging to it. I jumped up. What was the sight I beheld! A mysterious looking affair, formed of tapes and hoops, was entangled round my right foot, but was still dragging by some fastening or other to my fair companion in the carriage. The whole truth and the whole horror burst upon me at once. I had been mistaking one of these stuffed hoops for a tender little foot! And through that diabolical mistake I had exposed myself to ridicule and almost frightened my fair companion into a fainting fit.

How the scene would have ended I know not, if it had not been for the presence of mind of the guard, who coolly whipped out his knife, cut the tapes that held us both captives, rolled up the mysterious contrivance under his arm, and crying, "Now, ma'am, Sissington, *if* you please," handed the fair one out of the carriage. As for myself I rushed back into it, too much confused to utter a word of apology, and only venturing to glance furtively at her retreating figure (what a subsiding of that figure there had been!) as she hurried off the railway platform, and the train again dashed forward.

The little squab old man was wide awake again, and staring at me very hard. I felt indignant, and determined to attack him at once.

"Do you find anything particularly attractive in this corner of the carriage, sir?" I asked fiercely.

"Not in the least—quite the contrary," was the mild reply, and certainly I had the worst of *that* passage of arms, especially as the old gentleman returned at once to his brimstone and slang, as if I were not present.

Never was I more thoroughly out of humour with myself; nor more thoroughly convinced that I had acted like a fool. To mistake crinoline and wadding for a pretty little foot! But then it must be added that I had never before seen one of those ingenious contrivances for extending the dimensions of ladies' figures. In my boyish days I had seen a horsehair something, belonging to one of my sisters, but of entirely different construction from the extraordinary work of art that had occasioned my present disaster. Not only was my vanity wounded, but I felt also that I had wasted my time most abominably. In short, I was in a very bad temper when we reached the next station, which was my place of destination.

Mr. Calthorpe, my host, lived about four miles from the station, but he had sent a dog-cart to fetch me; a splendid thorough-bred mare was harnessed to it, and as I handled the ribbons and drove across the country I began to forget my disaster, and at length reached Higham Hall in tolerable spirits and excellent appetite. My host was one of the best of good old English gentlemen, and his house, cellar, stables, and kennel, first-rate. Who would not be jolly in such quarters in the middle of brown October?

A week had passed when the day arrived on which I was to accompany Mr. Calthorpe, to dine with the Merediths, and *par consequence* to be introduced to the heiress. On our way there I asked my host a few questions about the family we were going to visit, and his answers were highly satisfactory. He considered Miss Meredith the most charming of her sex.

"By the way she has a young friend from London staying with her now I believe," he added; "at least I know she was expecting one—a very handsome and clever girl, a Miss Seaton."

We reached Meredith Park: a fat butler and half-a-dozen tall footmen ushered us into the drawing-room, and in five minutes I had been introduced to Mr. Meredith and his only daughter.

I don't wish to tell any fibs in this most veracious little confession of mine,—so I will frankly say that Emma Meredith was the prettiest heiress and one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen. I fully made up my mind to follow the paternal injunctions I had received, and to do all in my power to gain the smiles and good graces of the heiress. I had not much to dread in the way of rivalry on the present occasion. One or two young squires, great men in the hunting field but small enough in the boudoir, were not to

be thought of. And there was no other fair one to distract my attention, for Miss Seaton, not feeling very well, declined to appear at the dinner table, and the only other young ladies present belonged to the dull category of rank and file that usually fill up rooms in all parts of the world.

I handed Miss Meredith to dinner—I sat next her—I talked my best—I found her charming—all was *couleur de rose.*

The ladies left us: we talked politics and sporting for a short time as we sipped our claret and coffee, and then we followed to the drawing-room. As we entered I saw that Miss Meredith was standing by the piano, at which another young lady, whose back was turned from us, was singing. Singing! aye, and singing most divinely too. It was long since I had heard such a voice. I felt as if I could listen to it for ever: I drew nearer, entranced by the sweet sounds. I almost forgot to look at the beautiful heiress as I listened. But the song came to an end just as I reached the piano: the songstress rose.

"Mr. Vere," said the heiress, "allow me to introduce you to Miss Seaton."

I made my bow and raised my eyes—Miss Seaton's met mine—she started and uttered a slight scream and then turned away crimson with confusion. I was almost as bewildered myself—for I beheld my friend of the railway train—the fair one of the hoops and tapes! As for Miss Meredith, she looked from the one to the other in the greatest surprise, but neither of us vouchsafed a word of explanation. Miss Seaton had already left the room.

"You have met Miss Seaton before, perhaps?" asked the heiress, rather maliciously, as I thought.

"Yes—only in the railway train," I replied with a little hesitation.

"Indeed!" she said with a slight sneer, or at least I fancied so.

Immediately afterwards she also left the drawing-room; and as a wet blanket seemed to have fallen on the company, I soon persuaded Mr. Calthorpe to leave, and we returned to Higham Hall.

The very next morning a servant arrived from Meredith Park with a letter for Mr. Calthorpe: it was from Miss Meredith, and was as follows: —

"My dear Mr. Calthorpe,—You must not think me rude in requesting you not to bring your friend, Mr. Vere, to our house again, so long as Miss Seaton is staying with me. After that time, I am sure papa will

be happy to see him. I can give you no explanation of this request; perhaps Mr. Vere may choose to do so himself.

"Yours, very sincerely,

"Emma Meredith."

Mr. Calthorpe handed me the letter, and evidently looked for some explanation; but I gave none, except that I had once before met Miss Seaton, and a rather unpleasant circumstance had occurred. He looked puzzled, and I left him so. Next day, I returned to town—my father snubbed me—my mother scolded me—my friends jeered me; I had lost an heiress—and all through that confounded invention—Crinoline.

C.

THE HOTTENTOT LANGUAGE.

To those who take an interest in the South African languages, the publication of the "Hottentot Vocabularies," furnished to the eminent orientalist, Job Ludolf, in 1691, by his Dutch friend, Nicolas Witzen, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and of the "Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments," in the same language, obtained by Witzen, for his other learned correspondent, the great philosopher and publicist, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz, will be very welcome. The extracts which follow are taken from two works in His Excellency the Governor's library, probably the only copies in the colony,—the Life of Ludolf, by Juncker, published in 1710, and the "Collectanea Etymologica" of Leibnitz, published in 1717. For the convenience of some readers, a translation of the Latin letters is appended, together with an additional column, giving the signification of the Hottentot words in English, besides the Dutch and Latin of the original.

The title of the Life is *Commentarius de Vitâ, Scriptisque ac Meritis Illustris Viri Jobi Ludolfi, &c., &c. Auctore C. Junckero, &c., &c. In Appendice adjectæ sunt tum Epistolæ, &c., &c., &c., tum etiam Specimen Linguæ Hottentoticæ, nunquam alias ad notitiam Germanorum perlatæ.* Lipsiæ et Francofurti, &c., &c. Anno MDCCX.

The letters, vocabulary, &c., appear at page 227, seq.

Viro Celeberrimo, Domino Jobo Ludolfo, S. P. D., Nicolaus Witsen.

Nil mihi ultimæ naves Indicæ apportarunt, praeter *vocabula* aliquot *Hottentotica*, quæ heic habes. Creditum hactenus fuit, *Hottentottos nullam colere Deitatem;* sed contrarium jam ex adjuncta schedula videre

potes; quod dignum curiositate vestra æstimans, vobis mitto &c. Vale amicorum optime. Dabam Hagæ Comitis die XVI Decembr, MDCLXXXXI.*

EIDEM, IDEM.†

Gaudeo te valere, et grata fuisse quæ de Lingua Hottentottica misi: plura in posterum, volente Deo, de illa gente mittam. *Hottentottorum* et vicinorum hominum *lingua* est varia, et quo longius versus fluvium *La Goa* regiose extendit, eo humaniores sunt incolæ, pagani omnes.‡ Locutus sum nuper eum nantis, qui inter eos spatio totius anni vixerunt, naufragio eo delati. Mira narrant, quæ brevi epistola dici non possunt. Tabulam Geographicam Africæ imperfectissimam esse confiteor. Eam circa promontorium Bonæ Spei corrigere haud difficile foret, &c. Amstelod, d. IV. Jan., MDCXCVI.

Extract uyt d' daagregister. gehouden aan Cabo de Goede Hoop. In den Jaare, 1691.

D. 19 Febr. Was syn Ed: in een bysonder en minsaamst gespreek met sommige *Hottentots* getreden de welcke hem vertrouwelyker wyse geopenbaart hebben, dat sy sekeren God aenbaden, Wiens hooft mit grooter als een vuyst was, deweleke op syn rugge een Gat hadde, synde groot en breet van Lichaem, diese om hulp aanriepen als se hongers noot leden, of in eenig ander gevaar staeken: hun Vrowen bestroyden syn hooft met rode aarde, Bouhu en andere Welruykenden Kruyden, en deden hem verscheyde offerhande, sulks dat men eyndelyk gewaar is geworden, *dat de Hottentots ook eenige Godheyt erkennen.*

Summa Diarii, consignati ad Caput bonæ Spei. Anno, 1691.

Die 19 Febr. Nobilissimus Vir miscebat sermonem cum aliquot *Hottentottis*, qui pro sua erga ipsum familiaritate docebant nihil dissimulando, *se adorare Deum certum aliquem*, cujus caput manus seu pugni magnitudinem æquaret, quique in tergo suo foramen haberet; grandi eundem esse et dedncto in latitudinem corpore; auxilium vero eius implorari tempore famis et annonæ earioris, aut alterius cuius cunque necessitatis: Uxores suas solere eapnt Dei conspergere terra rubra, Bouhu, et aliis suave-olentibus herbis, oblato quoque eidem sacrificio non uno. Ex quo demum intelligi cœptum est *Hottentottos colere etiam aliquem Deum.*

Extract from the Journal kept at the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1691.

19th Februarv. His Honour (the Governor, Simon van der Stell) entered into a particularly friendly conversation with some Hottentots who, in confidence, revealed to him that they worshipped a certain

* *From Witsen to Ludolf.* The last Indian ships have brought me nothing, except some *Hottentot words*, which you receive herewith. It has hitherto been believed *that the Hottentots worship no deity*; but you may now see the contrary, from the accompanying extract, which, thinking it likely to interest, I send you. Farewell, dearest friend. Dated at the Hague, 16th December, 1691.

† *The same to the same.*—I am glad you are well, and that what I sent on the Hottentot language pleased you; at a future time, God willing, I shall send more about that nation. The language of the Hottentots differs from that of the neighbouring tribes,—and as the country extends towards the River *La Goa*, the inhabitants are more civilised,—all heathen.‡ I lately held some discourse with sailors who, having been shipwrecked there, had lived among them for the space of an entire year. They relate marvellous things, which cannot be told in a brief epistle. I admit that the Chart of Africa is most imperfect. It would not be difficult to correct it about the Cape of Good Hope, &c.—Amsterdam, 4th January, 1696.

‡ Perhaps the word 'pagani' is to be taken in its original sense 'dwellers in villages.'

God, whose head was no larger than a fist, and who had a hole on his back, and was large and broad of body; whom they implored for help when they suffered from hunger, or were in any other peril. Their wives sprinkled his head with red sand, Bouku and other aromatic herbs, and made him offerings of various kinds. So that it is at length understood *that the Hottentots also acknowledge a Deity.**

Eenige *Hottentotse* woorden. Neederduyts.	*Hottentotica* Lingua.	Vocabula aliquot *Hottentotica* Latine.	Anglice.
vrede maken,	*sam sam of â*,	pacem facere,	to make peace,
een castel of fort,	*fort*,	castellum *seu* munimentum,	a castle or fort,
land,	*gamkamma*,	terra,	land,
gras,	*thâ*,	gramen,	grass,
schaepen,	*goudie*,	oves,	sheep,
ossen,	*dwiessa*,	boves,	oxen,
koeyen,	*goies*,	vaccae,	cows,
kalveren,	*inona*,	vituli,	calves,
paarden,	*hackwa*,	equi	horses,
leew,	*t gamma*,	leo	lion,
tyger,	*t gwassou*,	tigris,	tiger,
wolf,	*t houqua*,	lupus	wolf,
hartebeesten,	*t hummas*,	dura animalia,†	hartebeests (bubalus caama),
bontebokken,	*trougos*,	hirci maculosi,	bontebok (gazella pygarga),
een rynoster,	*t nabba*,	rhinoceros,	rhinoceros,
olifanten,	*t woha*,	elephas,	elephant,
tyger bos catten,	*t karou*,	felis sylvestris,	wild cat,
zeekoeyen,	*t kouw*,	vacca marina,	hippopotamus,
elanden,	*t kanna*,	alce,	eland,
jackhalsen,	*tensie*,	genus simiarum ut videtur,	jackal,
steenbocken,	*sebagoùdema*,	capricornus,	steenbok (tragulus rupestris),
hasen,	*toa*,	lepus,	hare,

* This volume of the Journal is one of those unfortunately missing from the records.

† The Latin column of this vocabulary was evidently added by a German who understood Latin and Dutch; but was ignorant, in several instances, of the kind of thing intended by the Dutch words, which he has literally translated. Thus the first part of 'Hartebeest,' signifying 'hart,' he has understood as meaning 'hard,' as if the word were written 'harde-beest,'—and accordingly has given 'durum animal' as the Latin. Probably the unsettled Dutch orthography of the day caused 'hard,' *hard*, to be written occasionally like 'hart' and 'hert,' *hart*, and 'hart,' *heart*,—and thus the error arose. The 'Bontebok' is literally translated into Latin 'hircus maculosus' 'a spotted goat.' The 'Jackals,' being incapable of literal translation, is 'genus simiarum ut videtur.' 'probably a kind of ape.' Yservarken (porcupine) is 'genus porcorum,' a kind of pigs. No Dutchman could consider 'een Patrys' (partridge) 'genus avis peregrinæ;'—a German not knowing 'patrysen' but 'Rebhühner' might. How 'Snaphaan' (musket) became 'latro,' a robber, it is difficult to conjecture,—and equally how 'Bomen' (trees) could be metamorphosed into 'tympana' (drums), unless we should read 'trommen.' The most amusing interpretation of all is where 'Noordkaper,' a kind of whale, and the word in use in this colony for whale,—while in Holland the word generally used is 'Walvisch,'—is rendered, coming immediately after 'volucres,' as 'genus avium ut videtur,' 'probably a kind of bird.' No alteration whatever is made in the Latin column, even where there are palpable errors;—but in some instances where it appeared most necessary, the scientific names of animals are given in the English column. The English column is translated from the Dutch, not from the Latin.

Batavice.	Hottentotice.	Latine.	Anglice.
yservarkens,	*ghoukou*,	genus porcorum,	porcupine,
holland varkens.	*haghgou*,	porci hollandici,	pigs,
ryst,	*ghoume*,	oryza,	rice,
taruw of koorn,	*kuâ*,	frumentum,	wheat,
brood,	*bree*,	panis,	bread,
wyn,	*drief*,	vinum,	wine,
regen,	*tonkie*,	pluuia,	rain,
wind,	*toya*,	ventus,	wind,
donder en blixem,	*kaouw*,	tonitru et fulgur,	thunder and lightning,
rivier of water,	*kamme*,	fluvius *vel* aqua,	river or water,
een schip,	*t komme*,	navis,	ship,
wagen,	*kroy*,	currus,	waggon,
maan,	*t ga*,	luna,	moon,
son,	*sorrie*,	sol,	sun,
starre,	*kuanchou*,	stella,	star,
doncker naght,	*thoughou*,	obscura nox,	dark night,
slaepen,	*quee*,	dormire,	to sleep,
een man,	*zohee*,	vir,	man,
vrouw,	*zohees*,	mulier,	woman,
jongens,	*gona*,	pueri,	boys,
meisies,	*gois*,	puèllae,	girls,
ogen,	*moe*,	oculi,	eyes,
neus,	*ture*,	nasus,	nose,
mont,	*kamqua*,	os,	mouth,
ooren,	*nouw*,	aures,	ears,
hooft,	*biqua*,	caput,	head,
armen,	*onequa*,	brachia,	arms,
beenen,	*nonqua*,	pedes,	legs,
de buyk,	*gomma*,	venter,	belly,
de bille,	*toia*,	clunis,	bnttock,
de schamelheyt,	*tga*,	inguina,	
de ballen,	*kearra*,	callus,	
tanden,	*kon*,	dentes,	teeth,
de tong,	*tamma*,	lingua,	tongue,
de vingers,	*ouna*,	digiti,	fiugers,
de voeteu,	*iqua*,	pedes,	feet,
de pramme,	*semme*,		breasts,
melk,	*bró*,	lac,	milk,
boter,	*únwie*,	butyrnm	butter,
backelyen of oorlog,	*agou*,		fight,
dood,	*koo*,	mors,	death,
bomen,	*ay*,	tympana,	trees,
potten,	*soũ*,	ollae	pots,
kannen,	*backherie*,	cauthari,	cans,
drincken,	*kaá*,	bibere,	to drink,
eten,	*ou*,	edere,	to eat,
staan,	*maâ*,	stare,	to stand,
sitten,	*nouw*,	sedere,	to sit,
leggen,	*kobie*,	jacere,	to lie,
loopen of gaan,	*koie*,	currere *seu* ire,	to run or go,
vallen,	*quinga*,	cadere,	to fall,
hair.	*ou.*	crinis.	hair.

BATAVICE.	HOTTENTOTICE.	LATINE.	ANGLICE.
Hottentotsche taal, gebruyckelick by de Natien *op en omtrent de Caap de Goede Hoop.*	Hottentotice,	*Hottentottica lingua*, qua illæ nationes utuntur, *quæ in et circa Caput Bonae Spei habitant.*	The Hottentot language, in use with the nations at and about the Cape of Good Hope.
den man,	*k' quique*,	vir,	man,
een vrouw,	*k' quiquis*,	mulier,	woman,
een jongetie,	*koo*,	filius,	son,
een dogter,	*kos*,	filia.	daughter,
een getrouwd man,	*quleheis*,	maritus,	husband,
een getrouwde vrouw,	*tieheis*,	uxor, marita,	wife,
het hooft,	*biquäan*,	caput,	head,
het hajir,	*nucquäan*,	crinis,	hair,
de oogen,	*mon*,	oculi,	eyes,
de neus,	*qui*,	nasus,	nose,
de mond,	*quamqua*,	os,	mouth,
den baard,	*nomha*,	barba,	beard,
de kin,	*ganna*,	mentum,	chin,
de strot,	*domma*,	iugulum,	throat,
de hals,	*qu'aö*,	collum,	neck,
de borst,	*ouk'á*,	pectus,	breast,
de armen,	*öa*,	brachia,	arms,
de handen,	*omma*,	manus,	hands,
de vingeren en teenden	*oucqua*,	digiti in manibus ac pedibus	fingers and teeth,
de nagelen,	*clo*,	ungues,	nails,
de buyck,	*chomma*,	venter,	belly,
de vrowelyke schamelheyt,	*qu'äou*,	membrum muliebre,	
de mannetlycke dito	*chá*,	membrum virile	
de dito getuygen,	*chra*,	testiculi,	
de billen,	*saun*,	clunes,	
de dyen,	*kalou*,		thighs,
de knie,	*qua*,	genua,	knees,
de beenen,	*tictsa*,	ossa, crura,	legs,
de voeten,	*y*,	pedes,	feet,
het hart,	*qu'au*,	cor,	heart,
het net,	*houw*,	diaphragma,	diaphragm,
de darmen,	*quinqua*,	intestina,	entrails,
de long,	*chanon*,	pulmo,	lung,
de leuer,	*qu'eïn*,	iecur,	liver,
den donder,	*quô*,	tonitru,	thunder,
water,	*kamma*,	aqua,	water,
de zee,	*houry*,	mare,	sea,
het land,	*qu'au*,	terra,	land,
de zon,	*soré*,	sol,	sun,
de maan,	*k'châ*,	luna,	moon,
de sterren,	*t'enhouw*,	stellæ,	stars,

BATAVICE.	HOTTENTOTICE.	LATINE.	ANGLICE
regen,	*touquy*,	pluvia,	rain,
den olefand,	*chöa*,	elephas,	elephant,
een leeuw,	*chamma*,	leo,	lion,
een renoceros,	*nabba*,	rhinoceros,	rhinoceros,
een tyger,	*choassouw*,	tigris,	tiger,
een wolff,	*ouck'ha*,	lupus,	wolf,
een yser varcken	*ouwäa*,	genus porcorum,	porcupine,
een paard,	*hacqua*,	equus,	horse,
een buffel of stier,	*qu' arahó*,	bos maior,	buffalo,
beesten int' gemeen,	*hory*,	bestiæ in genere,	brute animals in general,
een draag os,	*hecchoó*,	bos gestans onus,	draught ox,
een koey,	*hoos*,	vacca,	cow,
een kalff,	*nona*,	vitulus,	calf,
een lam,	*chauna*,	agnus,	lamb,
een schaap,	*hoedie*,	ouis,	sheep,
een varcken,	*hacquou*,	porcus,	pig,
een berg,	*k'koe*,	mons,	mountain,
een grote vlakte,	*k'käa*,		a large flat,
eeen riuier,	*k' â*,	fluvius,	river,
visch,	*k' auw*,	piscis,	fish,
een huys,	*k' omma*,	domus,	house,
een regerend heer,	*k' koeqaé*,	princeps *seu* dominus regnans,	chief,
klederen,	*nomma*,	vestes,	clothes,
een hoed,	*kabba*,	pileus,	hat,
de Hottentotsche Nation in't general,	*quena*,	natio Hottentottica in genere,	the Hottentot nation in general,
Swarte Vremte Nation,	*Chobona*,	nigræ nationes extraneæ,	strange black nations,
Duytsche Natie,	*Honquecqua*,	natio Germanica	the Dutch nation (Batava),
schepen,	*deu komma*,	naves,	ships,
vaartuygen,	*non naquäas*,	naviculæ,	boats,
de duyvel,	*gam'ouna*,	diabolus,	the devil,
een bavian,	*chöachamma*,	genus simiarum,	baboon,
een wagen,	*kroying*,	currus,	waggon,
rys,	*k' ony*,	oryza,	rice,
coorn,	*blee*,	frumentum,	wheat,
een vogel struys,	*ammy*,	struthio,	ostrich,
een hartebeest,	*k'kamma*,	durnm animal	hartebeest,
een eland,	*k'chamma*,	alce,	eland, elk,
en buffel,	*t' Aouvv*,	bos sylvestris,	buffalo,
een jens bock,	*t' chó*,	caper,	gemsbok (oryx capensis)
een tyger-boskat,	*k' loe*,	tygris sylvestris,	tiger cat,
een jackhals,	*kenlée*,	genus animalis africani,	jackal,
een hont,	*likanäa*,	canis,	dog,
een kat,	*choaa*,	felis,	cat,
een das,	*k'on*,	meles seū taxusi,	rock-rabbit (hyrax capensis),

Batavice.	Hottentotice.	Latine.	Anglice.
een muskeljaat kat,	*k'ouvv*,	felis muschata,	musk cat,
een roodewild kat,	*k'ha*,	felis sylvestris,	red wild cat,
een stuk canon,	*haey k'habou*,	tormentum,	cannon,
een snaphaan,	*k'habou*,	latro,	musket,
een kogel,	*k'habouhory*,		bullet
buskruyt,	*k'habo clou*,	pulvis tormentarius,	gunpowder
bomen,	*hi iuquäa*,	tympana,	trees,
hout,	*equa*,	lignum,	wood,
koper,	*nonnimou*,	cuprum,	copper,
yser,	*kaukoru*,		iron,
klippen,	*h qun*,	rupes, scopuli,	rocks,
kloven van bergen,	*a'ouvv*,	fissuræ montium,	ravines,
gevogelte,	*h'annéqua*,	volucres,	birds,
een nord-kaper,	*'t' chaga*,	genus avium ut videtur (! !)	whale,
een zee leeuw.	*acomma*,	leo marinus,	sea lion,
een rob,	*houtéé*,	genus piscis marini,	seal,
een haas,	*k'öa*,	lepus,	hare,
een steenboch,	*k' goeda*,	capricornus,	steenbock (tragulus rupestris),
een reebock,	*säa*,	capreolus,	rheebock (redunca capreolus),
een klipspringer,	*k' gogëe*,	dama,	klipspringer (oreotragus saltatrix),
een esel,	*quaiha*,	asinus,	ass,
wilde bocken,	*quonqua*,	capri sylvestres,	antelopes,
een zeekoey,	*châ auw*,	vacca marina,	hippopotamus,
een schildpad,	*ceregou*,	testudo major,	tortoise,
een mol,	*haba*,	talpa,	mole,
een muys,	*houri*,	mus,	mouse,
een rat,	*touta ogly*,	glis, sorex,	rat,
een vlige,	*hyhara*,	musca,	fly,
een luys,	*kousst*,	pediculus,	louse,
een vlovy,	*eythee*,	pulex,	flea,
een sprinckhaan,	*cheytée*,	locusta,	locust,
een vogel, flamink genaemt,	*naukalee*,	avis, flamink dicta,	flamingo,
een gans,	*k'geá*,	anser,	goose,
een endvogel,	*ducatore*,	anas,	duck,
een swalwe,	*sosobo*,	hirundo,	swallow,
een patrys,	*changry*,	genus avis peregrinæ (!),	partridge,
een korhaan,	*k'backary*,	idem,	korhaan,
een fasant,	*quaqua*,	avis phasiana,	pheasant,
honderen,	*k'houckakeney*,	gallinæ,	fowls,
duyven,	*k'quêê*	columbæ,	pigeons,
een mier-eater,	*k'ehon*		ant-eater,
een pauw,	*k'chôo*	pavo,	paauw.

BATAVICE.	HOTTENTOTICE.	LATINE.	ANGLICE.
een swangere vrouw,	*k'choin quisquis*,	mulier gravida,	pregnant woman,
baren,	*öa*,	parere,	to bring forth,
de baarmoeder,	*k'chó*,	uterus,	womb,
groeyen,	*k'ayse*,	crescere,	grow,
erst geboren kind,	*kamkonn*,	primogenitus,	firstborn,
een ond man,	*didaque*,	senex,	old man,
een oude vrouw,	*didaquis*,	vetula,	old woman,
eeten,	*onge*,	edere,	to eat,
drincken,	*k'à*,	bibere	to drink,
leggen,	*k'quee*,	iacere	to lie down,
slapen,	*k'komma*,	dormire,	to sleep,
wacker werden,	*k'chey*,	evigilare,	to wake,
gaan,	*k'on*,	ire,	to go,
uytgaan,	*k'qua*,	exire,	to go out,
horen,	*k'nom*,	audire,	to hear,
sien,	*k'mon*,	videre,	to see,
slaan,	*doussy*,	pulsare, verberare,	to strike,
kwetsen dat het blodt,	*ouw*,	ita comprimere ut sanguis emanet,	to wound so as to cause bleeding,
genesen,	*k'ta*,	recuperare sanitatem,	to heal,
een vrouw beslapen.	*queequa*,	rem habere cum muliere,	
vechten,	*k'auw*,	pugnare,	to fight,
vreden macken,	*onchougou*,	pacem facere,	to make peace,
doodslaan,	*doucham*,	occidere,	to kill.
leven,	*k'quoniaha*,	vivere,	to live.
sterven,	*k'o*,	mori,	to die,
blixem,	*meny au*	fulgur,	lightning,
hagel en sneeuw,	*k'choy*,	grando et nix,	hail and snow,
een,	*k'qui*	unum,	one,
twee,	*k'ham*,	duo,	two,
drie,	*k'ouna*,	tria,	three,
vier,	*hacka*,	quatuor,	four,
vyff,	*kro*,	quinque,	five,
ses,	*nanni*,	sex,	six,
seven,	*honcko*,	septem,	seven,
agt,	*k'hyssi*,	octo,	eight,
negen,	*k'geesi*,	novem,	nine,
thien.	*guissi*.	decem,	ten,
Verder getal is by haar niet bekent.		*Plures numeri huic genti noti non sunt.*	Further than this numbers are unknown to them.

[The extracts from the Collectanea of Leibnitz will appear in the following number.—EDS.]

A CHRISTMAS APPARITION.

A BIL-IOUS LEGEND.

The day was long sped,
The stars overhead
For three hours or longer their glimmer had shed
Since the sun had retired remarkably red,
As if the Atlantic had flown to his head,
When Timothy Tadpole turned into his bed.

It was Christmas night,
And a beautiful sight
Was each little star with his modest light,
As if half afraid
Of lending his aid
To the glorious canopy Heaven display'd.

Mr. Timothy Tadpole had dined that day
In the ancient and orthodox Christmas way,
Turkey and sausages, roast beef and ham,
Plum pudding and mince pies he'd managed to cram,
With custards and syllabubs, jellies and jam,
And claret and sherry
And champagne in very
Large glasses, which ev'ry one voted the right tap,
And port which they dish up,
And call it a "bishop,"
With lemons and nutmegs * by way of a "night cap."

And many a toast,
From the health of the host
To the health of the fair one each tippler loved most,
He had drunk with a swallow few mortals can boast.
And "hip, hip, hooray!"
He had shouted that day
In a highly excited convivial way,
'Mid Bacchanal ditties and protests of scorning
To think of retiring to rest before morning.

So when Timothy Tadpole turned into his bed
An ill-natured chronicler might p'r'aps have said
That he carried a little too much in his head,—
An uncommon event, too, since Timothy's brains
Were computed to weigh such a very few grains
That in Timothy's head you'd have found them as soon
As a pair of dried peas in the Nassau Balloon.

* 'Tain't nutmegs at all. Oh what ignorant coves
These authors is! Bishop's port, lemon, and *cloves*.

Printer's Devil.

And while Timothy lay,
In a restless way,
Turning and twisting and kicking and rolling,
That you could'nt suppose
He'd a bit of repose,
The bell of St. George's was grimly tolling!

Slowly, deeply boomed the bell
Midnight hour! it seemed the knell
Of hopes, joys, griefs, pains, pleasures dead,
Gone with the short-lived day that was fled,
Another day from the tiny span
That makes the weal and woe of man!

Yes, twelve at night,—
That hour of fright
When ghosts pop out of their graves in white,
And glide and slink
Through keyhole or chink,
Or up the chimney or down the sink,
And frighten poor sinners who quake as they tell
Of the terrible sight—and the brimstone smell!

As Timothy snored and kicked and rolled,
And the bell of St. George's grimly tolled,
Just as the last stroke died on the air
The candle emitted a blueish glare,
(For gentlemen coming home late at night
Often forget to extinguish the light),
It flickered and spluttered and out it went
With a pop and a hiss and a nasty scent.

And as it went out a ghost walked in!
An orthodox ghost, with a churchyard grin,
From the head to the feet
Wrapped in a sheet
As white as pure snow—so that, if a man *can* guess,
You'd fancy the ghost had a capital laundress.

Yet the ghost, though pale, wasn't lanky or lean,
Like all ghosts that I've ever yet heard of or seen,
But had rather a corpulent, greasy, fat look
Like an Alderman's ghost, or the ghost of a cook.

As the ghost walked in poor Timothy woke,
And the ghostly vision on Timothy broke;
And Timothy's eyeballs glare and stare,
And up on end goes Timothy's hair,
And Timothy shivers with agitation,
And his body's quite damp with perspiration,—
A common effect of consternation.

But as he lies quaking and shivering, still
With a resolute air
He cries "Who's there?"
And the vision solemnly answers "BILL!"
Bill! Bill who? Bill Smith? Bill Jones?
For Bill's a prænomen each family owns.
So Timothy tries with might and main
To guess *which* Bill, but all in vain;
Till shaking with horror through and through
He faintly stammers out "Bill who?"

The ghostly accents seemed to fill
The room as they answer, "*Christmas* Bill!
I'm the ghost of the Butcher's bill! nothing can lay me,
I'll haunt you by day and by night till you pay me!"

Timothy Tadpole groans with fright
And tries to shut out the horrid sight,
When lo! a *new* ghost pops into light;
And the ghost that now burst on the wretched sinner
Was very much paler and very much thinner,
(Though afterwards Tadpole remarked it as "rum" he
Spoke in a voice that was husky and crummy).
As solemn and grave as an undertaker,
He stalked forth and said, "*I'm* the Bill of the baker,
I'll dog you by night—I'll settle your hash—
I'll never be still till you hand out the cash."

Again poor Timothy Tadpole groans,
And turns and wriggles his weary bones,
Trying to shut out the dreadful vision,—
When, alas and alack! there's a *new* apparition!

This ghost had an air so dapper and nice, he
Looked for a spirit uncommonly spicy:
But he turned a pitiless glance on Tim
As if with a look he'd annihilate *him*,
And in accents severe cried "I'd have you to know, sir,
That *I* am the Christmas bill of the grocer!
You've eaten and stuffed and you've had your fill,
And now let us see what you've got in the till:
I'll polish you off in a manner that I know
If you don't pretty speedily fork out the rhino!"

But, alas and alack! a new one appears,
The tailor's Bill, armed with the goose and the shears,
And the Bill of the bootmaker gliding together,
The latter quite "larking"
And pertly remarking,
"Come dub up, old fellow, there's nothing like leather."
And the Bill of the wine merchant, troubled with hiccups,
And the Bill of the hosier for collars called "stick-ups."

And round about his bed they flew
Hand-in-hand, this ghostly crew;
And they tweaked his nose,
And tickled his toes,
And rained on his cheeks hard pinches and blows,
And seemed to suppose it a capital lark as
They stamped and jumped on his aching carcase.

And aye as they went
The air was rent
With their shouting and yelling, as thus they gave vent:—
"Pay us you must,
Down with the dust,
None of your 'kites,'
We *will* have our rights,
We'll plague you and pinch you by days and by nights,
We'll grind you and bind you and force you to settle,
None of your promises—out with the metal!"

And Timothy vows that he ne'er heard before as
Awful a noise as this terrible chorus!
He writhed and he wriggled, he twisted and turned,
His tongue was on fire—his head how it burned!
He struggled and kicked, gave a desperate roar
And a plunge—and came heels over head on the floor.
The chorus is done,
One by one
The ghosts have slipped off, having finished their fun.

And Timothy creeps into bed again,
Free from his terror, but *not* free from pain.
The shades of the night like the spirits are flitting,
Grey dawn on the tops of the mountains is sitting,
And under the window a small bantam cock
Is crowing,—in fact it is just four o'clock,
As Timothy, spite of his terrors and bruises,
Yawns, shakes up his pillow, and placidly snoozes!

MORAL.

Don't drink like a fish, and don't feed like a glutton,
Don't forget to cash up for your beef and your mutton,
Your bread and your sugar, your wine and your Allsop,
In short *all* your bills, and I hope they're a *small* crop.
If a tradesman you rob,
You act like a snob,
And you'll find out, moreover, you've done a bad job.
So seize on the present,
Pay up and look pleasant;
Think of Timothy Tadpole—that terrible sight there—
A legion of Bills makes a deuce of a nightmare!

A. W. C.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES.

AFRICAN travels have ever been invested with an air of novelty, romance, and most fascinating interest. It is unnecessary, in illustration of this, to refer to trite quotations from antiquity, or to Othello's tales—

> "—— Of antres vast, and desarts wild,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven;
> And of the cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi, and men, whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders —— "

We need only instance the excitement created, in recent times, by the publication of Bruce's travels, in search of the mysterious sources of the venerable Nile; of Mungo Park's touchingly simple narrative of his journeyings in Western Africa; and of Denham, Clapperton and Lander's heroic efforts to penetrate into the dark fever-haunted recesses along the banks of the Niger. The *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*, of Dr. Livingstone, have been surpassed in interest by none even of the most celebrated achieved before. Livingstone's heroic labours, and the astonishing success which crowned his efforts, have attracted to him the attention and the admiration of the whole civilized world. By every class of society at home he has been greeted with equal warmth; and the incense of praise has been offered to him by the religious world, the scientific world, and the commercial world, alike, to an extent which would assuredly have for ever ruined any man whose simplicity of purpose and firmness of character were in any degree inferior to his. But, after all the panegyrics which have been passed upon his name, he appears before us now, as the author of the work we have referred to, in all the modesty, frankness, and bonhommie so characteristic of the man. The work itself is one of the deepest interest, equally abounding in the highest order of amusement and the most valuable instruction. As it has only come into our hands a few days before sending the *Magazine* to press, we shall not attempt a complete review of it this month. We shall restrict ourselves to the more introductory passages, and enter into the principal chapters of the book, in more complete detail, in a subsequent issue. In the introduction to the work, the reader is furnished with a brief, modest, but deeply interesting and suggestive auto-biographic sketch of Livingstone's early history and career. The style in which it is written, as well as the character of the writer, strongly reminds one of Hugh Miller, and his "Schools and Schoolmasters." There is the same power of graphic description,

the same homely quaintness and quiet sarcastic humour, and there is the same firmly marked character, with a degree of deep and therefore unobtrusive religious feeling. Livingstone deprecates any charge of egotism, at the outset, and gives the genealogy of his family, accompanied with the apology that the said genealogy "is not a very long one, and contains only one incident of which he has reason to be proud." His great grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings; and his grandfather was a small farmer in "dark Ulva," one of the romantic clusters forming the detached outposts of the Hebrides. In connection with this worthy old Highland cottar is related the one chief incident in Livingstone's genealogy on which he so justifiably prides himself:—

"Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel proud of, is this. One of these poor, hardy islanders was renowned in the district for wisdom and prudence; and it is related that when he was on his death-bed, he called all his children around him, and said, 'Now in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If therefore any of you, or any of your children, should take to dishonest ways, it is not because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you. Be honest.'"

Livingstone naïvely adds:

"If therefore, in the following pages, I fall into any errors, I hope they will be dealt with as honest mistakes, and not as indicating that I have forgotten our ancient motto."

Livingstone's grandfather was compelled, for the better support of his family, to remove from the ancestral farm on Ulva, to the cotton manufactory of Blantyre, on the banks of the Clyde. While his other sons all entered His Majesty's service as soldiers or sailors, our author's father settled at home, "too conscientious ever to become rich as a small village tea-dealer." Here for a long course of years he presented "a continuously consistent pious example, such as that, the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully pourtrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" The following notice of his death is written in a touching tone of affectionate simplicity:—

"He died in February, 1856, in peaceful hope of that mercy which we all expect through the death of our Lord and Saviour. I was, at the time, on my way below Zumbo, *expecting no greater pleasure in this country, than sitting by our cottage fire, and telling him my travels.* I revere his memory."

Livingstone himself was, at the age of ten, put to the factory as a "piecer," to aid, by his earnings, in lessening

the anxiety of his frugal mother striving to make both ends meet. Part of his first week's wages went to purchase Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*; and after the hard labours of the day were over, the youthful student pored over his books, at an evening school, "between the hours of eight and ten." Time passed on thus swiftly, until the factory "piecer" read many of the classical authors, and "knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than at the present day." His readings in general literature were extensive, embracing every class of books, excepting novels only, which were strictly tabooed. About this time it was that the doctrines of Christianity became fully impressed on his mind in all their vivid reality and most genial aspects. The change which came over him, to use his own expressive image, was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of "colour blindness." "And in the glow of love which Christianity inspires, he soon resolved to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery." He determined to become a pioneer of Christianity in China; and to qualify himself for that enterprise he resolved on obtaining a medical education. At the age of nineteen he was promoted to the rank of cotton-spinner; but to a man of less determined spirit, the ambition of raising himself to the position of an educated and scientific missionary might well seem the extreme of temerity or madness. Had he lived and come to notice a few years before, he would have received his share of the flippant sarcasms of Sydney Smith, directed unwisely, though with the best intention, against Carey and his contemporaneous host of "consecrated cobblers." With his earnings he purchased medical books—the first of them *Culpeper's Herbal*, and while at his daily toil he placed the volume under perusal "on a portion of the spinning-jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work." Later, the savings from his weekly wages were sufficient to support him while attending the medical and Greek classes of the University of Glasgow in the winters, together with the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. In the summers he returned to Blantyre again to labour with his hands. Limited, as his time must thus have been, he managed, at intervals, to scour the country "collecting simples" and searching, with precocious intelligence, into the secrets of external nature. Of one of these exploring tours, we must extract his own description:—

"We entered a limestone quarry—long before geology was so popular as it is now. It is impossible to describe the delight and wonder with which I began to collect the shells found in the carboniferous limestone

which crops out in High Blantyre and Cambuslang. A quarryman, seeing a little boy so engaged, looked with that pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane. Addressing him with, 'How ever did these shells come into these rocks?' 'When God made the rocks, he made the shells in them,' was the damping reply. What a deal of trouble geologists might have saved themselves by adopting the Turk-like philosophy of this Scotchman?"

Of those tours generally he writes, amusingly, as follows:

"These excursions, often in company with brothers, one now in Canada and the other a clergyman in the United States, gratified my intense love of nature; and though we generally returned so unmercifully hungry and fatigued that the embryo parson shed tears, yet we discovered so many, to us, new and interesting things that he was always as eager to join us next time as he was the last."

Livingstone finished his medical curriculum; was admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons; and after some further theological training in England, was ordained a missionary, under the auspices of the London Society, not, as he had first intended, to China, but to South Africa, where "an inviting field was opening out through the labours of Mr. Moffat." Dr. Livingstone embarked in 1840, and, after a voyage of three months, arrived in Cape Town. There Africa and his great work in its behalf lay open before him; and in the volume now in our hands we have an enduring record of his labours, with all their "moving incidents by flood and field." Of this attempt at authorship, he tells us that his missionary occupations during the last sixteen years have made composition irksome and laborious to him; and he thinks he would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book. And, with characteristic modesty, he adds:—

"The want of time for self-improvement was the only source of regret that I experienced during my African career. The reader, remembering this, will make allowances for the mere gropings for light of a student who has the vanity to think himself 'not yet too old to learn.'"

We have dwelt thus fully on Livingstone's early career, because we think it adds another to the numerous and deeply instructive examples with which even contemporary history acquaints us of men who, in humble life, have struggled against almost insuperable obstacles; who have "groped for the light" until they proved gloriously successful in attaining to it; who have risen from the ranks, and stood among the foremost benefactors of their race. Men like Hugh Miller and David Livingstone are an honour to the country and to the age which gave them birth. And though only comparatively few have risen to such eminence as these, among their humble fellow-countrymen—unknown to fame—are thousands still,

as Livingstone speaks of his native villagers, of "sterling worth and ability."

Livingstone's missionary travels and researches in South Africa become naturally divided into two principal periods—the first extending from 1840 to his return to Cape Town in in 1852, and the second his memorable journey to Loando, and thence across the continent to Quillimane in the years from 1852 to 1856. In the present paper we shall limit ourselves to a rapid notice of the principal incidents of the former of these two periods, deferring the other to the next issue of this periodical.

Livingstone left Cape Town in 1840, and proceeded, *via* Algoa Bay, to Kuruman, the well-known station of the Rev. Robert Moffat, who became, soon afterwards, our author's father-in-law. His temporary residence and labours at Kuruman, and, subsequently, at Lepilole and Mabotsa, further north, we cannot find space to dwell on here at any length.

At Mabotsa he met with a lion adventure, of which he bears the marks to the present day—"an occurrence which, but for the importunities of friends, he meant to have kept in store to tell his children when in his dotage." He joined a party of Bakatla natives to encourage them in exterminating a troop of lions who had been committing sad havoc on their herds. After firing two shots from his double-barreled rifle, which lodged two bullets in the body of one of the lions, though without killing it, he was busily engaged in ramming down the bullets for another discharge. Suddenly, the infuriated beast sprang upon him from behind, and both came to the ground together. The rest of the narrative we give in the doctor's own words:—

"The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was passing. . . . . This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as the lion had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole must have been the work of a few moments and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

Ultimately, the heroic missionary made a permanent settlement at Kolobeng, the station of Sechele, the principal chief of the Bakwains. He had previously acquired the language of the country by a course of six months' study at a locality closely neighbouring to Kolobeng. Sechele welcomed Livingston to his dominions with African cordiality; and listened to his evangelic message with a readiness almost wholly unexpected. He showed the deepest interest in the strange doctrines of the Christian faith. Once he asked if the white man's forefathers knew of a future judgment?—

"I replied in the affirmative, and began to describe the scene of the 'great white throne and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heavens and earth shall flee away,' &c. He said, 'You startle me—these words make all my bones to shake—I have no more strength in me: *but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going.*'"

Sechele, not long after, became a professed convert to the newly taught faith; and he applied with great zeal to study. Dr. Livingstone taught him his letters, and Mr. Oswell, an English traveller, gave him his first lesson in figures. In his reading—

"Isaiah was a great favourite with him; and he was wont to use the same phrase nearly, which the professor of Greek at Glasgow, Sir D. K. Sandford, once used respecting the Apostle Paul when reading his speeches in the Acts: 'he was a fine fellow, that Paul!' 'He was a fine man, that Isaiah: he knew how to speak.'"

Sechele's ideas of toleration were what would now be deemed rather unenlightened, and his system of propagandism was of a somewhat forcible and summary character; though he might well have justified both, if his historical reading had been extensive enough, by reference to great and notable examples in civilized Europe:—

"Seeing me anxious that his people should believe the words of Christ, he once said, 'do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like I shall call my headmen, and with our litupa (whips of rhinoceros hide) we will soon make them all believe together.'"

He felt keenly, however, the difficulties of his own position as the christian chief of a heathen people—a difficulty which has notoriously restrained Moshesh from embracing christianity to the present day. "O, I wish," Sechele would say, with special reference to the question of polygamy, "I wish you had come to this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs!"

One other extract respecting Sechele's christianity we must give, and it is the only one we can make room for:—

"He continued to make a consistent profession for about three years;

and perceiving at last some of the difficulties of his case, and also feeling compassion for the poor women who were by far the best of our scholars, I had no desire that he should be in any hurry to make a full profession by baptism, and putting away all his wives but one. His principal wife, too, was about the most unlikely subject in the tribe, ever to become anything else than an out-and-out greasy disciple of the old school. She has since become greatly altered, I hear, for the better; but again and again have I seen Sechele send her out of church to put her gown on, and away she would go with her lips shot out, the very picture of unutterable disgust at his new-fangled notions."

Of the obstacles to the progress of knowledge among the Bakwains, and all other similar tribes, Livingstone gives some deeply interesting sketches. Among these are—most prominent—the frequent successions of trying droughts, the dependence of all on the incantations of the rain-makers, the perpetual anxious struggles of the people to preserve themselves from absolute starvation, and the consequent necessity of their constant wanderings for the purpose of hunting game or collecting roots and fruits:—

"Our own education in England is carried on at the comfortable breakfast and dinner table, and by the cozy fire, as well as in the church and school. Few English people, with stomachs painfully empty, would be decorous at church any more than they are when those organs are overcharged."

From this, and other considerations, our author truly infers that—

"Sending the Gospel to the heathen must include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary—a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attended to; as this more speedily than anything else demolishes that sense of isolation which heathenism engenders; and makes the tribes feel themselves mutually dependent on, and mutually beneficial to each other."

One of the most interesting chapters of the work is that which sketches Livingstone's relations with the Trans-Vaal boers, and the collisions of these republicans with the native Bakwains. Our author is careful, at the outset, to distinguish between the "boers" of the interior, and their more civilized namesakes in the colony, whom he represents as "a sober, industrious, and most hospitable body of peasantry. Those, however, who have fled from English law, on various pretexts, and have been joined by English deserters, and every other variety of bad character, in their distant localities, are, unfortunately, of a very different stamp." Their unsettled political constitution, and social system, the Bechuanas characterised in happy and most faithful portraiture, as follows:—

"Why, one can never know who is the chief among these boers.

Like the Bushmen, they have no king—they must be the Bushmen of the English."

Livingstone's account of the general policy adopted by the Boers towards the natives is already well known from other sources. The story of their intercourse with the missionary himself is, to a great extent, new, and clears away, satisfactorily, several absurd aspersions of Livingstone's character and conduct, current at the Cape a few years ago. Some English traders among the Bakwains sold five muskets to Sechele. On another occasion, when the chief was about to proceed, on an expedition, to a distant part of his country, ostensibly to hunt elephants, but, in reality, to crush a rising rebellion, Livingstone had lent him, from his domestic stores, an iron cooking pot. Shortly after this, the five muskets were exaggerated by a prevalent rumour among the Boers into five hundred; and the cooking pot was exaggerated into a cannon: and, what was worse, Livingstone was the arch-enemy, who had furnished the blacks with these dangerous implements of war. As to the cannon, there was no doubt about it, "he had himself confessed to the loan;" and the affair of the five hundred guns was equally manifest, for—

"Knowing that I used a sextant, my connection with Government was a thing of course; and as I must know all Her Majesty's counsels, I was questioned on the subject of the indistinct rumours which had reached them of Lord Rosse's telescope. What right has your Government to set up that large glass at the Cape to look after us behind the Cashan Mountains?"

The mere report of such extensive muniments operated for the prevention of an attack from the Boers for two or three years. Ultimately, in 1852, while Livingstone was absent on an expedition into the interior, a positive rupture ensued between the neighbouring potentates. Various circumstances had led to it. Among these were chief, the refusal of Sechele to prevent European traders from passing through his country northward to Lake Ngami, and Sir George Catheart's declaration of Trans-Vaal independence, with accompanying circumstances of a well-meant, but very injudicious character. The Boers, to the number of four hundred, proceeded against Sechele. Many of his tribe were slain; many more of the young children of the mission schools were carried away captives by the victors; and Livingstone's house, which had stood perfectly secure for years before, under the protection of the natives, was plundered, in revenge. His own remarks on the subject are brief, and, though forcible enough, betray as little as could possibly be expected of anything like embittered feelings:—

"The books of a good library—my solace in our solitude—were not

taken away, but handfuls of the leaves were torn out and scattered over the place. My stock of medicines was smashed, and all our furniture and clothing carried off and sold, at a public auction, to pay the expenses of the foray.

"I do not mention these things by way of making a pitiful wail over my losses, nor in order to excite commiseration; for though I do feel sorry for the loss of lexicons, dictionaries, &c., which had been the companions of my boyhood, yet, after all, the plundering only set me entirely free for my expedition to the North. I have never since had a moment's concern for anything I left behind. The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution—they or I."

We have thus presented some exceedingly ungracious features in the character of the Trans-Vaal settlers. We believe that, substantially, they are truthfully described; but we can at the same time easily imagine that a good deal might be presented in extenuation, by an advocate on the other side.

Reverting to Livingstone's personal career, the first principal event which attracts notice is his journey across the Kalahari desert, through the country of the Bakaa and the Bamangwato, ending in his discovery of Lake Ngami on the 1st of August, 1849. In this expedition he was accompanied by his firm and generous English friends, the travellers Oswell and Murray. Their adventures encountered in crossing the Kalahari, and the picturesque sketches of Kalahari life, we must pass over without further remarks, and can find room only for the following extract, descriptive of the population inhabiting the country around the Lake:—

"They call themselves Bayeiye (*i. e.* men), but the Bechuanas call them Bakoba, which contains somewhat of the idea of slaves. They have never been known to fight, and indeed have a tradition that their forefathers in their first essay at war, made their bows of the Palma Christi; and when these broke they gave up fighting altogether. They are thus the quakers of the body politic in Africa. A long time after the period of our visit, the chief of the Lake thinking to make soldiers of them, took the trouble to furnish them with shields. 'Ah, we never had these before; that is the reason we have always succumbed. Now we will fight.' But a marauding party came from the Makololo, and our 'Friends' at once paddled quickly, night and day, down the Zouga, never daring to look behind them till they reached the end of the river, at the point where we first saw it."

In a subsequent portion of the volume, Livingstone mentions incidentally, that to promote the advantage of the Lake tribes by the introduction of commerce among them, he had encouraged an independent trader to accompany the party on this discovery expedition. The return he got for it was a notice in one of the Cape papers, that "this man was the true discoverer of the Lake!"

Two other journeys northwards succeeded this first successful one, previous to 1852. The second, in which, in 1851 the Zambezi was discovered by Livingstone and Oswell together, we can only refer to very briefly. It extended considerably northward from the Lake, to Sebituane the distinguished chieftain of the Makololo. The career of this leader was a singularly chequered one, until ultimately he established a military reputation, greater even than Moselikatse's or Dingaan's. When Livingstone arrived, he and his party—among whom were, Mrs. Livingstone and her children—were received with the utmost cordiality. Shortly afterwards, Sebituane was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs. Livingstone would gladly have exerted his own medical skill in his behalf: but prudence forbade. In the event of death, the tribes would readily impute all blame to the stranger. And Sebituane was, therefore, necessarily left to the medical science of the Makololo doctors.

"On the Sunday afternoon on which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy, Robert. 'Come near,' said Sebituane, 'and see if I am any longer a man, I am done.' . . . . After sitting with him some time, recommending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain raising himself from his prone position called a servant, and said, 'Take Robert to Maunke' (one of his wives), 'and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane."

And Livingstone then adds, in a tone of deep, pathetic feeling:—

"He was, decidedly, the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep dark question, of what is to become of such as he, must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly, the 'Judge of all the Earth will do right.'"

After this expedition, Livingstone returned to Kolobeng, and discovered there the plundered ruins of his once peaceful home. Thence he travelled to Cape Town, arranged for the departure of his wife and family to England, and prepared for the great enterprise which he has now achieved—the opening up of the dark populous interior of the African continent.

Our space is now exhausted; and a further notice of our author's *Travels and Researches* must be deferred for another month. If, in what we have already written, we have dwelt chiefly on some of the moral questions rising out of the work, it is not from any deficiency of the most original and picturesque sketches of natural scenery, animal life, sporting adventures, and some of the most grotesque drolleries of human nature.

LITERARY REVIEW.

We have already occupied so much space with our review of Dr. Livingstone's new work, that little room is left for the usual briefer literary notices which appear under this head. Since our last publication, several valuable accessions have been received at the Public Library. By the *Earl of Carlisle*, the following is the list:—Shooter's Kafirs of Natal; Quinland; Good in Everything; Mothers and Sons; Macleod's Life of Mary Queen of Scots; Dr. Ewe's China, Australia, &c.; Raikes' Journal, 3rd and 4th vols.; Westgarth's Victoria; Autobiography of Lutfullah; Macguire's Rome; and Stirling's Letters from Slave States.

And by the *Norman*, the following have been received:—Encyclopedia Britannica, 14 vol.; Story of my Life; Thorndale, or Conflict of Opinions, by Smith; Debit and Credit; Hill on Educational Subjects; Snow's Two Years' Cruise; Seymour and his Friends; Reade's Course of True Love; Riverston; Korff's Accession of Nicholas 1st; Wilkin's Letters on Connoisseurship; Francis Bacon; and the Virginians, by Thackeray.

The *Kafirs of Natal and the Zulu Country*, by the Rev. Joseph Shooter, contains a vast deal of information respecting the national customs, social institutions, and domestic life of the natives of South-Eastern Africa. Mr. Shooter had lived for four years in Natal, and devoted most of that time to researches and inquiries into the traditions, customs, and manners of the people. The result of those researches we have in the handsome, elaborate volume now before us. The book is divided into chapters on—the personal appearance of the natives; their mode of life; domestic institutions; political institutions; crimes against life and property; superstitions; social institutions; the history of Tshaka (the South African Napoleon) and his successors; Zulu warfare; and arts and manufactures. Under these various headings, a large mass of information is collected, and presented in a style which is always lucid and intelligible, and often interesting, graphic, and flowing. We can only find room here for a few brief extracts, which may be considered amusing in themselves, and may be taken as fair illustrations of the general character of the book. Of the personal appearance of the Zulus, Mr. Shooter writes:—

"Dark complexions, as being most common, are naturally held in the highest esteem. To be told that he is light-coloured would be deemed a very poor compliment by a Kafir. I have heard of one unfortunate person, who was so very fair that no girl would marry him; and it may have been the dread of such a dire calamity which made a young man vehemently indignant when told that he was as fair as a European: his colour was a light olive. A modest gentleman, whose opinion I asked respecting the most approved complexion, assured me that it was *just his own, black with a little red.* One of the Zulu king's titles is, 'You, who are black.'"

And he quotes the following from another writer:—

"I was much struck with the strong resemblance that a group of Kafirs bear to the Greek and Etruscan antique remains, except that the savage drapery is more scanty, and falls in simpler folds."

Among "the social institutions" of the Zulu Kafirs is ranked that very vicious habit of snuff-taking. It is true that many more civilized nations have, at times, been guilty of similar excesses, although it should be remembered, in vindication of civilized snuff-consumers, that they most generally have recourse to the custom only in self-defence from the annoyance of attending to something more petty and contemptible. Every one remembers Reynolds' defence against the vain artistic babblings of his friends—

> "When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

The Kafir makes his snuff-taking a ceremonial of portentous importance:

"When he can afford it, he carries an ivory spoon, with which to apply the snuff to his nostrils. The size of this spoon would astonish a Highlander. The operation of snuff-taking is, with a Kafir, one of great importance. Having first squatted on the ground, he shakes a quantity out of the calabash into his left hand; and then taking up a spoonful (or, in default of a spoon, using his finger and thumb), he applies it to his nose, and inhales it slowly. After a while, tears roll down his face; but before they flow, and apparently to excite them, he draws the ends of his fingers from the eyes downwards, as if to make a channel for them. The flowing of the tears is a necessary part of his enjoyment, and so completely is he entranced, that it is almost impossible to induce him to move until the operation is completed! .....All classes, and both sexes, indulge in the excitement, and there are, perhaps, very few individuals who abstain from it."

"When a person takes snuff, he is comparatively defenceless. It may be owing to this that a man would be considered rude and ill-mannered if he were to stand up while taking snuff with another. He would possess a decided advantage over him; and, if treacherously disposed, might easily overpower him. The cowardly agents of the Zulu despot have frequently made snuff-taking an auxiliary in the destruction of their victims."

Here is an amusing picture from a Zulu dairy:—

"In the morning, the herd is sent out to pasture, under the care of a boy, who brings them home about ten o'clock, when the cows are milked. That process is singular, and not calculated to find favour with an English nymph of the pail. It requires strong lungs, as well as vigorous fingers, and is altogether a rough and barbarous proceeding. The Kafir engages in it with enthusiasm, and it is about the only kind of work he really likes. The first thing he does is to introduce the calf, and allow it to suck a short time. He then squats on his heels, pushes away the calf, and, with a wooden vessel between his knees, draws as much milk as he can obtain. Meanwhile, the calf makes vigorous efforts to share it with him, and receives sundry monitory blows from a young boy, who keeps watch and ward over the precious fountain with a stick. When the cow will yield no more, the calf is again allowed to suck, and again obliged to give place to the man. The process of milking is thus

a contest between the calf and the milker, in which the cow is umpire. This is a very imperfect sketch of the scene, and the reader must imagine that he hears the operator talking to the cow, and whistling in a manner incomprehensible to civilized ears, as if she required to be wheedled into benevolence, and would give her milk only when coaxed to do so by screams and ear-piercing notes."

For those interested in the more domestic arrangements of Zulu life, the restrictions on marriage, the purchase of wives, the preliminaries to marriage, with occasional flights quite analagous to civilized elopements, Mr. Shooter has collected abundance of information, much of it abounding in all the elements of romance. We can only find room now, however, for one extract illustrative of the more prosaic aspect of Kafir connubial bliss:—

"Besides her domestic duties, the woman has to perform all the hard work. She is her husband's ox, as a Kafir once said to me. She has been bought, he argued, and must therefore labour. When I reminded him how Europeans treat their wives, he would not acknowledge the cases to be parallel—white men did not *pay* for their wives."

When a woman is disobedient, it is considered, by the 'ancient men,' that she ought, in the first instance, to be reasoned with; and that blows should be resorted to only when arguments fail.

"This rule is not always observed, especially by the young men, whom the elders regard as very unwise. Whether he resort to the practice in the first or second instance, a man may, undoubtedly, beat his wife, if he please; nor is this always done in the most gentle manner. A stick is deemed the proper instrument of punishment; but some men, when excited, will seize anything which happens to lie in their way,—a piece of wood for instance, a keerie, or even a stone."

In the chapter on the arts and manufactures of the Zulu race, there are some interesting illustrations of native industry and ingenuity. The following, on Zulu surgery, is curious:—

"A species of cupping is frequently practised, and I know not that the people have any other method of bleeding. The operation is effected by making incisions in the skin, and then applying a horn, through the small perforated end of which the blood is sucked by the doctor. Should the blood not flow freely, the affected part is beaten with a stick."

We can only make one other extract, illustrative of the poetical powers of the Zulu mind. It is selected from an elaborate poem, eulogistic of the greatness of Dingaan:—

> "Thou art the purple dawn of the morning;
> Thou art beautiful, as an isle in the Umzinyante;
> Thou puttest nations to silence,
> *As thou would'st silence thy cooks.*"

There is a sad instance of bathos here; but ample amends for it is made in the following grandiloquent outbursts:—

> "Thou hast the whole nation under thee.
> Thou art Tshaka; thou causest all people to tremble;
> Thou thunderest like the musket.
> Thou art the great shade of the Zulu;
> And thence thou expandest and reachest to all countries.

Go, thou sagacious one, take away the cattle of the cunning,
Bird, king of the other birds, scream,
Since thou hast been placed at the head of the troops,
Call Petlelc thy faithful herald.
Give to him thy commands; and our chiefs, with speed,
Will run from all corners of the realm,
To appear before thee at the appointed day.
Thou reignest here, thou reignest there,
Thou reignest in all directions."

Of the books received by the *Norman*, we have had an opportunity of perusing bnt few, and we can scarcely boast sufficient proficiency in the critic's art to review works we have not read. Captain Snow's *Two Years' Cruise*, in command of a missionary yacht, on the Terra del Fuego Coast, we can readily recommend as a book full of graphic descriptions, and deeply interesting incidents. It is, however, to a considerable extent marred by the narrative of the rupture which occurred between the commander of the *Gardiner* yacht and the Missionary Society that sent forth the expedition, and the manifestly harsh, injudicious treatment which Capt. Snow received at their hands.

The *Virginians*, by Mr. Thackeray, we have received only a very brief sample of yet,—the first monthly part extending over only sixteen pages octavo, and the sixteenth page ending abruptly in the middle of a sentence. It promises, or threatens, to be continued over twenty-four numbers or months. If as little attention is paid to the convenience of the reader as in the present specimen, it will be tantalising in the extreme. The story itself begins in Thackeray's peculiar style, and the incidents are yet but simple and few. The grandson of Colonel Esmond, an old Virginian settler, not wholly unknown to the readers of Mr. Thackeray a few years ago, crosses to England in a Bristol trader, to visit the aristocratic connections of the family in one of the southern counties. The haughty reception given by the lordly aristocrats to the tobacco-planter is not of the most becoming character. Only so far are we carried in the first instalment. It is a history of a hundred years ago.

Among the deaths recorded at home appears the name of Robert Alfred Vaughan, the author of *Hours with the Mystics* and of some of the very best papers which appeared in the *British Quarterly Review*. He was one of the rising intellectual lights of the day; but his sun has set early.

The Reviews and Monthlies are chiefly occupied with two great subjects of discussion—the Indian Mutinies, and *proh pudor!* Female Dress in 1857. The former subject is treated from every possible point of view, and the outbreak is attributed to every conceivable and inconceivable source. The mutinies arose from the Brahminical constitution of the Bengal army, from our lax discipline of it, from our deficiency of European officers, from the system of annexation which Lord Dalhousie developed to so large an extent, and equally—at least

to judge from very high though conflicting authorities—it arose simply because that annexation policy was not carried out to a still more uncompromising extent, and every native despot in India utterly extirpated, root and branch. On the other equally serious question of the existing style of Female Dress there is a wonderful amount of unanimity: for all condemn it, from the *Westminster Review* to the *Times*. The reviewer speaks profanely of the bonnet as "a something—a structure of silk or straw, adorned with flowers, ribbon, and lace, crowded on the angle of the jaws and the nape of the neck, and with its forepart just reaching the crown of the head;" and he quotes a story of Mr. Spurgeon, who was once advised to preach against the prevailing folly in head gear:—

"He paused as he stood upon the platform, looked round him and said, 'I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the day; but—upon my word—I don't see any.'"

A more serious aspect of affairs appears when physicians report that in consequence of this otherwise most interesting, coquettish style of head-dress, cases of eye-disease, toothache, and neuralgic pains in the head and face, are beyond all precedent in their practice.

We fear we shall subject ourselves to a portion of the censure which should most rightcously be passed upon the caitiff who could have written of the inflated graces of hoops, crinoline, and other similarly sacred appurtenances in a style so unpardonable as the following:—

"An admiring father, who till lately delighted in his daughter's grace and lightness of movement and her elégant figure, now sees her trammelled, whether at the piano, in the dance, or simply sitting on the sofa. In the first case, she can perform only at arm's length; in the second, she steers about like a steamer on the river, which all boats get out of the way of with all speed; and in the third case, the spectator is reminded of nothing so much as the old way of bathing at Bath, when the ladies waded about in the ponds, finely dressed to the shoulders, while hoops and the waters covered all below the waist. A girl at a party now looks like a romp half hid in a haycock, or like a person up to the armpits in a feather bed."

Of colonial publications, the most important which has appeared during the month has been the official report of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor, to "consider upon the institution of a Board of Examiners, to select, by competition, candidates for appointment to the public service,—to examine and qualify in the theory and principles of land-surveying, civil-engineering, and navigation,—and to grant general certificates of merit and attainments in literature and science." The gentlemen appointed on the Commission, Mr. Justice Watermeyer, Dr. Innes, and Professor Dale, were men as competent for the work assigned them as could have been selected; and the report they have presented is able, elaborate, and carefully matured. We shall return to the subject next month, and enter upon the merits of it, and some other correlated topics, in fuller detail than we can find space for now.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

A YEAR of unprecedentedly satisfactory colonial commercial transactions was on the point of expiring, when intelligence of the high rate at which money is obtainable in England, and of the failure of several large mercantile firms and banks arrived, just in time, too, to reflect on this usually festive season, a portion of that gloom which is felt at home. Added to these misfortunes, the news has come to hand of a decline in the price of wool, which may be estimated at from 2d. to 3d. per lb. One feature, however, in the commercial horizon is, in some respects, encouraging. We allude to the temporary suspension of the Bank Charter, by which notes are allowed to be issued in excess of the usual specie balance, and facilities consequently afforded for relieving the pressure in obtaining accommodation from such banks as are in a position to operate. It is said that nearly one and a half millions were issued in one day by the Bank of England, and that the effect on some descriptions of produce was instantaneous.

During the last twelve months, if we can for a moment forget the above, the colony has every reason for thankfulness. Operations have been large, and apparently safer than in any preceding year; the failures having been very few and, with one exception, trifling. Ships of all nations have crowded our ports, and expended large sums of money in their necessary disbursements. Our exportable articles have obtained higher prices than hitherto, and the credit of the colony, generally, has been established. The Parliament has sanctioned measures which must tend to the advantage of the colonists, and to the distribution of the specie which is monthly accumulating in the Treasury, an event much to be desired. The shipment of horses to India has been of great benefit to the farmers, who have also reaped a golden harvest from their crops of wheat, oats, and barley. The article of guano has, by a fortuitous circumstance, obtained excessively high rates at Mauritius; and even our fishermen have experienced good fortune in the disposal of their fish. Never did the wharfs and streets of Cape Town wear so business-like an aspect, and never had the stores such ample and well-selected stocks. From the coast of Namaqualand several cargoes of copper have been sent direct to Swansea, and mines which were reported as getting weak, have sent more ore away than they ever previously despatched.

We have to notice the demise of Mr. Jonas van der Poel, who has left a very considerable property to the family of a deceased sister. He was well known as the wealthiest of our colonists, and as having amassed his fortune by a prudent and cautious investment in mortgage bonds on landed property, at the Government rate of interest. The

money thus laid out was productive of the greatest benefit to the colony, and we may well hope that interests so large may not in any way be disturbed. One of the most flourishing and oldest of our banking institutions, the Cape of Good Hope Bank, comes before its shareholders at the commencement of the year 1858, armed with a new deed, to supersede that which has been in force since 1837, when the Bank was established. The principal object which is aimed at, in submitting a new trust deed to the shareholders, is that an opportunity may be given to increase the capital of the bank, now that the altered circumstances of the colony seem to require it. There appear, however, to be some who hold that, by the proper working of the present capital, a larger dividend is likely to be secured, and immediately too, whereas by an addition of capital, a dividend to the same extent cannot be safely calculated upon. The bank has been worked, generally, very well. It has, for a number of years, given £5 per share dividend, in addition to making up a reserve fund of £10,000, and paying up £15,000 to complete each shareholder's balance of calls. The final decision of the shareholders is looked forward to with some interest.

In the import market, during the month, no particular item is striking, with the exception of deals, which have arrived in great quantities from the ports of the Baltic. Cargoes of coals continue to arrive; but, with very trifling exceptions, are taken on to try the Eastern markets. There is a large quantity of coffee in town; but sales in this article are not very animated. Sugar has been moved off with great rapidity. In rice and tea very little is at present doing. The transactions in wheat and flour are almost at a stand-still, pending the result of the harvest in the two provinces. There seem to be some doubts expressed whether the prospect of an abundant harvest will be realized.

The last quotations from England are not so favourable for Cape wines; but we may hope that the depression is only temporary. We have already alluded to the fall in the price of wool, at the commencement of the sales, which, if continued, will probably entail a loss of not less than £75,000 to the colony on the transactions of one fortnight in November. There does not appear so great a depression in other articles as might have been looked for when due note is taken of the very unfortunate position of the money market at the time the mail left.

Twelve months have now passed since our *Magazine* first saw the light; and we hope that some instruction may have been gleaned even from that generally very uninviting paper, the Commercial Review. We sincerely trust, also, that the gloom which has gathered round the close of the year 1857 may be dispelled by bright commercial prospects at the dawn of the new year; and that we may increase our business relations with the rest of the world yearly, to the same extent, at least, as we have done during the year which has just left us—if not to a greater extent still.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

On the plains, and along the hill-sides of some parts of the division of Malmesbury, we meet with small elevated spots, at irregular distances from each other, varying from ten to twenty yards in diameter, and from one to three feet in height above the surrounding surface. The soil on these spots is generally richer than on the intervening parts. Can any of your scientific contributors inform me why the soil is richer on these so-called *heuvels*, and the probable cause of this curious formation of the earth's surface?

Rust in the wheat crop generally appears in the month of November, and is first observed a few days after a westerly fog, in the morning, has given place to a warm sultry day. Those parts less exposed to the south-east wind, and where manure has been applied, are more subject to rust than those more exposed, and where no manure has been used. Are the same phenomena, in connection with rust, observable in other parts of the colony?

Agricola.

Division of Malmesbury, Dec. 27, 1857.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY, 1858.

Jan. 8.—	8h. 36m. a.m., Mars and Moon in conjunction	Mars	N. 5°19′
„ 14.—	6h. 31m. a.m., Venus and Moon	Venus	N. 4 22
„ 15.—	4h. 42m. a.m., Mercury	Mercury	N. 7 24
„ 15.—	7h. 47m. a.m., Saturn in opposition,		
„ 19.—	9h. 59m. a.m., Mercury and Venus in conj.	Mercury	N. 4 4
„ 23.—	4h. 42m. a.m., Jupiter and Moon „	Jupiter	S. 5 16
„ 24.—	10h. 59m. a.m., Uranus and Moon	Uranus	S. 5 7

„ 26.—The star κ Aurigæ ($4\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude), occulted by the Moon.

Immersion 7h. 14m. 8s.
Emersion 7h. 56m. 6s. } P.M., Cape mean time.

„ 28.—Star υ Geminorum ($4\frac{1}{2}$ magnitude), occulted.

Immersion 2h. 33m. 7s.
Emersion 3h. 3m. 3s. } A.M.

„ 28.—7h. 46m. a.m., Saturn and Moon in conjunction Saturn S. 4 10

Evening Stars for the Month.—Planets: Jupiter and Saturn; Stars: Aldebaran, Rigel, Canopus, and Sirius.

Morning Stars.—Planets: Mars and Venus; Stars: Spica, Arcturus, and Antares.

GEORGE MACLEAR, R. O.,
Second Assistant, Astronomical Department.

Note.—The Occultations are given to minutes and *tenths*.

Erratum.—In Notice for last month, Star Spica should have been *first* magnitude.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1857.

Deduced from five observations daily. Sundays excepted.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape mean time.—Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation=100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch	
1					71·0	55·6				
2	30 017	66·46	59·00	64·4	69·5	54 7	4·0	S¼W		3 7
3	·026	65·54	60·64	76 8	73·0	57·8	4 1	SbW		4·5
4	·063	67 12	61·62	73·6	72·3	58 5	1·6	SbW¼W		3·1
5	·091	67·18	60·14	67 0	73·3	58·1	3·3	S¼W		3·5
6	·054	64·04	58·00	69 8	69·4	56·0	6 9	SbW		2·8
7	·045	64·04	56·14	61·0	68·0	55 5	5 6	SbW		3·6
8					69·0	57·1				
9	29·997	65·36	58·46	67·2	72 0	55 8	2·6	SWbS		0·4
10	·999	66·90	60·70	70·0	73·0	59 0	2·0	SbW¼W		2 2
11	·937	67·60	59·64	63·2	73 3	57 4	2·2	S¼W		1 1
12	·945	67·38	61·34	72·5	78·8	55·8	0·9	SW¼W		2·1
13	30·070	67·36	60 76	68·6	72·6	56 9	1·5	SWbS		0 7
14	·011	67·22	60·56	69 2	76·2	61·2	2·8	SSW¼W		1·2
15					73·8	54·7				
16	·046	65·56	60·48	75 8	71·0	56·1	0·8	WNW½N	0·013	2·8
17	29·904	65 76	58·36	65·4	72·8	51·6	2·4	SSW		0·1
18	·825	68·08	59·32	65·0	83·4	57 8	3·0	NW¼N	0·051	4·5
19	·971	64 00	59 24	75·4	69·3	57·3	3·3	NWbN		7 6
20	30·027	66·08	60·74	74·6	70·4	54·0	0·9	NW½W	0·044	1 0
21	·032	69·82	62·72	67 8	77·8	61·7	5·0	S½E	dew.	1·1
22					71.8	59 2				
23	29·967	70·50	61·08	53·6	75 4	60·2	4·7	S¼W		1·4
24	·813	72 64	62 40	59·4	84 0	56·7	1·5	SW¼W		3 8
25	·916	64 90	61·53	83 5	73·5	57 3	2 1	NWbN	0·157	8·4
26	·990	67·04	59 20	62·8	72·7	57·3	0·9	SbW¼W	1 008	4 4
27	·924	66·48	61·18	75·0	76·5	59·7	0·7	NW½W	0·184	9·3
28	30·072	68·34	60·48	64·2	73·8	57·9	2·5	S½E		3 5
29					71·8	58·3				
30	29·991	69·42	61·14	63·2	73·8	58·0	3·3	SWbS		0·2
Mean	29·989	66·99	60·19	68·57	73 44	57·24	2·74	SW	0 417	3·09

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5.34	A.M. h. m 9·34	P.M. h m. 1·34	P.M. h. m. 5 34	P.M. h. m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	29·980	30.003	29·982	29·978	30·001	30·130	29·694
Thermometer dry bulb, degrees.	60·01	69 96	73·97	68·15	62·78	86·20	54·40
,, wet bulb, ,,	56·64	61·80	63·42	60·92	58·05	67·40	51 80
Humidity of the air, per cent.	81 28	63·64	56·12	65·96	75·54	95·00	22·00

Mean results for the several hours of observation in October.

	A.M. h. m. 5·34	A.M. h. m. 9·34	P.M. h. m. 1·34	P.M h. m. 5·34	P.M. h. m. 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer, corrected to 32° inches.	30·090	30·115	30·069	30.070	30·107	30·434	29·813
Thermometer, dry bulb, degrees.	54·87	64·60	67·36	62.61	57·38	79·20	45·10
,, wet bulb, ,,	51·71	57·53	59·46	56.89	53·61	68·20	43·80
Humidity of the air, per cent.	80 92	65·63	63.48	70·15	78·26	94 00	38 00

(Signed) PIERCE MORTON,

Assistant, Royal Observatory, Magnetical and Meteorological Department.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

COLONIAL SCIENCE.*

MATHEMATICAL STUDIES AT THE CAPE.

We greet Mr. Childe's volume with an unqualified welcome. It is a contribution to our Cape independence of other resources, and reliance upon its own, worthy of the year it appears in; and that is saying no little. The author has not only been the first to present the Cape with anything deserving of the title of a mathematical work,† but with a work of high order. And, upon the ample evidence which appears in every page of it, we are enabled to congratulate ourselves, not only upon the possession of an instructor fully qualified to initiate our youth into what are esteemed the mysteries of the higher analysis, but, as we are refreshed to find, of one who proposes to do so, not by adding another to the crowd of elementary treatises which already encumber our shelves, but by taking up a part of the subject that cannot have too copious illustration or too abundant examples, and furnishing us with these out of a quarry singularly rich and comparatively unexplored, and which, in its geometrical counterpart of the symbols, has the advantage of presenting this recondite part of analysis in a shape at once the most instructive and the easiest of apprehension.

It is to invest our symbols with a fresh and powerful attraction, independent of their own elegant combinations, when we can accompany them with geometrical illustrations,

* *Investigations in the Theory of Reflected Ray Surfaces*, &c. By the Rev. G. F. Childe, M.A., Mathematical Professor in the South African College, Cape of Good Hope. Cape Town: J. C. Juta. 1857.

† The works on mathematical subjects which have previously issued from our colonial press we believe to be the following:—The Royal Observatory Catalogue of Stars observed in the year 1834. A Treatise on Elementary Geometry, by the Rev. Dr. Adamson, published in 1838. The Determination of Longitude, by lunar distances, published by the Astronomer-Royal. And the valuable little tract on Proportion, by Mr. Leopold Marquard, which appeared in 1852.

more welcome even than the engraved landscape or object of natural history to the pages of the tourist. It is sustaining the abstract flight, and relieving its far scope and boundless reach, with kindred and familiar objects that we gladly turn to and take rest upon. In the calculus, above all, this is so desirable that, at the first breaking of its elementary notions upon the mind, we are constrained to have recourse to geometry to give substance to them; it was, in fact, geometry that gave it birth, and to geometry it must ever be indebted for its happiest elucidation. It was the drawing of a tangent to a curve, a problem long the theme of their meditations—since Descartes had so happily brought the positive and negative signs to have their interpretation in the directions of the co-ordinates, and so at once subjugated the science of extension, at the same time infinitely enlarging its domain, to the powerfully compact and comprehensive dominion of analysis—that first gave the conception to leading minds, and at last called forth the form of the differential calculus. It was the quadrature of a curvilinear area, accomplished, in the first instance, for the parabolas of various orders, that opened the yet more admirable resources of the inverse process, and at length gave to full view the integral calculus. These were problems that had already for some time received their solutions from the pioneers of science, when Newton, still a youth, detected, at a glance, their full scope, and stood for a while the sole possessor of their abstract principles in all their comprehensive import. The differential, the integral, the treatment of differential equations, the calculus of variations were successively handled by him as familiar instruments; and it was doubtless the rapidity of his own almost intuitive apprehension, hardly less than the all-engrossing theme he employed them upon, of the planetary movements that prevented him giving them a form to satisfy more than the occasion of the moment. Nor is it to be regretted any more than wondered at that this latter task was reserved for another—for the happy hand of Leibnitz, whose mind, independently possessed of the same fertile principles, and solely occupied with the perfecting of the instrument, bestowed on it, at length, the last simplicity and elegance, in a notation, which admits of no further improvement, and will remain to it while time endures.

Nor was it only for the suggestions arising out of tangents and quadratures that the calculus was to be indebted to this more than nursing aid of geometry. It is remarkable of this very part of it, so ably taken up for illustration by Professor Childe, that not only was Newton himself constrained to

exhibit his demonstrations of the planetary movements under the geometrical form in which we have them with a statcliness and grandeur all worthy of the lofty theme set before us in the Principia; but for a vast period, this (exclusively his own) application of the principles remained standing out alone, and, as it seemed, unapproachable by other treatment. While, at the same time, the confession had to be made that it was a mighty implement, that, like the bow of Ulysses, obeyed no other but his master-hand; and, strange as incontestable, the inability of his contemporaries to prosecute the work with the means he had presented to them, the necessity of the case, urged forward as they were, besides, by the keenest spirit of honorable emulation, drove them to the further prosecution of their own analysis, till, in the hands of the Bernoullis, Clairaut, Euler, D'Alembert, Lagrange, finally, and Laplace, it reasserted its just superiority. The calculus was brought up to the geometry and passed beyond it, supplying the shortcomings which its author had left avowedly as such, and, as with a flood-tide of success, penetrating to the minutest irregularities of the system. With the generous acknowledgment, characteristic of true greatness, each fresh tribute of their successful efforts was brought as a new offering, so to speak, at the shrine of him,

"Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit"—*

till the great work was at length accomplished in all its detail,—the theory of universal gravitation established and complete. How delightful to turn to such monuments of the noblest achievements of man's noblest powers!

Ours are no pages in which to venture upon a just criticism of such a work as Mr. Childe's. We can do little more than record its appearance among us, and express our deep obligation, as Cape citizens, to its author. His volume will have, for the present, but few readers among ourselves to appreciate its merits, few, even among our professed scientific workmen. We are a tribe of workers, with little leisure for the indulgence of such speculations, or to apply ourselves to matters outside the scope that may be said, with few exceptions, to have the engrossing attention of all at this early

* Inscription on the pedestal of Roubilliac's admirable statue of the philosopher, in his academical costume, in the antechapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The following quotation from Halley's Ode expresses Newton's achievements still more forcibly :—

Cui superûm penetrare domos, atque ardua cœli,
Scandere, sublimis genii concessit acumen.

stage of our social existence, a stage, however, not without its own high charms and stimulants, if it be attended, as we are at every moment made sensible, with its disabilities. We should esteem it a fact to be no ways ashamed of for our colonists, if none among them were to be found sufficiently advanced in the higher analysis to accompany our author in his elegantly-handled enquiries, or appreciate the beauty of his results. It is in the strict nature of things that this should be very nearly the case. Even the majority, however, with whom it must be so of necessity, may justly congratulate themselves for the sake of the colony on Mr. Childe's publication. Look at it in whatever way, it suggests reflections the most gratifying. When we remember how intimately the advancement of our youth in this important branch of their acquirements must be affected by the absolute attainments of the gentleman who is placed in so conspicuous a position in the colony as their guide and instructor, we find in the evidence so plainly written upon every page of his work the most solid grounds for felicitation on this head. The subject, it is clear, has been a favorite one with him, and it could have been so only with one possessed of very high acquirements. The mind that has found a pastime and agreeable resource in such speculations must be of no ordinary mathematical temper. And with the assurance of the volume before us, we are justified in looking forward to many a succeeding essay of the like valuable import, supplying such auxiliaries to the standard works of his selection as he shall find room and occasion for. We have no apprehension of his pen condemning itself to go over beaten ground. Whatever he may deem worthy of it, we have the pledge that it will be new ore from the mine, and an integral addition to the body of science. It were an accomplishment, we may remark, of no light character, at the same time that it would be admitted as full qualification for the educational function, to be fully master of the works already written upon this part of the Calculus, and to be able to remove their difficulties, and elucidate them by select appropriate examples. But it implies a very superior degree of attainment even to this, combined with native genius, to imagine examples and applications entirely new, to create new methods and theorems of perfect originality, to strike out new routes, to employ the great instrument upon these with the happiest freedom and with striking elegance; to be the first, in short, as in the volume before us, to develop results worthy of taking rank with any before recorded.

For ourselves, even could we deem it permissible to introduce into our pages such a notice of this work as, to render it the barest justice, would be demanded at the hands of a reviewer, such is the copiousness of its matter, and such its novelty—(it must have taken, by the way, no ordinary pains to compress it within the modest dimensions of 140 pages, for, with the ordinary treatment, it might not unreasonably have extended over thrice the number),—that the time and space now at our disposal would prove utterly inadequate to the task. But, independently of this conclusive reason, we are not sure that a large portion of those who honor our *Magazine* with a perusal may not protest against our handling a theme of abstract science, after whatever fashion, and however we might succeed (all but hopeless in the present instance) in giving it what is called a popular dress, or such as might not repel the general reader. And they might do so, as we conceive, not without a considerable degree of justice. The temple of our ministry is not that of the Muse of Science. Constrained, therefore, by the double necessity, while we indulge only a feeling in which all will concur, in not shutting out from the page of our simple periodical all acknowledgment of a work of first-class merit and importance in its department, we, at the same time, willingly engage ourselves not to commit such a trespass on the heights we are admittedly not in a condition to scale as may forfeit to this part of the journal the favorable reception which is indispensable to us.

To pursue the ramble—for it will be no more, and that but of very limited aspiring—into which we had already strayed, upon the bare outskirts of this field of science. What more attractive than every the minutest element of its early history? what more replete with the deepest interest, even for those who contemplate nothing beyond the story itself, and are content to take for granted the treasures beyond as of an arduous exploring of which they had rather be spared the fatigues? This alleged arduousness seems to offer just the subject that we may be permitted to take the present as a favorable opportunity to bestow a few remarks upon. Admitting that there is (and in what part, as the student advances, is there not?) some novelty to him in the attributes of quantity to which his attention is unavoidably, for the first time, drawn at this stage of analysis, we are yet persuaded that their difficulty has been, as it often happens, magnified to a needless degree; and, if we do not greatly mistake, he may presently convince himself that such has been really the case. This is in some measure, perhaps, to be ascribed

to the attempt, still frequently made, in deference to the great name of Lagrange, to dispense with the dependence of the calculus upon its natural—we had almost said its indispensable—basis, the conception of a *limit* (a notion indispensable, to say the least, to its every application); and thus to a departure, both from the route of its discovery, and from the mode in which it was, unquestionably, in the first instance, and for a long period exclusively, apprehended, both by Newton himself and by all its early cultivators. But there is more than this, and, as it seems to us, of the last importance to a naturally progressive view of the subject, that has come at last to be almost lost sight of, in our treatises of the present day. We can imagine how the mere tyro of one of these new teachers would meet us with a smile, at once of derision and incredulity, were we to tell him that in the Binomial Theorem, so little regarded by ourselves as bearing upon the new science, Newton, from the moment that he detected the generality of the exponent, pronounced himself in full possession of the yet unthought of world beyond, which, at that instant, and never before, he saw clearly expanding itself before him. Nothing is more certain than this. It had been his, for none till then had even surmised it, to discover the universality of this development for all values of the exponent, fractional as well as integral. He dwells upon it, as upon the source and germ of the whole, as if he valued it as his own greatest discovery in pure science. This simple fact, that he should so esteem it, deserves to arrest our attention.

If any proof were needed of how little we are in a condition at the present day to estimate the vastness of this step (and that it was such may be justly presumed, when, at a period of keen inquiry among minds of no mean order, it remained to be made by the very highest from among them, highest by their own unanimous acclaim, highest even by the general acclaim of a century and a half down to ourselves), the light manner in which it is commonly passed in our treatises, without a word as to its true character or significance, would be abundantly conclusive. But the development of the binomial with a positive integral exponent is one thing, the extension of the same development again to the case of the negative integer is another, each of but light import, and the formation of the co-efficients, in either case, no secret antecedently to the time of Newton. The development had been even exhibited under its general form, with a literal exponent, and yet it had occurred to no one to inquire was it equally valid when the exponent should be a positive

or negative fraction. Nor need we perhaps be surprised that it should be so, looking at the utterly dissimilar character of the two former requisitions, and to the modes of proof which had no meaning but for the case of the integer; the attention too engrossed by the coefficients proving, in these cases, to be the well-known figurate numbers, numbers that were afterwards destined to become fertile in so many ways, and eventually to furnish out a science of extreme beauty of their own, that of finite differences, so called by way of contrast to the supposed infinitesimal of the calculus: the contrast being, however, to speak more accurately, that the latter occupies itself with continuously augmented, the former with discontinuously augmented quantity. For Newton himself, engaged upon speculations to which the generalization was to prove of such marvelous import, we can imagine the breathless agitation, such as we know to have actually suspended his eager calculations upon a later occasion (that which was to place beyond a doubt the subjection of the moon to the same attraction which governed the fall of a heavy body at the surface of the earth), we can conceive the hurried disorder of his spirits, as, on the first surmise, and before a moment bestowed upon reflection, he would probably hasten to compare the series thus presented for the square root of the binomial with that furnished by the ordinary process of elementary algebra. They are found to be the same: the discovery is made. It would be no disparagement to its completeness were it to be believed, as he has left it open at least to question, in the absence of any actual demonstration by himself, that he in fact sought for none. It may have been recognized by him only as a self-evident result of the generality of the symbols; or, again, he may have satisfied himself with one or other of the many proofs that would suggest themselves, and which were shortly to be furnished by others, and was in no haste to make it public (as we know was the case with the discovery itself) till it became, in fact, needless to do so. We are left to conjecture between these probabilities; but it is a fact, not a little striking, with respect to all the proofs, so far as we are aware, that have yet been made public of this important generalization, that not one of them has been held unimpeachable in point of logic, the result being in no case arrived at without a shifting of the hypothesis. Yet, looking at the truth that was to be demonstrated, it rested, assuredly, upon no such necessity; it had nothing in it that could be touched by the admissibility, or otherwise, of such a course. How strange that the

remarkable symbolical identity which stands out in the development itself, in its simplest case, and which arrests the attention at once in the actual product of two several developments for two several exponents, m, n, furnishing for each coefficient of this product a set of terms which we know must be identical with the coefficients of the development for $(m+n)$, an identity, too, which is its essence and its very first lesson,—should never, in so far as we are aware, have been made, what it has so obvious a title to be, the legitimate ground of proof of this first and most interesting of generalizations. We have merely, in fact, to establish this identity—and this by the easy process of successive induction—and the proof of the Binomial Theorem is before us in the full generality of the symbol; for the remaining steps, of the same elementary character, offer themselves at a glance.

We are sensible that we have already, in no light degree, taxed the indulgence of such of our readers as shall have accompanied us thus far in the anticipation of something like a notice of Professor Childe's work. And yet, having committed the trespass and already ventured to so great a length in this direction we are tempted, irresistibly, to give some little completeness to our excursion. In truth, the appearance of this work—the first upon its subject, and that subject a high chapter in science, involving abstruse operations of the calculus, which the colony has seen from its own press—has appeared to us to offer a favorable occasion, and one of which we gladly avail ourselves, to say something further about the calculus itself. And we conceive that we shall be rendering effective service to no small number of our readers, the younger especially, to whom it may be of near interest, as presenting itself to them next in order in the progress of their mathematical studies, by stating as succinctly as we may what the opinions of unquestionable judges, long familiar to us, justify us in regarding as the road of easiest, if not every way preferable, access to the first notions of the Differential Calculus. It has the eminent advantage, too, of being the route of its actual discovery; and we flatter ourselves that we shall be enabled to do this without touching upon anything that is very abstruse, and in terms divested of whatever might repel the general reader, who could hardly be hoped to accompany us were our pages to startle him with a single symbol of the analyst.

We shall suppose, then, that our student is barely in possession of the Binomial Theorem, and at this stage the new notions will not be altogether so remote from his apprehension as he may imagine. We do not demand of him

any long acquaintance with this Theorem, still less is it indispensable that he should have applied the development to a multitude of particular examples. We desire him, on the contrary,—and this is all that our present object requires,—to confine his attention, and have it fixed on the successive terms of one single development; that, namely, of $(x + h)^n$.

The fact, as we have already stated, is, that in this binomial development, little as it is the fashion of the present day so to regard it, Newton saw himself upon the spot to be possessed of the new science. To this, in its full generalization, he referred the whole. It was to him the calculus complete, and there is good reason to believe that the first use he made of it with a fractional exponent, before probably he had bestowed a thought upon a notation for the new world of discoveries opening before him, was to give a new series for the quadrature of the circle. So far abreast had his contemporaries arrived at this period, that it was, in fact, no more than many among them could equally have assigned who should have divined only the grand secret of the generalization of this development; for it expanded at once the ordinate of the circle into a series of powers of the abscissa, and the rule with each of these was already familiar to them in the quadrature of parabolic curves. Thus it may be truly, yet strangely, said that the first operation effected by the new calculus was the taking of an integral. We desire our student, above all, to be adequately impressed with the importance its great discoverer attached to this generalized development as the basis and body of the whole. Such he will find it, in fact, to be; and when he comes to be able to recognize it, with us, in this light, he may rest satisfied that he is taking hold of the calculus by the right handle,—the same by which its author obtained possession of it. This is the great point; and it will not be found so intricate a one. Let our student mark now the relation, by which he cannot fail to be struck, between the literal coefficients (apart from the divisors 1, 2, 3, &c.) of the successive powers of h. He will perceive that each of these is derived from that next before it by a uniform process, the same, in fact, by which the leading coefficient (that of the first or simple power of h) is derived itself from the first term x^n; the particulars of the rule, which is a perfectly obvious one, are beside our present purpose; our business is with the identity of it, throughout, from term to term; the relation in question being no other than that of the coefficient of the first power of h in any developed function of $x + h$ to the function itself of x.

Now this identity of relation, or dependence of each coefficient upon that next before it in the series, being true with respect to the development of $(x+h)^n$, which, we are to observe, is what the function x^n becomes upon the quantity x becoming $x+h$, the like identity of relation or dependence of each coefficient, by the same law, upon that next before it cannot but be true of every other algebraical expression that may involve the quantity x, that is to say, of every other function of x, in the development of such function in terms proceeding according to the powers of h when $x+h$ is substituted for x. For every such expression admits of being exhibited as a succession of single terms proceeding by powers of x. Let a few simple examples of this be here considered by our student, and he will readily perceive that by applying the rule of dependence, already observed in the coefficients of the simple binomial, to each term of any one coefficient of a power of h in the development of any example, he obtains, and cannot but obtain by virtue of that dependence in the binomial, the coefficient of the power of h (apart from the divisors 1, 2, 3, &c.) immediately following.

Here, therefore, he finds a remarkable property characterising the development of every function of a quantity x, according to powers of h, on the substitution of $x+h$ for x. This property, stated in the form given to it by the notation of the calculus, is known by the name of Taylor's Theorem, and is at once the origin and comprises the whole essence of the new science. We have had it for our object in the little just said of it with reference to the Binomial Theorem, to convey to him the readiest apprehension of this new analytical truth in its full extent, and at the same time to point out the circumstance of its relation, in Newton's apprehension, to the Binomial as generalized by himself. He may furnish himself, however, with a more detailed proof of the Theorem thus distinctly conceived, and one which will have its use for him, being a counterpart of that sometimes given of the binomial development itself. This proof consists in the assumption of a series proceeding by powers of h, and then comparing the two forms taken by this assumed series, when $x+h$ becomes $x+h+k$, first upon the supposition that $x+k$ has been substituted for x; and, secondly, that $h+k$ has been substituted for h. The relation which this comparison will identify for him throughout (apart always from the divisors 1, 2, 3, &c. of the several powers of h) is that of the coefficient of the first power of h in any developed function of x, on the substitution in it of $x+h$ for h, to the first term of the development, which is of course independent of h, and is merely the function of x

alone. Let our student, having arrived at this stage, be now introduced to the notation which is adopted for these successively derived functions, and, however much he may still be at a loss for the use to arise out of it, he will begin to find his notions taking a precise and definite form. There is nothing in all this demanding any unusual effort, or remote from his ordinary apprehension; and yet, as he will presently discover, it has placed in his hands the key of the new science.

The next step of our student will be to master the technical rules, derived with extreme simplicity from a remarkable property, which at this stage comes to be pressed upon his attention, appertaining to the first coefficient of the series, known by the name of the differential coefficient of the function under development. This first coefficient is the *limit* to which the ratio between the increment of the function (consisting of all the terms of the development after the first), and the increment h of x continually approaches, if h is diminished, and which it finally attains only when h is supposed to vanish entirely. By this property, he will find the rules for assigning the differential coefficient, in all cases whatever, readily derived, and he will be in possession of both rules and theory. It remains for him to become perfect in them, by working a multitude of examples, as he would to become perfect in any other rule; as, for example, of common arithmetic. And he can hardly apply the rules to a single instance without becoming more and more struck with the use and power of his new calculus. A variety of important series, the maxima and minima values of functions, the complete discussion of curves and of their orders of curvature, come with the very first examples—a rich accession to his mathematical stores.

We are not without the persuasion that even the above remarks will be found to have their value for some few of our readers. Not that we are at all disposed to answer the question we have heard so often asked since the appearance of Mr. Childe's volume—"How many will there be to understand it?" in the way we have commonly heard it answered. Nothing more natural than that an unique publication, of singular merit upon the face of it, from our Cape press, should awaken interest and curiosity in every circle, nay, in every individual that is a reader throughout the colony. But while this has made a certain mistaken feeling of conscious inadequacy pretty nigh universal, so that one is almost prepared for the exclamation "How far behind we are at the Cape," and almost angry with the author that he should have been the gratuitous provoker of this mortifying consciousness;

it must not be inferred from the disappointment that the relatively small number of readers to be found anywhere for a scientific work is unusually scanty among ourselves.

No doubt, though we cannot admit it to the extent we hear it alleged on all sides, there is some degree of truth in the position that we are behind in this part of science at the Cape. Up to the present every way memorable epoch in our annals, we can hardly be said to have done more than feel our way in the *primæ viæ scientiarum*. We are not, however, as Leibnitz expresses it of all Europe in his own times, lying under any sort of "destiny that prevents us from more closely applying ourselves to search out the bounties of the Creator, so as to reap their use; whose eyes are, as it were, bandaged, so that time only is to be doubtfully looked forward to for a better prospect of advancement." Certain, however, it is, as he adds in the same sentence, that now, as then, and at the Cape as in the Europe of Leibnitz's day, "men may accomplish things nearly incredible, if they would only apply themselves with more diligence." For ourselves, let it be our exculpation, if we must admit that we have so far tarried at the threshold of science, we have only to ascribe it to the destiny that has cast us on the infancy of a colonial settlement.

But, within a few years, this colony has made very striking advances, and is, at the present moment, more than ever, with an energy not surpassed in any part of the globe, eminently, and in all directions, accomplishing a healthy as well as rapid progress. At such a time, we are prepared to give our welcome to the present volume, as of the best omen for its own department; and to our mind it takes that department up at the advanced point in which it most needed examples such as these to illustrate it. If it be the case for the moment with us, that comparatively few are so familiar with the calculus, or with this part of it, as to peruse it with ease and pleasure, the very appearance of the book cannot but give a forcible impulse to a better state of advancement in this particular. Even if the only fruits of Mr. Childe's volume should be that we are brought for the first time to ask ourselves why are we not up to these things? why have we put them by till now? why is the thought or mention of this department of science, on an intimate acquaintance with which depends every chance of our lending an honorable efficient aid to the exploring of that intimate, pervading relation of the great powers of Nature, which has fallen as a special task to the present age of the world, almost unwelcome to us? it will have been far from thrown away.

There is, at any rate, one large body of professional

men in our colony who may have put to themselves such questions as the above, and they are not the men we take them to be, if, after the appearance of this volume, they shall rest satisfied with any but a worthy reply or a becoming aspiration. They are the men to whom, for a long period to come, we must look almost exclusively for the scientific good report of the colony, and for its due contributions to their own high department,—our surveyors and engineers. To the numbers of our youth who are embarking in this noble profession, which has a golden harvest before it, as sure as that of the soil, to be gathered over every rood of our colonial territory, we may be permitted to address a few words. Our acquaintance with not a few of them presses it forcibly upon us that there are many of their number who are destined, in the successful cultivation of all departments of science, to prove themselves distinguished ornaments of a country that looks to them to do it honor. It will be theirs to achieve for it memorials to be proud of to all time, with that enviable energy of their years, and of its own new advancing life, which the Cape will yet for a long while possess, no blemish, but a very charm, beyond almost every other portion of the globe. It will be theirs to take part in discoveries, even now on the eve of development, that may surpass all before them, removing the veil that ever glances aside, and which yet hides the secret link of so many wonderful relations, to be coveted if only for the courts it opens to of the nearer presence of the Supreme. Let them recollect that science, in its broadest sense, is the standard of their profession. They may be congratulated on their choice. What days of glowing, healthful, perfect freedom of thought will there not be for them even while engaged over their mechanical measurements! What inquiries will not the various calls of their profession be ever prompting and demanding of them! And, if yet to learn it, they will soon discover that it is not with pen or compasses, or other artificial aid to hand or eye, that the mind does its work, but utterly without these, by long, abstracted, discontinued, resumed discussion, by the spirit busy within its own recesses, ever approaching from some new point, opening to relations unobserved, mounting upon its scaffolding, combining partial glimpses, discarding the cumbrousness of many an obsolete, yet, for the time, profitable pile of discovery, simplifying, reducing, making good its ground, till the rich truth that was to recompense the long investigation has been laid bare in its simplicity, and now lights up the whole. The powers of science, they may remember, such as we possess them, have ever been dormant

till the occasion has called them forth; with the keenness and urgency of the requirement, the mind arouses itself to grapple with it, wanders not in nothings, is kept to its task upon realities, applies with substantial and unwearied effort. There have been those who, partial to the pure and abstract of science, have been comparatively regardless of the applied. But the history of their art might have taught them that it is the applied that calls forth and gives birth to the abstract; and it has ever so been from the time of the great river's first overflow that made the earliest steps in geometry of indispensable acquirement. Two minds that should be occupied, the one with its own abstract speculations exclusively, the other with the objects and requirements of natural philosophy, would resemble, in the comparative sterility of the one and fertility of the other, the former the mind of a child that should be shut out from external objects, the latter of one that should be abroad and ever present with them. How multifarious the curiosity of the latter, how eager and active its inquiry, what food from without for storing up, for turning over, for dwelling upon, at all moments; the faculties, meanwhile, of the poor prisoner, jéjune, weary and wasted over a blank. In the ardent pursuit of the profession of their choice, our practical mathematicians in the field of the Cape, and even the more in proportion to its demands upon them, cannot fail to turn up golden truths, and theorems of equal use and beauty; we could, even now, point to such thus born out of the demand for them. Ever, therefore, let them be upon the alert, ever sustaining the vigor of their native ability, ever enriching themselves with added stores from every quarter. Let none here smile incredulously: he knows little of the workings of the inventive faculty, who, upon whatever grounds of dearth of leisure, or even a fancied lack of capability, inertly rests in the assumption that, for his part, he is never to be a contributor to the great stock. We would here record an instance of some pregnancy as to this point, of which, as our early friend is long with the departed, we remain, perhaps, the sole depository. It had occurred to him to suspend a bent barometrical tube with a view to its self-registering through the shifting of the center of gravity, as the mercury rose and fell in either arm. Often have we marked his glance at the trace of the day, on return from court or chamber; for the bar was his profession, and he had otherwise, also, as little pretension to be taken for a son of science as his profession had inducement for connection with it. Yet here was, in truth, a most happy conception, and within but the past year

or two a similar instrument has been employed in a national observatory (we believe at Vienna), for the same object. But endless are the instances of such improvements coming from quarters least imaginable; from the boy who out of very idleness gave perfection to the steam-engine, to the youth who furnished Lacroix, in two lines penned at an examination, with a proof (then new to the professor) of Taylor's theorem, and identical, we may remark, with that alluded to in a former page.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

BY H. HALL, ESQ., R.E.D

At the bottom of the narrow defile of Enge, not far from the town of Grindelwald, and a few paces from that torrent whose dark and muddy waters have caused it to be called the Black Lutchine, stands a châlet, now abandoned, but once remarkable as the dwelling of one of these rare families which yet preserve amongst them, in some of the Swiss cantons, certain heroic traditions of the chase of the chamois. We say heroic, for the lovers of this noble sport not merely follow it as a source of livelihood, like the unworthy poacher of the plains, but rejoice in it as a noble exercise of address, of force, and courage, a sort of perpetual defiance offered to danger and death. The ardor which urges on the hunter of the chamois may be compared to that of the old sea-kings of the North, who launched their "drakens" on the stormy seas, little certain of conquering their intended booty, but sure to perish, one day or other, either by shipwreck or the sword. Like them, the Alpine hunter is led on by a delusive dream, while the cold, fatigues, and anguish in the end finally lead him to perish in the unfathomable depths of these Alpine crevasses. But what matters it? An invisible power impels him onwards, and whispers to him "forward!" He has always before his eyes the heroes of his mountain traditions. He thinks of that terrible Calani, of Eugadine, who hunted to the age of seventy, and killed two thousand seven hundred chamois. He thinks of Blaesi, of Schawanden, who reckoned his six hundred and fiftieth. One day, drawn away too far in the chase, Blaesi had remained for ten hours, on a winter's night, suspended over a fearful abyss on a sharp pinnacle of rock, and his hair became, during that time, blanched white as

snow. Saved by a companion, he presented him his rifle, and swore a dreadful oath never again to handle it. But hardly had he taken a few steps homeward when a chamois showed his head behind a clump of Alpine roses. Blaesi snatched back his rifle, crying out "I am still a hunter," and he pursued his new prey without thinking more of his ten hours' agony of the preceding night.

And, gentle reader, do not think of this as an exceptional fact. Who has not heard of the rencounter of M. de Saussure (who just ascended Mont Blanc) with that mountaineer of Sixt, young, handsome, and only a few days married to a woman he adored, but who, however, quitted her to hunt the chamois on the mountains? "I know the fate that awaits me," said he to the great Genevese naturalist, "every male of my family has met his death doing as I do. I call this bag I carry with me my coffin, yet if they offered me all the gold in Geneva I could not give up my chance of dying such a death."

Such, precisely, were the feelings of the family of the Hauser of Enge. The mountain top had been always their true country. They preferred to all else besides the savage liberty of the Alpine peaks, and the strange glory of this warfare against dangers and difficulties. Many generations of celebrated hunters had lived in succession in their family, and thus they had secured a sort of distinction,—a nobility among the guild of sportsmen.

The history of the last Hauser, which may be taken as partially that of his ancestors and many of his companions, we here give, such as popular recollections have preserved it, certain that, even in its strangeness, it vividly reflects a phase little understood in the life even of an Alpine mountaineer.

CHAPTER I.

A few years only have elapsed since the châlet of Hauser was inhabited. It was the first day of March, and since the 28th October, the sun had scarcely shone in the valley. A sombre light hardly penetrated to the bottom of the gorge, and the mountains opposite—from the Isetten Alp to the Wetterhorn—were enveloped in a brilliant coating of snow, dotted, at intervals, by the clumps of fir trees which stood out in dark relief against it. Let us see what was passing in the châlet, now dimly lighted by a fire of dry sticks blazing on the kitchen hearth. Near the window, whose little panes were obscured by the crystals of the severe frost, sat a young girl. Her hands were clasped, her head drooped on her breast, and her whole appearance expressed a

meditative sadness. At her feet was seated a youth, his face covered by his hands. Their dialogue had evidently ended in one of those pauses of discouragement during which the interlocutors continue the conversation within their own breasts. For a long time the only sounds heard within the châlet were the rough roaring of the Black Lütchine, which continued to dash against its banks the blocks of stone swept away from the mountain, and the crackling of the pine trees, which threw off the snow-flakes from their branches. At last the youth seized the hand of the young girl.

"Then, dear Freneli, it is true?" said he, in a desponding tone. "I have hitherto worked away, from year to year, in the hope to see you my wife, and now Mother Irina destines you for Cousin Hans."

"It is but too true," said the maiden sadly.

"But, if I understand you right, she has not yet mentioned it either to you or him?"

"Not a word; you are right there."

"Then your grandmother has not promised you to cousin?"

"Not by words, certainly, but by intention; and Hans understands all that without opening his lips. There is a mutual understanding to this effect between them."

"But still, if you own to your grandmother that your heart is already devoted to another object, she may change her intention."

Freneli bowed her head. "Mother Irina is as firm in her intentions as the Eizer is on its foundation, and it would be just as easy to upset it as to change her will."

"Even if our cousin was not a favorite," replied Ulrich, whose look was fixed on the young girl. "Now, Freneli, let us talk as if your hand was placed on the Holy Evangelists. Has Hans ever spoken of love to you?"

"Never. You know well that Hans's words are as rare as pieces of gold."

"Yes, he is a true chamois hunter. Hans has married, as it were, the mountain, and, perhaps, he does not care for any other wife. Oh, if I could open my mind to him!"

Freneli trembled. "On your life, do not!" said she to Ulrich precipitately. "If Hans suspects anything between us, Heaven only knows what may happen. I would rather see that Black Lütchine overflow its bed, and carry away all the woods and meadows, as it did last year."

"Then you are sure, Freneli, that he loves you?"

"Yes," said the young girl, with a shade of sadness on her brow, "he loves me as he loves the chamois he pursues on

the mountain peaks. Do you think he ever speaks to me on the subject, or disquiets himself whether I consent or not. I am in Hans's eyes as everything else is, a prey. He thinks I belong to him, because he wishes I should; and he would treat any one who would try to deprive him of me as the hunter would treat the man who stepped between him and his game."

"Yes, I see all the world is against me," said Ulrich sadly.

Freneli did not immediately answer. "You have at least one friend," said she in a low tone, "that is Uncle Job; although he too loves the mountain, and he regrets that you have abandoned the rifle. He never speaks of you but with affection."

"But what can Uncle Job effect with a stubborn woman like Aunt Irina? Besides, he is not here now."

"No, he is up in the hills poking after his plants, his fossils, and his crystals. However, I hope that he will return this evening."

"Well," replied Ulrich, "I cannot return to Merengen before to-morrow, and then, perhaps, I may get some hope of help from uncle."

And drawing closer to the young girl, whom he encircled with his arm, and placing his lips close to her fair curls, he whispered, "And do you love me then so little that you can live content with Cousin Hans?"

"You know well to the contrary," answered the young girl, in a broken tone, making a faint effort to disengage herself.

"And you then will aid me, Freneli?"

"As much as a poor girl can, Ulrich."

"But if Mother Irina and Hans persist?"

"Then we shall be," replied she, weeping, "we shall be very miserable."

The young man pressed his hands against his forehead, with an expression of despair. Yet neither himself nor Freneli dreamt for an instant of the possibility of disobedience. In the simple domestic life of these Alpine valleys, the traditions of the hearth, strengthened by the influence of the Bible, have maintained, unimpaired, the submission of children. Logic had not yet come to the help of passion, to shake the power of the chief of the family. He alone had the right of judgment, and could, as he willed, compel his son to submit himself a sacrifice, and carry the wood necessary for his own immolation.

Freneli's grandmother, the only remaining representative

of the family, knew well how to preserve her position. Brought up at her own fireside, her grandnephews, Hans and Ulrich, had learnt never to dispute her will, until the age when both, having become chamois hunters, had, as it were, acquired the franchise of mountaineers. But Ulrich never felt within him that instinct for the struggle, nor the need of that feverish emotion which tends to give an impassioned tone to the rude existence. His aspirations had a totally different tendency. Every time he traversed the valley of Lauterhonne or Hasli, he stopped, involuntarily, for hours, before the thresholds and door-posts of the village, sculptured out of yew and maple. He admired these *chefs d'œuvre* of wonderful manipulation, in which there was nothing wanting, except, perhaps, a genius a little more inventive. His soul dreamt of new forms; and at the hour of dawn, forgetful of the prey he should have been watching, he let his rifle fall from his grasp to carve some piece of fretted work to adorn the wooden roof of some châlet of his village. His attempts, at first rude, became by degrees more happy. In the same proportion as his reputation as a chamois hunter declined that of a sculptor in wood advanced. At last, an artist of great reputation in Merengen offered to take him into his workshop. Ulrich then found, besides the means to follow out his own natural inclinations in improving himself in the art he loved, sufficient advantages to assure Freneli a future subsistence, which the chase refused them. He hung up his rifle at the foot of Uncle Job's bed, and set out for Merengen. Two years passed away, two years of hard labor, during which time Ulrich attained to the highest rank amongst the wood-carvers of Oberland, and amassed a sum sufficient for the realization of his most ardent wishes. We have seen how the views of his grandmother had been revealed to him at the very moment when he thought he had reached his aim.

The young sculptor again interrogated Freneli on the ground that she had for suspecting the projects of Mother Irina, when the latter entered the room. She was more than seventy years old, small, meagre, and as if bent double by the weight of years. To see her slow but firm gait, one would have said that old age had clothed her limbs in an armor of steel; the thinness of her face made more remarkable her grey eyes, whose penetrating glance reminded you of those of a bird of prey. She carried one of the osier baskets, inseparable from the mountaineers, and which they carry without any necessity, but simply from custom or habit, as a soldier carries his sword or gun.

Hardly had she crossed the threshold, when her searching glance pierced the gloom of the châlet. Freneli and Ulrich, whom she interrupted in the midst of their mutual confidences, were embarrassed.

"Ha, ha!" said she, quietly unstrapping her basket, "we have company here."

"God protect you, grand-aunt," answered the young man, advancing towards the old woman. "I have just arrived from Merengen; I have just come to see how you all are."

"And you were whispering this, I suppose, to Neli," replied the old woman. "But I like to look on the face of those that come into my house. Neli, light a candle."

While the young girl obeyed her, Mother Irina took off her basket, which she deposited in a corner, and advancing towards the part of the cabin where the light was, she threw a penetrating glance on Ulrich and her granddaughter.

"Hans is not yet returned?"

"Not yet, grandmother," replied Freneli.

The old woman then turned to her nephew. "It is he who never reposes," said she solemnly; "the bread we eat here must be earned by him up there, even on those glaciers. You have done well to choose an easier profession. The chamois run too quick for legs that like to stretch themselves along by the kitchen fire."

"Yes," replied the young man, without perceiving the tone of irony in which she spoke; "and I have, every day, cause to rejoice in my determination."

"Ulrich, dear grandmother, has brought us a specimen of his work; do, pray, look at it—is it not beautiful?"

She held up to the light one of those carvings in the form of a tulip, imitated since by all wood-carvers, but of which Ulrich had given the first idea. Mother Irina hardly deigned to throw a glance on her nephew's handiwork.

"And are there people fools enough to buy this carved wood?" she asked with a sort of surprise.

"Yes, and pay dearly for it, too," replied Ulrich boldly; "and for my part, my pencil and my knife will earn more money in one week than Hans's rifle can in a month; and does not Mother Irina know that money is a good thing?"—

"Surely it is," replied the old woman; "but there is one thing still better."

"Without reckoning," added Ulrich, following up his own thought, "that I have not death always staring me in the face, as I would have it on the mountain. And more, the

wife who will sit by my fireside need not tremble at the sound of every avalanche she hears falling from the Chreckhorn or the Wetterhorn."

The grandmother here darted a glance of anger, which made him cast his eyes downward, in spite of himself. "Ah," said she, "that's what it is—that is what you were trying to make Neli understand when I came in."

The young girl wished by a silent gesture to stop the answer of Ulrich. But he was seized with a kind of desperation, and was resolved now to learn his fate, one way or another. "It is true," said he, in a voice of emotion, "I have spoken to her, and you have guessed the subject rightly, and so I need no longer be silent with you. Yes, I have wished this marriage; for the last three years we have both thought on it."

The old woman turned angrily towards Freneli, who hung her head blushing.

"You have known me since I was in my cradle," continued Ulrich, "and I have been brought up as your son. You know that I have in my composition neither cowardice nor malice, and that the woman who gets me will at least gain a husband with a heart. God will punish me if she ever has to weep on my account. Let, then, Freneli and me be happy, Aunt Irina, and we will thank you on our knees, as the papists thank their saints. Think now, dear grandmother, your grandchild prays with me, and do not take away from us all sense of enjoyment in our life."

He had taken the young girl's hand within his own, held it in an attitude of timid supplication before his grandmother. She repulsed them as a hawk would a couple of turtle-doves. But at last, shaking her head, she exclaimed to Ulrich, "Do you know what is Freneli's dowry?"

"Her dowry?" replied the young man, who appeared not to understand her; "dear Mother Irina, I have never thought of such a thing. What matters to us a dowry?"

"But it matters to me," sharply replied the old woman; "for the dowry is not one of riches, but of obligation. There it is in that cabinet, which none of *you* children have ever wished to open, and which, in your infancy, was always looked on by you with terror."

And the old woman turned to a worm-eaten piece of furniture, thrust a rusty key into the lock, which turned with difficulty, and opened quickly the folding-doors. The gloomy recess of the press allowed the eye to distinguish several skulls of chamois, surmounted by large curved horns.

These blanched and dazzling white bones looked, in the shade, as so many bizarre spectres, so that Freneli could hardly suppress a low shriek. The grandmother turned to her.

"Have you, then, so little heart that *this* frightens you, foolish girl?" said she harshly.

"At least she is surprised," interrupted Ulrich. "But what is all this, Mother Irina, and from whom did Freneli inherit such a dowry?"

"From ancestor to ancestor," answered the old woman. "Although you are not a chamois hunter, you can easily see that each of these skulls carries the horns of an '*emperor* of the chamois.'"

"Yes, I see that," replied the young man, who, at a glance, saw that these horns belonged to chamois so old that their descendants formed a sort of tribe of which they were esteemed the chiefs.

"You are not such a fool as not to know how difficult it is to come within reach of so noble a quarry as those before you," replied mother Irina; "and those who have done so may be well said to have only the archangel Michael or the black huntsman himself above them."

"So I have heard," replied Ulrich.

"Well," replied the old woman, with a certain emphasis, "for ages longer than it takes the oak to grow to a tree as wide-spreading as that opposite our window, all who have married daughters of our house have offered to their bride as a marriage gift the head of an 'emperor of the chamois.' On each of the horns in that cabinet you can read the name of one of our ancestors. The last one, a little smaller, perhaps, than any of the others, has been placed there by my son-in-law (to whom may God be merciful). When he came to ask the hand of his cousin, Freneli's mother, I showed him what I now show you."

"And what did he answer you?"

"Nothing; but two months after he laid at my feet that head you now see; and if he had not done that, my daughter and myself would have waited for a more ardent hunter."

The two lovers here interchanged a look of almost despair.

"What, mother," exclaimed Ulrich, "would you have placed a feat of this kind above everything else, even the love of your daughter for Freneli's father."

A contemptuous smile was seen to play lightly on the wrinkled lips of the old woman, and was her only answer.

"Then you care little about the inclination of us young

people, and all your ambition is to have the best hunter in the mountains wedded to your family."

"Thus it has always been," replied the old woman, with a look of pride.

"But what has it brought you?" continued Ulrich, getting more animated, "except poverty, misery, and widowhood. Where are now the remains of those who have placed there these trophies of which you are so proud? Have they not all had the avalanche for their winding-sheet, and the crevasse for their grave?"

"Who says to the contrary?" replied mother Irina, with a cold hauteur. "Have I spoken to you of a long life, of repose, of riches? In the old stories that the children read by our firesides, during the long nights of winter, have we not heard of noble families who have died on the battle-field? Well, our husbands died in the mountain. That is their battle-field. Shame be to him who first dies in his bed!"

Freneli clasped her hands with an exclamation which seemed to protest against this; but the old woman interrupted her. "Peace, peace, foolish creature!" she exclaimed; "we don't want to know your opinion. Thanks to God, it is not to you our vocation has come. All you have to do is to listen and hold your tongue. I speak to a man who wants to know how husbands are received in our family. Now he is aware of it, and he knows what every man is expected to add to the treasury of our family honor."

"And will none be accepted without fulfilling this condition?" observed Ulrich. "Not even Cousin Hans himself?"

"Hans asks no questions," sharply interrupted the grandmother. "Hans knows his duty. The proper opportunity he is sure to find one day or other, then the ball of his rifle is sure to travel the right way. Waiting that turn, he does all he can to support us."

"And you, perhaps, might add that it is a preference he obtains against every right of justice," observed Ulrich, with vivacity. "For I have also a right to offer my assistance."

"No," exclaimed the old woman. "The Hauser have always lived on the mountain. Nephew Hans and Uncle Job look after us, and their labors suffice."

As she finished these words, they heard in the ravine path that led to the cottage the echoes of a rifle shot. Freneli bent her head, listened a few moments, and said, "It is he."

At the same moment the door was rudely thrown open, and Hans crossed the threshold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL TESTS.

During the last few years much has been done towards developing the physical resources of South Africa, and in many instances with wonderful success. Our material prosperity has been very great. We have at length fairly got out of the Slough of Despond. In no country, perhaps, are the laboring classes in more comfortable circumstances. If wages are not so high as in some other colonies, the expense of living is not so great. Here peace and plenty cheer the *laboring* swain. Abject poverty is unknown among us. The earth yields her increase for man and beast. Corn, wine, and wool abound, and good prices for them also. Every sober and industrious man may sit under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. Life and property are quite as secure as in any part of the world. A man might travel alone, with a bag of gold, from one end of the colony to the other, without fear of molestation. The simple latch is considered sufficient security in many a household. The complaint of "bad times" is seldom heard. Even our fishermen rarely murmur at their luck. A beggar is hardly ever seen, and the tax-gatherer never shows his ungainly phiz. Demagogues and stump-orators we have none, for we have no need of them. Our rulers are our reformers. The walls of division that separate our religious sects are so low, or our people are so tall, that they can easily shake hands over them. We live the loyal and contented subjects of a universally beloved sovereign, who is not simply the head of a proud aristocracy and a dominant church, but the queen of all hearts, governing with mild and impartial sway the various races which her extensive empire contains. Her excellent representative in this portion of her wide dominions follows the example of his royal mistress, and emulates her most popular ministers in devoting his talents and energies to the public service. He has already originated, and successfully carried out, several schemes well calculated to promote our agricultural and commercial prosperity, and we rejoice to learn that he is now turning his attention to the best means for stimulating and drawing out the latent mental ability of our Cape youth; and we confidently anticipate a series of measures, founded upon a thorough knowledge of our wants and circumstances, which, in process of time, will raise us to an equality with the most enlightened nations. Some steps have been taken in this direction from time to time. A little has been accomplished, but much, very much, remains to be done.

It must be acknowledged that, as yet, high scholarship, deep scientific knowledge, or fine artistic talent, is very rare among us. Our colonial literature is in embryo, our science in its infancy, and our art requires nourishing and cherishing to keep it alive. We ought to make an exception as regards our newspaper press. In some of our papers, articles on the topics of the day appear two or three times a week that would do credit to any age or nation. Who that reads and is competent to judge does not admire the perspicuous style, the classic purity, and the easy elegance of at least one of our public writers, whom we need not name to be at once recognised. Personalities, the great fault of colonial newspapers, and struggling communities generally, are carefully avoided by most of our editors; and a strong desire is manifested among all classes for the advancement of education; nor is there much difference of opinion as to the best mode of doing so. These are good omens, and we augur well for our country from them.

The various races of which our motley population is composed are not yet sufficiently amalgamated to look upon South Africa as the "land of their sires." The Fatherland, with many of us, still is Old England, Holland, the Land o' Cakes, or the Emerald Isle. And although kindly dispositions and liberal sentiments pervade the mass of our people, so much so that very few of us would think of excluding a Jew, or even a Mahommedan, from Parliament, if considered by any constituency as a suitable representative, it will take a generation yet before the majority of us can exclaim, in the spirit-stiring strain of Scot:—

> Land of my sires, what mortal hand
> Can e'er untie the filial band
> That binds me to thy rugged strand.

To foster a spirit of pure and exalted patriotism should be the steady end and aim of our rulers, legislators, and leaders of public opinion. Political separation and sectarian animosities are the rocks a-head of which we should endeavour to steer clear. *United* we may one day become a great, powerful, and enlightened nation, and our country will form the *point d'appui* for the civilization of the dark places of the earth, which are now the habitations of cruelty. The magnanimity of glorious Old England has lately conferred upon us the inestimable blessings of perfect liberty and self-government; and our new legislature has hitherto pursued a wise and moderate course. But to keep pace with our *material*, it is high time that more attention should be paid to our *intellectual* advancement.

Perhaps no measure originated by our present Governor will ultimately produce a richer harvest than that recently taken for fostering a spirit of generous emulation and of honorable ambition to excel in mental acquirements, in the breasts of the rising generation, the future legislators of South Africa. We allude to the commission issued by His Excellency for a report on the institution of a board of examiners for conferring honorary certificates on successful candidates, and for selecting candidates for appointment to the civil service of the colony, as well as for professional certificates of having passed examinations in land surveying, civil engineering, navigation, law, and jurisprudence.

The commissioners appointed to report are gentlemen well qualified to form a sound opinion on all the subjects specified in the commission, and the report itself is an able and luminous document. The selection of subjects for examination appears to us to be most judicious, although we much fear that, for some years to come, very few candidates will come up to the standard prescribed. It is well, however, to take a high aim; and if the legislature will sanction the proposals contained in the report, and other corresponding measures be simultaneously adopted, we feel assured that a stimulus will be given to the cause of education throughout the colony, which cannot fail to have a most beneficial effect.

We now proceed to analyze the report. The "preliminary examinations" for youths under eighteen years of age seems to us all that could be desired; and we would suggest, as one means of raising our collegiate institutions to the high position which they ought to occupy, that no student should be admitted to the professorial classes till he has passed this preliminary examination. This would obviate the anomaly of seeing boys of ten, who can neither read nor spell correctly, attending our establishments of highest pretensions. The subjects proposed for the preliminary examination are as follows:—

1. A grammatical knowledge of the English language.
2. A practical knowledge of arithmetic, including fractions and decimals.
3. Descriptive geography.
4. The outlines of English history.

All this, and much more, may be acquired in our middle schools, public and private; and we would like to see our colleges differ from our schools in more than the name.

As subordinate to the principal object in view, in instituting a board of examiners, and as having the same general ten-

dency, we would suggest that arrangements should be made for holding those preliminary examinations in the various towns and villages throughout the colony once every year. Candidates from private as well as public schools might be invited to present themselves before a committee, appointed by the board of examiners, having authority to grant certificates to the successful candidates. These certificates should be handsomely printed on parchment; and should bear that the candidate has attended some school for at least five years, —that his moral conduct has been unexceptionable,—and that he passed the preliminary examination creditably. The certificates ought to be distributed annually, with some form and solemnity, and the names of the successful candidates should be regularly published in the *Gazette*. The certificates would thus form a lasting testimonial of training, conduct, and attainments, and would act as a much more powerful stimulus to exertion than the ordinary distribution of prize-books. They would serve to establish a moderately high standard of comparison of the merits of different schools, public and private, throughout the colony, and serve as a passport for admission into our future university. The committee for each district might consist of the superintendent or inspector of schools, the educational committee of the divisional council, the clergymen of the place, and the teacher.

We certainly anticipate much good from such examinations. The great drawback upon education, in England, is the early age at which children are withdrawn from the schools. Here it is the short period of attendance, for in very many cases boys are not sent to school till they are nine or ten,—the age at which the children of the laboring classes are generally leaving school in England. The average age of entrance in the schools we are best acquainted with is nine or ten, and very few remain till they are sixteen. We are of opinion that to obtain a certificate would be an object with many for remaining at school for a longer period, a matter of much importance; for when the art of reading has been but imperfectly acquired, it is attended with much the same difficulty that we feel in deciphering an ill-written manuscript. The practised reader, who can almost, at a glance, take in half a page of our light literature, and who devours his volume per day, as regularly as his buttered roll, has little conception of what an irksome task it is for the illiterate to spell through a few pages of a book. The intelligent reader may realise it to himself, by reading a portion of some obscure Greek author, which he has not met with before. He will then not feel so

much surprised that many who learn to read but imperfectly, often forget the little they have learned. Although we think that half a loaf, or even a crust, is better than no bread, we are of opinion that whatever is taught, should be taught well. But to do this requires *time*, even under the best system. We ought, therefore, to devise methods for retaining pupils in school as long as possible; and nothing hitherto proposed appears to us better calculated to promote this object than a regular system of granting and registering certificates, by a board constituted by legislative authority.

It is proposed by the commissioners that the board should consist of seven members,—three for examinations in language, literature, and history; three for those in science; and one for that in law. Should the board, when constituted, possess the confidence and respect of the teachers throughout the colony, we have no fear for the result; but it is very desirable, nay essential to the success of the scheme, that this should be the case. We would, in the meantime, take leave to remark that, in a lecture delivered by Mr. Tremenheere, at the educational conference, in March last, illustrative of a scheme for competitive examinations for certificates of merit, he pointedly guards against the grave error of permitting any teacher or professor to draw up questions, or to report upon the answers of youths belonging to his own school or class, when undergoing a competitive trial with youths from other seminaries.

We would also suggest that, after the examination questions have served their purpose for the year, they should be published for the benefit of students, and those engaged in tuition. The board would thus be amenable to public opinion, as every institution ought to be. Of course, a fresh set of questions would be required at every examination; and no candidate should be permitted to know anything of them till they are put into his hands, in presence of the board. After the replies have been given in, the questions should become public property. This, we know, is the case in England, as witness an admirable two-volume work, entitled "Cambridge Problems, being a Collection of Questions proposed at the General Examination for the degree of B.A., from 1801 to 1830." If this custom were adopted here, it would serve, in the course of time, as an *index of progress.*

The candidates for first-class certificates must have entered on their nineteenth year, and have previously passed the preliminary examination.

The following is the syllabus. It embraces those subjects which would entitle the successful candidates to the degree of A.M. in any European university, and something more.

I. *Languages, Literature, and History—*

1. The outlines of the constitution of England, as contained in Warren's Abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the constitutional history of England.
2. Such period or periods of modern history as shall, from time to time, be decided on, and notified.
3. Modern languages—a practical knowledge of any one of the following languages, of which the candidate shall make choice—Dutch, German, or French.
4. English language and literature.
5. The Latin and Greek languages. This part of the examination to be confined to such portions of two authors in each language,—one a poet, the other a prose writer, as the board shall, from time to time, fix upon; and to such periods of Greek and Roman history as may be selected; the examination shall consist of—1. Questions in grammar, history, and classical geography. 2. Passages for translation into English, and a passage in English, for translation into. 3. Viva voce translation, with such philological and critical questions as arise immediately out of the subject treated.

II. *Mathematics, pure and applied—*

1. The higher arithmetic, including logarithmic arithmetic, and its application.
2. Elementary algebra, embracing simple and quadratic equations, permutations, and combinations, the theory of exponents, the method of development by indeterminate coefficients, the binomial and exponential theorems, the summation and interpolation of series, the theory and construction of logarithms.
3. Plane and solid geometry, as contained in the first four, the sixth, the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid.
4. Analytical plane and spherical trigonometry,—the doctrine and projections of the sphere.
5. The mathematical theory of statics, of dynamics, hydrostatics, hydrodynamics, optics, and acoustics.
6. Any one of the following subjects, of which the candidate shall make choice—co-ordinate geometry, of two dimensions; the conic sections, treated either analytically or synthetically; plane astronomy; the elements of the differential and integral calculus; the first three sections of the first book of the Principia.

III. *Physical Science—*

1. Physical geography, including the natural divisions of the earth, in respect to animal and vegetable life; climate, and its constitution; the ocean and atmosphere, with their currents; the tides, tidal waves, and currents.
2. Any one of the following branches of physical science which the candidate may select—chemistry, including light, heat, and electricity; the outlines of geology; the principles of scientific botany; natural history.

Such is the proposed syllabus, and were we called upon to name three men in the colony, including bishops, priests, and

deacons, who could pass such an ordeal with success, we certainly should feel very considerably at a loss. We fear much that, for some years to come, very few will come up to the proposed standard; but, as we have remarked before, it is well to take a high aim. Where is the miserable churl, in or out of Parliament, that would not willingly vote for the bursary of £100 per annum, for three years, proposed to be conferred on the most distinguished of the successful candidates for a first-class certificate? What laborious days and sleepless nights that same candidate must pass. All honor to the admirable Crichton who shall be our first senior wrangler. We must have his portrait painted and hung up in solemn state beside old Van Riebeek's own.

The public service examination, in the opinion of the commissioners, should in future be conducted according to the following syllabus:—

1. The outlines of the constitution of England, as contained in Warren's Abridgment of Blackstone, or, at the option of the candidate, the outlines of the history of English literature.
2. Such a knowledge of the Latin language as will enable the candidate to read and translate, with accuracy and ease, a passage from Cæsar's Commentaries, answering such questions on the etymology and syntax of the language as the passage may suggest.
3. Higher arithmetic, including the use of logarithms, the elementary rules of algebra, with simple equations of one and two unknown quantities; the first, third, and sixth books of Euclid.
4. One of the following subjects to be chosen by the candidates; outlines of physical geography, geology, or chemistry.
5. A practical knowledge of one of the following languages, to be chosen by the candidate; Dutch, German, or French.

We observe that the proposed public service examination is not only of a higher grade than the present one, but even considerably more difficult than that for most of the public offices in England. We subjoin a few specimens from this latter, to show the difference.

For admission into the Customs Department, in England, the following is the syllabus:—

1. Writing from dictation.
2. Arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions.
3. English composition.

For the Post Office, secretary's office:—

1. Writing from dictation.
2. Arithmetic, including vulgar fractions.
3. English composition.
4. Précis.
5. French or German.

For the National Debt office:—

1. Handwriting.
2. Correct copying from manuscripts.

3. Arithmetic, including vulgar fractions.
4. Geography.
5. History.

For the General Register office :—

1. Writing from dictation.
2. Arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions
3. English composition.
5. Précis.
6. Geography.
7. English history.

For the Audit office :—

1. Writing from dictation.
2. Arithmetic, including fractions.
3. Correspondence.
4. Précis.

For the Exchequer :—

1. Writing from dictation.
2. Arithmetic, including fractions and practice.
3. Précis.
4. Bookkeeping.
5. Correspondence.

For the Treasury :—

I. *Establishment Clerks*—

1. Exercises designed to test handwriting and orthography; good handwriting to consist in the clear formation of the letters.
2. Arithmetic, including vulgar and decimal fractions.
3. First three books of Euclid.
4. History of England.
5. Geography.
6. Translation from one of the following languages—Latin, French, German, or Italian,—the selection being left to the candidate.

II. *Supplementary Clerks*—

1. Writing from dictation.
2. English composition.
3. Arithmetic.
4. Bookkeeping.

The examinations for the other public offices are much the same,—the most difficult being that for the Colonial Office, devised by Sir W. Molesworth. It is very similar to the course proposed for this colony.

It may prove interesting, for the sake of comparison, to know the results of these examinations at home. We find that, of 593 candidates examined, 408 received certificates and 185 were rejected. Had our board of examiners, last month, plucked only 9, instead of 11 of the candidates at the last examination, the proportion would be the same. It is also deserving of remark that, of the 185 rejected, 40 were rejected for deficiency in spelling, 13 for arithmetic, 23 for spelling and writing, and 31 for spelling and arithmetic.

The space to which we are limited will not permit us to do more than merely advert to the commissioners' proposed examinations for land-surveying, civil engineering, navigation, law, and jurisprudence.

For law and jurisprudence the syllabus is as follows:—

1. The Institutes of Justiuian.
2. Van der Linden's Institutes of the Laws of Holland.
3. Tennant's Notary's Manual.
4. Warren's Abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries.

The syllabus for land-surveying embraces the following branches:—

1. The higher arithmetic, as specified in the syllabus both for the first and second-class examinations.
2. Elementary algebra, including simple and quadratic equations.
3. The plaue geometry of Euclid, omitting the fifth book.
4. Analytical plane and spherical trigonometry.
5. The elements of plane astronomy, including the transformation of the co-ordinates of position in the celestial sphere,—the nature and amount of corrections due to astronomical observations,—the various methods used to determine the latitude and longitude of a point on the earth's surface, and its elevation above the level of the sea.
6. Descriptive geometry, levelling and mapping,—the theory and principles of trigonometrical surveying, including the more elementary problems of geodesy.

For civil engineering the candidates are to be examined on the following subjects:—

1. On the several subjects specified in the syllabus for passing the examination in land surveying, with the addition of solid geometry, as contained in the eleventh and twelfth books of Euclid.
2. The mathematical theory of mechanics, and the application of its priuciples to carpentry,—the construction of machines,—the structure of arches, &c.,—the steam and other motive power engines, with their practical applications.
3. Hydraulic engineering, such as the construction of canals, aqueducts, reservoirs, piers, breakwaters, &c.
4. The planning and construction of bridges, viaducts, roads, and railroads.

For navigation the following are the requirements:—

1. In arithmetic, simple and compound proportion, fractions and decimals, the use of logarithmic tables, meridional parts, natural sines, &c.
2. Plane, parallel, and traverse sailing.
3. The various methods used at sea to determine time, latitude, and the variation of the compass, including lunars, double altitudes, circum-meridian observations.

Anticipating, as we do, an extension of the South African College, and the founding of a similar institution in the eastern province, with a considerable increase of first-class

schools throughout the colony, and suitable assistance provided for the teachers, we hope that the number of candidates will be on the increase from year to year; that we shall soon have our railroads on which to run to and fro; and that knowledge will be increased. We earnestly hope, for the sake of our adopted country, that our legislature will sanction an extension of our educational establishment in the ensuing session; and that no plausible sophistry, or special pleading, will induce them to copy the peddling, patchwork, sectarian system which an established Church, opposed by powerful dissent, old prejudices, and vested rights, have forced upon England. Much as we revere many of the institutions of our native land, we frankly confess that her educational system appears to us to be the most inefficient in Europe, as far as the lower and middle classes are concerned. The best proof of this is the miserable result of the very strenuous efforts which have been made for the last thirty years to improve its schools. Among us, let any system be eschewed which has a tendency to foster religious animosities, and thereby assuredly embitter the future. Our aim should be to unite and amalgamate, as much as possible, not to create distinctions and separations; and those endless subdivisions and complexities which a denominational system would lead to, and which has rendered the population of the richest country in Europe nearly the worst educated.

In Switzerland, the most democratic country in Europe, and where the educational laws are extremely stringent, *one fifth* of the whole population are in regular attendance at school. In Prussia, in nearly the whole of Germany, and in Denmark, one sixth; and in Holland and France, one eighth. Prince Albert, at the educational conference in June last, put the educational statistics of England into the following striking and melancholy point of view. "We are told," said His Royal Highness, "that the total population in England and Wales of children between the age of three and fifteen, being estimated at 4,908,696, only 2,046,848 attend school at all; while 2,861,848 receive no instruction whatever. Out of the two million of scholars alluded to, more than one million and a half remain only two years at school, and only 600,000 of these are above the age of nine."

And this lamentable state of things has not arisen from the lack of schools, for the cry now is that there are plenty of schools, but too few pupils to fill them. We are of opinion that there are by far too many schools, frequently three or four worthless, rival denominational schools, with wretchedly ill-paid and ill-qualified teachers, where one good public

school ought to be quite enough. From a system which has led to such miserable results, we devoutly pray that Heaven may deliver this colony. Commend us even to the Prussian or Swiss system, if we must copy from other nations, and not rather devise what suits our own peculiar circumstances. The laws of England will not permit a parent to neglect to provide proper food for his child, to vaccinate him, and to register his birth and death; the laws of Prussia, at the suggestion of the philosopher Humboldt and the historian Niebuhr, will not permit a parent to neglect to give his child a proper education. There are two pictures before us. Let us choose wisely. Let us pay our teachers well, insist upon their qualifications and efficient discharge of duty, and thus encourage men of learning and ability to enter the profession; or by neglecting to do so, render it as it is in England, in very many cases, only a last refuge for the destitute.

J. M. N.

KAFIRS AND KAFIRLAND—A SETTLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.

For some time after Scarface had finished his narrative, I sat, as it were, in a maze, entranced by the vividness with which he had depicted the various phases of his life's tragedy, for such it certainly was. The fate of that yellow-haired girl, that daughter of the sun, how heart-rending. But the effect of the narrative had been far from pleasing. I seemed to be unaccountably oppressed by a foreboding of nameless evils; a dark and indescribable form seemed to be hovering in the future, casting a shadow over all that I loved best. I would have given anything to be again with my wife, with whose fate that of the yellow-haired girl was most unpleasantly linked together in my thoughts.

But as such reflections did not exactly suit the position in which I was then placed, that of a fugitive in the heart of Kafirland, and surrounded on every side by bloodthirsty foes, I endeavored to throw them off as well as I could, and followed Scarface as he crept out of the bushes into the open air. The effect of the glare I found, at first, very bewildering, after so long a night of both palpable and mental darkness.

When the dazzling effects of the sunlight had so far subsided as to enable me to make some exploratory observations on the nature of the country around, I found that the wooded gully in which we had taken refuge was situated at the bottom of a low valley, on each side of which the hills rose in grassy and gentle slopes, that confined the view to a very limited circle, except where, in the gaps between the hills, glimpses might be caught of higher peaks rising with hazy indistinctness in the dim distance. The sudden transition from darkness to light brought with it other and grosser sensations, and I became painfully aware that I was hungry. Such an alarming fact could not, of course, be kept to myself, and I forthwith communicated the intelligence to Scarface, who received it with a grunt of inward satisfaction, and silently dived again into the bushes. An ominous sound of crackling soon began to issue from our leafy and temporary home, and I again entered its depths to ascertain the origin of the commotion. To my pleasurable astonishment, I found my invaluable ally busy puffing at a miniature conflagration of tiny sticks, ignited as much under the bank as possible to confine the tell-tale smoke. Upon these were hissing and frizzing sundry pieces of animal flesh, that greeted my olfactories with odorous warmth. On asking Scarface where he had the luck to find such a prize, in tones of self-complacency, he replied—"Scarface not a fool; know the white chief be empty; go among Kafirs at top of hill; dey not do anyting—took me one of dem. I sit by fire, where plenty of meat, den say 'see rooi baatjes;' dey all start up, and look where I show 'em. I take up all dis beef, and fill jacket wid it. Here it is—eat it, it's nice."

Acting upon the suggestion, I did set to, and though I could not endorse altogether the last remark, yet, by a vigorous use of the molars, I was enabled to appease the cravings of appetite, and to rise tolerably replenished and refreshed.

The sun was now high, and it was time to be moving. Scarface recommended that we should visit the battle-field, explaining that the Kafirs have no liking for dead bodies, and for some time would give the place a wide berth. I suggested an immediate return to Fort W. by the way we came; but he said we were sure to be trapped if we went that way, as the natives, having once got an idea of the path, would certainly hover about, in the hope of catching some stray wanderers from the fort.

We eventually acted upon Scarface's recommendation, and were soon equipped, and once more on the march. For some

distance, our path lay along the ridge of a high hill, on each side of which was a deep ravine or valley. The opposite face of one of these was a precipitous wall of granite, from which sprang, horizontally, here and there, solitary thorn trees, which seemed like sybils, grey and hoary, holding out their warning arms against any too rash adventurer over that awful steepness. These deep ravines and kloofs are distinguishing features in South African scenery, and the effect they produce on the uninitiated mind cannot be easily described.

We speedily arrived at the "foughten field," and the sight that met our eyes was anything but agreeable. Vast numbers of carrion birds flew up at our approach, while some unwieldy vultures, glutted with their horrid feast, coolly allowed us to come within a few yards of them, before they showed any sign of moving off, and then, lazily flapping their huge wings, they slowly sailed to a short distance, as though they repudiated all idea of making a final exit from the scene of slaughter.

But the birds were, unfortunately, the least objectionable part of the spectacle. Mutilated bodies, and the half-eaten remains of what had once been living beings, were strewn around in ghastly profusion. To my great joy, scarcely a white corpse was to be seen; and, except where we had diverged with our ill-fated party, nearly all the slain seemed to belong to the enemy.

Yet, though the dead of my own race were few in number, those of the foe were in fearful abundance—stark, stiff, and dead. A strange feeling of awe was creeping over me. I shuddered at my situation,—alone, that is almost so, in that vast Aceldama, surrounded by shoals of soulless bodies, with their awful upturned faces gazing vacantly into mine. What a cold, yet scathing gaze,—turn where I might, there it was, and there it will be in remembrance to my dying day. Old feelings of superstitious dread, that I thought had been buried with past years, came over me. My mother, a kind, tender creature, had told me in my childhood, when the years were young, and life was merely budding, that I, when I grew up, should be a fatalist, a believer in ghosts and spiritual agencies; and, in manhood, I had studiously and successfully endeavored to check and stifle all such emotions. But here, in the midst of death, the long-slumbering spirit was awakened, and I stood entranced and spell-bound among the wrecks of humanity scattered about. Those eyes, those glaring eyes, with their clammy stare on every side, would they never close, never dim their demoniacal radiance? Sud-

denly, Scarface pressed my arm, and hissed into my ears the words "get ready." Get ready for what? my own death? Was I then so soon to become a clod, like one of those senseless beings! But he pointed, and looking in that direction, I saw, creeping among the dead bodies, several dark, black forms. My companion said, in very plain accents, "Look, dem Kafirs, dey see us, dey coming," and having looked, I found the dark forms really were Kafirs, who had just seen us, and were creeping swiftly on, with the intention, apparently, of taking us by surprise.

The natives seemed to be about thirty in number, and a fifth of a mile distant, giving us a good start. From the rapid glance I gave them, I could have been almost sure there was a white man among them, directing the movements of the others. Indeed, I had no doubt of the fact, though the circumstance was rather mysterious, always appearing, as he did, with the particular intention, apparently, of molesting me or mine. However, few such reflections were then allowed, and ashamed of the weakness which a too vivid imagination had previously exerted over my movements, I followed Scarface down the hill.

The reader will believe that it was rather unpleasant to me to be so continually a fugitive,—a runaway in fact; yet no other alternative was allowed. To stay, in the present case, would have been inevitable death, and whether true courage demands so rash a use of life, I cannot say, but my doctrine has been that a man, especially if he is married, and has a family, displays the truest bravery in not rushing madly to an inglorious and unserviceable death, while he has a chance of preserving that life which is so valuable and dear to so many loved and cherished ones. These being my views, it will be supposed that I did not hesitate to follow Scarface down the hill at a brisk rate. We could hear the Kafirs yelling and shouting after us on the other side of the hill.

The river was again our goal, and we reached the cover of its fringe of bush just as the enemy gained the hilltop, and came rushing down after us with redoubled speed. I asked Scarface whether he thought it would be better at once to cross the stream, and he answered "I think so; got into mess." Suddenly a bright thought seemed to strike him, and saying "me cheat him," he entered the water, and proceeded *down* the current,—I following. The water had considerably subsided during the night, and in the deepest parts only came to our thighs. After advancing a few yards, Scarface, with a grunt, pointed to the near side of the river,

where the base of the bank was much hollowed out, the upper part overhanging. I immediately caught his design, and in a few moments we were both comfortably squatted within the kind of cave thus produced. In a few hurried whispers my companion uttered his expectation that the pursuers, not finding us in the line of bush on this side, would suppose we had crossed the river, especially as our footmarks would be seen to enter the water. Once on the other side he hoped they would not observe us, and we should escape unnoticed. I heartily approved of the plan, evincing, as it did, great sagacity and forcsight.

In much less time than it has taken to narrate this, the enemy had reached the bank, and we could hear them treading overhead, tearing the branches about, and surmising as to our whereabouts. One voice in particular, which I conjectured to be the white man's, from its commanding, dictatorial tones, appeared to exercise unlimited authority over the rest, and with oaths and exclamations swore that he should shoot them all if the white man was not found.

Meanwhile, during all this bustle, we were ensconced very comfortably in the lower regions, in a kind of amphibious state; and though my seat was more akin to a bath than anything else, yet the rest it afforded I found very agreeable after our fatiguing race.

When our friends above appeared to have spent their stock of patience in looking for us, they seemed to come to the conclusion that we had crossed the river; and this supposition was evidently strengthened, on discovering (as anticipated) our footmarks at the river's edge.

Now was the time for apprehension, and we crouched as far backward as the bank permitted, to conceal our persons as much as possible. One by one, they came within our vision, till all had crossed.

There was a parallel line of bush on the other side, and while some proceeded further into the country, the others penetrated into this wood, and it was by them that we feared discovery. How could we hope to remain unseen, situated, as we were, in the very face of any who might look that way. A loose branch protruded over the bank, and I pulled it down, in the hope that it would help to conceal us, which it did, though only partially,—Scarface's side being quite open to the view of those opposite, who might have reached so far up the river.

"Well, Scarface," I said, "if they see us what should we do?"

"If dey see us, we must quick get up, just here; dey got de water to cross, up dere. De white chief must run, dat only ting left now. Cuss dem Kafirs."

I could not help laughing at the last expletive, picked up by Scarface among the soldiers at the fort.

All laughing, however, was soon hushed, for just then a Kafir appeared at the opposite bank, at a point higher than had yet been gained, and in a diagonal line from our unsheltered position. Escape from notice seemed now impossible, yet still the native continued to return down the river, without observing us. Still further and further he came, and our hopes proportionately rose as the danger decreased. He was past. No, something stopped his way, a branch probably, and in pausing, he faced the river. He cast his eye over to our bank, and immediately saw Scarface, when, with an irresistible shout of triumph, he rushed to tell the news to his fellows.

All was up now—concealment was impossible, and nothing remained but speed and adroitness. Our feet, not our hands or weapons, must now be our resource.

Without therefore waiting an instant, immediately on finding that we were seen, both myself and Scarface had rushed from our retreat, and scrambled up the diminutive cliff with all the haste possible. The narrow skirting of bush, already alluded to, could afford no adequate or secure shelter, therefore through it we speedily passed to the open country behind.

We had got over the brow of the hill before the enemy came in sight on this side of the river, and a long grassy plain extended before us for the distance of a mile. When half across it, the pursuers hove in sight, and bounded forward with triumphant shouts.

Quicker and quicker we went. We should soon have crossed the plain, beyond which nothing could be seen, through the ground's rapid declination. We reached the point, and with a suppressed shout of satisfaction, Scarface pressed forward.

We had arrived again at the river bed, but here it extended out into a valley some mile and a half wide, the stream flowing through the middle. The flat thus formed was covered thickly with canes and tall marsh grass, and was, in fact, a cane brake on a small scale.

I saw, at a glance, how easily we could hide in this, and we both dashed onward, and buried ourselves among the rank vegetation, just as a falling assegai told of the near approach of the enemy.

A cry of vexation arose from our friends behind, as they saw the nature the ground had assumed, knowing well that pursuit in such a place would be most difficult, if not quite impossible. The ground under the canes was soft and moist; and as the enemy would probably endeavor to follow up our tracks, we took as winding and circuitous a course as possible. Fortunately the canes, though flexible, were of sufficient strength for allowing us to pass between, without absolutely breaking them, and thus leaving behind us an easily-traced spoor.

At last, we came to a spot where a few canes, being thickly intertwined with parasites, formed a natural and impervious bower, and the reeds being thin and scanty all around, the mere loss of the track would be accounted for.

Into this hiding-place we therefore went, and in a few minutes three or four Kafirs burst forward from behind, and stood still, close to where we were concealed. After a little talking, they each passed into the further side. These interruptions continued for half an hour, when all became still again, and the brake appeared evacuated. As we had no intention of making our present retreat a sleeping-place, and as our object was to progress towards Fort W., we made for the hill again, in a different direction to that we had either come or seen the enemy go.

After emerging from the brake, we left it behind, and finally crossing the river at a low and shallow point, proceeded up a gentle elevation. Not a sign was to be seen anywhere of the Kafirs, and we concluded they had kept on the other side of the river, and were still beating the bush. Scarface said that half a mile further we should come to a large forest, where we might be secure, for the night, from all danger of discovery.

We had got the forest in view, that is a corner, where it projected forward over the crest of the hill, when, in a sheltered hollow, we saw, collected round a fire, a number of dark figures, evidently our old friends. The recognition was simultaneous, and they were up instanter, and we were off with equal celerity. Fortune again favored us, for the close proximity of the beforementioned forest enabled us to dart round the projecting corner, where, for a minute, we should be still unseen. That minute was enough for every purpose. We entered the bush at a convenient gap, and advanced in an oblique direction into its recesses.

Dim and dismal was the forest. The branches swayed and creaked very mournfully, and the leafy caverns were invested with a weirdy and almost sepulchral appearance. Some of

the trees were of gigantic size, and their huge white trunks caught the eye, in contrast to the surrounding dimness. Vast quantities of creeping plants clung to, and intertwined among the branches of the larger trees, many of them covered with flowers of rare luxuriant beauty. The pure white and purple bells of the convolvuli, were especially prominent, while various kinds of the japonica, with their bright and brilliant hues, contrasted splendidly with the rest. Ferns (the sea-weed of the forest) of the most delicate forms sprang up plentifully below, and larger growths of the same species gave a peculiarity to the whole, that spoke of a southern clime and a warmer sun.

But who shall describe a South African forest? who adequately portray the richness and variety of its beauties, the varying shades and tints of its green leafwork, the rank luxuriance of its undergrowth, and the stupendous girth of many of its trees? Who shall enumerate the many species of its denizens, from the cumbrous elephant—now, alas! becoming mythical—to the tiny, but exquisitely formed, blauwbok? How numberless the genera computed between those extreme points of the quadrupedal race,—the saucy monkeys and clumsy baboons, the cunning panther and voracious wolf or hyena, the innumerable antelopes or bucks, with a long line of *et ceteras* to close the list.

Such a forest was the one we now were passing through —rich, vast, and populous; for the air was filled with the sounds and notes produced by the dwellers in the branches overhead. The birds of South Africa are said, by many writers, to be unmelodious. A greater mistake does not exist. The rich bell-like tones of some of the maligned race are unmatchable for fulness and purity. Some of the notes are, I admit, to northern ears peculiar and strange; but that can only be looked upon as a natural result of circumstance and locality, and not of anything dissonant or discordant in the sounds themselves.

But to leave this dissertation on nature in South Africa, and return to personal matters. We were rapidly progressing through the wood, notwithstanding the many obstacles met with in the way. After proceeding about a quarter of a mile, we could hear by the crackling branches that the enemy was gaining distance upon us. Just then Scarface looked back, and said, "we soon come to path." And, sure enough, fifty yards in advance, a path did meet us, much to my gratification. Along this we trundled at a fine rate, though I was getting much exhausted with the fatigues of such continued exertion.

When we had gone about a mile and a half down the path, Scarface came to a halt where the bush was much clearer, and less free from undergrowth. Without saying a word he left the path,—I, of course, with him,—and walked a few yards to where a magnificent tree reared its noble head towards the sky.

After looking up and down, Scarface said, "If de white chief go more long de path dem Kafirs and man come up to him; but if git up into dis big tree, quite safe—no one see. Like little bird in de grass."

I could not, at first, resist laughing at the idea of my being perched up in a tree; but, nevertheless, I acted on the hint, and commenced my journey upwards. The trunk of the tree was full of knots and holes, so that the climb up was nothing very serious. On looking down, with the expectation of seeing Scarface follow me, I was surprised to find he had disappeared, being nowhere in sight. I had had too much proof of his sagacity and prudence to fear any rash exploit of his, or to question his faithfulness. I had not the slightest doubt or suspicion.

From where I was squatted, I could plainly see the path; and after having been suspended in mid air about ten minutes, the sound of approaching voices made me watch eagerly. Presently a long line of black figures—I counted fifteen—came in sight, and halted beneath the tree where I had taken refuge. The white man was not with them, and they seemed to be enjoying, in his absence, a kind of liberty which they took advantage of by sitting down for a quiet "sniff," or, anglicé, snuff-taking. At the same time, I could just understand that they were talking of the object of their pursuit, and agreeing as to the probability, or rather certainty, of our having passed that way. Suddenly, during a long pause, when my friends beneath were enjoying the, to them, delicious effects of a prolonged pinch; and with their mouths wide open, their faces fixed in a glassy stare, and their finger nails engaged in making water-courses down their cheeks for the overflowing tears, during this interval of quietness, I heard, on the other side, the cracking of a twig or branch. Gently looking round, I was horror-struck to see Scarface coming on, evidently quite unconscious of the presence of the enemy. I tried to beckon him off, but he was looking for me in a higher part of the tree, and missed my warning. The noise made by him increased, and his detection appeared certain. One of the Kafirs, less absorbed than the rest, heard the disturbance, and in endeavouring to get out a hint to his companions, coughed and sneezed violently; that

was enough. I looked round again, not a sound was to be heard, or a trace of Scarface to be seen—he was safe. The other natives only replied to their companion's suggestive inquiry by a negative head shake, and applied themselves to the snuff again. The pungent powder had charms more powerful than duty.

Not long, however, were they to be allowed their enjoyment, for immediately after, other figures burst on the scene, and a loud authoritative voice, that I recognised to be the white man's, commenced abusing the snuffy recreants, with all the eloquence of Kafir Billingsgate. The unfortunate victims, whom I heartily pitied, seemed quite conscience-stricken, and had not a word to say in self-defence. In another minute they were all gone again, and I alone reigned monarch of the scene.

Presently, I heard a soft footstep, which proved to be Scarface's who was soon seated near me. I asked him where he had been to.

"I make fool of dat big white man. I go good bit along de path, making two feet, den I go into bush on oder side, and den jump across, and come back here, through the bush. De white man see de feet, and tink we gone long way up, and into bush on oder side; white chief all safe now, stay here till sunrise, and den go back to fort."

Much as I admired the adroitness displayed by Scarface, yet the thought suggested by his last few words almost overwhelmed me. The idea of what my wife must have suffered through my unexplained absence, had given me far more pain than all the danger I had gone through. I knew how I had deceived her, and now felt all the contrition which good husbands ought to feel, who have attempted deception on their better halves. I knew, too, how much she loved me, and grieved in my absence. I knew that she was a "stranger in a strange land," with no female spirit to condole with, or no kind heart to sympathise with her distress; and, knowing all this, I felt no small degree of uneasiness and penitent anxiety to be back.

As to proceeding further that night, I dismissed the thought, as the weather would preclude the possibility of an advance. During the last half hour, large "half-crown drops" had been falling with an impressive slowness, that prophesied heavier things hereafter. Impatiently we waited for the approach of the battling elements, that were to carry on the sublime and awful strife. Ah now it comes: see it traveling towards us over those distant hills, hiding them in a sheet of rain; and, without a moment's warning, a tempest

of wind and rain burst upon us—wind that made the old tree we rested on, stout as it was, shake and tremble to its inmost fibre,—rain that effectually soaked us in a few seconds, and almost washed us from our refuge. But these were only the heralds of the monarch, who quickly advanced, in his robe of fire and fearfulness; blaze after blaze followed, in unintermitted succession, making all the recesses of the forest distinctly, though supernaturally, visible. At last, when the wind blew with its utmost power, and the rain poured in the thickest torrent, a blue and scathing flash, or rather stream of flame, seemed to pass, followed instantaneously by a thunder-crash, that made the earth reel, and the air rend with its terrific reverberations; and another glare, immediately after, showed us that the flash had struck a tall straight palm-like tree, within a yard or two of ours, and its charred trunk now lay smoking and blackened on the ground. Soon the thunder ceased, the lightning sank away, and the wind and rain subsided; and soon the black clouds above rolled off, and the stars of heaven shone on us with heightened and kindly lustre. All was again hushed and still,—the very ideal of quietness and peace. Such was my second night's adventure in the wilds of Kafirland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANOTHER BATCH OF REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

THERE never was anything so provoking in life. Just as we fancied everything complete—to receive such a request! Just as we were assured that No. 14 of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* was in its perfect chrysalis state, waiting only for the compositors and the pressmen to usher it forth in its full-blown glory of paper and type, a demon (in the shape of a *printer's* devil) informs us that the chrysalis is incomplete, and incontinently demands "more copy."

More copy! As well ask our friend, Mr. Dunnup to take up that little promissory note of his,—six months overdue,—or to settle his last week's washing-bill. More copy! It is true that we have plenty of copy, but some of it is much too long; some much too short; some too heavy; some too learned; some too light; some unexamined altogether. What shall we do? Impossible to send out the Magazine with three or four blank pages, like a London gazette or a supplement to a Cape newspaper. Impossible to ask our

lazy contributor, who has gone to Kalk Bay, for a fresh "article;" or our scientific contributor, who is botanising on Table Mountain, and catching specimens and sunstrokes together; or our poetical contributor, who is laid up with a bilious attack, brought on by eating too freely of roast pork and stuffing, in these more than dog-days; or our —— stay—that basket! Ahem—"rejected contributions"—perhaps one or two *might* do just to fill up a page or two. Let us see; what have we here? "Lines to a puff-adder"—original, at all events:—

Slothful mass of deadly venom,
Coiled in serpentine repose,
Cold as ice from Lake of Wenham,
Fell as canker in the rose,
Beautiful as tints of rainbow,
Sleek and glossy as the steeds
That o'er the wild Arabian plains go
Wheresoe'er their fancy leads.

Can it be that from thy fatal
Tooth the deadly juice doth pour,
So that pain and death await all
Whom thy cruel fangs shall gore?
Monster! thy fair form external
Is, then, but a hideous snare;
Thou should'st rather look infernal—
Mortals from thy side to scare.

Nevertheless, we fancy that few people think of picking up a puff-adder for its pretty skin; so that the moral of the lines is scarcely complete: but, really, the author might have added the following, which we hereby make him a present of to be added to his verses, when he brings out (as he proposes) his volume of Lyrics:—

Say, oh monster, is it truthful?
Can they kill thy venom, snake?
So that he who has a toothful
In his body needn't quake.
Can it be that any tincture
Heals the wound—we've heard it oft—
Without cutting, without cincture;
Is there, is there truth in Croft?

But here is something more tender. "A Valentine." Then, as Valentine's day will follow not very long after the issue of our next number, suppose we present our readers with—A Valentine:—

Sweet Fanny as the days flit by,
One tale alone they tell to me—
Though all things change in earth and sky,
My heart is still the same to thee.

Yes! ev'ry hour I breathe thy name,
And ev'ry night I sigh it too;
Awake or sleeping 'tis the same—
Thy name for aye my lips renew.

My old pursuits delight no more,
Sports, pastimes now no longer thrill,
My heart is cankered to the core—
I've even, Fanny, missed my drill!

Yes, I who took heroic pride
In buckling on my rifle belt
Have cast my martial arms aside—
I feel not now the pride I felt.

Thou art the cause! aye, cruel maid,
'Tis thou hast turned this once firm heart;
Then take this regulation blade
And plunge it in the wounded part.

Oh pity me! adoréd girl,
Say, only say that thou art mine!
My brain, alas, begins to whirl—
Oh, Fanny! *be* my Valentine.

This is clearly a case in which Captain Porter ought to interfere. The touching allusion to the regulation blade proves the unhappy poet to belong to the cavalry corps. If Captain Porter, therefore, will observe what member of that gallant body of men is continually absenting himself from drill, he will discover who the luckless, heartsick poet is. His course is then plain. As it is undoubtedly a punishable offence to induce soldiers to break their drill or desert from their duty, Captain Porter should summon "Fanny" before a drum-head court martial, on the parade, and condemn her to "matrimony"—we were going to say "without benefit of clergy," but we forgot that the intervention of the clergy would be necessary to carry out the sentence.

Another dip in the basket, and up comes a piece of prose—"The Fatal Glen"—romantic of course. Let us take a scene:—

"I know thee, *fiend!*" cried Edgar.

"Beware!" said the other: "beware lest you provoke a desperate man, who would think as little of hurling you over yon precipice as of crushing a reptile in his path."

"Think you I fear your threats, hellhound?" retorted Edgar, laying his hand upon his sword.

"You had better leave that pretty toy in its sheath," interrupted the other, "or one of these dogs may chance to bark," and he tapped the butt-ends of two enormous pistols that he carried in his waist-belt.

"Will you then tell me where Eleanor is?" cried Edgar, almost frantic: "I tell you that I will never quit your side till you reveal the dark secret that you alone seem to know. Where is Eleanor?"

"Here—here—here!" screamed a female voice; and Eleanor herself bonnding from the cave flung herself into Edgar's arms, and hid her face upon his bosom.

"Mine—thank Heaven—mine!" cried the now enraptured youth.

"Never," said a deep sepulchral voice; and the eyes of the robber-chief glared upon the pair.

"Ha! you threaten still?" cried Edgar; "be it so—I fear you not," and he drew his rapier.

"Let go the girl, or meet your doom," thundered the robber.

"Never—I defy you," was the response.

"Fool!—then die." The robber drew forth one of his pistols, deliberately cocked it and ——

(Enter Printer's Devil).

Editors. Here's the copy—that'll do.

FISH IN SUMMER QUARTERS.

The accompanying account of a curious fact, extracted from a letter addressed to His Excellency the Governor by Mr. J. Maynard of Worcester, has been kindly placed at my disposal. I have added a few notes of what has occurred to myself during my wanderings, and herewith forward it for the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.—E. L. Layard.

"On each side of Beaufort (West), which is about 350 miles iuland, are two water-courses or small rivers, the water of which is derived from the Nieuweveld mountains close by.

"Upon an average, these water-courses are perfectly dry for nine or ten months of the year; aud when I first went to Beaufort, iu the commencement of 1850, they were absolutely dry for more than two full years. Yet, after the first fall of rain sufficient to make the water flow, fish were obtainable in almost incredible abuudauce. To state the matter generally, no matter how often, or how long the rivers may be dry, as soon as they flow, fish are fonnd in them.

"I am not aware of any large ponds (lakes there certainly are not) containing fish in any part of the river's courses towards the sea, which could supply this abundance. The mystery is, where these fish come from.

"Your Excellency will remember, we discussed two hypotheses, neither of which seem satisfactory on all points.

"1st. Do the parent fish mount these two streams from their respective estuaries as far as Beaufort, a distance of at least 350 miles, iu so short a time as one or two days, or sometimes even less, during the flow of the waters? and,

"2ndly, Do the fish of any antecedent flow, deposit their spawn in the bed of the river, and is this spawn vivified after no matter how long, and severe a drought, when the necessary condition for the development of the ova is present, viz., water?

"In answer to the first hypothesis, I am confident the water derived from the monntains could not, in mauy instances, have reached the sea where the fish are found; in fact, does not reach the sea at all, being in too little quantities. Yet this makes uo difference; in every hollow or depression in the river's beds they are found in myriads.

"In answer to the second, comes the fact that the fish are caught of all sizes, from an inch to a foot in length; they appear all one kind, and identical with the herring of the British seas."

The facts stated by Mr. Maynard are certainly deserving of investigation, and would afford a most interesting subject of research to any one on the spot. At this distance, ignorant of the country, and of the species of fish, I can but offer a few suggestions, and state a few circumstances in connection with the dormant state, or, for want of a more suitable word, the *summer hybernation* of fishes, an hypothesis which Mr. Maynard appears to have overlooked.

In all tropical countries where droughts are periodical or prevalent, fishes, amphibious reptiles, and mollusca descend to a considerable depth in the mud of those lakes and rivers which are dried up, by the fierce action of the sun's rays. The breaking up of this summer sleep in the "steppes" of South America is beautifully described by Humboldt, in his *Views of Nature*, p. 16; and he adds, in a note, "Drought produces the same phenomena in animals and plants as the abstraction of heat. During the dry season many tropical plants lose their leaves. The crocodile, and other amphibious animals conceal themselves in the mud, and lie apparently dead, like animals in cold regions thrown into a state of hybernation." The philosopher is obliged to use the word *hybernation* at last; and, as I cannot coin or find a better, I shall use the term in spite of the Irishism.

I have witnessed somewhat of the scene described by Humboldt in Ceylon, and have, on more than one occasion, disturbed a crocodile or fresh water turtle from his muddy lair. I once stood on what I took for a bank of earth for some minutes, when I suddenly found myself deposited on the broad of my back, and my mud bank scuttled away, in the shape of a crocodile, into the waters of the fast-evaporating tank. I doubt not, in a few days, had I not disturbed him, he would have been sunk deep into the earth. Another time, I was treading lightly on the surface of a dried up tank, when my attention was arrested by a jet of water, which issued from the ground beneath. On digging some 18 or 20 inches below the hard-baked surface, I came upon a large fresh water turtle (*emys trijuga*), which had probably lain there undisturbed, for several months.

Within a late date, if they are not so at this moment, were living in the Crystal Palace several specimens of the African *lepidosiren*, which were brought to England from the Gambia enclosed in balls of hard clay, where they had been for eight months without showing any signs of life, until the clay was immersed in water. They were figured in the *Illustrated News Sup.*, 20th September, 1856.

These amphibia, like the true siren, according to Dr. Daniel, who resided on the Gambia, "are only found in the rice fields, which are, for more than half the year, under water; and they are procured by

the natives towards the end of the dry season, when they are dug out of the nearly dried mud, to be fried and eaten."

Dr. J. E. Gray, whose comments I am now quoting, goes on to observe that aquatic animals much more frequently bury themselves in the mud than is generally supposed. . . . . But some fish also, which have *only gills adapted for aquatic respiration*, have the same habit. Dr. Hancock, writing on some American species, states, "when the water is leaving the pools in which they commonly reside, the yarrow (a species of *esox* or pike), as well as the roundhead or hassar *(callichthys littoralis)*, bury themselves in the mud. The flat-headed hassar *(doras costata)*, on the contrary, simultaneously quits the place, and marches overland in search of water."

To this latter fact I can bear testimony. A species of perch found in Ceylon, akin to, or identical with the climbing perch *(percha scandens)*, constantly quits its native element and drying pools, and wanders away in search of another more congenial home. I remember once, when driving along the dusty road between Galle and Matura, in the south of the island, my attention was arrested by seeing something progressing at a sufficiently rapid, though awkward, pace along the road. I got out to learn what the dust-covered object could be, and, to my surprise, I found a fish. It raised itself on the bony process of its pectoral fins, and with a rapid sidelong jerk of its tail pushed itself along. I seized the prize, which was new to me in those days, and put him into my gig, as our ways lay in the same direction, and when I reached the rest-house, I placed him in a wooden bowl of water. In a few moments, my friend was out, and crawling over the table. Astonnded, I replaced him, and watched; he struck his sharp pectorals into the wood, pressed his tail against the side, and *twisted* himself out in an incredibly short space of time. After that, I often saw the same species perched on the summit of the stakes of the fish kraals, as I dropped silently down the lovely rivers of that lovely isle. On approaching, they plunged again into their native element. "No catch that kind," said an old fisherman to me, one day, "plenty—too much can climb; he go up pollgaha (cocoannt tree), bamboos; all kind same."

This is another hypothesis, of which Mr. Maynard was probably unaware; but both these last are answered, in my mind, by Mr. M.'s description of the fishes alluded to by him.

Identical with our English herring they, of course, are not. That fish is of so tender a life, that I have heard fishermen say they die between the surface of the water and the gunwale of the boat! But, *like a herring?!* I think I could tell a mud-burrowing fish from his looks; he is generally dark, flattish, with small scales, or scaleless, and leathery and shiny; he generally has a big head; he looks a skulker. A herring is a merry, shining, active, scaly, bright fellow; he never dreams of going to earth like a fox,—not he. Even when he dies, he

dies as a herring should die; he must have companions, so he goes into a tub, and passes into a proverb,—"As snug as herrings in a barrel." Mud-seekers are sluggards; there are many species in Ceylon; the natives walk about the fields, when drying up after floods, with baskets, made like the baby go-carts of our ancestors, and plunge them into the grass and mud; the arm is then introduced through the hole at the top, and the fish is handed out, and strung on a string attached to the fisher's waist.

Now, as I hinted before, I cannot say how either of these hypotheses will suit the Beaufort rivers. Are the beds of them mud, or sand, or rocks? and to what genus, or family do the fish belong? does anything else make its appearance along with them? any fresh water mollusca, for instance, or frogs? Both these descend and lie torpid.

I was once called upon, as a magistrate, to decide on a case between two claimants for the same piece of land. The plaintiff avowed the old water-course lay in such a place; the defendant swore as solemnly to another place. The witnesses, as usual in native courts, swore steadily each to his own side. I therefore proceeded to the spot, to have the evidence of my own senses,—a very unjudge-like, but, to my mind, common-sense proceeding; but common sense was at fault. Not the slightest trace of a water-course was to be seen in either of the directions pointed out by the litigants!! The ground presented one unbroken level, newly ploughed up. But I had a witness in store, which I knew would not lie; and so I told the parties. I ordered the head-man to send for a *mammotie*, a native spade. "Now, dig," was the order, and I soon had a trench a foot deep. "Go on, till I say stop;" the men dug on, and when they had reached about two feet or two and a half, up came, at every stroke of the *mammotie*, living fresh water shells,—*ampullariæ*, *paludinæ*, &c. In the defendant's site not one was to be found, though he dug for yards. This evidence was conclusive, and I reported to head-quarters accordingly. "The magistrate is a *pey*" (devil), whispered the defendant to my interpreter.

Now I can well fancy, if the water of the rivers reached the sea, that the fish would ascend the 350 miles in a few hours. The following fact will show at what rate fish can travel. It is well known to all anglers and fishermen, accustomed to the northern rivers of England, that salmon, year after year, frequent the self-same river. A salmon bred in a river returns to it every year, until death checks his wanderings for ever. Some of my readers will be surprised to learn that a man accustomed to the rivers can discriminate between the fish caught in each, at a glance. It was remarking this faculty that put me in possession of the facts I am about to narrate.

I had been fishing on the wild and lonely waters of that prince of trout lakes, Loch Cragie, in Sutherlandshire, with the friend of my early wanderings in Ceylon; and in the course of our last day's sport,

we had fished in the waters of the upper and lower lakes. A friendly wager of *large* flies, *versus small* flies, had induced us to keep a written account of every "rise" and every capture; and after a day of such sport, as I probably shall never see again, we had returned home to the hospitable dwelling of my friend's father. Alas! death has been busy there, and the fingers that wielded the pliant rod on that day now lie mouldering 'neath the palm-trees of Ceylon; the bright eyes that welcomed our return sleep under the sod in "the old kirkyard!"—All our spoils had been spread out on the greensward, and their lovely speckled sides, still radiant with the metallic lustre of life, had been admired, and our skill praised—we had "fought our battle o'er again"—and the light jest on a fine fish lost by one, or the "rise" missed by another, had been laughed at, and our stores deposited in the cool larder. The head of the house, as skilful a fisher as any that then lived in that part of the world, was absent. At dinner, he suddenly entered the room, and, after the usual greetings, he said, "So, I see you have fished the lower Cragie, as well as the upper." "How on earth do you know?" was my reply. "Oh," said he, "I looked in the larder on my way up from the stable, and I saw your fish, and I saw several from the lower lake." Seeing my incredulous face, he added, "I will pick out every one you have taken there." I at once jumped at the proposal, and told him we had a strict account of every fish caught. We adjourned to the larder, and, without the least hesitation, he selected every fish; and, tossing one contemptuously aside, he said, "So you have been troubling the waters of the 'Shin' also." Fancy my astonishment. I had reserved a fine fish, caught in Loch Shin the previous evening, and had brought it with the rest. What makes the matter more surprising is the fact, that the upper and lower Craigie are only a few hundred yards apart, and communicate with each other. My friend then related the following story:—

"I was once," he said, "at Dingwall, on the river that flows into the next Firth, Cromarty (we were then on Dornoch); the fishermen were drawing their nets, and knocking their scaly captives on the head with their short bâtons. Knowing the head fisherman, who had once been the head man of the Shin fishery, I stopped and spoke to him, and watched the sport. Suddenly, the old man called out, 'Hold your hands, boys; don't kill that chap,' pointing to a fine salmon that swam past; 'it's an old friend from the Shin, I declare. Some murdering sealgh (seal) has chased him, and he has overshot his mark, and put in here for safety. Here, old friend,' he continued, as he succeeded in capturing the fish from among the dozens struggling in the net, 'you shall go back; but, stay, I will mark you first;' and stripping off the hem of an old black silk neckcloth, he tied it round above the salmon's tail, and committed him to the river again. This was on Friday afternoon.

On Tuesday morning the marked fish was taken in the Shin, a distance of 150 miles, and a roundabout way to get at it, as a glance at the map will show."

We have little idea of the rate at which fish can travel if they wish to reach a certain goal. The fowls of the air do not exceed them in swiftness, and *they* are said to pass over upwards of a thousand miles in a single day; but it is not likely that the fish found in the Beaufort river can come from the ocean. A sea-fish *drowns in fresh water;* its gills are not fitted to breathe the more rarified water. The size of the fish at once upsets the idea of their springing from fertile ova remaining in the bed of the river. Hibernation or overland progression can alone solve the mystery. I incline to the former supposition, in spite of the look of the fish. I trust I shall receive specimens of them from my friend, Mr. Jackson, who is in the neighborhood; and his eye, accustomed to zoological observations, may perhaps detect a good reason for the phenomenon.

THE HOTTENTOT LANGUAGE.

(CONTINUED.)

The title of the "Collectanea" is *Illustris Viri Godofr.: Guilielmi Liebnitii Collectanea Etymologica. Illustrationi linguarum veteris Celticæ, Germanicæ, Gallicæ, aliarumque inservientia*, &c., &c. Hanoveræ, &c.MDCCXVII.

Witzen's correspondence is at p. 361, under the head of *Excerpta ex literis Illustris Viri Nicolai Witsenii Consulis Amstelodamensis*, ad G. G. L.

Under date 16th October, 1697, he writes (in French in this instance), "Comme je vois, que vous desirez d'avoir le *Pater noster* en des Langues de Pais éloignez, je prens la liberté de vous envoyer un Ecrit en Langue *Hottentote* avec le *Credo* & *Decem Præcepta*, de même que le *Pater noster* en Langue Mogale, le quel j'ay tiré avec beaucoup de peine d'un Mogal Esclave, qui est avec l'ambassade de Moscovie." &c., &c., &c. The Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Commandments are given in the following manner in Dutch and Hottentot. The Dutch observations are translated into English.

HET ONSE VADER IN HOTTENTOTS.

Onse Vader, die in de Hemelen zyt, geheyligt (a) *werde uw naam, uw*
Cita bô, t? homme ingá t' siha, t? sa di kamink ouna, hem
Koningryke (b) *kome, uw wil geschiede op der aarde, als in*
kouqueent see, dani hinqua t'sa inhee k? chou ki, quiquo t?

(a) Gelukkig zy juxta Hottent. (Anglice, happy be).
(b) Heerschappye, Hottent. (Chieftainship).

den hemel, geeft ons heden ons dagelyks broot, vergeeft ons onse homm' ingá, maa cita hcci cita kóua séqua bree, k ? hom cita, cita *Schulden, gelyk wy vergeven onse Schuldenaren, leyd ons niet in quaa* hiahínghee qniqno cita k ? hom, cita dóua kôuna, tire cita k ? chöá t ? *bekoringe, maar verlost ons van den bosen* (a), *want uwe is* authummá — k' hamta cita hi aqnei hee k ? dou anna, — t? aats *dat Koningryk, en de kragt, en de heerlykheyt in der eeuwigheyt.* kouqueetsa, hiquc t ? aats diaha, hique occisa ha, nauwi.

'It is to be observed that the Hottentots nse the words "fortunate" or "happy" (quasi beatum) for "holy;" and for "kingdom," which is unknown to them, "chieftainship;" and, further, as has been noted in the words not in nse with them. The accents are also, so far as possible, placed according to their manner of pronouncing the words; and it is further to be observed that whenever the letters k ? and t ?, as thus marked, are to be written and prononnced, the tongue is, in speaking, to be struck gently against the palate, in snch manner that the sounds should be distinct from the following word, and with a half sigh, as if they were kept suspended on the tongue while touching the palate, but must at length be produced. The words "but" and "because" are not in nse, and qnite unknown with them.'

DECEM PRÆCEPTA IN LINGUA HOTTENTOTICA.

Ik ben de Heere uwe God, die uw (b) *uyt Egyptenland uyt den dienst-* Tiri Kóuqucerc t'sa Thoró, tiri — — — — — ha k ? ootqui *huyse uyt geleyd hebbe.*
ha hanna, quassi a ha chabóna.

Dat eerste gebod, kába miáha.

Gy en sult geen andere Goden voor myn aangesicht hebben.
K' chara hingha t ? hona Thoró tiri ma yni.

Dat tweede gebod, t? amma miáha.

Gy en sult uw geen gesneden beeld, nog eenige gelykenis t ? aats k? ouy hia hing tite k ? ey k ? ey, hique aâ hachon k ? *maken, van 't geene dat boven in den Hemel is, nog van 't* oïchou hanna, quassi há chou T'homminga há hique âa *geene dat onder op der aarde is, nogte van 't geene in de wateren onder* k ? chou ki á, hique âa hachou T' anminga k' chou *d' aarde is, gy en sult uw voor die niet buygen, nog haar dienen,* n' âa há, haqui ná t ? haban kouy, haqueena cince naban *want ik ben de Heere uwe God, den yverig God, die de misdaet* quoïto tiri kouquére t? sa Thoró, son sa Thoró k ? ham t'hou. *der Vaderen besoeke aan de kinderen aan het derde en vierde lid* hin thon sequeena hantit 'sa hinha Thiane honna hique haka k ?

(a) Van dem quaden Man, Duyvel. (From the evil man, Devil).
(b) Ik heb uw. (Anglice, I have you).

der geener die my haten, en doe Barmhartigheyt aan duysenden die
amí queena te hanni tiri hy a k ? in k ? ey gissi gis si queena tire
my lief hebben, en myne geboden onderhouden.
anna k ? ouna, hique ti mi hiahá quinna.

'T derde gebod, houna miáha.

Gy en sult den name des Heeren uwes Gods niet ydelyk ge-
K? chom a t 'si chouteê k? ouna Kouqnee t ? sa Thoró t' a hiri mat'
bruyken, want de Heere sal niet onschuldig houden die synen naam
sá ha tâats k ? oú quinque hachoutite t'aats k ? chom konna
ydelyk gebruykt.
ahi ri mat' saha.

Dat vierde gebod, háka miáha.

Gedenkt des Sabbath dags, dat gy die heyliget. Ses dagen sult gy
K' auqua hin k' inquee nani quaqua cincin
arbeyden, en al uw werk doen, maar de sevende dag is de Sabbath des
hique kou a sa cincin honko sequa k ? au qua t ?
Heeren uwes Gods, dan en sult gy geen werk doen nochte uwe
sa kouquee t' sa Thoró, cincin a choute — — hique tite t ?
sone, nogh uw dogter, nogh uwen dienst knegh nog uw dienst
s ato hique tite t ? sak ? os, hique tite t' sa chouqué hique tite t' sa
maegt, nog uw vee, nog uw vreemdeling die in uwe
kobos, hique tite t' sak ? gougonqua t ? sa oussa queêna t' sa
poorten is want in ses dagen heeft de Heere den Hemel en d'aarde
aïngánani quaqua quee hi ahi kouqueê t'homme hique k ? chou
gemaakt, de zee, en alles wat daarin is, ende hy rustede den sevenden
houri, hique houri na hachouqua aqua di konko ha
dag, darom segende de Heere den Sabbath dag, en heyligde denselven.
kassin dit ci hahin hia ha kamm k ? eyn quaturi hique hia ha hin hee.

Dat vyffde gebod, Koró miáha.

Eert uwen Vader, ende uwe Moeder, op dat gy lang leeft in den Lande,
Abá i bô hique i see, kasso kasso k ? oin i kchou,
dat uw de Heere uwe God geeft.
ma Thoró kouque mare ha chouy.

Dat sesde gebod, Naní miáha.

Gy en sult niet dood slaan.
Hachou k ? ham maân k ? oi.

Dat sevende gebod, honko miáha.

Gy en sult niet egt bréken.
K ? chai k ? ee t? hona chointe.

Dat achtste gebod, k ? heisee miáha.

Gy en sult niet steelen.
K ? aan k ? ouy.

Dat negende gebod, guissi miáha.

Gy eu sult geen valsche getuygenis spréken tegens uwen naesten
t ? hou a go minqua me ankouy t ? hounáquee dampsena que heê

Dat tiende gebod, gissi miáha.

Gy en sult niet begeeren uwes naasten huys, nog syn wyf, nog
t' hounaque k ? omme hanna k ? ouy thounáque quies,
synen dienstknegt, nog syn dienstmaagt, nog synen os, nog synen esel,
haque chouquee haque kobos, haque g' hoô, haque hacqua*
of iets dat uwes naesten is.
haque chou ha.

SYMBOLUM APOSTOLICUM IN LINGUA HOTTENTOTICA.

Ik gelove in God den Vader, den Almagtigen Schepper (a) *des*
Tiri k ? hem k ? in Thoró Bō k ? dya, qui y há hinqua
hemels en der aarde. Ende in Jesum Christum, synen een ge-
t ? homme hique k ? chou, hique — — — — há que ouna
booren Sone, onsen Heere, die ontfangen is van den Heiligen
ha toito, cita kóuquee, há chouniugá touy, a sa kamins
Geest, (b) *geboren uyt de maget Maria, die geleden heeft* (c) *onder*
k ? omma oa, ha thouna a sa os — — t ? hou sa thon — —
Pontius Pilatus, is gekruyst, (d) *gestorven, ende begraven, neder ge-*
— — — hiba ehomina massíha, k ? ôo, hique k ? hàa,
daald ter hellen, ten derden dage wederom opgestaan van den doden, (e)
houna sequa t ? haba k ? oi t ? ha t ?
opgevaren ten hemel, sittende ter regten hand Gods des
homminga bamma, heque k ? amköá a mangnöá Thoró hantit ? sa,
Allmagtigen Vaders, van waar hy komen sal, om te oordelen (f)
k ? dya sa bō, háy ha haquee hahân, k ? chom k ? oí sa
de Levendige en de Dode. Ik gelove in den Heyligen
queena, hique k ? oô sa queena. tiri k ? hem k ? ia kamins k ? om-
Geest, ik gelove een heylige algemeene (g) *Cristelyke Kerke,*
ma öá, tiri k ? hem k ? ia kamins k ? oua a sa k ? ta — k ? au,
gemeinshap der heyligen, vergevinge der sonden, oopstandinge des
qui á quee kamins k ? ouna, k ? ami marrêe, oossaque k ? oô
Vlesch, ende een eeuwig Leven.
qua bamma, hique kasso kasso k ? öin.

'Observe that the words unknown to the Hottentots are expressed by the words given in the notes, and their meaning given as nearly as possible accordiug to the true sense and signification, and sometimes it has been found uecessary to make use of paraphrases. Further, see the notes respecting the accents and pronunciation on the Lord's Prayer.'

* Hacqua signifies a tame horse, unknown to the Hottentots, and for a wild ass or horse they have but one word 'd' au': a clear proof that before the arrival of Europeans, they had seen no horses.

(a) Die gemaakt heeft. (Anglice, who hath made).
(b) Den gelukkige adem of windeke. (The happy breath or gentle wind).
(c) Peyne gehad. (Had pain).
(d) An den hohen paal vast gemaakt. (Fastened to the high stake).
(e) Levendig worden. (Become alive).
(f) Om te spreken met. (To speak to).
(g) Die vor ieder openstaat. (Which is open to all).

LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In 1852, Dr. Livingstone having secured for his wife and family a passage to England, prepared himself for his great exploratory expedition into the interior. His colonial journey from Cape Town, his shrewd intelligent observations of men and manners along his route, his travels through the old familiar solitudes beyond colonial civilisation, we must, within our present restricted limits, omit altogether. On the 23rd of May, 1853, he arrived at Linyanti, in lat. 18° 17′ S., long. 35°, 30′ E., the capital town of the Makololo, and the same spot visited by him previously in 1851. Sebituane, the great Makololo chieftain, having died two years before, the country was now ruled by Sekeletu, his younger son, now aged only eighteen, but shrewd, intelligent, and amiable of disposition. The circumstances of his accession to power are curious:—

Sebituane installed his daughter, Mamochisane, into the chieftainship long before his death; but with all his acuteness, the idea of her having a husband who should not be her lord did not seem to enter into his mind. He wished to make her his successor, probably in imitation of some of the negro tribes with whom he had come into contact; but being of the Bechuana race, he could not look upon the husband except as the woman's lord, so he told her all the men were hers; she might take any one, but ought to keep none. In fact, he thought she might take courage to do with the men what he would do with the women; but these men had other wives; and, according to a saying in the country, "the tongues of women cannot be governed." They made her miserable by their remarks. One man whom she chose was even called her wife, and her son the child of Mamochisane's wife; but the arrangement was so distasteful to Mamochisane herself that as soon as Sebituane died, she said she never would consent to govern the Makololo so long as she had a brother living.

Sekeletu was this brother. Another claimant to the throne was announced in a distant relative, Mpepe: Mamochisane, however, upheld Sekeletu's claims, and at last—

She stood up in the assembly and addressed him with a womanly gush of tears. "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be a chief, and build up your father's house."

The unhappy Mamochisane had been driven to this persuasion by the jealous jeers and taunts of her fellow-country*women*, and now "the womanly gush of tears" from the resigning chieftainess carried conviction to the hearts of her male subjects. Sekeletu was accordingly installed as monarch of the Makololo.

The Salique law is by no means universal among the African tribes. In the subsequent course of Dr. Livingstone's journey northward, he encountered a variety of female chiefs. A few of them appeared as amiable and friendly as if they had belonged to the superior sex. The principal and most distinguished of them was very considerably the reverse. This was Manenko, the redoubtable chieftainess of the Balonda. Livingstone's track lay through a portion of her territory, and good

policy dictated the necessity of visiting her mightiness, and paying respect to her as the sovereign of the soil. Messengers were sent to her accordingly to announce the arrival of the traveler.

To our first message, offering a visit of explanation to Manenko, we got an answer, with a basket of manioc roots, that we must remain where we were till she should visit me. Having waited two days already for her, other messengers arrived with orders for me to come to her. After four days of rains and negotiation, I declined going at all.

Livingstone's loyalty had been thus severely tested, and the ungallant resolution to which he came shows how at last it was exhausted. He was not destined to miss the expected interview, for Manenko herself at last arrived on the scene.

She was a tall, strapping woman, about twenty, distinguished by a profusion of ornaments and medicines hung round her person: the latter are supposed to act as charms. Her body was smeared all over with a mixture of fat and red ochre, as a protection against the weather,...a necessary precaution, for, like most of the Balonda ladies, she was otherwise in a state of frightful nudity. This was not from want of clothing, for being a chief, she might have been as well clad as any of her subjects, but from her peculiar ideas of elegance and dress.

She was accompanied by her husband, Sambanza, who did all the ambassadorial duty, and addressed Livingstone and his attendants in an eloquent set speech. To complete the picture of these African aristocrats, we must present a description of Sambanza's decorations:—

When he had finished his oration he rose up, and showed his ankles, ornamented with a bundle of copper rings: had they been very heavy, they would have made him adopt a straggling walk. . . . The gentlemen, like Sambanza, who wish to imitate their betters, do so in their walk: so you see men with only a few ounces of ornament on their legs, strutting along as if they had double the number of pounds. When I smiled at Sambanza's walk, the people remarked "That is the way in which they show off their lordship in these parts."

It is clear though snobs are as abundant in Balonda as in London or the Cape, a native Leech or Thackeray has scarcely yet risen there to erneify them. Livingstone's object in this interview with Manenko was, to establish a bond of friendship, and reciprocal trade between the Balonda and Makololo. The chieftainess entered cordially into his schemes, and, as a commencement, she proposed that Kalimbota, one of the chief of Livingstone's Makololo attendants, should forthwith select a wife from among the Balonda. The purpose of this was manifest. His Balonda wife still residing in Manenko's country, Kalimbota's visits thither would be more frequent, "having the good excuse of going to see his wife; and the Makololo would never, of course, kill the villagers among whom so near a relative of one of their own children dwelled." Kalimbota was only too well pleased with the proposition, and he soon afterwards deserted from Livingstone's service. Our author's further sketches of Manenko's character are extremely picturesque and amusing, and as they are illustrative of certain develop-

ments of human nature, equally prominent in civilised life as among savages, we cannot resist the pleasure of a few more brief extracts :—

When erecting our sheds at the village, Manenko fell upon our friends from Masiko in a way that left no doubt in our minds but that she is a most accomplished scold. . . . . She advanced and receded in true oratorical style, belaboring her own servants, as well for allowing the offence (committed by the Masikos, and wholly an imaginary one); and, as usual in more civilized feminine lectures, she leaned over the objects of her ire, and screamed forth all their faults and failings ever since they were born, and her despair of ever seeing them become better until they were all "killed by aligators." Masiko's people followed the plan of receiving this torrent of abuse in silence ; and as neither we nor they had anything to eat, we parted next morning. . . . . Manenko gave us some manioc roots in the morning, and had determined to carry our baggage to her uncle's, Kabompo or Shinte. We had had a sample of what she could do with her tongue ; and as neither my men nor myself had much inclination to encounter a scolding from this black Mrs. Caudle, we made ready the packages ; but she came and said the men whom she had ordered for the service had not yet come ; they would arrive to-morrow. Being on low and disagreeable diet, I felt annoyed at this further delay, and ordered the packages to be put into the canoes, to proceed up the river without her servants ; but Manenko was not to be circumvented in this way ; she came forward with her people and said her uncle would be angry if she did not carry forward the tusks and goods of Sekeletu, seized the luggage and declared she would carry it in spite of me. My men succumbed sooner to this petticoat government than I felt inclined to do, and left me no power ; and being unwilling to encounter her tongue I was moving off to the canoes, when she gave me a kind of explanation, and with her hand on my shoulder, put on a motherly look, saying "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." My feelings of annoyance of course vanished, and I went out to try and get some meat.

This was certainly somewhat humiliating; but Dr. Livingstone was not the first of his sex who felt himself compelled to submit to Caudle eloquence.

But we must return to Sekeletu and the Makololo. The territory of this chief is extensive, fertile, and populous, and abundantly watered by the Zambesi and its tributary streams. Livingstone's reception there was a most cordial one ; his previous visit to Sebituane was remembered with delight, and on his entering Linyanti he was met by the old court herald in such adulatory sentences as "Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu? Give your son sleep, my lord, &c., &c." (sleep being the Makololo synonym for peace). The traveler had provided himself with appropriate gifts for presentation to the chief, and among these were an improved breed of goats and fowls, and a pair of cats. A superior bull had been brought also for the same purpose, but falling footsore, he was left behind in the journey. The Makololo themselves have two breeds of cattle among them—

One called the Batoka, because captured from that tribe, is of diminutive size, but very beautiful ; and closely resembles the short horns of our own country. The little pair presented by the King of Portugal to H.R.H. the Prince Consort is of this breed. They are very tame and remarkably playful : they may be seen lying on their sides by the fires in the evening ; and when the herd goes out the herdsman often precedes them, and has only

to commence capering to set them all a-gamboling. The other, or Barotse ox, is much larger, and comes from the fertile Barotse valley. They stand high on their legs, often nearly six feet at the withers, and they have very large horns.

Of the Makololo ladies, and their notions of comeliness and grace, we have some amusing sketches :—

They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass ; and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein were amusingly ridiculous. "Is that me ?" "What a big mouth I have !" "My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves." "I have no chin at all." "I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek bones." "See how my head shoots up in the middle !" laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One *man* came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once when he thought I was asleep ; after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, "People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed."

Livingstone continued the guest of Sekeletu for a period of some three months; and, in company with the chieftain, traveled through the whole Makololo country in full African magnificence. Sekeletu and the people, throughout this tour, treated the missionary with the most marked respect, and even affection ; and in his book he speaks of them in the kindest terms. But heathenism is, at best, and in the most favorable circumstances, by no means a state of Arcadian delight. Livingstone writes :—

I had been, during a nine weeks' tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before ; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food (oxen being slaughtered daily, sometimes ten at a time, more than sufficient for the wants of all), yet to endure the dancing, roaring and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarreling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits which, to a casual observer, lie beneath the surface, and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labor that have been expended to produce them.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

At no time have so much anxiety and astonishment been evinced among the commercial circles of this colony as during the past month; in the course of which it was announced that the firm of J. R. Thomson & Co., of London, had temporarily suspended payment. It was, however, most gratifying to find that it had received assistance from the Bank of England, and resumed its operations after a very short period. The actual fact is well known now, through the periodical press, to every colonist; but it has not been so generally made public that Messrs. J. R.

Thomson & Co. withdrew large quantities of produce, which they had received from this colony and Mauritius, at a time when prices were very low, and preferred to sacrifice their own interests to those of their constituents. It is known to all commercial men connected with the Cape that the house had, during the last twelve years, large transactions with Mauritius, in supplying their constituents there with goods, and receiving produce in return from them for sale. It entered into no speculations, and, from its extreme caution, is unlikely to have made any losses. We cannot but congratulate the colony on having escaped a most serious disaster, and those connected with the house in question, that the statement it was enabled to produce was of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of their experiencing any detriment by transactions with it. Naturally, the alarm that was felt here led to much remark, and even the *Times* newspaper was represented, by ignorant persons, to have been bought to announce the expected resumption of business; but the subsequent intelligence has confirmed fully the good news.

The holidays have much interfered with the usual business, and it is only within the last few days that any fair amount has been done. In shipping, there have been a few arrivals with manufactures from England, and some with assorted cargoes from the United States, of which we find that flour does not form a large portion. The price of Cape wheat will probably have an encouraging effect on holders of American flour, but there is no inducement for sending on this article to the eastward. The return transports are carrying home their stores for disposal there, in preference to sacrificing them in India. The steamers trading on the coast give much life to Table Bay; and the speed with which those employed on the mail service between England and our colony have made their passages hitherto is extremely satisfactory. Two or three large steamers have called in outwards and homewards, and have expended considerable sums in coals and provisions. The month of February will probably see a great many more steamers on their homeward voyages. Doubtless, the demand for troops will necessitate a further charter of some of these fine vessels. Freights, we regret to say, are almost nominal. Quotations have been made to us of 7s. 6d. ℔ pipe for wine, to London; and copper ore has been begged at the same price. Very little wool or light freight is going forward from this port; but from Algoa Bay ½d. ℔ lb. is the ruling rate. Many ships have gone to the eastward, seeking, from both, usually loading ports. In Mauritius, freights are very low, and indeed we know of no Eastern port where the demand for shipping is not far exceeded by the supply.

In imported articles, very little has been done, in consequence of the holidays. Coffee arrives in considerable quantities, and is not readily saleable at a profit. The stocks are large. There has been one arrival of tea during the month, but not a large parcel. With rice, the market is fairly supplied, but the high price in India is barely maintained here. Sugar is perhaps scarcer than any of the ordinary imports, but the advices of the home market, received at Mauritius, will probably reduce prices considerably, and have their effect here. We anticipate a reduction in the amount of Customs duty during the present year, as there are some very heavy stocks in town, which are not likely to be replenished in the present aspect of affairs in England.

Exportable articles have suffered much by the low state of the markets in England. Wool, which fell there from 4d. @ 6d. ℔ lb. will undergo a still greater reaction here, and hides and skins, ostrich

feathers, and wine, will all of them feel the reaction considerably. The high prices which the farmers have obtained for their produce during the last few years will enable them to meet this *contre-temps* without much difficulty; and we hope that a healthier system may be brought about by it. A reaction in the wool-market constantly takes place, and it must not be forgotten that it is a much more serious matter to the colony now than when the quantity of wool exported was inconsiderable. The loss of even 1d. ℔ lb. makes us poorer by upwards of £60,000 than before. The usual shipments of fish, as well as guano, to Mauritius, continue, and apparently realize good prices. We notice, also, a cargo of cows, &c., to that island. Horses are not being shipped, except by Government, to India; and we hear of no further vessels being taken up for their conveyance. Indeed, it is reported, that the East India Company are about to send down transports to carry on all their own horses, in future.

In a former number, we took occasion to remark upon the issuing of document bills, in the same manner as is the custom at Mauritius; and we earnestly recommended that this course should, in future, be adopted, whenever practicable. The security which it will give to both purchaser and seller, without, in any way, affecting the credit of the latter, is unquestionable; and we look forward to its being carried out with every satisfaction.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

As usual, first and foremost on the list of donors stands our indefatigable friend, Mr. A. Jackson; to him we owe a springbuck; three korhaans, male and female; a Namaqua partridge, or sand grouse; a ground squirrel; a lot of birds' eggs; and a host of small specimens in different branches of zoology.

Dr. Graff has sent a large collection of eggs and nests; a fine specimen of two of the beautiful gongous head starfish; a hammer-headed shark, &c., &c.

From Mr. Gillman, of the hotel at Kalk Bay, we have received a most interesting specimen; the paper nautilus, with the animal. This is a valuable addition to our shelves. We now possess both the species, found on this coast, in spirits. More specimens will, however, be gladly received.

Mr. Hugo has again favored us with an addition to our living reptilia, and the reception of some of the new cases ordered for them has enabled us to house them properly. Live snakes or reptilia of any kind will be most welcome.

His Excellency Sir George Grey has presented a specimen of that curious caterpillar, from Australia, which has, for some years, attracted the notice of the zoological world, exhibiting the remarkable phenomenon of a plant parasitic on a living animal. This specimen has been placed in the new insect cabinet, and may be viewed on application to the attendant.

A Chinese standard and some Chinese arms have been contributed by , through the Hon. Rawson W. Rawson, Esq. These trophies were captured during the late war in the celestial empire, and give a good idea of the efficiency of the arms of that *highly civilized* nation. The "leche," presented by Mr. Green, and brought by him from Lake Ngami, has, at last, been mounted by Mr. Verreaux. Unfortunately, the skin has undergone the usual unmerciful

tension, and all the skill of the taxidermist has been unavailing to bring back the original proportions. This is an extremely rare antelope, and the Museum may boast that it has, perhaps, the only specimeu yet transmitted to any iustitution.

The head of a dicynodon, differing from any previously known collection, has been preseuted by Miss Elliott. This is a very interesting specimen, showing the singular tusks better than any other we have seen.

From Mr. C. Pillans we have received a large box of ores, which are reserved till the return of Mr. Wyley.

The discovery of the long lost catalogue of the collection of rock specimens from Germany has enabled us to label that series, which consists of nearly 200 specimens,—a few having been lost before it was presented to us by the Colonial Government. In this task, I have met with the greatest assistance from Dr. Pappe, and Mr. Reid, of the Civil Engineer's department,—the former translating the catalogue, the latter printing the extremely neat labels that now explain to the visitor what he is looking at.

We hope, at no very distant date, to see all our specimens thus labeled; but the time at our disposal is barely sufficient to keep down the work that daily pours in upon us.

The arrival of the shells, purchased in England for the completion of our really fine collection, will enable me now to exhibit the whole of the Lamarkian genera, except *Limacina*, of which only one single example is known. This I shall endeavour to represent by a colored drawing.

To Mr. John Rex, of the Knysna, we are indebted for a collection of rats, mice, and shrews, from the Knysna, all of which are new to us.

Mr. Moffatt has also sent us a collection of birds, from the neighborhood of Kuruman, many of which are desiderata.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

REPLIES.

The wine season being close at hand, I think I cannot do better than publish the following, for the information of our wine-growing fellow-colonists. Should these suggestions be acted upon, I feel convinced the "vexed question" about the cause of the inferiority of the Cape wines will be satisfactorily settled.

It is a well-known and admitted fact, that fermentation of the vinous kind is best conducted at a temperature of from 68° to 77° Fahrenheit. If the temperature of the fluid to be fermented is much below the first named heat the fermentation is very sluggish, and does not afford a good or certain product; on the contrary, if the fermenting fluid is much above the last named heat, the process is too much hastened, and a certain quantity of vinegar is generated, which, of course, modifies the alcoholic strength of the fermented fluid; and not only that, but nearly invariably, the acetic or vinegar compounds with bases have a disagreeable taste or flavor, which is more or less communicated to the fluid in which they may be present. Now, in this colony, the grapes are picked in the hot sun, and very frequently the bunches are at a temperature of 90° or over; they are immediately pressed out, and violent fermentation takes place at once,—so violent, in fact, that the 'must' frequently works over the casks. The fermentation of must, when conducted properly, ought never to be more violent than what is called the

whastling fermentation; that is, a succession of bubbles of carbonic acid gas, generated in the liquid, and rising to the surface, where they burst, without bringing up any viscid matter attached to them. There is very little scum on the surface, if any; and the appearance of the fermenting tub is similar to a glass of soda water after it has stood a few minutes. This is fermentation conducted at a proper temperature, and is that which is invariably followed in France. Now, if our wine-growers mean seriously to improve the quality of their wines, they must pick the grapes in the coolest part of the day, that is, in the morning before the sun has had time to warm the fruit, and conduct the fermentation in cool cellars, which they generally do. The product would improve immensely in quality. J. G.

Rust in Wheat.—The rust in wheat is not, as many suppose, a disease peculiar to wheat; but is very common among the native grasses, in certain seasons. I believe all the gramineæ are subject to it under certain conditions, which I think are the following:—A full or abundant supply of moisture in a warm or genial climate, such as cloudy and foggy weather after rains, stimulates the vegetative principle, and brings up a large growth of leaves and stalk; but these are mostly derived from the atmosphere. As soon as the seeding begins, the plants, which before seemed so healthy, begin to show symptoms of weakness; or, as the people say, poverty in the blood, by becoming covered with an eruption, "the rust," because the material of the seed, the azotous or nitrogenous, must be derived from the soil. The plant, however, has already outgrown the proportion in itself, and developed a superabundance of saccharine and gummy matter, without sufficient nitrogenous matter to maintain *itself*, without affording any for the highly-developed seeds. There can be no better illustration of the truth of this theory than the growth of mustard or tobacco. The first crop of a piece of ground is good; and, if the soil is rich, perhaps one or two more: but if the cultivation is continuous on the same spot, without the application of highly nitrogenous manure, the mustard will grow strong and large in leaf, if there is plenty of moisture. But, when seed-time comes, there appears an eruption on the stalk, and there is no seed produced; and in tobacco the leaves may be large, but the tobacco has neither strength or flavor, and will not burn. The remedy is, I believe, manure. J. G.

QUERY.

The introduction of the new word "telegram" has excited, in England, a most violent wordy war. The obnoxious intruder, however, has proved successful, and is, by the fiat of Messrs. Longmans, and the Row, in future to be enshrined in every standard lexicon of the English tongue. In Cape publications I have detected some insidious endeavors and tendencies to alter time-honored orthographic forms, against which, as an ardent admirer of antiquity, I am anxious to raise a warning voice. I need only instance two words which are thus becoming, in my opinion, rapidly corrupted: though some are audacious enough to declare the alterations improvements. "Jewellery," with its fine display of liquid l's, is now curtailed in several of our newspapers as "jewelry;" and the same ruthless power is at work on "travellers," who are henceforth to figure only as "travelers." This last corruption, by the way, I have more than once detected in your own *Magazine*. I am told that Noah Webster has been the cause of all this; but I want to ask of you whether true-born English words are thus to be snubbed and mutilated at the instigation of dollar-worshipping Yankees? Q.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY, 1858.

Feb. 5.—9h. 1m. p.m., Mars and Moon in conjunction			Mars	N.	6°16′
„ 12.—1h. 1m. a.m., Mercury	„	„	Mercury	N.	3 27
„ 13.—3h. 16m. p.m., Venus	„	„	Venus	N.	1 13
„ 19.—3h. 27m. p.m., Jupiter	„	„	Jupiter	S.	5 28
„ 20.—4h. 56m. p.m., Uranus	„	„	Uranus	S.	5 16
„ 24.—1h. 8m. p.m., Saturn	„	„	Saturn	S.	4 16

„ 27.—Moon eclipsed; visible at Greenwich.

EVENING STARS.—Planets: Jupiter and Saturn; Stars: Aldebaran, Rigel, Canopus, and Sirius.

MORNING STARS.—Planets: Mars and Venus; Stars: Spica, Arcturus, and Antares.

G. MACLEAR.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.

FOR DECEMBER, 1857.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation=100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch	
1	30·042	66·74	59·43	56·0	80·6	56·9	2·9	S¼E	0·034	3·5
2	30·116	66·58	57·72	53·0	72·0	58·4	3·9	S¼W		0·6
3	30·049	69·86	60·92	60·2	77·0	59·4	6·0	S¼W		0·0
4	29·950	63·06	62·63	75·4	75·8	59·6	2·8	SbW½W	0·034	6·1
5	30·061	64·64	57·80	65·6	69·0	57·0	1·5	SSW	0·107	4·6
6					67·7	57·5			0·038	
7	30·103	59·30	59·30	65·8	69·5	58·5	6·0	S¼W		0·6
8	29·986	62·06	62·06	67·6	73·0	61·6	6·6	SbW		0·5
9	29·854	62·44	62·44	67·6	73·8	61·9	5·5	SbW½W		0·6
10	29·887	70·66	64·42	72·2	77·5	60·5	1·8	SSW½W		3·7
11	29·985	64·02	56·60	63·2	72·5	55·2	1.0	SW½S		2·6
12	30·003	63·52	56·58	67·0	73·3	53·7	0·6	WbS	0·154	3·5
13					66·5	52·3			0·123	
14	30·143	68·40	60·64	64·6	72·5	58·7	3·0	S		1·2
15	30·037	67·84	59·64	62·0	72·0	60·5	4·6	S		2·5
16	29·882	70·78	62·02	61·4	75·0	62·3	3·6	SSW		2·1
17	29·844	70·76	65·32	76·4	79·3	60·5	1·6	SWbS	0·007	4·5
18	29·820	64·94	59.24	73·0	74·8	56·0	1·9	WbN	0·629	4·3
19	29·977	63·00	56·22	65·8	66·8	51·9	0·2	W½S	0·028	1·5
20					69·1	54·0				
21	29·917	68·96	60·60	63·4	76·5	54·8	0·1	SW¼S		0·5
22	29·994	68·40	62·36	72·4	76·2	53·8	1·4	WNW	0·015	4·7
23	30·077	66·26	58·88	64·2	72·0	57·0	1·8	S¼W		2·2
24	29·992	63·56	60·28	62·6	73·7	58·2	2·5	S¼E		0·2
25	29·963	71·68	62·88	62·0	75·5	61·4	3·8	S¼W		0·0
26	29·949	68·80	62·64	72·2	76·3	63·6	3·7	SSW		3·7
27					76·8	58·0				
28	30·070	61·96	55·04	64·0	69·8	51·2	0·8	SW¼S	0·054	4·4
29	30·238	62·56	52·08	43·2	65·8	52·6	2·0	S		2·6
30	29·955	69·18	59·90	60·0	77·0	56·8	1·7	SbW½W		0·6
31	29·889	64·52	57·68	66·2	71·5	56·8	2·5	WbN½N		7·7
Mean	29·992	66·57	59·83	65·07	73·26	57·60	2·73	SSW¼W	1·223	2·6

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5.34	A.M h. m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h. m 5 34	P.M. h. m. 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	29·989	30·010	29·983	29·974	30·004	30·309	29·770
Thermometer dry bulb, degrees.	60·50	68·69	72·78	68 58	62·31	81·60	53·90
„ wet bulb, „	56·61	60·63	62·97	60·81	58·13	69·60	49·20
Humidity of the air, per cent.	76 13	58·85	54·22	60·48	75·67	94·00	32·00

(Signed) PIERCE MORTON,

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THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOTES ON THE ROMAN LAW IN THIS COLONY.

[INTRODUCTORY.]

IGNORANCE of the law excuses none. A citizen or subject is guilty of an unpardonable offence, if, not knowing, he disregards a duly promulgated enactment. The imperial constitution which Caligula exalted to such a height that Lord Rosse's telescope would have been required to decipher its contents, is indeed stated by legal sages to have been disentitled to this obedience; but the camels' loads of *senatûs consulta* and edicts, decrees and rescripts, prætorian regulations and responses of jurisconsults, which Justinian entrusted to Tribonian and Dorotheus for filtration and reproduction, were equally the portion of the *Civis Romanus* as his immunity from stripes. The thousand and one volumes of reports in the English courts, in which diametrically opposite rules of law are laid down as the result of the wisdom of different tribunals,—combined with the statutes from Magna Charta (that bulwark of English liberty, read by one Englishman in a thousand) to the late Divorce Act,—are presumed to be familiar as household words to Lord Palmerston's modern *Cives Romani*. The "Code Napoleon," with its multitudinous commentaries—which compel those who admired codification, when the great work was completed, to despair of the attainment of legal simplicity, seeing that conflicting volumes have been written on section after section intended to be plain—is the birthright of, and must be taken to be thoroughly understood by, every Frenchman as soon as he has emerged from infancy.

The theory is undoubtedly correct. Our ancestors in this colony, during its happy subjection to the Netherlands East India Company, were bound to conform to all that Van der Stell published, by affixture to the doors of the Court of

Policy, or of the Landdrost's office, though they were hundreds of miles distant, and the printing press was yet unknown. At present, the vagrant Hottentot and the equally vagrant Karoo boer; the Settler of 1820, who, far from England, clamors for English law, little aware of the confusion into which the intricacies of the surviving remnants of feudal tenures would plunge the titles of his newly-acquired lands; and the staid farmer of Graaff-Reinet or the Nieuweveld, who believes that community of property, filial and legitimate portions, and interest at six per cent., are to be discovered somewhere—the exact place not indicated—in an unknown book of Moses, as precepts inviolate for the governance of the chosen people, are held as well acquainted with the law of the colony as the judges of the Supreme Court. Better indeed: for it is at their peril that they take a wrong view of the law, and thereby injure their neighbors, while the judges are privileged to err, and to have their error rectified by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, at no peril, and at no cost,—or rather at the cost of the unhappy suitor, who had enjoyed a short-lived triumph on the strength of their opinion.

The following pages, therefore, will disclose nothing new. In accordance with the principle of the English courts of equity, whatever ought to have been done is held to have been done,—whatever ought in theory to be known to all, is the intellectual property of every individual. It is for the benefit of the few, who, forming the exception, prove the universal rule, that a sketch of the nature of the laws which we are bound to obey in this colony is offered; and that, if leisure permits, future information on the different departments of legal obligation will be supplied.

In some shape, every corner of the civilized globe feels the enduring influence of the Eternal City. Ages have, indeed, passed away since the vast empire of the Roman arms was laid low in the dust; it may be that from the date of the rude shock of the Reformation, the Roman Church has ceased for ever to hold despotic sway over the faith and reason of mankind, though the resumption of much lost dominion has marked the present era. But the Roman law, which existed in its most valuable portions before the glories of the empire, or the pretensions of the church, still survives with undiminished authority,—the foundation of the jurisprudence of all the nations of the earth which are not sunk in barbarism.

The jurists of the states of Continental Europe have ever acknowledged their obligations to this inexhaustible mass of

legal principle and precept; but the truth was abhorrent to the narrow spirit of English lawyers, who, rejecting with scorn the authority of foreign churchmen, forgot that what Lanfranc taught in Gaul in the eleventh, and Vacarius, at Oxford, in the twelfth century, was but an expansion of the principles that governed the judgment-seat when Britain was a Roman colony; and with consistent prejudice, until our own day, have they refused to confess the merits of a system, whose maxims and rules had been for centuries grafted upon the private law of the land. For years upon years the compilations of Justinian,—which contained time-honored precepts in the very words of Papinian, Paulus, and Ulpian, whose presence among the great men who adorned the Roman courts of justice in Britain, for the three hundred years which elapsed between Claudius and Honorius, gave existence to much of the most valuable portions of the common law,—were cited in Westminster Hall, without a reference to their origin, as part of a law of the land, which was imagined to flourish by heavenly dispensation, unplanted and unwatered, within the four seas, the exclusive property of Englishmen.

Of late, however, the reproach has in some degree ceased. A praiseworthy candor has marked the course of English lawyers on this subject. The essential importance of the study of the civil law, in order to comprehend much of the English law, which could otherwise not be traced to its sources, is admitted, and it no longer needs unwonted courage, as in the days of Sir William Jones, to make the acknowledgment of the debt due by English jurisprudence to the intellect of Rome.

The true distinction is that, in England, palpable as is the influence which the civil law has had, its authority is not direct, as in other European states. "What is good sense in one age must be good sense, all circumstances remaining, in another; and pure, unsophisticated reason is the same in Italy and in England, in the mind of a Papinian and of a Blackstone;"—and therefore, says the eminent orientalist and jurist who has just been cited as one of the most strenuous battlers against the strong prejudice of his day, "in questions of rational law we should shorten our own labor, by reference to the wisdom of ancient jurists, many of whom were the most ingenious and sagacious of men." A late very learned Chief Justice, one of the most profound lawyers who ever adorned the English bench, in delivering an elaborate judgment on an intricate question, for which no precedent could be found in the English books, rested the decision of the court entirely on the response of one of the jurists of the

third century, preserved in the Pandects, with these remarks on the respect due to them, although he could not admit their authority in a legal sense :—

> The Roman law forms no rule binding in itself on the subjects of these realms ; but, in deciding a case upon principle, where no direct authority can be cited from our books, it affords no small evidence of the soundness of the conclusion at which we have arrived, if it prove to be supported by that law,—the fruit of the researches of the most learned men, the collective wisdom of ages, and the groundwork of the municipal laws of most of the countries of Europe. The authority of one, at least, of the learned Roman lawyers, appears decisive on the point, in favor of the defendants : of some others, the opinion is expressed with more obscurity.

And, in accordance with this opinion, a question of grave importance and novelty in English law was decided regarding the draining away of water flowing in a subterraneous course by mining operations.

But the process which gave the " written law," as it was exclusively termed, direct influence in some countries, and indirect, though almost equally powerful influence in others, was nearly the same in all. When it is asserted that this law is the groundwork of the laws of civilized Europe, it is not thereby understood that in modern Germany, in the Netherlands, in France, where, since the revival of letters, the study was diligently prosecuted for the purpose of practical application in the administration of justice,—legislative enactment had constituted the civil law to be the law of the land, and thus ensured its supremacy. Its triumph was secured by its excellence. In the continental lands, which had been subject to the imperial dominion, as in England, its principles and rules had never been entirely lost, amid the barbarism and confusion which followed the fall of the Western Empire. Its doctrines continued to afford light on the questions between man and man, in the new societies which emerged from the ruins of the Roman government, and which at length shaped themselves into the national communities of modern Europe.

When these communities, advancing in civilization, advanced also in respect for property, and for law, by which property is secured, those to whom the administration of justice was confided, found in the Pandects a ready solution of difficult questions (as did Sir N. Tindal, in the case to which reference has been made), new indeed to them, but settled in an earlier state of complicated society by the expounders of Roman judicial science.

At length, wherever the ancient usages of the particular nation did not establish a clear rule of decision, and special

laws applicable to the subject of inquiry did not exist, the authority of the Roman law, as a complete system, supplying the deficiency of the national law, was admitted, *in subsidium*, by the judicial tribunals.

The frequency of these appeals to the *Corpus Juris*, rendered unavoidable by the varied transactions of reviving commerce and social advancement, soon caused the subsidiary system to occupy a prominent place; and thus, in most of the countries of Europe, the unrivalled reasoning and philosophical exposition of the imperial *juris consults* became, in truth, the foundation whereon the structure of modern jurisprudence is erected. In some countries, indeed, the doctrines of the Roman lawyers have left a deeper impress than in others. The effects are more directly traceable in France and the Netherlands than in England; but no state attained any national development, after the middle ages, in the municipal law of which these doctrines did not become inwoven.

But more particular notice is required of the position of the Roman law in the Dutch courts, from which we have received it into this colony. In the olden time, the legislative and judicial functions were not so completely distinct as at the present day. The judges, according to Grotius (writing in 1620), were enjoined, by their oaths, to act according to the dictates of their own consciences and judgment, when the customs of the land or special ordinances failed. And, to use the words of the illustrious author, "As the Roman laws, those especially which were collected in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, were found by the learned to be replete with wisdom and justice, they were received at first as models of wisdom and justice; and in process of time, through custom, were accepted as laws." This recognition of their value in the courts took place at as remote a period as the thirteenth century, shortly after the modern civilization of Holland began. Afterwards, under the Burgundian princes, the imperial compilations were, by the sanction of the sovereigns, adopted as the common law, save only when they were in opposition to the constitution of the state, and the ancient customs. When the criminal ordinances of Philip II were promulgated in 1570, the judges were bidden to proceed, according to their own views of equity, only on failure of the edicts of the sovereign, the statutes, placaats, and ordinances, and of "the civil law." On the cessation of the dominion of the Counts—for the Emperor Charles V and King Philip II possessed no higher title in the Netherlands, a fact not sufficiently borne in mind when the sturdy Dutchmen of the

sixteenth century, who in truth expelled a foreign soldiery from their country, are charged with "rebellion" against Spanish "sovereignty,"—after the triumphant establishment of the Republic of the United Provinces, the like authority of the Roman jurisprudence was retained. And finally, in 1735, a clear expression of the actual position of the civil law, in relation to the national laws and customs, was given in the resolution of the States, "That the (Supreme) Court of Holland, and all other tribunals in Holland and West Friesland must "do right" according to the laws and placaats of the land, and likewise according to the charters and well-established customs and usages; and, on failure of these, according to the written (*i.e.*, Roman) law."

The laborious erudition for which the Dutch are noted enables us to understand, with reasonable exactness, the proportions borne in the system of jurisprudence in force in Holland until 1809 (when the French code was first introduced), by their own national laws and customs, and by the doctrines adopted from the collection of Justinian. It is sufficient to observe here that questions of constitutional right and liberty, of community of property as an effect of marriage, of intestate succession, succession by ante-nuptial contract and others, are generally referable to the ancient Batavian customs; while rights of dominion, servitude and pledge, contracts, testaments, fidei-commissary succession, and the like, are usually to be explained by the Roman law, whence the rules on these subjects have been derived. Naturally, in very many matters, the Roman laws and the laws specially applicable to Holland became intermixed. The general combination is known by the name of the Roman-Dutch law.

When, in 1652, this colony became a colonial possession of the Dutch East India Company, the law of Holland became the colonial law, except where modified by local ordinances; and by the "Statutes of India," which, in as far as they were applicable, were of force in the subordinate government. As these were framed, however, for purely local purposes, general legal principle was sought only, where, for centuries, Europe had found it, in the Roman law,—this being modified only by the special enactment of the mother country. Such was the state of the law on the cession of the colony to England in 1815, and it is the state of the law now. Vast improvements have taken place, especially in the mode of trial, both in the criminal and civil courts,—great reforms have been effected by imperial and local legislation; but the common law of the country remains, as before, that of Rome, as adopted in the Netherlands. For this no statesman or

lawyer, who has given serious thought to the subject, would substitute what is vaguely called English law for an English colony,—although special legal reforms, introduced in England, have been, and will continue to be, profitably incorporated with the law as here administered. A discussion on this topic is scarcely within the scope of the present article, which was intended merely to show those who have struggled through its dry details, how, even in this remote nook of earth, we have come to bend before the majesty of imperial Rome. Chancellor Kent observes that "the Roman law is now taught and observed not only in France, Spain, Germany, Holland, and Scotland, but on the banks of the Mississippi, and has been carried by the Dutch into their Asiatic possessions." It is indeed a most marvelous example of the power of well-trained intellect, that the precepts framed for the concerns of a state which was in its decay fifteen hundred years ago, should so strongly influence, by virtue of their mere excellence, the civilization of the present day. But it is a still more wonderful result that social order and justice between man and man are maintained in unknown countries, under governments whose names are strange to civilized ears, in Orange River Free States and South African Republics, by obedience to decisions by Paulus, before the Saxons set foot in Britain, and to responses of Mucius Scævola or Sulpicius to a Roman Mævius or Titius, when Christ was yet unborn.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

BY H. HALL, ESQ., R.E.D.

CHAPTER II.

HANS wore the complete costume of a chamois hunter; a vest and pantaloons of cloth, showing the marks of numerous rents caused by hard usage; heavy shoes, covered with leather gaiters, which looked as if fringed with icicles; a felt hat, soaked in rain and sleet. At his side hung the hatchet used to cut footsteps on the steep sides of the snowy peaks; the mallet which he used to drive home his rifle balls, and the cartouch-box containing his ammunition; a large bag of coarse canvas, rolled up *a la bandouliere*, passed over his left shoulder.

He entered, scowling like a thunder-cloud, and stopped suddenly in the middle of the chamber, letting the butt-end of his rifle fall heavily on the floor. Mother Irina saw at the first glance that he had been unsuccessful in the chase. Without saying a word, she made a sign to Freneli to stir up the fire, and she herself went to a little press from which she took all that was necessary to give him a change of clothing. It was not till then that the hunter perceived Ulrich. "God preserve you, Hans," said the latter, advancing to meet him. His cousin made no answer, but directed his looks suspiciously towards Freneli, whose eyes he detected fixed on the young sculptor. He approached the fire without uttering a word, hung his rifle to a hook in the wall, and seating himself on a log which occupied the corner of the hearth, he extended before the resuscitated flame his feet, covered with mud and snow. Accustomed as he was to his morose silence, Ulrich this time appeared a little surprised; he hastened to sit down in the opposite corner, his arms folded and his head leaning against the wall.

"One would suppose that chamois are not very plentiful to-day in the heights," he said, with a slight shade of irony, "as cousin Hans appears to have returned as he went out."

The hunter shrugged his shoulders, and said, contemptuously, "Who could ever suppose that chamois abounded in the lower pasture, when the thaw permits them to find grazing on the highest peaks?"

"Then I suppose that cousin did not wish to go so high to find them," replied the sculptor.

Hans gave him a savage glance. "I reached the Schreck Hórner," said he, with a strong emphasis.

At this name the two women started, and Ulrich himself could not repress a certain emotion. The Schreck Hórner, or Peaks of Terror, are in reality the highest "Aiguilles," or Needles, as they are locally called, which rise over the Mettemberg, and their name shows how difficult a feat must be their ascent. The hunters themselves rarely attempt it, and only those who wish to follow the chamois to their last refuge ever think of it at all. Then Mother Irina, who had finished laying the table, returned towards the fire.

"The Schreck Hórner," repeated she, in an altered tone; "and do you really come from the Schreck Hórner?"

"Why not?" replied Hans, fixing his eyes on her.

"It is there they all lie," murmured the old woman, talking to herself, "Freneli's father, the father of her mother, and his father, and grandfather; there is an old grudge between our family and the Schreck Hórner."

"And even on those snowy heights have you found nothing?" asked Ulrich, interested, in spite of himself, by his cousin's boldness.

"Who has told you so?"

"Then you have seen footmarks?"

"Yes; I have seen better than that."

"What then?"

"A troop of chamois with their *emperor*."

Three exclamations were uttered at the same moment!

In these wild valleys the chase of the chamois presents the most romantic and attractive phases of human life. All sorts of miraculous adventures are narrated of it; it forms, like the life of a contrabandist on the French frontiers, or that of the pioneers of the backwoods in the United States, or of the gold-seekers on the banks of the Sacramento, the eternal theme of the Alpine chimney-corners; it has on all imaginations an irresistible power.

At the announcement made by the hunter, Mother Irina, Freneli, and Ulrich approached, and questioned him all at once.

Hans drew himself proudly up, and a gleam of exultation lightened his usually dull features.

"Yes," replied he, "I have seen them," extending his arm as if he wished to point out the marvelous prey; "it was in one of the kloofs * which open out at the foot of 'La Petite Dent.' I had well examined them with my glass, and renewed my priming, to be quite sure of my two shots, and I advanced creeping towards them. Already I was within shot of the chamois placed as a sentinel, for I began to distinguish his horns, when he bounded away to give notice to the others, and all went off, the *emperor* at their head. There were nine of them."

Mother Irina shuddered at that last information.

"Are you sure of that number?" she said, in an animated tone; "Have you counted them?"

"Yes; as sure as I can count the fingers of my hand."

"They were led by an *emperor;* are you sure of that?"

"Do you take me for a hunter of yesterday?"

The old woman appeared to be lost in reflection.

"I pursued them for three hours among the peaks and along the 'Echelattes,'" replied Hans, getting more and more animated. "First they went off across the glacier towards the Viescher Horn, and then they turned sharp back. Four times I made short cuts and found myself near enough

* We have here retained the local term.

to hear the whistle of the commands of the *emperor*, who still continued to lead the troop, but always some crevice or needle obstructed my path towards them."

"And then you lost them?" asked Mother Irina.

"Yes; just at the Eiger, in turning round a sharp angle of the rock, they disappeared."

"It is there, yes it surely is there," replied the old grandmother, pensively; "nine chamois, the emperor at their head. Impossible to get within shot, and just as you think you do, they vanish. Freneli's father saw them the month before he met his death."

Hans shuddered in spite of himself, but after a moment's silence. "Do you believe then these to be only a troop of phantom chamois"* replied he, shrugging his shoulders.

"Who knows?" said Mother Irina, looking fixedly before her. "The Evil One is alone there in his kingdom."

"And have I said to the contrary?" replied Hans. "Those who have passed the night on the Jungfrau often hear him stirring up hell's delight on the glaciers below; but what matters it. It is eleven years since I have braved him in his kingdom, and as long as I have my hatchet and my rifle, I need no odds against him. May heaven condemn me, if that troop of chamois I saw this morning was led on by the foul fiend himself, but I'll make them acquainted with my rifle balls!"

Freneli and Ulrich looked at each other. Nurtured in all the superstition of the valleys, they considered the regions of eternal snows as a land of fearful prodigies, where man could only hazard himself by taking the most strict precautions and under the especial aid of God Himself. Thus, Hans' audacity appeared to them as downright blasphemy. The old woman, no doubt, participated in the same feeling, for she bowed her head and said, in a low voice, "Hans, we must not irritate the invisible enemy."

But the hunter warmed more and more in his bravado. He rose and, striking his fist on the table which he approached,—"By my head, Aunt Irina," he cried, "I care as little about what you have said, as the marmot that whistles on the rocks of the Scheiderk. Listen well to what I promise, and both of you also. Before eight days there will be on that table, a haunch of the *emperor* chamois that I am going now to hunt for."

This oath was followed by a peculiar glance, directed at the young girl, which made Ulrich tremble. The words of

* "Chamois d'Egarmant" whom they pursue in vain, and who decoy their pursuers to precipices.

his cousin were never pronounced lightly, and what he said was always a sort of engagement with himself that he would fulfil it at any price; thus his rash promise was followed by a long silence.

In the meantime he drew over to the table a wooden chair, and seated himself to the miserable repast set before him by his grandmother. It was composed only of a crust of black bread and a morsel of dry cheese. Hans turned towards the sculptor.

"I suppose that my delicate cousin has no relish for the hunter's dinner," said he, ironically; "I would not dare to offer him such poor cheer."

"Who talks of poor cheer," interrupted a voice from near the threshold.

And Uncle Job stood at the door of the châlet, armed with his iron-shod mountain staff,—the hammer of a crystal-seeker hanging at his belt, and a tin box suspended from his shoulder. Freneli and Ulrich ran to meet him, the one to press his hand, the other to relieve him of what he carried; but the old man would only give up a little basket that he had held in his hand.

"Take care, Neli, take care my girl," said he gaily, "these are neither plants nor stones, nor even butterflies. It is my answer to Nephew Hans. Was he not talking of bad cheer as I entered? Lift the cover, Neli, and let him see what I carry."

She opened the basket, and drew out of it, successively, eggs, dried bacon, three white loaves, and a bottle of cherry-brandy. The hunter, who had appeared indifferent to the first articles, beheld the last with a surly growl of satisfaction.

"Ah! ah! you don't like that, I suppose, my master," said the old man, clapping his nephew on the shoulder. "By my life, I am glad at last to be able to find a chink in your gloomy soul into which I can send a sunbeam. Good day, Irina, God be praised, you don't look older to day than you did the day before yesterday. And you, Neli, stir yourself and cook all these provisions. Sit you there, Ulrich, we will sup together, my son."

So addressing himself in a jovial tone in turn to all present, the old man disencumbered himself of all he carried, and took his place at the table opposite his nephews. He uncorked, with due precaution, the flask of cherry-brandy, and filled a glass for each, and then he served himself. He then inquired, with an affectionate tone of good nature, if Hans had killed anything; to which the hunter replied with a gesture of negation. Then he asked Ulrich how he was succeeding at Merengen.

The young sculptor repeated all he had already said to Mother Irina, but in an absent and melancholy manner, which little accorded with the words in which he described his success. His Uncle Job concluded, therefore, that the advantages of his new profession were dearly bought, and looking back at the efforts he had made to dissuade the young man from following it, he could not help contrasting with it, in his own mind, the independence and content he might have enjoyed on the mountain.

For more than forty years Uncle Job had lived exposed to all the fatigues and all the dangers of these wild solitudes; yet saw nothing in them but the sublime and the desirable. While the indomitable audacity of Hans sought on the mountain tops the power of darkness, *his* resigned gentleness found nothing there but the handiwork of God. The first, led on by I know not what furious passions, hurried across precipices and avalanches, his eye fixed only on his prey; the other surmounted every obstacle with patience, contemplating here a flower, there a butterfly, in that cleft the stones of the ravine. The one was the force which braves, the other the simplicity that admires. And nothing could shake the serenity of that soul. As youth faded away, a gleam of its joys had remained behind, as the setting sun still gilds the snowy peaks with a reflection of its glories.

When the supper was ready, the uncle forced Mother Irina and Freneli to sit down and partake of it, and his gaiety soon succeeded in making all look happy. Hans alone looked gloomy and sombre, as he generally did. However, when the two women had left the table, Old Job made a last trial to make him a little gay. He filled his glass, and putting his hand in a friendly manner on his shoulder, "drink, master hunter," said he, laughing, "for this time at least cherry-brandy will flow like water from a rock. I know the spring, and to-morrow the flask will be filled anew.

"God protect us," said Ulrich, "where have you discovered this marvelous fountain, Uncle Job?"

"At the inn of Lauter Brunnen," answered the old man. "This morning, the host there has purchased from me all the specimens that I have found near the Rosenlaur; I have received seventeen batz, thanks to which I have to-day given you this feast, and something is still left," added he, striking his pocket, which gave forth a metallic sound.

And whilst the young sculptor expressed his admiration—

"Bah! that is nothing child," replied Uncle Job, lowering his tone. "What would you say if I told you that yesterday I discovered, on the top of a rock uncovered by the melting

of the snow, a nest of real crystals. I have long suspected it lay there, by observing the leafy covering that grew over it. I struck it with a stone, and it gave out a sound like a church bell under its hammer."

"And have you been able to put your hands on the treasure?"

"Not yet. Do you think, then, that I can get at it so easily? No, no; the nest is hidden in the face of a rock, just where it declines into a steep precipice. But with a rope round him, a man can go wherever a bird can. To-morrow I will return there. By-the-bye. Hans, in traversing the Wengern Alp, I have seen the traces of chamois above Upijel. I will be able to show you the place."

"Thank you, I know of others myself," replied Hans.

"But those are numerous," observed Uncle Job, "and you know that the Wengern Alp is an easy place for the chase."

"I don't want easy places," replied the hunter, drily; and casting an ironical look at his cousin, he added,—"But once upon a time the thing might have been enough to have tempted Ulrich."

"You are right, Hans, and it is still enough to tempt me," answered the sculptor. "You tell me where I can find them, Uncle Job, and to-morrow I will go and look for them?"

"You," said Hans, who felt he had over-reached himself. "By my life, are you speaking seriously?"

"Enough to make me ask back from my uncle the hunter's equipment that I left with him."

"Is it true," said the old man, "that you will renounce your wood-carvings to again revisit the mountains?"

"I will try, at least."

"Then you don't go back to-day to Merengen?"

"To-day, if you will permit me, I will sleep under your roof, Uncle Job."

"And to-morrow?"

"To-morrow you will give me back my rifle, and show me the traces you have found on the Wengern Alps."

The old man brusquely quitted the table.

"You have said it," cried he; "God be praised, the lost son returns to us. Have you heard what he has determined to do, Mother Irina?"

"The wind carries away words," coldly replied the grandmother. "It is necessary to let us see actions."

"We shall see them, we shall see them," replied the crystal-seeker. "By my soul, he regains his taste for a free life. This evening I will pray the Celestial Father to encourage

him, and to lead within shot of his rifle the biggest emperor chamois in the mountains."

" Yes," said Ulrich, seizing the old man's arm, " Ah, pray for that, Uncle Job, for such a happiness I would give up the best part of my life."

In uttering these words, Ulrich threw a glance on Freneli, which was observed by Hans on its passage. His brows knit, and his lips contracted, but he remained silent. And then, fixing his steadfast and keen glance on the young girl, who shrunk beneath it, he nodded his head like a man whose doubts were now quite removed, and taking up his rifle, silently he left the house.

CHAPTER III.

The next day, long before dawn, Ulrich and the old crystal-hunter were afoot, preparing themselves for their respective expeditions.

Uncle Job lived in a châlet yet more small and miserable than that of Mother Irina. His furniture consisted of a bed, a little table, and three stools, but the four walls were covered with the collections he had made in the mountains.

These brilliant cyrstals, these dried plants, these butterflies, and many-colored gaudy insects, which tapestried the cottage walls, gave it a foreign appearance,—to which the presence of the old man, with his antique costume, his long grey beard, and his streaming white locks, added in no small degree. Uncle Job cast on his collections one last look of love, whilst he rolled round him the knitted cord by which he intended to reach his mineral discovery of the day before, and put up in his haversack the iron cramps, wedges, and short pincers, indispensable in his perilous profession. During this time, Ulrich was equally engaged in his own equipment. He examined with care his rifle, an old and trusty weapon with two barrels, and testing the springs, and loading it carefully, he hastened to rejoin Uncle Job, who awaited him on the threshold.

All the young man's love, as well as the certainty that Mother Irina would grant the hand of Freneli only to him who fulfilled the singular condition imposed by her, were necessary to decide him to re-enter once more on an existence which he knew but too well. No other, in effect, could expose him to so many fatigues, privations, and perils. The chamois hunter generally sets out in the evening to seek his prey at dawn on the flanks of the highest peaks. If he

perceives no traces he mounts higher still, and does not stop until he has discovered some track which can lead him towards his quarry. Then he advances with precaution, sometimes on his knees, sometimes creeping on all fours, until he can distinguish the horns of the chamois. It is then only that he is within shot. If the sentinel chamois (for they all have a sentinel) has not perceived him, then the hunter seeks a rest for his gun, and fires direct at the head or heart, for if the ball strike in any other part, he may hit but not stop the animal's career, and the chamois flies away to die in some chasm of the mountain, or serves for a banquet to the Lammergeyer. In the meantime, if his flight is checked, the hunter follows up his traces, and tries to overtake and hamstring him. He then must carry him on his shoulders to his dwelling, across snows, and torrents, and precipices. Oftentimes he is surprised by night on this perilous journey, and he then seeks some crevice in the rocks, takes from his haversack a morsel of bread, so hard and black that the teeth can hardly pierce it, and that he must pound between two stones, drinks a little melted snow, puts a stone under his head, and falls asleep, his feet on the edge of the precipice, his face to the avalanche. The next day new trials, new dangers; and thus his ventures are prolonged often for several days without his finding shelter beneath a roof or seeing a human being. Sometimes he may happen to meet a few crystal-seekers or a fellow-hunter, but the first are now nearly extinct, and the last are becoming rarer every day. What had occurred in the Hauser family, appeared indeed to symbolize what was occurring in the whole population. Old Job was the type of an extinct generation; Hans, that about to become extinct; Ulrich, that of a generation about to commence.

In the meantime, the old man and his nephew were ready to start. The heavens were still shrouded in the veil of night, and the snowy peaks rose like spectres against the pale grey horizon. The Lütchine moaned and groaned at the bottom of the valley, and the fir trees, still loaded with snow, creaked and sighed in the wind, and at steady intervals, the noise of a woodman's axe was heard re-echoing on the lower slopes of the mountain. Job turned to his companion.

"I do not like this morning," he said, with a pensive air; "the fog has made a cap on the Faul Horn. Last night the setting sun for a long time looked fiery and inflamed, and the moon rose with a great red ring round it. I am most afraid of something reaching us from the south"

"But March has but just commenced," objected Ulrich, "and the 'Fohne'* generally comes later."

"That is my opinion, too," said the old man; "but still, the appearances are very bad. When you go a little higher, keep your eye on the horizon."

Speaking thus, they commenced ascending the slope. Both progressed with that firm and equal step habitual to mountaineers. But the young man went mechanically forward, dreamy and sad, whilst the crystal-seeker became every moment more active and joyous. When they arrived at the cliff which separates the Eiger from the Wengern Alp, he appeared to recognize each rock, each tree, each clump of shrubs. One would have thought him an exile, who had just reached the boundaries of his native land. He went on, penetrating with a scrutinizing eye, as the dawn became brighter, every part of the cliffs from which the snow had melted away, discovering here a plant, there a benumbed insect, farther on a rare pebble or crystal, whose name he shouted out at the top of his voice. Finally, when they had attained the first stage of their ascent, the reflection of the rising sun's rays gilded the peaks that surrounded them, in a glowing splendor, and showed them all the counterparts of the Eiger and Schreck Hórn, lighted up in the morning sun, in a misty and confused manner,—whilst the valley of the Grindelwald remained still buried in profound darkness.

Uncle Job stopped.

"It is here where we separate, my dear boy," said he, "your way is to the right, mine to the left. Do you fully understand my explanation, and will you know how to find your way back."

"I hope so," said the young man, who cast his glances round him, to try and recognize those summits he had not visited for so many years.

"First, follow that slope above there by those clumps of fir and birch trees. When you have left them well behind you, you will find a projecting rock, which, at another time of the year, you would be able to recognize by the blue gentians and tufts of the euphorbium, with red berries; but now they are all under the snow, except the rock that you will leave on your right in a straight line with the Eiger, until you arrive at the 'Couloír de Calloux.' It is still covered with the meagre mosses which cling to the rocks. Then you will reach the 'grand plateau,' when all you want

* A hot south wind, or rather a sort of hurricane, which sometimes, though rarely, blows on the Alps early in spring.

is to look about you, to know to which point of the compass to turn. Let us go now, my boy, and each commend ourselves to God; let us pray to Him to be our guide."

Uncle Job had uncovered his head. Ulrich did the same, and supporting himself on his iron-shod staff, the old man commenced, in a loud and solemn tone, one of the improvised prayers which the mountaineers are accustomed to make on solemn occasions, and which they know so well how to adapt to the necessities of the occasion.

At that moment the sun, which had just risen, inundated the mountain with torrents of luminous waves, which descended rapidly from peak to peak, like an avalanche. The lower peaks, the slopes and ravines, appeared one after the other to start suddenly out of obscurity, and, as it were, each to take its proper place in this magnificent panorama. At the moment when the old crystal-seeker had finished his prayer by a solemn Amen, the sun's morning rays had reached the ledge on which he stood with his companion, and enveloped him in a sort of resplendent nimbus. Job turned himself towards the East, with a gesture of thankfulness and gratitude.

"Welcome!" said he, with a smiling air, "this is what will show us both game and precipices; everything else depends alone on our own prudence. Recollect what, according to the old proverb, every chamois hunter must have, "A heart more firm than steel, and two eyes to every finger."

"I will try not to forget it," said Ulrich.

"Then go, and God be with you, my son."

"And to you the same, Uncle Job."

They exchanged an affectionate embrace, and they separated. The young man, who had resumed his march, saw the old man enter one of the most fearful chasms which, as it were, wrinkled the face of the mountain. He had hardly lost sight of him, when, at that very moment, his clear sonorous voice was heard from the bottom of the ravine. He sung in German the psalm repeated by the martyrs of the Reformation, when they were led to the stake, "Behold the happy day."

After having listened a few minutes, Ulrich commenced ascending the steep slope, and soon passed the last fir trees. According as he ascended, the peaks appeared to grow larger before him. The sun mounted higher in the horizon, and, like a conqueror who goes on subduing in his course fortresses more and more inaccessible, he planted successively on each summit taken by assault his flag of flame. The fogs which hung over the lower slopes were by little and

little dispersed, and carried away by the wind, as the rays of a magnificent veil formed a large opening, by which the light of day penetrated to the lowermost valleys. Insensibly roused by degrees from his reverie, Ulrich commenced to admire the scenery by which he was surrounded.

There is something in the very air of the mountains, in the thousand defiances on every side made to our curiosity, in the rude boldness that everywhere strikes our eye, which, I know not how, both softens our feelings and yet also fortifies or strengthens them.

The body feels more active, the mind more hardy. In front of the snows and precipices which appear to forbid our passage, a sort of feverish excitement appears to seize the mind, as if we stood before an enemy. And we hear everywhere around us, in all the boasted difficulties of our road, and in our own souls, a thousand voices shout, "Come on."

Thus, possessed by a sort of intoxication, the young sculptor quickened his pace, and soon was busy scrambling up the footpath of the rugged mountain. The summer "châlets" dispersed on the lower flats were enveloped still in a covering of snow, and barely peeped out here and there; nothing could be seen but a few stunted firs and some tufts of hardy heath, which, at intervals, dotted the arid soil. Soon even these disappeared, and nothing was seen but naked rocks, glazed over with scales of frost. Ulrich at last attained the "Couloir," indicated by Uncle Job. It was a deep cleft split in the rock, and into which the sun hardly ever penetrated. He was about to make his way into it, when the shadow of a man was seen at its gloomy entrance, and he recognised the form of his Cousin Hans.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAPTAIN COOK'S VISITS TO THE CAPE.

No. 2.

We have already referred to what Mr. Forster, in his account of the second of Captain Cook's voyages, calls "the imfamous trade of the *ziel verkoopers*, in supplying the India Company with recruits." But we added, that not unfrequently were most willing emigrants also included among those who entered into the contract of a *soldaat* with the Company;—literally, who became their mercenaries, or hirelings, for any duty that might be demanded of them.

This engagement with the Company was the only means of obtaining an ultimate settlement at the Cape. And hence many intelligent, and even educated adventurers, who desired, for political or for other reasons, to secure a foreign home for themselves, wended their way to Holland, from every part of the continent, to join the crowd of recruits whom the Company was never unwilling to secure for its varied employments. For the most part, they seem to have left Holland in this one capacity of *soldaat*, or rather with this title, which did not necessarily imply military service, but simply that they were in the Company's pay. Promotion from this rank to higher civil business was as likely a prospect to intelligent men as any advancement in military rank. And it was thus that many of the founders of present well-known Cape families, of German, Swedish, or Danish origin, rose by degrees to some of the higher distinctions in the Company's gift.

Those who settled,—we speak now of the period after the great French immigration,—and left the Company's service, were not wholly released from the conditions of their agreement with the authorities who brought them here:—they were liable to be recalled to their soldaatship, to take pay, and do service again. And as a punishment to citizens who gave trouble, this recall sometimes actually took place. We have seen, if we mistake not, an order of the local government, requiring one Eksteen, who had received what was called the right of free burghership, to go back into the Company's service, at his wages of *nine guilders a month;* and it was even held, by an enthusiastic crown-lawyer, as those readers will recollect who are acquainted with Mr. Justice Watermeyer's lectures, that the children of such men were under the same obligation to the Company: for, as he argued, "they derived all their rights from their fathers,—and where was it ever heard that one to whom rights had been conveyed, could possess more than he from whom he obtained them?"

The Dutch Company preferred foreigners as recruits for their service to Dutchmen, and in this there was policy. The Swedish or Prussian subject, who took pay from them, held no divided allegiance; he was generally a refugee from his own country, with no interest there, and had no friends in Holland, either to bring reproach on the Company for any undue exercise of their powers; or to trouble the Indian administration about the affairs of their subordinates at Java or the Cape. Probably, from the comparative insignificance of the place, they were less anxious about the maintenance of

political discipline at the Cape, than in Java; and hence Cook is able to tell us (Hawkesworth's Collection, 2, 385) that its European population consisted of a larger proportion of Dutch, than at Batavia. But Forster (second voyage: vol. 1, p. 73) nevertheless mentions that the Cape colonists were for the most part Germans, with some families of Dutch, and some of French protestants. Perhaps the class of so-called free burghers allowed here was at the time unknown at Java.

More than one Cape administration suffered during the last century from the fact that among its subjects were some men whose Dutch citizenship, or even Dutch descent, could gain them a hearing *in patriâ*. Early in the century, the younger Van der Stell had wholly succumbed to it. At the very time of which we are writing, deputations were preparing to proceed to Holland, to carry the grievances of the colonists to the highest authorities of the nation. No wonder, then, that though redress sometimes came for the complaints, either of the Burghery, or of the subordinate servants, it was perhaps less argued than felt to be a safe course to have as few men as possible in the colonies, by whom the rights of Dutch citizenship could be pleaded.

We said "intelligent and educated adventurers." Many Cape readers will call their ancestors' names to mind, at this allusion to the first coming of many of them to the Cape. We may spare ourselves the invidious mention of any one, in particular of those who have left descendants to hold their memories in honor; as we have before us the papers of one gentleman who, having died childless, is now unrepresented in the colony, except by the memory of an honorable character, during a residence of nearly fifty years in Cape Town, and by the generous bequest of all his property to his brethren of the Lutheran community. In this case, the "soldaat," who arrived here in 1770, in the ship *Willem de Vyfde*, in pay at the rate of nine guilders per month, was the holder of the legal diplomas of two continental universities, besides several certificates of a high order from other institutions, as to his rank in the literary world. Among other papers, relative to this gentleman which the writer has in his possession, are copies of portions of his correspondence with persons of evidently high social and literary position in Europe and Batavia. With these are certificates of his promotion, in 1775 and 1780, to unimportant offices of twenty-four and thirty guilders per month respectively, and letters from himself, on his first promotion from his *soldaat's* place, to an office of twenty guilders per month, to a friend in

Europe, expressing his gratitude to Mr. Hemmy,* to whom he owed the appointment, and his assurance that he would be able to lead a very happy, although retired, life at the Cape. In his will, dated 1793, he describes himself, as *onderkoopman en boekhouder van't Hospitaal's kantoor*, and afterwards, when the official ranks of the *kooplieden*, &c., fell into disuse, under the changes made at the establishment of the Batavian republic, we find him in the civil service in 1806, holding a public office of some responsibility; that of Sworn Vendue Clerk. At a very advanced age, in 1818, he made a note on the will which has been mentioned, declaring, that having probably survived all his intended heirs, he left his whole property to the Lutheran church.

This digression, as giving an instance of a class of men who sometimes came among the *soldaaten*, will be perhaps thought not inexcusable. But the mention of the rank of *onderkoopman* brings us to Mr. Forster's account of the nature of the Cape Government, in 1772. The reader will be interested, also, in observing Mr. Forster's judgment, as to the causes of the slow progress made by the Cape, during its long occupancy by the India Company. This contemporary opinion of an impartial stranger should silence those who speak lightly of the labors of our forefathers, the first colonists of South Africa; and who draw unfavorable comparisons between their progress, and that of the less fettered citizens of Massachussets Bay, or the founders of colonies in our more enlightened times.

Though the Dutch Company seem evidently to discourage all new settlers, by granting no lands in private property,† yet the products of the country have of late years sufficed not only to supply the Isles of France and Bourbon with corn, but likewise to furnish the mother country with several shiploads. These exports could certainly be made at an easier rate than at present, if the settlement did not extend so far into the country, from whence the products must be brought into Table Bay, by land carriage, on roads which are almost impassable. The intermediate spaces of uncultivated land between the different settlements are very extensive, and contain many spots fit for agriculture; but one of the chief reasons why the colonists are so widely divided, and scattered throughout the country, is to be met with in

* Mr. Hemmy, the "secundus," alluded to in the last article, was also a German, from Bremen.

† Mr. Forster, elsewhere, alludes to the mode of grant of that day of sixty morgen, at a rent of twenty-five rixdollars, which he evidently considers as most seriously burdensome and tending to check progress in the people, considering the distance of the settlements from each other, and from markets.—It must be considered that money payments, in general, would be more severely felt than now, and that the "rixdollar" of that day was nearly identical with the usual dollar of commerce.

another regulation of the Company, which forbids every new settler to establish himself within a mile of another. *It is evident that if this settlement were in the hands of the commonwealth, it would have attained to a great population, and a degree of opulence and splendor of which it has not the least hopes at present. But a private company of East Indian merchants find their account much better in keeping all the landed property to themselves, and tying down the colonist lest he should become too great and powerful.*

Thus far Mr. Forster's reflections on the result of our political state in 1772. Here is his description of it:

The Governor depends immediately on the East India Company, and has the rank of an Edelc Heer, the title given to the members of the Supreme Council of Batavia. He presides over a Council consisting of the second or deputy Governor, the fiscal, the major (who commands the fort), the secretary, the treasurer, the comptroller of provisions, the comptroller of liquors, and the bookkeeper, each of which has a branch of the Company's service assigned to his care. This council has the sole management of the civil and military departments; but the deputy Governor presides over another, called the Court of Justice, which tries all offences and crimes, and consists of some members of the former: but no two relations can sit and have votes in the same council, to prevent the influence of parties.

The income of the Governor is very considerable; for besides a fixed appointment, and the use of houses, gardens, proper furniture, and everything else that belongs to his castle, he receives about ten dollars for every leaguer of wine which the Company buys of the farmers, in order to be exported to Batavia. The Company allows the sum of forty dollars for each leaguer, of which the farmer receives but twenty-four; what remains is shared between the Governor and deputy, the former taking two-thirds, which are sometimes said to amount to 4000 dollars per annum.*

The second Governor has the direction of the Company's whole commerce here, and signs all orders to the different departments under him, as well as the governor to slaves. He and the Fiscal have the rank of *upper koopman*. The Fiscal is at the head of the police, and sees the penal laws put into execution; his income consists of fines, and of the duties laid on certain articles of commerce; but if he be strict in exacting them he is universally detested. The sound policy of the Dutch has otherwise found it necessary to place the fiscal as a check to overawe the other officers of the Company, that they may not counteract the interests of their masters, or infringe the laws of the mother country. The Major (at present, Mr. von Prehn, who received us with great politeness) has the rank of *koopman*, or merchant: this circumstance surprises a stranger, who in all other European states is used to see military honors confer distinction and precedence.

* This would give an export of wine to Batavia of 400 leaguers in 1772. value, Rds. 16,000, or about £3,500 sterling. Hawkesworth (Cook's first voyage, II, 384) tells us, that the contract of the Company for the supply of Mauritius from the Cape was, for 1771, 500,000 lbs. weight of salt beef, 400,000 lbs. flour, 400,000 lbs. biscuit, and 1,200 leaguers of wine,—an apparently large export for that period. Hawkesworth, however, is not an accurate authority, if we may judge by allusions to him in Mr. Forster's book. Yet, it is well known that, about this time, the exports to the two French islands were very considerable.

The number of regular soldiers is about 700, of which 400 form the garrison of the fort near Cape Town. The inhabitants capable of bearing arms form a militia of 4000 men: of these a considerable part may be assembled in a few hours, by means of signals made from alarm places in different parts of the country. We may hence make some estimate of the number of white people in this colony, which is at present so extensive, that the different settlements are above a month's journey from the Cape. But these remote parts lie sometimes more than a day's journey from each other, are surrounded by various nations of Hottentots, and too frequently feel the want of protection from their own government at that distance. The principal inhabitants at the Cape have sometimes from twenty to thirty slaves, which are in general treated with great lenity, and sometimes become favorites with their masters. . . . . The slaves are chiefly brought from Madagascar, and a little vessel annually goes thither from the Cape, on that trade. There are, besides these, a number of Malays and Bengalese, and some Negroes.

Cook's impressions of the natural capabilities of this country, as will be seen in our former article, were less favorable than Forster's. His account of his last visit (1776) is however written with a little tinge of ill temper at some cattle-lifting (not by Kafirs) from which he had suffered. The present generation of wool-growers and wool-exporters will be amused at the Captain's *dictum*, regarding the relative value of Cape and Merino sheep to the colony—of Tails and Wool. Perhaps we may learn not to be hard on the heterodoxy, in this matter, of some of our Boer brethren in the more remote corners of the colony.

I have before made mention of our getting our cattle on shore. The bull and two cows, with their calves, were sent to graze along with some other cattle; but I was advised to keep our sheep, sixteen in number, close to our tents, where they were penned up every night. During the night preceding the 14th (November, 1776), some dogs having got in amongst them, forced them out of the pen, killing four, and dispersing the rest. Six of these were recovered the next day: but the two rams, and two of the finest ewes of the whole flock were among the missing. Baron Plettenberg being now in the country, I applied to the Lieutenant-Governor M. Hemmy, and to the fiscal. Both these gentlemen promised to use their endeavors for the recovery of the lost sheep. The Dutch, we know, boast that the police at the Cape is so carefully executed, that it is hardly possible for a slave, with all his cunning and knowledge of the country to effectuate his escape. Yet my sheep evaded all the vigilance of the fiscal's officers and people. However, after much trouble and expense, by employing some of the meanest and lowest scoundrels in the place (who, to use the phrase of the person who recommended this method to me, would for a ducaton cut their master's throat, burn the barn over his head, and bury him and the whole family in the ashes), I recovered them all but the two ewes. Of these, I never could hear the least tidings, and I gave over inquiry after them when I was told that since I had got the two rams, I ought to think myself well off. One of these was, however, so much hurt by the dogs, that there was reason to believe that he would never recover.

Mr. Hemmy very obligingly offered to make up this loss by giving me a Spanish ram out of some he had sent for from Lisbon. But I declined his offer, under a persuasion that it would answer my purpose fully as well to take with me some of the Cape rams. The event proved that I was under a mistake. This gentleman has taken some pains to introduce European sheep at the Cape; but his endeavors, as he told me, have been frustrated by the obstinacy of the country people, who hold their own breed in greater estimation on account of their large tails, of the fat of which they sometimes make more money than of the whole carcass besides, and that the wool of European sheep will by no means make up for their deficiency in this respect. Indeed, *I have heard some sensible men here make the same observation; and there seems to be foundation for it. For admitting that European sheep were to produce wools of the same quality here as in Europe, which experience has shown not to be the case, the Dutch have not hands at the Cape of Good Hope to spare for the manufacturing even of their own clothing.* It is certain that were it not for the continual importation of slaves this settlement would be thinner of people than any other inhabited part of the world. (Vol. 1, p. 40).

The following notice of Robben Island, from Forster's narrative (vol. 2, 556), may induce some contributor to the "Notes and Queries" of the Magazine to inform us who was the unhappy prisoner, and what became of him?

We passed through the northern part of the bay, between Robben Island and the main. This island is a barren sandy spot, where many murderers and miscreants are confined by order of the Dutch East India Company. Among them, however, there are some unhappy victims to the merciless ambition of these merchants. We need only mention the King of Maduré, who, deprived of his possessions and driven to the greatest horrors of despair, here lingers out a burthensome life in the despicable condition of a common slave.

Mr. Forster adds, in a note, that he forbears to repeat the horrid story of this unfortunate monarch, and refers to a little work entitled "A voyage to the East Indies in 1747 and 1748," published in London in 1762.

Another mention of Robben Island as a place of imprisonment appears in the account of the first voyage, on their return, in the year 1771. On leaving Table Bay they discovered themselves in want of some trifling matters, which they thought might be got on the island. The guard on shore, however, threatened to fire upon their boat if it approached. It therefore returned, and Capt. Cook remarks that he had not at the time recollected that some years before, a Danish ship, having been refused a sufficient crew to take her home, in Cape Town, had touched at the island on going out, and taken as many people from among the criminals there as she wanted. The Dutch, therefore, had forbidden any communication.

Mr. Forster has the following remarks (November, 1772) on the Cape wine. We are not aware whether the information

given him regarding the original source of some of the plantations is correct:—

The wines at the Cape are of the greatest variety possible. The best, which is made at Mr. van de Spuy's plantation at Constantia, is spoken of in Europe more by report than from real knowledge. Thirty leagres, at the utmost, are raised of this kind, and each leagre sells for about fifty pounds on the spot. The vines from which it is made were originally brought from Shiraz, in Persia. Several other sorts grow in the neighborhood of that plantation, which produce a sweet wine that generally passes for genuine Constantia in Europe. French plants of Burgundy, Muscadel, and Frontignac have likewise been tried, and have succeeded extremely well, sometimes producing wines superior to those of the original soil. An excellent dry wine, which has a slight agreeable tartness, is generally drank in the principal families, and is made of Madeira vines transplanted to the Cape. Several low sorts, not entirely disagreeable, are raised in great plenty, and sold at a very cheap rate, so that the sailors of the East India ships commonly indulge themselves very plentifully in them whenever they come ashore.

If these two papers are in no other way interesting, they yet place before us an intelligible account, chiefly in the words of impartial observers, of the state of the little nucleus of our present South African colonization which existed during the period from 1770 to 1780, within which Cook's three expeditions took place. Fifteen years after the latter date the English forces, on behalf of their ancient ally the Prince of Orange, a refugee at Kew from the French invasion and the Jacobinical revolution in his own country, entered Simon's Bay, to claim the temporary occupation and government of the Cape The state of the country at this time may be thought not unworthy of being depicted on a future occasion, from such materials as exist for the purpose. We shall approach, indeed, the times of living men when we deal with this more recent period; although the changes of the last sixty years cause us to think of the year '95 with feelings akin to our appreciation of a world before the flood. Yet so near is it to the active history of the living, that one gentleman in the colony, Mr. Robert Hart, of Somerset, was among the troops who, in that year, marched from Simon's Bay to Cape Town, under Sir James Craig, to occupy the Castle of Good Hope.

But to return to 1780, when the expedition under the command of Captain Gore touched here on its way home, after Cook's melancholy death; we shall appropriately close this paper by exhibiting, in the words of Captain King, the author of the last volume of the "Voyages," the feeling which the intelligence caused among the Cape friends of the distinguished sailor.

Mr. Brand, the Governor of this place (Simon's Town) came to visit us as soon as we had anchored. This gentleman had evinced a great

affection for Capt. Cook, who had been his constant guest the many times he had visited the Cape; and though he had received the news of his melancholy fate before, he was exceedingly affected at the sight of our ships returning without their old commander. . . . . On the 15th, I accompanied Capt. Gore to Cape Town, and the next morning we waited on Baron Plettenberg, the Governor, by whom we were received with every possible attention and civility. He had also conceived a great personal affectiou for Capt. Cook, as well as the highest admiratiou of his character, and heard the recital of his misfortune with many expressions of unaffected sorrow. In one of the principal apartments of the Governor's house, he showed us two pictures of Van Tromp and De Ruyter, with a vacant space left between them, which he said he meant to fill up with the portrait of Capt. Cook; and for that purpose he requested our assistance when we should arrive in England, in purchasing one for him at any price.

F.

ALFRED TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS POET.

In the ordinary acceptation of the words, "a religious poet" is understood to be one whose subjects are for the most part selected from the wide regions of religious history, doctrine, or experience. According to the common estimate, it is not enough that a poet should bring to the treatment of ordinary subjects a Christian spirit and sympathy; but he must speak distinctly and mainly of religious truths, and address himself formally to the Christian sympathies of men, if he would have them inscribe his name upon the list of religious poets. The names of George Herbert, James Montgomery, and Mr. Keble, will at once suggest themselves in this connection, as those whom the world has readily accepted as such. We do not, however, claim for Mr. Tennyson a high place among them, according to this acceptation of the phrase. Few of his subjects are distinctly religious in their character; in few of them do we find any formal statement of religious truth; and it is mainly among poems, which form a distinct class by themselves, and are to be looked at from a particular point of view, that we find record of deep and wide religious experiences. Yet we do claim for him a very foremost place as a religious poet in the best and deepest sense of these words. We claim for him the earnest attention of all Christian men, who feel the solemnity of their life and its manifold relations; for he has looked very far into the grand mysteries of that life, and caught much of that spirit which can throw light upon these otherwise confused and broken relations. He has looked into the eternal beauty of divine things, and brought down their

consecrating efficacy into his own spirit. He has discovered for himself,—not without many a struggle with the dark powers of unbelief,—for a struggle is the condition of all such discovery,—the deep significance of Christian truth for the life of man. And boldly, manfully, tenderly, he has told us of all these things;—claiming thereby the true poet's right to be heard, in that he has seen clearly things which are only dimly seen by common men, and has spoken out thoughts and feelings which, in their hearts, were vaguely and hopelessly struggling for utterance. It is not so much, then, because Mr. Tennyson has written what is called religious poetry that we speak of him as a religious poet; but because we think there underlie all his poetry solemn thoughts of God and duty, profound conviction of the dignity of man in his relation to God, unfaltering assurance of the ultimate accomplishment of glorious destinies for humanity.

In making good our claim of a place for Mr. Tennyson among religious poets, in this the highest and worthiest sense of the words, it will be necessary to examine somewhat in detail the principal poems in which the religious element is the prevailing one. And our present purpose compels us to pass by many beautiful poems, among which we would otherwise gladly linger. Many of these poems, without direct allusion to religious matters, present views of human life, character, and relations, of the utmost grandeur and beauty; with an intenseness of moral purpose, and a stainless purity of thought, that proclaim the poet at once to be one whose soul has drunk from the fountain of light. Take, as an example of this, that poem in the later series, entitled *Ulysses*. This is one of the poems that show us how deep and earnest have been Mr. Tennyson's studies in the region of Greek legendary history. The hero of many a valiant deed, "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy," finds himself once more, after dreary wanderings by sea and by land, among the barren crags of his native isle. But the action of an earnest life, the long experience of "cities, of men and manners, climates, councils, governments," have unfitted him for a life in which there is no scope for the exercise of immortal faculties. The great untraveled world beyond him, the infinite that lies around him, how shall he give up the thought and the pursuit of these? The disproportion between his human power and the magnitude of the objects before him, the brevity of human life at its best estate, the poor remnant of life that remains for himself, all these he knows and mourns. But the prize is too splendid that he should not make one grand effort to reach it. Even death in pursuit of

life were better than life under the shadow of inaction and death. And so he gathers up all his deepest convictions into one sublime challenge to his toil-worn mariners:—

> Come, my friends,
> 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
> Push off, and sitting well, in order smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
> Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
> We are not now that strength which, in old days,
> Moved Earth and Heaven; that which we are, we are;
> One equal temper of heroic hearts,
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

What earnest reader of the poem does not see that these are not simply the thoughts and convictions of the old Greek warrior, but the faith and aspiration of a Christian man, who has transferred to those early days something of the deep conviction and restless yearning of his own heart? He has given us here, as it were, the heathen foreshadowing of Christian realities, and projected into the dim region of shadows something of light and strong reality from the present. The intenseness and worthiness of the moral purpose which pervades this poem assure us that its author has gathered his thoughts of human life, not from any earthly source, but from the very fountain-head of heavenly wisdom.

And now let us pass to a poem of altogether different character, *St. Agnes*. The calm and sweet feeling of this exquisite piece contrasts powerfully with the impetuous torrent that dashes through *Ulysses*. In the one we have the unresting energy of a mighty soul in the consciousness of its relations to the great world; in the other, we have the gentle outpouring of a heart devoted to communion with heaven, and yearning for the mystic glory of the divine vision; —heavenly purity, mingling with utter self-negation; the strong voice of the maiden's prayer swelling into the rapturous greeting of the Heavenly Bridegroom; and the calm blessedness of the eternal Sabbath, into which the Lord has lifted her spirit through the golden doors: these give the prevailing feeling to the poem. Never before were the Christian's heart-aspirings after divine purity expressed with so much beauty of language and fitness of symbol. The clear cold moon shining down through the frosty night, the shadows creeping along the snowy sward, the convent taper

pale before the splintering moonbeams, the shining ground, the keen starlight, the breath rising thick through the clear air,—all these, with exquisite art, are blended in the structure of the poem, and each either becomes the vehicle for conveying a spiritual truth, or gives the form to a Christian aspiration. Quotation, within our narrow limits, must be avoided as much as possible; so we resist the strong temptation to transfer the whole of the poem to our pages. These stanzas alone, if there were no others, would set at rest the question as to Mr. Tennyson's claim to a very high place among religious poets.

The three poems, commencing with the *May-Queen*, are too well known to require more than a passing allusion. The first of them presents us with a young heart filled to overflowing with the delight and love of life. The others lead us into the chamber of sickness, and paint, with exquisite warmth of coloring and tenderness of feeling, the calm resignation and the joyful hope with which Christian faith can fill the heart. We cannot afford to linger over the passionate lyric grandeur of Locksley Hall; but the careful reader of the poem will not fail to understand why we speak of Mr. Tennyson as a religious poet, when he witnesses the gradual subsiding of the tumultuous waters of the soul, and the casting from it of every unworthy thought, at the mention of the divine purposes for humanity that are being accomplished in the midst of individual sorrow and suffering. Neither can we do more than simply ask the reader's careful attention to the noble fragment on the death of Arthur, which inculcates the same central thought of a divine purpose fulfilling itself in the ever-changing scenes of human history. One race of men passes away, but their works survive them; and another race succeeds, with wider thoughts and higher aims. Listen to these grand words, which the Christian poet puts into the mouth of the dying king:—

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways.
> I have lived my life, and that which I have done
> May He within Himself make pure! But thou,
> If thou should'st never see my face again,
> Pray for my soul: more things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The Two Voices is, in some respects, the most profound of Mr. Tennyson's poems. It is the record of those spiritual temptations and obstinate questionings which form part of the discipline of every truly great soul, and are not wanting, perhaps, in their measure, to any man. The "still small voice" of the tempter darkly suggests the thought of self-destruction, urging all the difficulties that beset a consistent faith in God. Each of these, successively, it touches upon: driven from one, it takes refuge,—now sneeringly, now sullenly, in another. The hopeless misery of human life, the insignificance of the individual man in a boundless universe, the vanity of even the profoundest human knowledge, the faithless coldness of the world, the deep restfulness of death—these are some of the shoals upon which it bids the storm-tossed voyager make shipwreck of faith, that so he may find rest in the deep waters of everlasting oblivion. Against each of these the "other voice," the man's truer instinct and heart, urges its passionate remonstrance. The defence is grounded upon the awful mystery of life, too awful for man to interfere with it; the indestructible sense of our personal unity and completeness; the immortal springing of hope in the human breast; the widening progress of the world, with the noble thoughts and aspirations of past years, and the successes which some, at least, have achieved; above all, the heart's instinctive shrinking from death in the irrepressible conviction of immortality. With the passionate utterance of this intuition, the argument virtually closes. The anomalies in nature, and the bitter doubts suggested by experience, are swept away by the force of those inner convictions, which are loftier than nature, and independent of experience. Here is the resting-place; not in any spot which has been cleared of doubt and entanglement by the forces of logical demonstration, but in that far calmer region into which our God-given instincts have never permitted doubt and confusion to enter. And then the mind's perturbation is calmed by the soothing influences of nature, and thoughts suggested by the pealing church-bells, and the people pressing on to the house of God; till at last every echo of the treacherous scornful voice has passed away, and nothing is heard but new voices of gladness, trust, and peace. It would be easy to show, by quotation, and the examination of detached passages in this poem, that its excellence is of a very high order. That it has never been very popular, may be accounted for, we think, partly by the absence, to some extent, of that which Milton accounts to be an attribute of good poetry, viz., sensuousness; and partly by the compara-

tive infrequency, among ordinary readers of poetry, of those deep and searching religious experiences of which the poem treats. It is too profoundly earnest for those who look only for pleasure in poetry,— for it is the confession of a man who has toiled, as few men toil, through the dark mists of doubt, and reached the purer air of faith. And addressing as it does the more cultured and reflecting among religious men, the poem seems to us to bear this distinguishing mark of excellence—that it clothes, in clear and most fitting words, many thoughts and feelings which have lain, as it were, latent in the hearts of men, unable to find any articulate utterance. That which Socrates yearned to do for the men of Athens, is done for ourselves in the poetry of Tennyson and Wordsworth,—they have brought to the birth, and assisted to bring forth, the offspring of our minds. For a true poet is not only that which his name imports, the maker or creator of new things; his function is also that of spokesman for humanity; he gives utterance, by reason of clearer vision, and larger heart, and mightier impulses, to things of which men's hearts have dreamed indeed, but their tongues have never found power to tell. And very strikingly have we found it so in this poem: the words are exactly those which express the secret thoughts of our hearts. Nor do they *express* the thought merely, but they give greater clearness and more definite form to it. Thought and speech reciprocally affect each other. Thought is expressed in words, but is itself reacted upon by words. And this is one large part of our obligation to a great poet, that in giving us noble and exact forms of words, he is of necessity giving more nobleness and exactness to our thoughts and aspirations. This Mr. Tennyson has done in the poem before us. This he will do for all earnest men who come to him for instruction with reverence and humility. Our limits make quotation impossible; we can only refer our readers to the poem itself for proof of all that we have said about it.

There are other poems in the volume which we intended to notice, especially *Love and Duty*, and the verses to *J. S.* But we must pass these by altogether, and devote the remainder of our space to some remarks on *In Memoriam.*

In that distinguished circle of thinkers who were the hope and glory of Cambridge some thirty years ago, the unanimous voice of his friends has assigned a foremost place to Arthur Henry Hallam, the lamented son of our living historian. The accounts which we have of him from other sources, and the character of his literary fragments, fully justify the high eulogies of him which are scattered through *In Memoriam.*

The unexpected tidings of his death at Vienna, in 1833, settled a cloud over the life of his father, which has never been wholly lifted. And over the heart and life of Mr. Tennyson, between whom and Mr. Hallam a friendship of rare depth and power had sprung up, the news spread a sorrow, of which *In Memoriam* is the record and the consecration. This is the central idea of the poem,—the sorrow of a large heart for the loss of a friend; and from this source the streams flow in many channels, with varied swiftness and clearness. Now, it is the impetuous torrent of unrestrained sorrow, swelling up as though it would burst away the banks, and sweep down all the hopes and good of life; now, it is the gentler stream of human affection mingling with divine hopes, flowing in the broad channel of Christian trust; again, it is the calm, clear water of truth, whose depths no thought of man can measure. And at length all these earthly streams are lost in the unsearchable ocean of eternity: every murmur is hushed, every doubt is dissolved, every sorrow is touched with immortal joy, in the poet's vision of that eternal world into which everything of noble and beautiful upon earth has been transplanted, and the accomplishment of that

> One far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

Our space is almost exhausted; we shall therefore only call attention to some of the more distinctly religious pieces in the volume.

The opening poem is a dedication of the volume to Him in whom all that is noble in human life, and imperishable in human relations are perfectly realised. The poet has not hesitated to lay his memorial of friendship and love at the feet of the "strong Son of God, immortal Love;" and very nobly does he blend with the acknowledgment of sin and the moanings of sorrow, unfaltering confession of faith and earnest prayer for light and heavenly wisdom. There is one grand strain in these opening lines, preluding much lofty music in the volume. We refer to the stanzas which speak of the relations of faith and knowledge, the harmonious blending of the intellectual and the moral powers in the true dependence of man upon God. This is a fundamental truth, often and earnestly insisted upon in the volume. Nos. 33, 53, 54, 93, 95, 113, and 123 are all devoted to this topic. We may refer, more especially, to Nos. 53 and 54, as a typical instance of the poet's method of dealing with those obstacles to Christian faith which result from apparent contradictions

of the Divine Word in nature and experience. The problem of evil, and the apparent waste of the forces of nature, are the special difficulties to be encountered,—" of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear;" and how are they met? Not by any painful intellectual demonstration about the matter,—for the poet's instincts tell him that such demonstration, if it were even possible, would be only moving the difficulty a stage onwards,—but he clings passionately to the higher truth of infallible divine justice and love; not proving it, but trusting in it; not marshaling the forces of a subtle logic, but wielding the mightier arm of faith in God. There is no rest for the heart in mere knowledge; indeed, the growth of knowledge is but the gathering of sorrows, if reverence and faith do not grow in proportion with it.

> —Falling with my weight of cares
> Upon the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,
>
> I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope.

In Memoriam, in its religious bearings, is emphatically a poem of our own times; dealing with modern forms of thought, combating modern heresies and errors, and teaching lessons of which we stand specially in need. While those who read the book superficially will see in it chiefly a record of the religious difficulties and confusions of our age, more earnest students will find it most valuable as presenting the spectacle of a man of splendid intellect, and thoroughly conversant with the more subtle difficulties of Christian faith, bowing down with most child-like trust and reverence before the Word of God, and clinging in the very midst of doubt—nay, the more firmly by reason of doubt—to the hopes and promises of the Gospel. He has felt the difficulties, and manfully spoken them out; but he has found also the solution of them; or rather, he has attained to that higher truth from which he can serenely await their future solution. Have faith in God, in every word that He has spoken, in everything that He is doing, and all shall yet be well: this is the earnest, oft-repeated lesson of this book.

We must direct our readers to Nos. 31-33, as an example of a noble treatment of Gospel facts and scenes. No. 36 is a beautiful exposition of the philosophy of the Incarnation, as being the bringing down of eternal truth into forms demanded by our spiritual constitution. It comes with peculiar appropriateness from a *poet*, whose proper theme is not abstract

truth, appreciable only by the pure reason, but that truth embodied and made evident to human senses. Many of the higher strains again, as Nos. 34, 81, 39, treat of the unbroken unity of human life, and the relations of the present to the future. Thus, the poet speaks of his departed friend as still employed in services for which his large endowments have fitted him :—

> And, doubtless, unto thee is given
> A life that bears immortal fruit,
> In such great offices as suit
> The full-grown energies of heaven.

And the thought that death has not been the cessation of his friend's life, but only the removal of it into a region unseen by human eyes, lifts the poet's soul to the sublimest height of his great argument, and fills him with triumphant assurances of the future glory of our race. The Christmas bells greet his ears with the welcome tidings that humanity has been taken up into union with the Godhead; and their tones are prophetic to his soul of all those blessings which have their root in Christ. Their music is full and deep to his spirit—the music of truth, love, purity, freedom, and heaven. Nor can we more fittingly bring to a close our notice of this great poem, than by transcribing some stanzas from that noble hymn of human progress and Christian aspiration in which the poet bids the Christmas bells—

> Ring out the old, ring in the new,
> Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
> The year is going, let him go;
> Ring out the false, ring in the true.
>
> Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times;
> Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
> But ring the fuller minstrel in.
>
> Ring out false pride in place and blood,
> The civic slander and the spite;
> Ring in the love of truth and right;
> Ring in the common love of good.
>
> Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
> Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.
>
> Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE FLIGHT OF THE AMAKOSA.

A RIFLE CORPS LEGEND.

It's the honr of the morn
When he who's not born
With a silver spoon ready-made for him will scorn
To muddle his head
By lying in bed,
But jumps into a tub of cold water instead;
Which disperses each dream
And gets up his steam,
And makes him as fresh as new butter and cream;
Drives off sleep's dizziness,
Fits him for business,
Screws up his system,
And seems to assist him
To follow whatever employments enlist him.

In short, it's the hour when the whole *Ville du Cap*
(As the Frenchmen call Cape Town) wakes up from its nap
And prepares for its trade, its profession, or craft, as
Laborer, lawyer, or dealer in baftas.

But ev'ry one knows
That although *l'homme propose*,
It is n't in mortals themselves to "dispose,"
For that is undoubtedly *toute autre chose*—
Or to speak in plain English, when plain English suits,—
A pair of decidedly different boots.
And so on this day
Quite a different way
Of spending its time—neither work nor yet play—
From what Cape Town chalked out
When first it had walked out
That morning, it found in its destiny lay.

For Brown, Jones, and Robinson, Thomson, Smith, Russell,
And Jack, Tom, and Harry, are all in a bustle
Crying "Holloa! what now?
"What's the news? what's the row?
"What the deuce can the matter be?
"What can the clatter be?"
Kafirs escaped from the Amsterdam Battery!

It's really true:
And one looks blue
And another knows hardly what to do:
Some stare and some
Look shockingly glum,
While others declare its "remarkably rum."
"Why don't they bring Inspector King
And his blue-coat 'peelers?'—that's the thing?"
While others shout
"What are they about?
"Why don't they call the artillery out?"
But voices are drowned
By a martial sound

That all on a sudden rings out around;
And each who hears
Cries out, "Three cheers!
"It's the bugle-call of the Volunteers!"

Over the chimney-pots, over the tiles,
Over the gardens, two square miles,
Float the sounds of that warlike blast,
Proclaiming approaching relief at last.
Doubt has fled,
Fear hides its head,
And Curiosity reigns instead.

* * * * * * *

In the square of the Church there's a hubbub and fluster,
In the square of the Church the brave warriors muster—
Cavalry warriors armed, spurred, and booted,
With white-cover'd caps for the atmosphere suited,
Jackets of blue, rather short in the waist,
Garnished with silver in beautiful taste,
Trowsers of blue, with a broad silver border
And very long swords of the steel-scabbard order.

One by one,
To see the fun,
The citizens into Church-square run,
And then they gaze
In delighted amaze
At the gallant scene the square displays,
As the warriors gather by twos and threes
Beneath the shadow of two small trees,
Twirling mustachios in solemn monotony—
Excepting the Captain who hasn't yet got any.
While a few little boys
Are making a noise
And shouting "Oh, my!
"Here comes a guy!
"Oh come and look at this rummy fella
"A riding up with his umberella!"
And truth to confess,
It *did* look a mess
As a hero rode up on his gallant Black Bess,
And while he wore
His costume *du corps*,
In his hand a white-covered umbrella he bore.

The muster's complete,
Each man's in his seat,
Ready to do any desperate feat.
The Captain springs
To his saddle and flings
A look which alone attention brings;
Ere he gives the word,
And as soon as it's heard
Not a limb but in discipline's rule is stirr'd;
And every one sees that those gaily-clad men are all

Ready to die at the word of their General.
(I give him this title, for though it is true
He's a Captain alone—of this rifle corps blue—
The intelligent reader will also discern he's
Her Majesty's General—of the Attorneys.)

Away! list again to the trumpet, for hark! it
Sounds gallantly out from the square of Greenmarket.
Away! seek the steps of the classic Town Hall:
See the infantry Rifles respond to the call,
Officers, privates, and bandsmen, and all,
All looking valiant and all, to a man,
Determined at least to be found in "the van."

And now cavalry, infantry, all are assembled,
And Greenmarket-square 'neath their tramp has trembled,
And orders of all sorts on all sides are given,
And spurs in the flanks of the chargers are driven—
"March!" "forward!" "away!" "drive on coachee!" all tell a
Sad tale of what Horace calls *aspera bella.*

* * * * * * *

The way was long, the day was hot,
The Rifles very warm had got,
Their bright blue coats and silver gay
Seemed to befit a cooler day;
Their swords, their glory and their joy,
Hung in their sheaths, a useless toy;
The first of all the Rifles they
Who rode forth to the Kafir fray.
But, well-a-day! that luck was fled
No Kafirs were discoverèd.
Though they, the bravest of their race,
Longed to be with them face to face.
No more with hopeful looks they glance
And spur their steeds to make them prance,
But half their ardor, martial, gay,
In perspiration melts away.

Yet now they make a gallant push
And bravely scour the scrubby bush.
Woe to the foe that lurks within
While forward dashes headlong Glynn.
Woe to the foe!
"What's that? Holloa!
"Somebody's hiding there I know.
"Huzzah! there he is,
"With his coal-black phiz,
"And his black woolly hair too, all in a friz.
"Yield, villain! yield, or prepare to feel
"Two feet and a half of this trusty steel!"

The villain *has* yielded—they've captured him
And they've tied up his wrists with a bit of reim—
First fruits of the foray! oh, gallant Glynn,
'Tis thine the honor of war to win.

But what's that remark?
Who talks of a lark?
Do tell us, oh do,
Is it really true?
From trooper to trooper the sentence that's *now* heard,
"The woolly head chap's Mr. Somebody's cow-herd?"
The gallaut Captain's seen to smile,
Gravely shakes his head awhile,
Then, as he taps his sabre's hilt, he
Cries "Let him go—he's found 'not guilty.'"

Forward again in the roasting sun,
Horses and troopers, too, almost done,
March forth the cavalry, one by one;
And behind them the infantry's green coats appear,
For they're still in "the van" though they're still in the rear.

Forward they move, but alas! alas!
Not a Kafir is seen through all the pass
(Though private Saunders has brought a glass).
Camp's Bay is reached, and each Rifleman's breast
At that moment a thrill of joy must have confest,
As he gazed on the scene and half way up the hill he
Perceived in the distance the round house of Tilley.

And here awhile they rest from labor,
Rifle cast aside and sabre,
At the provisions do their worst,
With beer and soda slake their thirst;
But how they ate and how they drank
As if each throttle were a tauk:—
To tell all this my pen would fail—
But even Porter turned to ale.

That night the warrior band return'd
But though their hearts with valor burn'd
Not one his spurs as yet had earned.
Though hands were firm and nerves unshaken,
The Kafir foemen had saved their bacon,
And (saving the cowboy) no prisoner was taken.

* * * * * * * *

The shades of the night
Had taken to flight,
The sun gave out all his heat and light,
When some one averr'd
That some one had heard
(Or perhaps had been told by some sharp little bird)
That the fir-trees which grow
In many a row,
And make 'neath our mountain so pleasant a show,
Concealed in their deepest and darkest recess
The runaway Kafirs who'd made all this mess;
To the terror and horror of those who lived near,
And who hinted they just entertained the slight fear

That between thirst and hunger—a terrible fix—
They might cut peoples' throats as they'd cut their own sticks.

Away at the word goes the valiant crew,
Searching the fir-forest right through and through.
"Steady!" cries Captain T., "Steady, men, steady!
"Keep your eyes open—be silent and ready."

Ha! ha! ha! there they go—
'Tis the foe—'tis the foe—
But still not an inch of their skins dare they show.
Bang! bang! goes each gun:
Helter skelter, too, run
The Rifles pursuing like mad or like fun—
When some one exultingly cries out, "*Here's one!*"

'Twas true! 'twas one! the ball had sped
And entered the dying wretch's head:
Forth from the wound the life-blood flowed;
And, stretched in the warriors' very road—
A grisly baboon its carcase showed!
And the Riflemen stared
Half puzzled, half scared,
While a private coarsely remarked, "I'm blowed!"

Thus the second day's deeds to an end were brought,
But somehow the Kafirs were *not* yet caught.

* * * * * * *

How it turned out next day
'Twere not easy to say;
But five gallant gentlemen happen'd to stray
Through the woods for a search, and without any fuss,
Which so often brings forth the *ridiculus mus*,
Pounced right on the runaway Kafirs and bagged them—
That is on fourteen (quite enough to have scragged them);
And this feat all their comrades in arms pronounced lucky—
For my part, *I* call it uncommonly "plucky."

And thus ended the Rifle Corps Kafir campaign—
Whose like may the Rifle Corps ne'er see again,
For they'd very much trouble and very small gain.

But Cape Town all felt that, with such an array
Of valor to guard it by night and by day,
It might sleep in its bed
And not trouble its head
About Kafirs in prison or Kafirs who'd fled.
For myself, I can vow
If there's ever a row
I sha'nt think a bit of the consequence now.
For regular regiments I care not a rap—
The Rifle Corps guards me—what *can* spoil my nap?

A. W. C.

OUR LABOR MARKET.

BY A WORKING MAN.

THE introduction of immigrants from the United Kingdom to the Cape has been attended, perhaps, with less direct benefit, in proportion to the numbers introduced, than in the case of any other British colony. This has arisen, not from any defect in the country itself, as a field for the employment of numbers of industrious people, nor from any mismanagement of the immigration scheme, but from a few peculiarities in the labor market, and in the social position of the immigrant on arrival, to which he cannot reconcile himself. Perhaps, no British colony, with the exception of Canada, affords greater promise to the immigrant than the Cape colony. There is, however, a great want of capital, and a total absence (with the exception of roads) of all those public works so extensively and successfully carried on in Canada.

The broad features on the surface of Cape farming will convince the most uninitiated in its mysteries, that it cannot afford employment for agricultural laborers for more than about four or five months in the year; and for the other six or seven months profitable occupation must be sought in other employments, in such public works as the construction of roads and harbors, the excavation of dams and tanks, all of which are, at present, of very limited extent at the Cape. A breakwater in Table Bay will find occupation for great numbers in Cape Town; but the country, not the town, is the field for the exertions of the agricultural laborer. It is there he must find a suitable support, and there must be the nurseries to train up for us the future laborers of the colony. Large numbers will, doubtless, find occupation on railways; but railways and breakwaters will, sooner or later, come to an end, and the country must fall back on its own natural resources—not, it is hoped, into its past lethargy, or its present "hibernation," but into the increased activity resulting from such improvements. The termination of such extensive works will create a temporary glut in the labor market, which the resources of the country can, for a time, only mitigate, not remove. The development of our resources can be only gradual, and, perhaps, a little slow. Our gold fields will be found on the surface of those extensive tracts of hilly and undulating country branching off from the great mountain ranges, on which the skilful application of labor will produce an increase in our—

"Wool and horn,
And wine and corn."

It seems a very suitable time, as immigration has again become the object of official supervision and care, and of such vital public interest generally, to consider a few of the peculiarities of our labor market, and to pass a few remarks on the materials of which our native laboring classes are composed, leaving railways and breakwaters to produce their natural effects, when we get them; and if they should be deferred for a time beyond our expectation, how to manage as best we can without them; and in the meantime, employ our immigrants profitably and to advantage on other works.

When men emigrate from one country to another, it is with the view of bettering their condition, of procuring, in a new country, more of the comforts and conveniences of life, and by their industry and perseverance ultimately to secure for themselves, and their families, a greater portion of ease and independence than the old country affords. How much this hoped-for independence administers to the happiness of the human mind is manifest from the willingness of the emigrant to sever all home associations, social ties, and family connections, to encounter the labors of the wilderness in a distant and comparatively uncivilised land. But should he discover that in the new country there are in operation peculiarities and influences which tend rather to lower than to raise his social position, and that the state of the labor market has resolved itself into such a form as rather to depreciate the value of the only commodity which he has to dispose of, and which he had been led to believe was in such demand as to be appreciated for its quality, he naturally becomes discontented and troublesome, and seeks an early opportunity to leave the country; or, what is worse still, he succumbs under the difficulty, and becomes a lost man.

The great and striking peculiarity of the labor market in the Cape is the very general employment of men by the day, instead of by the piece or task-work. Perhaps, it may be necessary here to define our meaning. Piece-work or task-work have both nearly the same meaning; but piece-work is applied chiefly to mechanical operations, such as a cabinetmaker making a piece of furniture, or a cooper making a cask. Task-work is applied principally to parts of a whole, such as excavations or embankments in large engineering works, building walls, sawing timber, or any other works capable of a defined measurement; and is in fact contract work on a small scale,—the efficiency of which is due to a division of labor.

Of all the forms and divisions of human labor in a free

country, perhaps day-work is the most unprofitable to the employer, and most injurious to the employed. It is, in fact, a legalised loitering and idleness to those who are not under strict immediate supervision. In an old country, where the principles of labor are well understood, and where the workmen are all of one race, with nearly equal powers, it is not so unprofitable as in a new country, because in all classes of society there are certain conventional laws, which it is thought discreditable to disregard; and a laborer in a rural parish in England, where everybody is known to everybody else, failing to do a day's work, would not only lose his character with his employer, he would lose caste among respectable men of his own class. But this principle, never very active, becomes totally inoperative when the laborer leaves his native soil; and when numbers are concerned, men combine to do little, not to do much.

In new countries, peopled partly by European immigrants, and partly by native races, and at the Cape of Good Hope in particular, the turning point of a hemisphere around which European, Asiatic, and African commerce and civilization are constantly oscillating with unequal forces, the laboring classes form a motley group. Natives of all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and from the continent, Italians, French, Spaniards, Portuguese, Germans, Dutch, and sometimes the Russian from the far north, Malays, Chinamen, and natives of India, men from North and South America, negroes from all parts of the West Coast, and of the East Coast from Delagoa to Babelmandeb, men of all hues, Hottentots and Bushmen, Kafirs of all tribes, and Bastards of all breeds will be found among the laboring classes at the Cape, and with what different powers of working we need not say. Of all these, the English laborer will be found to possess the greatest amount of skill, and perhaps to require the greatest degree of comfort in living.

Where the elements of labor are so various, and where we find the want of skilled labor in the development of our resources, and find it necessary to incur a large public outlay to import it,—when we find, in fact, a country possessing an unlimited extent of cornland, of excellent quality, growing corn distinguished among the best, and almost unrivaled in Mark Lane, yet not able to raise enough to support a population of 300,000, and the demand of its seaports, it is surely true policy to encourage skill in every possible way. But does day labor do this? It not only does not do it,—it prevents it, and encourages the opposite—loitering and careless-

ness, by crowding into one undistinguished mass the skillful and the unskillful, the trained laborer and the half-civilised barbarian.

We so far endeavor, as a community, to improve the laboring resources of the colony, by apportioning a large amount of the public revenue to the importation of immigrants, but if we afford them not a fair market for their labor, we cannot expect to keep them. The Malay race, from their numbers, greatly influence, if not control, the labor market in Cape Town. They are, however, but a sorry set of tradesmen, and never ascend beyond a *rule of thumb* practice. From the small competition in the labor market, and from the little encouragement given to piece-work, the Malays usually command a comparatively high rate of day wages. When English mechanics arrive here, they show no indisposition to working by the piece; indeed, are rather pleased to get it in that form. But they soon prefer day work, because a very mediocre degree of skill, with a minimum of diligence, will command a comparatively high rate of day wages, and thus loose habits are encouraged, day work becomes the prevailing form, and superior diligence and skill receive no encouragement, and are not in demand in the labor market. The skillful mechanic becomes mixed up with the idler and the botch, and is thus driven out of the colony in search of a fair and remunerative market for his labor somewhere else.

We hear frequent complaints about immigrant tradesmen (particularly London tradesmen) being incompetent to what they profess. The gigantic scale on which everything is conducted in London renders a division of labor necessary which cannot exist in this country, from our comparative littleness; and there may be some truth in the complaint, not from want of skill on the part of the tradesmen, but from our limited extent of labor affording no corresponding division. Complaints are very frequent, for example, against London masons, because they cannot work in rough Cape stone so well as the Malays, forgetting that the man coming under the denomination of mason is perhaps a London bricklayer, very skillful in his own line, but failing to procure employment in that line, has been driven to follow a trade which has no more affinity to his own occupation than has that of a slater or a plasterer. Moreover, many tradesmen come under the denomination of London tradesmen who have been drawn to that great centre of attraction by the many advantages which it is supposed to possess, and the many charms with which the mind of the young apprentice generally invests it; and as

many are drawn there who do not realise that success which they anticipated, they swell the ranks of the emigrants, and arrive in the colonies under the denomination, and invested with the character, of London tradesmen. But surely a discriminating employment of men by the piece would be the most effectual of all methods for correcting this anomaly of character, and placing every man in his proper position. The opposite course of employment by the day confounds all distinctions of skill, and reduces, the class indiscriminately to a lower level, outrages the feelings of the best tradesmen, and in many cases destroys that self-respect which is essential to progress in society. The character of tradesmen ceases to be respectable, and they become dissatisfied with their position, some sink into drunkenness, some stave off this ultimatum for a few years, under the delusive plea of moderation in the use of their own compounds as canteen-keepers, a few of them speculate in a low way, but the best of them leave the colony. Whatever course they take when abandoning their trades, they are lost as tradesmen, and as the germ of a middle class, and become known to society only by swelling the list of colonial insolvents, or as recipients of charity.

The composition of parties of laborers for carrying on public works are formed of characters much more diversified than the living elements of the work-shop, because it is here that the indigent, the dissipated, and the outcast find their lowest industrial level. Not only will such parties be found to contain many of the elements which we have enumerated above, but here the sturdy, skilful laborer of Great Britain will be found working alongside of the runaway sailor, and the deserter from the army, the dissolute and broken-down mechanic, and the dissipated and degraded clerk, banished by intemperance from their former callings and position, and driven, at an advanced period of life, to seek a precarious subsistence at a laborious occupation, for which their previous habits and training have totally disqualified them.

To put men of such different qualifications to work by the day, at an equal rate of wages, is manifestly unwise and unjust, and depreciates to the lowest degree the skill of the expert laborer, and inflicts on him an irreparable injury. It is, in fact, a robbery; but a robbery, the ultimate cost of which falls on the employer, not on the employed, because the laborer, finding himself so situated, leaves the country discontented, and seeks another home. And as far as his residence here has had any influence on the native laborers, it has been injurious, from the fact that the European whom they have been led to regard as possessing superior abilities,

is unable to compete with them on their own ground. In working, on the other hand, by the piece, instead of the day, the skillful laborer would find his proper position in the labor market, and the native laborer would have placed before him a proper and very intelligible example to induce him to improve in skill and industry.

In any works, public or private, there will always be a certain varying quantity of labor, which it is impracticable to reduce to piece-work, and must be done by the day. But this should be the exception, not the rule; and, in public works, may frequently be done by the aged and infirm, and by those who have not attained the maximum of skill. It cannot but be beneficial to a country, particularly when labor is scarce, and great resources have to be opened up (apart from any consideration of improvement and elevation of character in the laboring classes) to adopt measures which will increase the efficiency of laborers, so that a less number of hands will do the same quantity of work. Civil engineers calculate that any number of skillful men working piece or task-work will do double the quantity of work which would be done by the same number of mixed men working by the day, and probably at one half the cost; and the cases of actual labor, given in the note below, will fully confirm this opinion.* But supposing this were not so, and that the smaller number of men were paid the same wages as the work would have cost by the larger number, its effects on society would be beneficial, as it would enable this smaller number to command more of the comforts of life, and by this means increase the trade of the country, enable them to give a better education to their children, and in all respects elevate

* The following cases, well known to the writer, illustrate forcibly what is stated above:—

Two works in carpentry, similar in kind, and presenting about equal difficulties, were done,—one by the day, and the other by task-working. When divided into squares, that done by the day measured 36 squares, and occupied carpenters 705 days' work; and laborers, 1560 days' work, extended over a period of eleven months, and cost £445 16s., or about £12 4s. per square. That done by the piece measured 100 squares, and employed carpenters 400 days, laborers 600 days, occupied four months, and cost £470, or about £4 14s. per square. The superintendence of the day-work was 214 days; and that of the piece-work, 104 days. The cost of the task was something more than one-third that of the day-work, and although the quantity in the piece-work was nearly three times as great as that of the day-work, the time occupied was little more than one third, in the day-work; the aggregate number of men was 2479 for day-work, and for the task-work, 1104.

Two cases of earth-work are known to the writer, which, although they do not admit of comparisons in detail like the above, lead to a conclusion that the work done as task-work did not cost so much, by 100 per cent., as that done by the day.

their position, and give to their energies the impulse so necessary to progress in a new country. But it would be eminently beneficial in other respects. Suppose a public work, requiring 200 laborers, at 1s. 6d. per diem, and rations, could be done by task-work by 100 men, who should earn 3s. per diem, and what would pay for their rations, the money cost would probably be nearly the same, but the food and labor of 100 men would be saved, to be turned to account in the market.

The advantages of task-work over day-work are so self-evident that engineers seldom allude to them. Piece-work has not been adopted in this country, from a want of skilled labor, and skilled supervision; and the native laborers, having been habituated to day-work from their earliest years, feel not the want of a better system; and this indifference, from the same cause, is participated in by the employers.

The glory and strength of every country must be based principally on the number, intelligence, industry, and morality, and, as a necessary consequence, the independence of its working men to form a Middle Class. All modern history proves this; and also proves the converse, that when the working classes are oppressed, a nation can neither progress nor remain stationary: retrogression is an inevitable result. There is scarcely a nation in Europe whose history for the last 300 years would not bear out this assertion. But at the Cape of Good Hope the working classes as yet have formed no middle class. Society is divided into two classes, the high and the low; and as the laboring classes consist principally of the native races, the question becomes one of color and of caste, and the laboring classes become associated, in public opinion, with the colored classes. And as among a large proportion of the population labor is invariably, from the prejudice of early education, connected with slavery, by a convenient association of ideas, the working classes and their labors acquire in such minds some affinity to slavery also. This prejudice acts injuriously in many ways; but principally it outrages the feelings of the workmen, and it prevents parents, who have no means of providing for their children otherwise, from apprenticing them to trades, and they crowd the ranks of the candidates for clerkships by young men, whose abilities, either natural or acquired, afford no prospect of success. Task-work or piece-work among the tradesmen would, so far as its influence goes, remedy this state of things, by classifying the workmen, and putting them in the position to which their abilities entitle them, and altogether raise the character of the class.

With respect to the present race of agricultural laborers, we would ask, are they a class that can be depended on for rising in society, developing the resources of the country, and increasing its respectable population? We answer, most unequivocally, they are not. They have nothing at stake, nothing to lose, no property of any kind, never build houses worthy of the name, are in fact a predatory race, without a habitation or a name, wandering about from place to place, as a similar class did in the days of the patriarch Job—

"Fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste. To dwell in the caves of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in rocks."

Their erratic, if not predatory, habits, are proverbial, and sometimes compel us to think (very unwisely) of stringent compulsory laws to correct the evil. Local labor put up to competition, by which every man would be paid for what he did, would induce men to settle in localities in which it was to be found, and encourage habits of industry, which laws can never do. Laws will never make men industrious; industry must be a matter of individual choice, and will only be chosen on a clear understanding that it is better than idleness.

Public works of all kinds, from their extent, are particularly favorable to the form of task-work. But who can ride along our great Eastern road, and avoid the reflection that, after its full completion and establishment for twelve years, the desolation for the first 24 miles is surprising, that except in the villages, and in the immediate vicinity of Salt River, no new buildings have arisen. A road station has been built at every four miles' distance, where a constant supply of labor and outlay of money occur, yet no building has arisen near those stations in all that time, to indicate the presence of active civilization. No small farms have arisen in the vicinity, no whitewashed laborers' cottages, the abodes of peace, thriving industry, frugality, and domestic comfort, the nurseries of a rising generation of healthy men and women, the future bone and muscle of the community. No fertile gardens or shady hedge-rows appear, or clumps of trees. All except the one lonely building is desolate and waste, looking rather like a beacon to warn than a prospect to allure, as though the curse of hard labor, in mortar and brick, hung over it, rather than the promises of free competitive labor; and the whole scene is as much the unrestricted habitat of the reptiles, the moles, and the "field-mice" as it was before the road was made.

We repeat our previous assertion, that no country can prosper which has not an industrious, thriving, moral peasantry,

and any deficiency in this most important element of society, is a loss which must be supplied by importations from other countries. But surely it must be very unwise, after having introduced immigrants at a great cost, not to keep them when they come. To the farmers we would say adopt the same policy towards your European laborers which you adopt so successfully with your fine-wooled sheep. You go to the expense of introducing the best varieties from Europe, and when you get them, you preserve them with great care, seeking for them good pastures, and housing them properly to preserve the staple and quantity of wool, as well as to prevent deterioration in blood. In like manner, the country goes to a great expense in the importation of European laborers, each adult of whom costs probably little less than £20. Here, unfortunately, hitherto the comparison ceases. But if you will continue the same care to the laborer, and allow him to lodge himself properly, and to feed in fair pastures, and not force upon him a deterioration of blood, so that he can have before him a fair prospect of rearing a family, without sinking into semi-barbarism and wretchedness—depend upon it that his labor, in opening up the resources of the country will, in all respects, be as beneficial and profitable beyond that of the native laborer in his untrained condition, as is the produce of the fine-wooled merino, superior to the fat-tailed Cape.

In advocating thus feebly the interests of the laboring man, we are sensible that there are other difficulties which beset his path, in his social position here, of considerable magnitude, which time alone can remove. But a fair market for his labor, and a discriminating distinction, to which mental and physical superiority is entitled, must be the basis on which his future position must be built. Accord him a fair market for his labor, and all other difficulties will gradually be overcome, and he will rise above them. Deny him this, and he cannot rise.

FAREWELL!

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. MOSENTHAL.

Blossoms fragrant waving
From yon banana tree:
They are those silent wishes
Sent, lovely maid to thee.

Murmuring waters whisper,
Flow secretly along:
My inmost lays repeating,
Recall to thee my song.

A butterfly—a white one—
Reposes on thy hand:
That is my kiss, the sweetest
From far off stranger land.

See'st thou yon star the glittering
On deep horizon dwell?
That is my love, my longing;
Beloved maid—farewell!

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

BY E. L. LAYARD.

The accompanying scraps may amuse the leisure moments of some of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*; and if, by their aid, the invalid, pining for the fresh air of heaven, and a close communion with nature, shall lose in forgetfulness a weary half hour, my trouble in transcribing them will be more than repaid. These sketches cannot boast of profound research or mature thought, nor have I the time to study the elegancies of composition,—a few spare moments snatched from other and graver duties are the only opportunities of which I can avail myself to jot down these memoranda. What I see or have seen that will I endeavor to describe. It may be of use, it may not; but I feel that nothing connected with nature and her laws can be "common or unclean." Such as I have I cast on the waters—it may be found after many days.

Bush-doves in Swellendam.—"The spotted species we call here *bush-doves*, and about the hunting of them I will give you a description. In the months of January to April we provide ourselves with a good lot of powder, No. 3 shot, and go out to Sparrow-bush (the source of the Buffeljaghts River), with a party of ten or fifteen, informing the proprietors beforehand, when they collect to the number of ten or fifteen more. We then go into the bush along the river, where each chooses for himself the largest tree he can find well sheltered with underwood. There he seats himself, and placing his powder, shot, pipe, tobacco, and the other necessaries for the inner and outer man, he patiently awaits the firing of the first shot. Hundreds of these doves soon soar in the air, or settle on various trees; then begins a fusilade, which I am sure beats the Royals on Parade. At noon, we all, at the sound of the whistle, return to the wagon, as the doves then, in the heat of the day, remain so close in the thickest foliage that it is no use remaining. About 4 o'clock p.m., the same sport is carried on; and at sunset we prepare to go home. The farmers generally give up to us all their game, which our party divide equally amongst themselves, and often have from thirty to fifty birds a-piece; some, of course, shoot more than others, but the general rule amongst our sportsmen who go out together is—all share in necessaries, and all share the game. My brother one day shot seventy-two while I only shot ten,—the tree you sit under making all the difference; patience and stillness do a great deal too. About the month of April the birds suddenly leave; but in the whole neighborhood, during those months I have alluded to,

thousands are shot, it being a fine eating bird, and very fat. One day, close to Zuurbraak, my brother, a friend, and myself, shot, in three hours' time, upwards of 200 birds—that day being cool and cloudy; in such weather they expose themselves more. A walking sportsman will not shoot one, as the least breaking of a twig will set the whole on the wing. I dare say you will think that I have been writing a lot of nonsense, but it may be of use to you. I wish you would inform me whence they come, and whither they go. They hatch here, as I have frequently killed young birds in these battues."—*Extract of a Letter.*

The bird alluded to by my friend is the triangular spotted pigeon, and specimens are mounted in the Museum. It is a fine pigeon, and well worth the expenditure of powder and shot.

I am totally unable to answer the questions as to its place of retirement during the months intervening between April and January, so little is known of the birds of this colony, and our ignorance must continue until the country is more settled, and observers are resident at various and widely-distant places.

When the gentlemen appointed to report on the site of the light-house at Cape Point inspected that locality, I accompanied them, and visited one of the numerous caves which run into the mountain, from the seaward.

We pulled in through a passage, at first wide enough to admit the use of the long oars of a man-of-war's boat, but gradually narrowing, and finally splitting up into several narrow dark channels leading into the bowels of the mountain, and shrouded in pitchy darkness. When we could no longer use the oars, we pushed along by the sides, as the bottom, though plainly visible, could not be reached by our longest boat-hook. Down in the clear water we could see huge fish, which darted into the dim recesses on our right and left as we passed over them, while from the ledges of rock over-head sped numerous pigeons, at which I was afraid to fire, lest the reverberation should bring down some of the masses of rock that seemed to cling by a corner or a pebble to the lofty roof. On our return, however, and when in the entrance, I ventured on a shot at an object that looked like a bird seated on a ledge. A report, magnified by the echoes of the cavern into a roar like that of a broadside of artillery, was followed by the headlong rush of a number of pigeons, and the splash of somebody falling into the water. This latter proved to be the bird shot at,—a young specimen of the bush-dove; and, on looking up, many others were seen craning their necks over to learn the cause of the unwonted disturbance.

This breeding place must have been full of nests. I am told that they incubate on trees as well; but I have not seen them.

Longevity of Birds.—A parrot was lately brought to the Museum with the following memorandum.—

"This bird is sent to the Museum not as a rarity, but on account of its great age, having been in our family upwards of thirty-eight years. It crossed the Line with its former master, the late John Elmslie, Esq., three times."

Some years ago I was visiting a church in the village of Leckhampton, in the neighborhood of Cheltenham. To gain an entrance I was obliged to apply to the sexton for the key, and on my walking up the

pretty pathway embowered in roses and clematises that led to his dwelling, I heard a voice call out "Wilson! you're wanted—strangers." The voice was a very peculiar though distinct one, and I looked about for the speaker to request the loan of the church key. Presently, Mr. Wilson, the sexton, appeared, and I stated my wish to inspect the monumental brasses. He offered to accompany me, when the strange voice called out in a repining tone, "Oh, don't leave me, Wilson." A companion with me asked who it was that spoke so oddly, when Wilson informed us, that it was a large sulphur-crested cockatoo, and leading us up to the house. he introduced us to a singular-looking object.

The large white bird was entirely denuded of feathers on the breast and stomach, and partially so on the back, and on these places the skin was a bright pink. It was apparently, with this exception, in robust health, its wings were not clipt, and it walked gravely from bough to bough, and descended to welcome its master.

"That creature, madam," said Wilson addressing my companion, "is very aged. This is the one hundred and fifth year of its residence on the manor-house property, and it was said to be an old bird when it came into the possession of the family, in which it is considered an heir-loom. I have known him going on for seventy-five years, and I think he will outlive me. I am going to the church with this gentleman and lady," he said, addressing the bird, who instantly replied, "Well, don't be long—good bye."

Years passed away, and we visited the old churchyard again. "Ten years," said my companion, "have nearly elapsed since we walked here; the place is little changed—more graves, of course. And here is the mason putting up a fresh one: let us go and ask after old Wilson and the cockatoo."

We strolled to the place over the mossy graves of the peasant and the stone coffin of the cross-legged crusader—equally unknown; the mason whistled at his work and joked with his mate, as if he never calculated on dying himself.

As we drew near, my eye fell on the inscription on the new stone:—

Sacred to the Memory of
JOHN WILSON,
AGED 90.
Seventy years sexton of this parish,

or some words to that effect, with a record of the faithful discharge of his duties, and the regret of his master at the loss of an old and attentive servant of his family.

"I reckon he died last autumn, sir," was the response to my inquiry about him; "he waur a fine old man, and I had a knowed him since I waur a boy."—"Oh, then you knew the parrot," said I.—"Oh aye, sur, I knowed un, and a rum un her waur; she spoke just like a human, and waur quoit as knowun." I then elicited from my informant that after Wilson's death, the bird had been removed to London where the family now resided, and as far as he knew, it was in perfect health. Poor old Wilson was right, it had outlived him, and must then have been little less than one hundred and fifteen or twenty years old.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITERARY REVIEW.

"Most men who have written on South Africa have been either sporting giants, scientific men, or travelers who have gone over ground never before trodden by the white man. I am neither of these." So writes Capt. Drayson in the preface to his *Sporting Scenes amongst the Kafirs of South Africa.* His book contains no records of marvelous Nimrod feats like Gordon Cumming's; no elaborate researches like Dr. Philip's; nor astounding discoveries like Dr. Livingstone's. But it is a right pleasant, readable book notwithstanding—containing abundance of information, too, though communicated in a light, sketchy, gossiping style. Captain Drayson belongs to the Royal Artillery, and was stationed at the Cape and Natal in the years 1847-8-9. His observations and experiences, during that time, among men in the colonies, and among elephants and elands on the borders, form the staple of the work. He opens, as every other writer on South Africa does, with a description of that everlasting voyage from England, with which the reader should certainly be deemed, by all future book-makers, to be already sufficiently acquainted. Cape Town is spoken of, in the introductory chapter, favorably as follows:—

"I rather liked Cape Town; there was a good library, very fair halls, pretty women, and a pleasant country near, well sprinkled with good houses, the hospitality of which might well be introduced in place of the oyster-like seclusion of many houses in England."

Graham's Town evidently found considerably less favor in the author's eyes, as we may sufficiently judge from the following:—

"A few days in Graham's Town were quite enough to satisfy my curiosity; in this part of the world, the sooner one gets beyond the half-civilization, the better."

Port Elizabeth is treated still more scurvily by the gallant captain, who is daring enough to libel it as "a wretched town." Frontier life generally, evidently from some peculiar idiosyncracy of his own, was utterly distasteful to him; he pronounces it as little better than so much banishment. We are bound to add an opinion, however, that the author's judgments in these matters are scarcely to be accepted as final. Notwithstanding all his laudations of Cape Town, in the concluding chapter of the book he treats his readers to a ridiculous story of alleged sharp practice by 'a dishonest auctioneer,' which is utterly untrue, and without the slightest foundation in fact. Capt. Drayson, however, is evidently in general a shrewd, intelligent observer, and some of his remarks respecting the native character and the Government policy (during his time) on the frontier are interesting and occasionally valuable:—

"That the frontier Kafir is, in nearly every case, a rogue, a thief, and a liar, no one will, I believe, deny; there is a great deal, however, to be said in excuse for him. He is a savage, uneducated, and misled by the bad example of his forefathers, and he is gradually encroached

upon by the white men, who, after a war, most unceremoniously appropriate a certain number of square miles of territory, and tell the original owner that he must either move on, or that he is only a squatter on sufferance. . . . . They are fine athletic men, and stand generally about six feet in height; they are nearly black, and have woolly hair, although the features are in many cases almost European. The *intombis*, or young girls, are often quite pretty, with wild, free dark eyes that may well plead as excuses for the young Kafir's propensity for cattle-stealing, the decimal coinage of Kafirland being 10 cows = 1 wife."

After eight months of Cape frontier life, our author was ordered to Natal; and there he becomes quite enthusiastic on the superior glories of that new country:—

"Each ride that I took brought new beauties before me; the sterile (?) appearance of the frontier was here exchanged for the most luxuriant and fragrant vegetation. Forests appeared hung with creepers and scented blossoms; undulating grassy slopes, with detached and park-like clumps of trees. Here and there the calm, placid waters of the bay were seen in the distance through openings in the forest, or under the flat horizontal foliage of the umbrella acacia, whose graceful shape, combined with the palm, the gigantic euphorbias, and the brilliant Kafir-boom, formed the characteristics of the bush."

Passing over his intercourse at D'Urban with an "intellectual-looking gentleman," who, finding the climate there too hot to do much besides, occupied himself mainly in smoking tobacco and drinking brandy and water, the first of which habits had ruined his health, and the latter his prospects and character, we follow the author to Pietermaritzburg, which thenceforth becomes his head-quarters. From there he sallied forth, at frequent intervals, on hunting expeditions to the borders; and the lovers of good sport, whether in pursuit of the reitbok, the eland, or the elephant, will find in Drayson's rapid sketches a vast deal of the most valuable practical hints, directions, and information. Our space, at present, precludes us from giving more than a passing reference to this, though in the volume itself it occupies by far the most prominent position. We can only find room for one or two extracts, illustrative of some phases in the natural history of even nobler game than the lordly elephant himself. Our first will present the author's comparison of the Zulu Kafir and a presumed peculiar variety of the more civilized settler:—

"The Kafirs, from whom my experience was gained, however low they ranked in savage society, had none of the offensive or presumptuous manners that are met with so frequently amongst the vulgar in civilization. They never pretended to more than they possessed in any way, or by a system of deceit, lying, or false appearance, endeavored to persuade others that they were really more than simple savages.

"Let us now contrast these men with a civilized house. On one occasion I paid a visit to the house of a settler who was clothed in white linen jacket, straw hat, fustian trowsers, and coarse shirt, and was busy at work in his garden. His wife met me, and being acquainted, we at once entered into conversation. I wished to hear about the soil, the thriving of poultry, &c.; but at first this would-be great lady could utter nothing but apologies for being so 'dreadfully

dressed.' She then gave a long history of the number of her great friends in England, and described the astonishment of these aristocrats were they to hear of *her* being in such a wilderness. Then pointing to her husband, she said, 'Ah, dear me! to see —— now, you would scarcely imagine what a stylish man he was formerly. In England he used to wear his hair long, and when he had greased it and *put on a clean shirt on a Sunday*, there was not a more gentlemanly looking man in London.'"

In this there is, of course, a considerable dash of caricature; but making all due allowance for that, there is a residuum of truth sufficient to prove that human nature, even on a settler's location in Natal, is not yet wholly independent of the weaknesses which show themselves most prominently among the conventionalities of a more artificial life.

It would be scarcely fair to conclude even this brief notice of Capt. Drayson's most interesting book without extracting the following passage illustrative of the sharpness of South Africans in general:—

"There are many men to be found in England who may pride themselves on knowing a thing or two. Let them go to South Africa and they will find they are perfect babes. I mean not thus to vilify the whole body of the worthy Capeites, but merely their *mauvais sujets*. It is my belief that a thorough Cape 'schelm' would give at least two points in the rubber of roguery, and beat the best English swindler living."

We are disposed to shrewdly suspect that the discoverer of this wonderful state of affairs has fallen upon a mare's nest, or has himself belonged to the class best known as too clever by half. We should also extract the author's parting advice to all sportsmen—"Try a shooting trip for a year in the bush on the plains of South Africa, the true fairyland of sport."

Christmas would scarcely be Christmas to the English people unless Dickens contributed to the mirth of their social circles by his delightful *Christmas Carols*, *Chimes*, and *Battles of Life*. His latest Christmas piece, *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, published in the last number of *Household Words*, will bear comparison with the very best of its predecessors, and is, in every respect, characteristic of Dickens's free, rollicking humor, touching pathos, and grotesque caricature. The scenes are laid on the Island of Silver Store, the Prison in the woods, and the Rafts in the river on the Carribbean coast of South America; and the time is some hundred and fifty years ago, among the silver treasure seekers and the buccaneers of that period. The incidents of the piece, however, the strong contrasts of light and shade throughout it, and its spirit half tragical, half chivalrous, have all their manifest origin in the terrible events of the last year of Indian history. The Island of Silver Store was occupied by a very small English colony. The reason why it was called by that name, was that the English colony owned and worked a silver mine, over on the mainland in Honduras, and used this island as a safe and convenient place to store their silver in,' until it was annually fetched away by a King's sloop of war, which visited it regularly with all the requisite supplies.

The story opens with the following bit of autobiography by the narrator, whose words are taken down from his dictation by my Lady Carton, the wife of Admiral Sir Geo. Carton—

"It was in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-four that I, Gill Davis to command, His Mark, having then the honor to be a private in the Royal Marines, stood a-leaning over the bulwarks of the armed sloop *Christopher Columbus*, in the South American waters off the Mosquito shore.

"My lady remarks to me, before I go any further, that there is no such Christian-name as Gill, and that her confident opinion is, that the name given to me in the baptism wherein I was made, &c., was Gilbert. She is certain to be right, but I never heard of it. I was a foundling child, picked up somewhere or another, and I always understood my Christian-name to be Gill. It is true that I was called Gills when employed at Snorridge-bottom betwixt Chatham and Maidstone, to frighten birds; but that had nothing to do with the baptism wherein I was made, &c., and wherein a number of things were promised for me by somebody, who let me alone ever afterwards as to performing any of them, and who I consider must have been the beadle. Such name of Gills was entirely owing to my cheeks or gills, which at that time of my life were of a raspy description."

The vessel reached the bay of Silver Store safely; and her commander Maryon communicated duly with Mr. Commissioner Pordage, of whom we are told that:—

"He kept in a red and black japanned box, like a family lump-sugar box, some document or other which some Sambo chief or other had got drunk, and spilt some ink over (as well as I could understand the matter), and by that means had given up lawful possession of the island. Through having hold of this box, Mr. Pordage got his title of Commissioner. He was styled Consul, too, and spoke of himself as 'Government.'

"He was a stiff-jointed, high-nosed old gentleman, without an ounce of fat on him, of a very angry temper, and a very yellow complexion. Mrs. Commissioner Pordage, making allowance for difference of sex, was much the same. Mr. Kitten, a small youngish, bald, botanical and mineralogical gentleman, also connected with the mine—but everybody there was that, more or less—was sometimes called by Mr. Commissioner Pordage, his Vice-commissioner, and sometimes his Deputy-consul. Or sometimes he spoke of Mr. Kitten, merely as being 'under Government.'"

Shortly after the arrival the sloop is found to spring a leak while at anchor, with a certain prospect of speedily sinking. Immediate orders are given by Capt. Maryon, who is an invalid, to land all the cargo and provisions that had been on board, and save them for the colonists. Mr. Commissioner Pordage has not been consulted, and he forthwith fumes in the following audacious caricature of a new Circumlocution Office:—

"'Captain Maryon,' replies Mr. Commissioner Pordage, 'there hath been no written correspondence. No documents have passed, no memoranda have been made, no minutes have been made, no entries and counter-entries appear in the official muniments. This is indecent. I call upon you, sir, to desist, until all is regular or Government will take this up.'

" 'Sir,' says Captain Maryon, chafing a little, as he looked out of his hammock; 'between the chances of Government taking this up, and my ship taking herself down, I much prefer to trust myself to the former.'

" 'You do, sir?' cries Mr. Commissioner Pordage.

" 'I do, sir,' says Captain Maryon, lying down again.

" 'Then, Mr. Kitten,' says the Commissioner, 'send up instantly for my diplomatic coat.'

" He was dressed in a linen suit at that moment; but Mr. Kitten started off himself, and brought down the diplomatic coat, which was a blue-cloth one, gold-laced, and with a crown on the button.

" 'Now, Mr. Kitten,' says Pordage, 'I instruct you, as Vice-commissioner and Deputy-consul of this place, to demand of Captain Maryon, of the sloop *Christopher Columbus*, whether he drives me to the act of putting this coat on?'

" 'Mr. Pordage,' says Captain Maryon, looking out of his hammock again, 'as I can hear what you say, I can answer it without troubling the gentleman. I should be sorry that you should be at the pains of putting on too hot a coat on my account; but, otherwise, you may put it on hindside-before, or inside-out, or with your legs in the sleeves, or your head in the skirts, for any objection that I have to offer to your thoroughly pleasing yourself.'

" 'Very good, Captain Maryon,' says Pordage, in a tremendous passion, 'very good, sir. Be the consequences on your own head! Mr. Kitten, as it has come to this, help me on with it.' "

" When he had given that order, he walked off in the coat, and all our names were taken," &c.

A report is soon brought to Capt. Carton, that a desperate band of pirates are on the neighboring shore of the mainland, and a boat expedition, in pursuit of them, is planned for that very night:—

" It was not yet black dark, and the roll was only just gone through, when up comes Mr. Commissioner Pordage with his diplomatic coat on.

" 'Captain Carton,' says he, 'sir, what is this?'

" 'This, Mr. Commissioner' (he was very short with him), 'is an expedition against the pirates. It is a secret expedition, so please to keep it a secret.'

" 'Sir,' says Commissioner Pordage, 'I trust there is going to be no unnecessary cruelty committed?'

" 'Sir,' returns the officer, 'I trust not.'

" 'That is not enough, sir,' cries Mr. Commissioner Pordage, getting wroth. 'Captain Carton, I give you notice. Government requires you to treat the enemy with great delicacy, consideration, clemency, and forbearance.'

" 'Sir,' says Captain Carton, 'I am an English officer, commanding English men, and I hope I am not likely to disappoint the Government's just expectations. But I presume you know that these villains, under their black flag, have despoiled our countrymen of their property, burnt their homes, barbarously murdered them and their little children, and worse than murdered their wives and daughters?'

" 'Perhaps, I do, Captain Carton,' answers Pordage, waving his hand with dignity; 'perhaps I do not. It is not customary, sir, for Government to commit itself.' "

The expedition has proceeded; a small party, half-a-dozen Englishmen, with considerably more native Samboes, are left to protect the fort and the ladies from danger. Treachery is speedily detected; the pirates instead of being in the direction reported to Capt. Carton, are in the near vicinity of the fort; and the Samboes, with Christian George King,

"the double-dyed traitor and most infernal villain at their head," are in league with them. While Capt. Carton's expedition are absent on the opposite side of the island, the pirates attack the little fort; prodigies of valor are exhibited by men and women alike in defence of it, but without avail. The prisoners are conveyed by the pirates to the mainland, thence through dense and trackless forests they know not whither, until finally they arrive at the ruins of an ancient city of the Aztecs which form the pirates' stronghold and the prison of the English. From this they escape by a somewhat marvelous process; and by means of rafts, float down a river, and when near its mouth they meet Carton's boats, which during this dreary interval, had been scouring the whole coast in search of the captives. With this as the groundwork of the story, the details are filled in with all the artistic skill of a master. We have already presented one or two specimens of caricature; the following may serve as an instance of the pathos which pervades so much of the tale. The prisoners are on their wild journey through the forests under the charge of the buccaneers; and the stout seamen, Gill Davis among the rest, are doing all in their power to relieve the hardships of their gentle fellow-prisoners:—

"A lighter weight fell to my share. I had the youngest of the children, the pretty little boy already mentioned, who had been deaf and dumb from his birth. His mother's voice trembled sadly as she thanked me for taking him up, and tenderly put his little dress right while she walked behind me. 'He is very little and light of his age,' says the poor lady, trying hard to speak steady. 'He won't give you much trouble, Davis—he has always been a very patient child from the first.' The boy's little frail arms clasped themselves round my neck while she was speaking; and something or other seemed to stop in my throat the cheerful answer that I wanted to make. I walked on with what must have looked, I am afraid, like a gruff silence; the poor child humming softly on my back, in his unchanging, dumb way, till he hummed himself to sleep. Often and often since that time, in dreams, I have felt those small arms round my neck again, and have heard that dumb murmuring song in my ear, dying away fainter and fainter, till nothing was left but the light breath rising and falling regularly on my cheek, telling me that my little fellow-prisoner had forgotten his troubles in sleep"

We have to correct a mistake which occurred in our notice of the first number of Mr. Thackeray's new serial of the *Virginians*. It was then mentioned that that instalment consisted of but some sixteen meagre pages, ending with provoking abruptness in the middle of a sentence. We now learn that this arose simply from a bookbinder's blunder; and that the copy which had reached us had been stitched up minus a sheet. The monthly parts are of the usual completed extent of thirty-two pages; and they are illustrated by drawings from the author's own designs, as characteristic and expressive as even Doyle's could have been. In the second and third parts which have recently come into our hands the tale is developing rapidly; and it is now assuming the ominous proportions of a history of Washington, and Franklin, and the

great American war of independence. Madam Esmond, a widow, the aristocratic settler in Virginia, has two sons, George and Harry Warrington, who have occupied hitherto the foreground of the picture. But Major Washington, and General Braddock, and Mr. Franklin, "the postmaster," are brought forward very prominently as well. The Major "was away there in the wilderness watching the French, and battling with frozen rivers." "Up to this time, no actual blow of war had been struck. The troops representing the hostile nations were in presence, the guns were loaded; but no one as yet had cried 'fire.'" "It was strange," says Thackeray in one of his fine reflective passages, "that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginian officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country, and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the Great Western Republic; to rage over the Old World, when extinguished in the New; and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow!" This is surely sufficient eulogy even for the great name of Washington. Thackeray, in his *Newcomes*, it is well known, gave mortal offence to the vanity of Brother Jonathan, by a passing allusion to Washington, in terms more flattering to the man than to the cause he had espoused. The insult was unintentional, but the author's attempt to back out of it was as ungracious in the eyes of young America as had been the original offence itself. The *amende honorable* is certainly made most amply in the passage we have quoted.

We shall next select an extract in which His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, Braddock, and Mr. Franklin are presented together. Braddock is a type of the British soldier of his day,—loyal, gallant, ignorant, and coarse. Mr. Franklin we need not attempt to describe. His Excellency is proceeding in state and splendor from his head-quarters at Williamsburg to enjoy the hospitalities of Madam Esmond at her magnificent plantation:—

"His guard of dragoons preceded him out of Williamsburg, in the midst of an immense shouting and yelling of a loyal and principally negro population. The general rode in his own coach. . . . Major Danvers, aide-de-camp, sat in the front of the carriage, with the little postmaster from Philadelphia, Mr. Franklin, who, printer's boy as he had been, was a wonderfully shrewd person, as His Excellency and the gentlemen of his family were fain to acknowledge, having a quantity of the most curious information respecting the colony, and regarding England, too, where Mr. Franklin had been more than once. 'Twas extraordinary how a person of such humble origin should have acquired such a variety of learning, and such a politeness of bearing, too, as Mr. Franklin!" His Excellency was pleased to observe, touching his hat graciously to the postmaster.

"The postmaster bowed; said it had been his occasional good fortune to fall into the company of gentlemen like His Excellency, and that he had taken advantage of his opportunity to study their honors' manners,

and adapt himself to them as far as he might. As for education, he could not boast much of that,—his father being but in straitened circumstances, and the advantages small in his native country of New England: he had done to the utmost of his power, and gathered what he could; he knew nothing like what they had in England.

"Mr. Braddock burst out laughing, and said, 'As for education, there were gentlemen of the army, by George, who did'nt know whether they should spell bull with two b's or one. He had heard the Duke of Marlborough was no special good penman. He had not the honor of serving under that noble commander,—His Grace was before his time; but he thrashed the French soundly, although he was no scholar.'

"Mr. Franklin said he was aware of both those facts."

And again:—

"Lord! what roads you have in this colony, and how this confounded coach plunges!" said His Excellency. "Who have we here with the two negro boys in livery? He rides a good gelding."

"This is Mr. Washington," says the aide-de-camp."

"I would like him for a corporal of the Horse Grenadiers," said the General. "He has a good figure on a horse. He knows the country, too, Mr. Franklin?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And is a monstrous genteel young man, considering the opportunities he has had. I should have thought he had the polish of Europe, by George, I should."

"He does his best," says Mr. Franklin, looking innocently at the stout chief, the exemplar of English elegance, who sat swaggering from one side to the other of the carriage, his face as scarlet as his coat—swearing at every other word; ignorant on every point off parade, except the merits of a bottle and the looks of a woman; not of high birth, yet absurdly proud of his no-ancestry; brave as a bulldog; savage, lustful, prodigal, generous; gentle in soft words; easy of love and laughter; dull of wit; utterly unread; believing his country the first in the world, and he as good a gentleman as any in it. 'Yes, he is mighty well for a provincial, upon my word. He was beat at Fort What-d'ye-call-um last year, down by the Thingamy river. What's the name on't, Talmadge?'"

Our next scene will be laid in Madam Esmond's mansion. Braddock and his gallant boon companions are over their wine, and the ladies have already long withdrawn. Col. Washington has retired, also, and is now promenading the balcony in conversation with Madam Esmond:—

"'The gentlemen are long over their wine,' she said; 'gentlemen of the army are always fond of it.'

"'If drinking makes good soldiers, some yonder are distinguishing themselves greatly, madam,' said Mr. Washington.

"'What I wonder can you talk of for so many hours?' asked the lady.

"'I don't think I can tell you all we talk of, madam, and I must not tell tales out of school. We talked about the war and of the force Mr. Contrecœur has, and how we are to get at him. The General is for making his campaign in his coach, and makes light of it and the enemy. That we shall beat them if we meet them, I trust there is no doubt.'

"'How can there be?" said the lady, whose father, Colonel Esmond, had served under Marlborough.

"'Mr. Franklin, though he is only from New England,' continued

the gentleman, 'spoke great good sense, and would have spoken more if the English gentlemen would let him; but they reply invariably that we are only raw provincials, and don't know what disciplined British troops can do. Had they not best hasten forwards and make turnpike roads and have comfortable inns for His Excellency at the end of his day's march?' 'There's some sort of inns, I suppose,' says Mr. Danvers, 'not so comfortable as we have in England: we can't expect that.' 'No, you can't expect that,' says Mr. Franklin, who seems a very shrewd and facetious person. He drinks his water and seems to laugh at the Englishmen; though I doubt whether it is fair for a water-drinker to sit by and spy out the weaknesses of gentlemen over their wine."—

" . . . Good manners and a repugnance to telling tales out of school forbid us from saying which of Madam Esmond's guests was the first to fall under the weight of her hospitality. The respectable descendants of Messrs. Talmadge and Danvers, aides-de-camp to His Excellency, might not care to hear how their ancestors were intoxicated a hundred years ago; and yet the gentlemen themselves took no shame in the fact, and there is little doubt they or their comrades were tipsy twice or thrice in the week. Let us fancy them rolling into bed, supported by sympathizing negroes; and their vinous General, too stout a toper to have surrendered himself to a half dozen of bottles of Bordeaux, conducted to his chamber by the young gentlemen of the house, and speedily sleeping the sleep which friendly Bacchus gives."

" . . . At breakfast, one of the English officers rallied Mr. Franklin, who took no wine at all, and, therefore, refused the morning cool draught of toddy by showing how the Philadelphia gentlemen lost two pleasures, the drink and the toddy. The young fellow said the disease was pleasant and the remedy delicious, and laughingly proposed to continue repeating them both. The General's new aide-de-camp, Col. Washington, was quite solemn and serene. The British officers vowed they must take him in hand and teach him what the ways of the English army were; but the Virginian gentleman gravely said he did not care to learn that part of the English military education."

These extracts will serve to give some idea of the style and tone of this new work. It is in every respect characteristic of Mr. Thackeray's genius—abounding in quaint sallies of humor, keen sarcasm, and profound reflection. The subject is worthy of the author; and we have no doubt that, when completed, the *Virginians* will be classed as his master-piece.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

In former years, the month of February was commercially very active, as the tradesmen then prepared their autumn and indeed winter stocks. Latterly, this has not been so much the case, owing, doubtless, in some measure, to the direct importation, in due season, of articles of dress, &c., which they formerly purchased from the importing merchant. Steam also has somewhat changed our commercial seasons, and naturally enabled us to have the latest fashions introduced with greater regularity, and with more regard to the period of the year at which goods arrive. This may partially account for dull markets throughout the month. Stocks of most articles continue heavy, and some are being increased in a larger proportion than the consumption warrants. In

bread stuffs, however, the demand is improving, both on the Frontier and in Cape Town, and arrivals are nominal. Speculators in our market, are giving fair prices (and such as will satisfy the farmers) for grain of all sorts, and the bakers and millers are therefore not unwilling to secure really good lots of imported wheat and flour, at rates which will rennmerate them, and enable them to undersell those who use only Cape flour. Coffee is rather dull of sale, and stocks considerable. The advance in the price of sugar at Mauritius is likely to have a slightly beneficial effect in the value of that article here,—the staple of that island is much preferred in this place to any other quality, and always commands a prefercnce. In teas, there are no changes to report. Rice is arriving in considerable quantities, but is still being sold at paying rates to the importers. The stock of Cardiff coals is extremely low, but there is an abundance of North Country coal of every description. One vessel has proceeded further eastward to sell her cargo, as the expense of landing and storing in this port, added to the outlay for ballast, is excessive. We cannot but think that such a course is the most advisable, for the commanders of such vessels as may have coals on ships' account for disposal. The return transports are now coming in, and will of course take several thonsand tons into consumption. At Simon's Town, the naval authorities are much encumbered with coal, large quantities being stacked in the open air; to their great relief, it is said that only two more colliers on the old contract are expected.

There is nothing new to mention in the export trade,—in which dulness prevails. At Port Elizabeth, little or no wool is coming in, as the farmers fondly hope for better prices than purchasers will give. We do not anticipate any change in the home markets at present; the stocks being very large, and manufacturers likely only to buy for their current wants. Many of the foreign buyers will also be out of the market. It is very probable that in a few months we shall see money very abundant in Europe, from the immense remittances which will have been made from all parts of the world; and, in that case, all produce will command good prices. But, in the meanwhile, we must have patience, and the farmers must be content to take such prices now as will save exporters from loss, if nothing more; they have reaped good harvests for some years. We are glad to think that the financial crisis in London is over.

Money in this colony has been comparatively easy; and freights to all parts of the world very low, and apparently without much prospect of being better. Bills of Exchange on England are rather difficult of sale, unless under first-class credits. It is not impossible that the system of drawing against document bills may now obtain,—one which we have always approved of, when payments for such drafts are made in cash.

SURVEY OPERATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

The New Zealand Government has voted five thousand pounds per annum for surveying that colony, and a party of the Royal Engineers are to perform the operation. Colonel James, Royal Engineers, who succeeded the late General Colby as director of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain, is superintending the construction of a ten feet bar, in terms of the imperial standard, to be employed for the base work; and of a similar bar for Australia.

In turning nature's gifts to account, these flourishing off-shoots of the mother country perceive the advantage of dealing with facts, and eschewing the proverb of "penny wise and pounds foolish." By planting zeros with undeniable accuracy, they provide for mileage, post lines, and areas, for the absolute and relative areas of appropriated and unappropriated land, and for the relation between arable and unarable land,—thus establishing a reciprocity treaty, *inter se* and the Executive—a species of fundamental Magna Charta for the mutual convenience and the mutual benefit of the whole.

When the primitive make-shift methods of interior transport and communication cease to be alone sufficient for the wants of a population, the economy of nature is taxed by the economy of man to adapt the means to the end; and whether the thing to be moved be animate or inanimate, light or heavy; whether it is to be moved by animal force, or to glide on the surface of water, or to be propelled by the vapor of water—the *distance* is a normal question. So also are natural obstructions and retardations of all denominations, arising from the nature of the surface, or the character of rivers—normal questions, and for the solution a rigorous trigonometric survey is necessary. In short, the latter is as essential to the community, in guiding improvements, as the rule and the chalked line are to the operations of the carpenter.

But the benefits derivable from a trigonometric operation are not confined to distances, bearings, areas, levelings, &c., they include an amount of statistical information such as no reports from resident officials can convey.

THOS. MACLEAR.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE following letter, in reply to an article entitled "Fish in Summer Quarters," which appeared in our last issue, has been communicated for the information of our piscatory friends:—

Lower Nel's Poort, February 10, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. LAYARD,—I have just read, in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, your article—"Fish in Summer Quarters;" and as you seem desirous that I should communicate my observations of the fish in our rivers, I do so with pleasure, having been much interested with the subject since my arrival here. I shall premise with a few facts respecting the geography and natural history of the rivers I have observed.

1st. The Gamka rises in the Nieuwveldt mountains, near Beaufort (West), passes contiguous to that town, receives the other river (of which Mr. M., in his letter to His Excellency, writes), named Springfontein, a little below, passes through Seven Weeks' Poort; receives the Olifant's and Groote Rivers, and debouches a few miles west of Cape Venus (?), under the name of the Gouritz, a distance of 150 miles.

2nd. The Salt or Ixaxe River has its origin in the Nieuwveldt also, but some thirty miles to the eastward of the Gamka, and, after receiving several tributaries (the Kariega, for instance), passes through part of the district of Uitenhage, having its estuary midway between Cape Recife and Cape St. Frances.

The Gamka runs past Beaufort, a limped stream, sometimes upwards of a year in good seasons, supplying plentifully sundry zeekoegatten, or deep holes with rocky or sandy bottoms, well known to the local piscators who are wont after a flood (which is by no means of rare

occurrence, to sally forth with wives and children, and within a few hours' drive below Beaufort frequently succeed in catching *a few* dishes of small fish, with which, from their scarceness, they count themselves repaid. Their only method of catching these fish, of which there is only *one* kind, is with the seine, in the *most accessible* holes.

This fish resembles the grey mullet more than any fish I have yet met with,—and this is saying not a little, having fished *keenly* in the waters of North and South America, East and West Indies (including Ceylon), China, &c. Some of its habits are identical; for instance, when surrounded by a net, some of the best fish leap over and escape; and they may be sometimes seen swimming in shoals (the different sizes always serrate), with the tips of their noses protruding. I have caught the fish in question (and very good sport the large ones give) in the Brak River about Middelburg; but, although the holes there are deep, extensive, and numerous, this fish rarely attains two lbs. weight.

We have the same kind of fish (the only kind I have met with in the rivers of this colony) at Nel's Poort, where they seldom exceed a half pound weight, albeit they are sufficiently numerous in the permanent holes. I have never heard of their being caught in any hole not having permanent water, but that they migrate cannot well be doubted.

Query. How do they know the permanent holes? Do they intercommunicate, or have they an incomprehensible instinct? or can they recognize these holes by the freshwater shells, &c., which could not exist anywhere else, leading them to secure these places previous to the subsiding of the waters?

The beds of our rivers are sandy or rocky, not muddy, as a rule. Now, I must inform you that none of our principal rivers are ever dry throughout their course, as Mr. M. would lead any peruser of his letter to infer, but have permanent springs in their beds here and there (where farmsteads are usually established), keeping the holes full which these fish inhabit. I am very sorry to be at issue with Mr. M., who is an admired friend of mine; but I cannot help thinking that he has been "at sea" in the beds of our rivers. ARTHUR V. JACKSON.

P.S.—Our rivers frequently overflow their banks, and, of course, these waters reach the sea; and, consequently, one can readily conceive these fish being able to ascend to where they are found; but, nevertheless, my firm conviction is (from various reasons, which I could give were it not for spinning out this letter to an unwarrantable and untiring length) that they are permanent inhabitants of our waters. A. V. G.

QUERIES.

CAN any of your readers give a description of the pictures of the Dessinian Collection, now belonging to the South African Library.

ARE there any recollections of the facetious Tom Sheridan preserved in Cape Town? His illustrious name still appears on our pension list.

DID Van Riebeek die in the Cape? If so, where was he buried?

[Van Riebeek died in the East Indies on the 17th November, 1713. He had held the high post of Governor-General there for four years previous to his death.]—See *Cape Monthly Magazine*, vol. 1, pp. 254-5.

CAN any septuagenarian friend give us a sketch of the state of society in the Cape a few days before and after the landing of the Dutch in 1806?

Do any recollections of the travelers Barrow and Lichtenstein still exist? H.

The silver chain which suspended the keys of the Castle was made of the melted Spanish dollars with which the "Dousterswivel" of the day deceived Governor Simon van der Stell into digging a mine near Stellenbosch. This application of the newly-found treasure was devised, in the ecstacy of his rejoicings, by Van der Stell, about the opening of the last century. So says Sir John Barrow; and he adds that in his time, at the beginning of the present century, the chain still existed and was used for this purpose. Could not Mr. Layard get the chain from Major Carruthers for the Museum, *if* it be still in the custody of the "Commandant of the Castle of Good Hope?" as Barrow says it was in his time. And if the gallant Major has not got it, could he ascertain when it disappeared? F.

METEOROLOGY.

To obtain the mean temperature of a locality with *great* precision, it is necessary to observe the thermometer at short equal intervals, throughout the twenty-four hours day and night, and to continue this system for some years.

By the discussion of hourly observations made at this observatory during four years, it appears that the true mean annual temperature is less by 1°.02 than the mean derived from the self-registering maximum and minimum thermometers: furthermore, that the mean annual temperature coincides with the mean of the temperatures at 6 hours 50 minutes p.m.

These facts are important, for if the law holds throughout the colony (which is by no means improbable, or nearly so), the trouble needed for determining the mean temperature of a locality, is reduced to a single daily observation of the simple thermometer at a given time, or to taking the maximum and minimum limits given by the self-registering thermometers, and subtracting one degree from their mean.

Where the latter instruments are available, they should take precedence of the other, because they furnish also the diurnal range.

From the same hourly observations may be deduced the correction to be applied to the readings of the thermometer at any other hour of the day, to reduce them to the mean temperature hour. A table embracing these corrections will be given in a future number.

Thos. Maclear.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA FOR MARCH, 1858.

Mar. 6.—3h. 35m. a.m., Mars and Moon in conjunction Mars N. 6°34′
„ 6.—Star Antares (first magnitude) occulted by the Moon.
Immersion—11h. 1m. 7s. p.m. } Cape mean time.
Emersion —12h. 2m. 1s. a.m. }
„ 14.—7h. 46m. p.m., Mercury and Moon in conjunction Mercury S. 1 59
„ 15.—10h. 35m. p.m., Venus „ „ Venus S. 2 41
„ 19.—5h. 33m. a.m., Jupiter „ „ Jupiter S. 5 35
„ 19.—11h. 49m. p.m., Uranus „ „ Uranus S. 5 17
„ 23.—5h. 57m. p.m., Saturn „ „ Saturn S. 4 15

Evening Stars.—Planets: Jupiter and Saturn; Stars: Aldebaran, Rigel, Canopus, and Sirius.

Morning Stars.—Planets: Mars and Venus; Stars: Spica, Arcturus, and Antares. G. W. H. Maclear.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EXPLORATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WITHIN the last few years, and even to the present moment, the great African continent has infected travelers with "a fascination for further enterprise" as powerful as ever influenced De Gama to his passage round the Cape of Storms, or Columbus on his venturous voyage in quest of a new western world beyond the Atlantic. From the north, it has been penetrated by Barth, Overweg, and Vogel, and explored throughout the densely-peopled regions of its interior, with an exposure to hardships and hazards in which Overweg has certainly perished, and in which there is only too much reason to believe that Vogel has perished too. From the east coast, its mysterious secrets are even now in progress of discovery by Captain Burton—a man whose astonishing achievements, as a traveler to the shrines of Mecca and Medina, some four years ago, give ample guarantee that if success is possible at all, he is the man who certainly will attain to it. From the south, it has been explored by that prince of modern travelers, whose recent work has well been described as the Livingstoniad, and in the spirit of which is manifested all the grandeur of an epic of the olden time. From the west, the continent is now under prosperous exploration by the expedition of Dr. Baikie; and from the south-west, it has been already penetrated to a considerable extent by Galton and Andersson; and by Andersson is, even while we write, being penetrated still further. The circumstances which have within the last few months induced that enterprising gentleman to resolve on visiting the Cunenè river on the southern borders of Benguela, will be found detailed at considerable length in the article which follows these introductory notes. In the meantime, it may be interesting here to refer briefly to the country which extends southward from the Cunenè river, and which forms the scene of the adventures recorded in the article to which we have referred.

Beyond the Orange River, and extending coastwise to the latitude of Walvisch Bay, lie the barren desert solitudes of Great Namaqualand, inhabited by a few wandering tribes of Namaquas, under the command of numerous freebooting captains or chiefs, of whom that consummate vagabond, Jonker Africaner, is the acknowledged lord paramount. These have been well known by Europeans for many years; missionaries have labored long with more assiduity than success for their improvement, and continue to do so until the present day. Further north, we enter upon a wholly different country, Damaraland inhabited by Damaras, a race of natives more nearly allied to the Negro or the Kafir than to the Hottentot-Namaqua, but, nevertheless, savage and barbarous enough. Here, for several years, the German missionaries Hahn, and Rath, and Eggert, and others, have labored with the most self-denying zeal, directed by great intelligence and superior abilities. But beyond the Damaras, within the last seven years another country has been explored and described by Galton and by Andersson. It is inhabited by the Ovampo or Ovambo, a people who have advanced to a pitch of civilization more closely resembling the type of Livingstone's Makololo than any other South African tribe.

Galton set forth from Walvisch Bay on his exploring expedition in September, 1850, and spent the succeeding seven months in wanderings among the Damara tribes and the Namaquas. There he was informed of the existence of an agricultural nation, the Ovambo, to the northward, and he determined, at all hazards, to push on and visit them. Galton says:—

> The scoundrel Damaras wanted to misdirect us, and to send us eastwards instead of northwards, to find out the Ovampo, but the women of the tribe let out the secret to the wives of my Damaras, and the wives of course told it to their husbands, who told it to me, so that their plans failed.

Ultimately, all these preliminary difficulties were overcome. A caravan of Ovambos who had been in Damaraland on a bartering expedition, exchanging corn for cattle, were returning home; a host of Damaras followed them, and Galton and Andersson joined company. The caravan, in all, numbered 170 souls, of whom 86 were Damara women, engaged "on various speculations,—some to get work in Ovampoland, some to try and get husbands, others merely to sell their ostrich shell corsets." The king of the Ovampo was, and is now, Nangoro; and his werft or capital was at Ondonga, about 100 miles northward from his frontier. Messengers were at once despatched in advance, to announce to his

majesty the approach of the travelers. Meanwhile, the caravan moved on. "We pushed through thick thorns the whole time, and had begun to disbelieve in Ondonga, when quite of a sudden the bushes ceased, we emerged out of them, and the charming corn country of the Ovampo lay yellow and broad as a sea before us." One can scarcely imagine the pleasing picture sketched by Galton to have its locale among the wildernesses of interior Africa:—

Fine dense timber-trees, and innumerable palms of all sizes, were scattered over it; part was bare for pasturage, part was thickly covered with high corn stubble: palisadings, each of which enclosed a homestead, were scattered everywhere over the country. The general appearance was that of most abundant fertility. It was a land of Goshen to us; and even my phlegmatic wagon-driver burst out into exclamations of delight. Old Netjo's house was the nearest, and he therefore claimed the right of entertaining me the first, and to it we went. He had two or three wives, and a most wonderfully large family, to every member of which he presented us. Then he took Andersson and myself over the establishment, and showed us his neat granaries and thrashing floors, and his cocks and hens: the pigs, he regretted, had been sent out of the way; and lastly, Mrs. Netjo, No. 1, produced a dish of hot dough and a basin of sour milk, on which we set to work, burning our fingers as we pulled off large bits, which we dipped into the milk and swallowed. Then we went on to Chik's house, who encamped us under a magnificent tree, and took our cattle under his charge. He told me that we were still a long day's journey from Nangoro, and that the whole of our way there would lie through a corn country like this.

Through this magnificent country the travelers advanced, and at last approached within a mile of the royal residence. Here they were ordered to remain until his majesty should deign to visit them, which it was his gracious pleasure to do only after an interval of several days. A few brief extracts from Galton's narrative will be sufficient to give a tolerably accurate notion of Nangoro and his subjects:—

The oxen looked dreadfully thin. I began to fear that they would die, and then we should have to abandon our luggage and get back on foot—an exertion which I had little fancy for. However, about midday Chik came in great excitement to tell me that Nangoro was on his way to me, so I smartened things and made ready for him. There was a body of men walking towards us, and in the middle of them an amazingly fat old fellow labored along; he was very short of breath, and had hardly anything on his person. This was the king himself. He waddled up looking very severe, and stood in the middle of his men staring at us, and leaning on a thin stick very neatly shaped, that he seemed to carry about as a sceptre. I hardly knew what to do or what to say, for he took no notice of an elegant bow that I made to him, so I sat down and continued writing my journal till the royal mind was satisfied. After five or six minutes Nangoro walked up, gave a grunt of approbation, and poked his sceptre into my ribs in a friendly sort of manner and then sat down. He could, I believe, understand Damara

well enough, but he persisted in making Chik interpret for me into Ovampo. Nangoro had quite a miniature court about him; three particularly insinuating and well dressed Ovampo were his attendants in waiting; they were always at his elbow and laughed immoderately whenever he said anything funny, and looked grave and respectful whenever he uttered anything wise, all in the easiest and most natural manner. I gave Nangoro the things that I had brought as a present for him, regretting excessively that I could spare him nothing better. We then had a short conversation; he looked at our guns and made us shoot with them, chatted a little, and then left us, saying that we were free to buy and sell with his people as much as we liked. Immediately crowds of the Ovampo, who had been gathering during the interview, poured down upon us, laughing and talking, but taking the greatest care not to touch our things, or to annoy us in any way. They were a merry set, and all of them dressed, or rather ornamented, very tidily. They wore a great quantity of beads and rings, but scarcely anything else except a kind of cartouche box, in which they kept a tuft of hair for painting and powdering themselves. The ladies were buxom lasses, having all the appearance of being good drudges. Their hair was worn short in front, but spread out behind into a broad fan. They were decidedly nice-looking; their faces were open and merry, but they had rather coarse features, and shone all over with butter and red pigment. They seemed to be of amazingly affectionate dispositions, for they always stood in groups with their arms round each other's necks like Canova's graces. They hummed sentimental airs all day long, swaying themselves about to the tune, and completely ruined the peace of mind of my too susceptible attendants.

Galton was anxious, from Ondonga, to penetrate northwards to the unexplored Cunenè; but Nangoro was a monarch of the most absolute type, and express orders were forwarded to the travelers, though guised in all the grace and verbiage of a civilised circumlocution office, that they must return to Damaraland at two days' notice. There was no use attempting to resist. Nangoro was friendly enough, but he was resolute; and Galton, Andersson, and their followers returned accordingly. And of the general character of the Ovampo nation and the remarkable advantages of it as a leverage ground for the promotion of civilisation and christianity in Africa, our author declares:—

> To me, as a stranger, the Ovampo did not behave with full cordiality; and it was natural enough that they should not; but among themselves the case was quite different. They are a kind-hearted, cheerful people, and very domestic. I saw no pauperism in the country; everybody seemed well to do; and the few very old people that I saw were treated with particular respect and care. If Africa is to be civilised, I have no doubt that Ovampo-land will be an important point in the civilisation of its southern parts. It is extremely healthy, and most favorably situated for extending its influence.

Galton's book altogether is a singularly interesting one, and we shall endeavor to find some future opportunity for presenting a detailed analysis of it. We have here only

rapidly glanced at a few of its most remarkable points, as an introduction to the exceedingly interesting correspondence which follows. The writer who has forwarded the correspondence from Damaraland, is Mr. Chas. J. Andersson, to whose name we have already repeatedly referred, and who has now undertaken perils and hazards of travel afresh, such as none but the most intrepid of explorers would even dare to contemplate. Notwithstanding his own and Galton's failure to reach the Cunenè in 1851, and notwithstanding the disastrous reverses of the expedition of Green and Hahn last year, Andersson has resolved on encountering the task again, and single-handed. In a letter dated January last, he declares, with the passionate determination of a born discoverer, "I must see the Cunenè and am determined not to return until I have reached it." And now, at the present moment, he is resolutely advancing towards it. He merits the most perfect success; we trust he will achieve it.

DISCOVERY OF A FRESH-WATER LAKE AND "A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE"

ON THE PLAINS OF ONDONGA.*

Damaraland, Otjimbmgué, Sept. 30, 1857.

My dear Hall,—I have just received intelligence from our friend, Frederick Green, who, as you remember, started some time ago from this country on a hunting and exploring expedition into the interior in a N. and N.E. direction. The news is of rather more than ordinary interest; and being aware that Mr. Green has many friends and acquaintances in South Africa who doubtless would be glad to learn of his doings and whereabouts, I subjoin in this the substance of his communication, which I should like to see inserted either in the *Cape Town Commercial Advertiser* or the *Cape Monthly Magazine.* But before entering into the details, it will first be necessary to say a few words in explanation.

Mr. Green left these parts, *i.e.*, the precincts of civilization, in May last, with the intention of penetrating to Cunenè river. His route was somewhat uncertain. It was, however, so far decided that he was to follow for some distance the one taken by Mr. Galton when on his return from an excursion to the Ovambo country; and that after crossing our tracks somewhere near Okamabuti, he would skirt the territories of Nangoro, which chief he might or might not visit.

* The following correspondence was addressed to Henry Hall, Esq., R.E.D., Cape Town.

Not long after Mr. Green's departure, the Rev. Messrs. Hahn and Rath, the well-known Damara missionaries, contemplated also an exploring expedition to the far interior. At first they fixed upon Libèbé, or Debabe, as the object of their journey, which place they proposed to reach viâ Lake Ngami; but on second consideration it was deemed more advisable to endeavor to penetrate to Libèbé by the same route as Mr. Green had chosen for accomplishing his own object. And further, that if they found the country impracticable in this direction, they should abandon their original design, and, instead, pay a visit to the Ovambo nation, extending, if possible, their journey to the banks of the far-famed Cunenè.

From the sequel of this narrative it will appear that the reverend gentlemen overtook Mr. Green before he had succeeded in penetrating to any great distance; and finding from his report that the prospect of reaching Debabe's country by means of the Omuramba Omatako were very uncertain, if not totally impossible, it was resolved that the travelers should join company, and at once turn their steps towards Ondonga—thence on to the Cunenè.

Mr. Green addresses me from a periodical river called Omuramba Ovambo, situated between the country of the Ovambo and that of the Damaras. To form anything like a notion of the travelers' movements, I must beg to refer the reader to the map attached to "Lake Ngami." The names mentioned by Mr. Green are somewhat differently (and I believe more correctly) spelt, but not more so than that they will be recognised. Here is what he says:—

"My dear Andersson,—As the Rev. Messrs. Hahn and Rath will shortly leave me, they being about proceeding home to Damara Land, I embrace the opportunity to send you a few particulars of the unfortunate commencement of this expedition.

"Messrs. Hahn and Rath overtook me at a fountain on the Omuramba Omatako, called Otjituo.* Hence we struck away to the westward, keeping to the east, and somewhat parallel with your route, and we reached *this* Omuramba on the 2d of July. We followed its course until the 11th, when we left it falling into a lake named *Onondova*. Here we stayed only a short time. On the second day after leaving the lake we arrived at the Otjihakondua Tjomutenya, having crossed on our journey hither another small Omuramba which I suppose found its way to the lake also. But I will not

* See paragraph at end of this Sketch.

dwell further on the particulars of the journey. Suffice it for your information of what is to follow, to know that not long after leaving the lake in question, we found ourselves under the identieal trees at 'Ondonga,' where yourself and Galton bivouacked on the 24th of July, 1851; as also, that a conspiracy was entered into by the Ovambo (from the chief down to the slave I firmly believe) with the foul intention of massaereing myself and party. No doubt you will smile at this and say, 'Oh, it was all a mistake, or, at the most, a false impression.' But read on and judge for yourself whether we all have not had a most miraculous escape out of the hands of a treacherous set of villainous barbarians.

"A few days prior to our reaching the plains of Ondonga we met with a caravan, composed of men from Nangoro's tribe, proceeding towards Damaraland, or rather towards the Otjirokaku mountains in quest of copper ore. Allowing his companions to pursue their journey, the captain of the party returned with us in person to act as our guide; or, as he stated, he held an appointment which imposed upon him a duty to see all strangers safely to the residence of his chief. As he appeared a frank and honest fellow, added to which, he boasted a shrewd character, we became rather disposed in his favor, and gladly placed ourselves under his direction.

"Upon our arrival at Nangoro's residence, our Ovambo guide appeared to be a complete master of ceremonies. Our presents, together with messages, were conveyed by him; and even the custom of lighting the strangers' fire from that of the chief's hearth he attended to. Our first presents, consisting of every variety of beads, which both Mr. Hahn and myself possessed, were returned with an intimation, or rather command, that whatever besides we intended to give His Royal Highness must be dispatched at the same time. I had determined, however, not to allow Nangoro the slightest advantage over me; and now an opportunity presented itself for doing so. Mr. Hahn then explained to the 'Master of Ceremonies' that the returning of the presents was not satisfactory to us, inasmuch as it looked as though the chief was not friendly disposed towards us; that it was a custom to send presents in that way, and therefore he must conform to it; that even if we intended to present him with anything else, we should not do so until he had first condescended to visit us; and then, if we liked his words, that is, if we saw that he was disposed to be friendly, we might find him something besides; but, on the contrary, if his words were bad, we should not give him anything but inspan and trek. After some little parleying, this matter was satisfactorily settled;

but we soon found another cause for vexation. Thus we had been at the capital of Ondonga for several days without Nangoro deigning to visit us, and consequently we naturally felt very much annoyed at his apparent discourtesy, and sent to inform him that we were not accustomed to wait the pleasure of any chief so long; that if he did not come to pay his respects the following day, we should be obliged to take our departure from Ondonga; and finally, that if *he* considered himself a great man, then so did we. This message appears rather to have startled him, for in a very short time after its delivery, we received an apology for His Majesty's non-appearance, stating, that it was a custom with him from infancy to treat all strangers so, and that we should not imagine it was done with any evil design; but he would come on the morrow. He kept his promise; but proved himself one of the most beggarly old misers that I have met during my travels in Africa. Besides the beads which I gave him in the first instance, I set aside a musket, tinderboxes, buttons, a saw, a blanket, and copper and iron wire. These articles, with the exception of the two last named, and for which I was rather glad to substitute beads, were returned. I also presented him with a cow and a calf from yourself, and a cow and heifer I included in my own presents. He received, moreover, a similar present from Messrs. Hahn and Rath; and before finally leaving me, he got, in addition, a young bull, two sheep with lambs, and two goats with kids. Notwithstanding all these our favors, his countenance presented the very picture of discontent. I explained to him the objects of my visit, and took good care to impress upon him that I had not come to give my goods away either to him or anybody else, but to buy *ivory*—an article which I verily believe was not to be found in the country. True, I was confidentially told by my guide that he thought the chief possessed *two* (! !) elephant tusks; and one insignificant little cow-tooth was actually offered me for sale, but the price demanded was outrageous. I could not help muttering to myself—'Is this then the people with whom I had anticipated such prosperous results—alas! vain hopes. This castle building in the air is all a preposterous stretch of the imagination. Nevertheless, as fatality has willed it so, I do not despair. There are other fields in Africa as fertile, and infinitely more profitable than those of Ondonga.' That same evening I resolved to bid adieu to the Ovambo for ever, and relinquish all thought of proceeding further north, however much I might have wished to see the Cunenè river. 'Oh, far-famed stream, farewell! farewell to all those visions

so vividly present to my mind; may those whom fate leads to admire thy fancied beauties meet with a happier welcome than mine to the fertile plains of Ondonga!'

"Nangoro having also refused to furnish my friends, the missionaries, with guides to conduct them northwards, they likewise determined upon retracing their steps. Having made up our minds as to our future proceedings, it was resolved that we should take our departure for home on the 30th of July. On the previous evening we sent to Tjopopa, the Damara chief, who resides now at Ondonga, and requested him to inform the king that, as we had nothing more to do here, it was our intention to leave forthwith; but instead of conveying our message that same night, he postponed it until the following morning, just as we were about to start, though it is not impossible that this delay saved our lives.

"Before proceeding further, it will be necessary to state here that, from the day of our entrance into the Ondonga to that of our departure thence, our people were seized with a fear—amounting almost to a panic—for the Ovambo, which we could not understand, and would scarcely move from the spot without their arms, whether javelin or matchlock. We expostulated with them upon the absurdity of such measures; but they insisted, saying that the Ovambo were a treacherous set, and even presumed to caution both Mr. Hahn and myself, seeing that we mixed freely and unhesitatingly with the crowds.

"Our wagons were continually surrounded by hundreds of inquisitive spectators, all of whom (at least the men) never failed to carry with them their instruments of war. To approach strangers armed is a custom that I have never seen practiced by any of the tribes in Southern Africa with whom I have come in contact; indeed, it is considered by them as quite contrary to all rule and etiquette. But not liking to construe it into any design of treachery, I attributed the practice simply to old and well established habits. But not so our Damaras: they appeared at all times, and at all hours, in a momentary expectation of being fallen upon and massacred. Indeed, so conspicuous was their fear, that I became very angry, and threatened to deprive all my people of their arms if they did not desist; but it was all to no purpose. I may also mention that two days prior to having formed our resolution of leaving the country, a large party of Ovambo men and women were engaged in dancing near the wagons; and as they were keeping up the conviviality of the night's amusements to a rather late hour, and moreover in a very noisy manner, Mr. Hahn sent one of his Damaras to beg of

them to desist, as we were fatigued, and wished to retire to rest. This brought forth the following remark:—'*These slaves, these dogs, that have come here to be killed, how dare they interfere with us?*' This spoke volumes; and from that moment I myself, previously so sceptical, became apprehensive that their intentions were anything but friendly, and that our Damaras had more cause to be uneasy than we were aware of. However, I did not communicate my suspicions to any one, but watched the Ovambo more narrowly.

"As already said, we had fixed upon the 30th as the time for our departure. Accordingly, on the morning of that day, as the first faint streaks of light appeared, we began yoking the oxen, and effected a start just as the sun peeped over the horizon. To guard against our exit from Ondongo being cut off, our caravan was thus arranged:—The loose cattle and the donkeys were kept in advance under an escort of all the available Damaras. Next came the four wagons, that of Mr. Hahn's bringing up the rear. My remaining horse being still spared to me, I was of course mounted, and continued on the alert between the foremost wagon and the cattle in the event of an attempt being made to seize the latter.

"We had proceeded thus a few hundred yards when a party of Ovambo were observed to emerge from the chief's village running rapidly towards us, gesticulating and yelling most furiously and vociferously. Having overtaken us, one of Nangoro's sons came forward and demanded whether we were going to leave, to which we replied we were. Scarcely was this announced, when the ferocious *war cry* resounded from every quarter,—some of the enemies rushing forward to bar our passage, whilst others were fast hemming us in on every side, each and all charging his bow with an arrow ready to be discharged on the first signal being given.

"At this juncture my attention was suddenly attracted to a party in the rear of Mr. Hahn's wagon, and he himself walking in their company, engaged in conversation. Thinking it possible that treachery was meditated, I instantly hastened to the spot, begging the reverend gentleman not to trust himself amongst them, but to be on his guard. He took my advice; and, seeing him safely seated on his wagon, my mind was greatly relieved.

"I had ridden forward where the Ovambo were becoming very numerous, rending the air with the peculiar and wild war-cry, when I heard the report of firearms, and, on turning round, perceived the shots to proceed from some of the wagons. Retracing my steps without loss of time, I found, to my horror, a Damara, a servant of Mr. Rath, weltering on

the ground in his life-blood. The cause was soon explained to me. The very party against whom I had warned Mr. Hahn, and which he had barely left, had committed this treacherous deed; and there can be little doubt that the scoundrels would have served him in a similar manner had he not providentially parted from them when he did. The blow, which was probably intended as the signal for a general massacre, was struck by the chief's son, above alluded to, who stabbed his victim from behind, and then immediately retreated. The unfortunate man had just strength enough left to turn round and fire upon his treacherous foe, when he fell, expiring within half an hour after having received the fatal wound.

"This barbarous act was in itself enough to call forth revenge. Instantly turning my horse's head from the bloody scene, I rode forward to meet one man more daring than the rest, who was boldly advancing, poising his quivering spear above his head ready to launch it at my breast. When within a short distance I suddenly dismounted, leveled the rifle, and whilst the man was hesitating (probably pondering on the best means of escaping the bullet) I pulled the trigger slowly, and with a steady hand. The savage fell. This was the first fellow-creature that I had been compelled to kill; but though the deed, even when viewed in its most favorable light, must be considered a very responsible act, in this instance I felt as little compunction as that of knocking over a buck. Remounting quickly, I took one glance at the fearful scene around; but rapid as it was, it would have been sufficient to make the stoutest heart tremble. Ruin—aye dire ruin—seemed inevitable; but I was determined our destruction, if such was our fate, should be dearly accomplished. Fortunately, I was well armed. I carried my revolving rifle in my hand; a six-barreled pistol and your stout hunting knife were stuck in my girdle; whilst close at hand I could command a sword—a weapon I could use not indifferently at close quarters.

"Seeing the enemy gathering in great masses on every point, I gave orders to form the wagons into a square, but Mr. Hahn, more wisely, suggested that we should continue to journey on, but leave our old route, and strike away to the open plains. This manœuvre was immediately executed and the caravan moved forward.

"The battle, or *struggle for life*, as I may not inaptly call it, now became general. Arrows were flying thick and fast around us, and were projected with considerable skill and precision; the missiles appeared to be especially directed

towards Mr. Hahn and myself, whom they looked upon as the chiefs of our party; and thinking probably that if they succeeded in despatching both or either of us, they would make easy conquest of the remainder.

"Our fire was not a brisk one, as out of the number who carried guns only ten individuals, including ourselves, could use them with any degree of accuracy. Besides, I saw at the first glance that a slow and steady fire would prove more effectual, and would tend to frighten the enemy far more than a volley of shots fired at random. The Ovambo never believed, till this memorable day, the deadly effects of fire-arms—nay, indeed, they had often ridiculed the guns whilst at Ondonga.

"I was much pleased with the cool and steady behavior of our party, if I except two or three Damaras. I am sure not one of us this day thought that he should see the light of the morrow. Every one not alone believed that his fate was sealed, but that this his fate he could see before him.

"During our retreat we repeatedly halted, and more especially when our adversaries approached too close, to convince them that we were not running away; and even in the face of several hundreds of the savages, we drew the wagons up near a vley to fill our empty water-vessels.

"Whilst some of our people were thus occupied in drawing the water, I 'uncased' my elephant-rifle, and threw some shots over the heads of the nearer parties amongst some distant groups, the range being about a thousand yards and upwards. Whether any people were killed by these discharges we were unable to ascertain; but be this as it may, it had at all events the effect of putting many of them both far and near to a precipitate flight; and somehow I fancy that after these shots they began to have a notion that they could never get far enough away.

"The last man who was killed showed himself too daring, and was shot through the forehead by young Bonfield, this being the eleventh man whom we *saw actually fall;* but there is no doubt many more were made to bite the dust. Indeed, it was all but impossible to ascertain the number of their losses, since at every discharge they all dropped simultaneously flat on the ground, so that had some been killed we might not have perceived them fall from the shot. On our side, I am happy to say, not one fell, nor was even wounded, although more than one of us had narrow escapes from being transfixed by the numerous arrows which were directed towards us.

"The fight lasted fully two hours, during which time the

enemy had constantly received strong reinforcements. Upon several occasions they appeared ready for a general rush, but at such times I directed my fire at the leading and most daring men, who invariably paid with their lives for their temerity. Could the Ovambo have succeeded in closing with us, we must inevitably have been destroyed to a man, for the odds against us were fearful—certainly not less than five to six hundred spears, and these almost completely encircling our handful of men, a great portion of whom were occupied in attending to the wagons and the cattle. It seems really incredible how we could escape from such a perilous situation, and it can only be attributed to the assistance of an all-powerful and gracious Providence.

"From the frequent losses they met with on every occasion when they tried to advance, the enemy at last began to shew signs of fear, and eventually dispersed; and about three hours from after the commencement of the action not a soul was to be seen. Nevertheless, we continued on until we reached a small water, where we outspanned, to allow the cattle to drink, as also to bury the Damara who was killed previous to the commencement of the fight.

"Having changed the span of each wagon, we again proceeded on our journey, keeping the open plains, fearing to risk the probability of an ambush where any trees were visible. At midnight, however, we came to a halt, and prepared ourselves for a night-attack, as I fully expected they would follow us up. In this situation I experienced a nervousness to which I had been a stranger in the heat of the struggle; and I am free to confess I never remember hailing the return of day with greater joy and satisfaction than I did after keeping watch during this night. Hence we made forced marches, traveling during the greater parts of the day as well as the night, but we did not reach water until noon the third day from our leaving Ondonga. This constant toil without water naturally very much distressed our oxen; and, as to ourselves, being compelled to keep a strict look out for fear of a surprise, we were scarcely less fatigued. However, the Ovambo having paid dearly for their foul treachery, did not seem inclined to renew our acquaintance; they had found out, when too late, that we were not 'women'—an epithet they loved to apply to us whilst at Ondonga—when necessity compelled us to fight.

"On Sunday, the 2nd of August, we reached a large vley on the Otjihakondoa Tjomutenya, where we halted. Here a party of thirteen Ovambo passed us, carrying copper ore;

they were of Otjipanga's (brother of Nangora) tribe. We called them, and gave them a full account of the treachery of their brethren, informing them at the same time that, now they were in our hands, we could destroy them all if we chose, but it was not our business to kill people at any time. We also pointed out the difference between ourselves and the red people, saying, that were our party of the *Namaquas* not one of them would survive that day. We further gave them a message to Otjipanga, with a full explanation of the cause of the war through the treachery of Nangoro's tribe. The men were in a great fright, and did not wait to be told a second time that they might depart.

"On the following morning Mr. Hahn's guide, who had left us at Ondonga to pay a visit to his relatives who were living amongst Otjipanga's tribe, made his reappearance. We had much cause to rejoice at his safe return, for we greatly feared that the Ovambo would kill him, knowing him to belong to our party. The news he brought was not of much consequence, except that the *son* of Nangoro, and the same who stabbed the Damara, had been killed: he saw his body together with that of another man. These two were probably killed in the first discharge by the man who was stabbed, and who carried a double-barreled gun. If my conjecture is correct, the poor fellow amply revenged his death. This made their loss amount to thirteen killed which we were certain of. I shot one of the head men at the commencement of the affray; I fancy he was Nangoro's brother-in-law, but am not sure. The guide further stated that a party of Otjipanga's people arrived in company with him at Ondonga on the day of the battle to greet us on the part of their chief. They were accompanied by *four men from Debabe*, who immediately, it is said, recognised me. The tribe of Debabes are called Ovaguembe, and are included with the Ovambo nation.

"The emissaries of Otjipanga appear to have been very much annoyed at the treachery which occasioned the fight. It is stated that they held a meeting with Nangoro, the result of which appears to have been to bring us cattle, and to make peace on the part of Otjipanga. The Damara said that he was to have accompanied them, but on their stopping at a village for the night he made his escape.

"And now, my dear Andersson, you have the principal details of one of the most marvelous escapes from a treacherous set of 'friends' that perhaps has ever been recorded—at any rate, I trust sincerely it may never again be my lot to act

one of the characters in a similar tragedy. There is no doubt that, had we remained longer in the country, the natives would have surprised us in the night and butchered us to a man.

"The only other incident of note which transpired on this unlucky journey was occasioned by a brute of a lion, who followed and harassed us excessively. He succeeded at last in carrying off from near our wagons an unfortunate Bushman chief who came to visit us. I followed the devil, but failed to put an end to his existence. He was a cowardly lion, and would not make a stand; nor would he even show fight to our dogs, who came up with him on several occasions.

"As regards sport I have had very little. I have managed, however, to 'bag' a few elephants, and might have killed a good many had I devoted myself to hunting instead of visiting the Ovambo country."

POSTSCRIPT BY MR. ANDERSSON.

Since penning the above, I have seen Mr. Rath, and have also received letters from his fellow-laborer, Mr. Hahn. The substance of their verbal and written communications is herewith subjoined:—

The discovery of the Lake Onondova was purely accidental, the explorers having not the slightest intimation of its existence or presence until they actually stumbled upon it. Indeed, they were about passing it when their attention was drawn to something to the westward of their route of an unusually "shiny" appearance. On demanding of their Bushmen guides whether the singular object seen in the distance was not a sheet of water, they were told, with the most indifferent—not to say stupid—air possible, "oh, yes,—it is a very large water—it is a lake." This is a strong proof of the extraordinary difficulties attendant on obtaining information of any description from these country natives; and will also readily account for the otherwise strange circumstance of Mr. Galton and myself having passed within one day's journey of Onondova; for neither Etosha Saltpan nor the Otjihakondua Tjomutenya flat—at least at the point crossed by us—seems more distant.

The travelers could not see the west extremity of the lake. "In size," says Mr. Green, "the Onondova is much inferior to Ngami; yet we could see at least twenty miles circumference of water." Mr. Hahn thinks that it is not far short of thirty English miles, and that in favorable years it must be very much larger. "Comparing this water," writes the reverend gentleman, "with the many lakes I have seen and

known in my native country, I should think a person could not compass it in a day's walk." Be the size as it may, it cannot be quite so insignificant, as one may judge from the fact that even with the aid of telescopes single trees could not be distinguished when looking from one shore to the other; and the wood lining the northern side appeared to the naked eye merely as a long dark line.

The situation of Onondova is about east and west. On the former side the water is shallow, but is said to be deep in the opposite direction. The shores are low, sandy, and devoid of vegetation—at least such parts as could be seen by the explorers. The Bushmen said that Onondova occasionally dries up, but the Ovambo declared that it was a permanent sea.

How the lake is supplied, is yet to be ascertained, though there can be little doubt that it receives its principal tributes from the Cunenè river, or rather that part of the stream known as Mukuru Mukovanja, for the travelers found the Omuramba Ovambo flowing in several places in a westerly direction towards the Onondova. Another Omuramba (probably the same as mentioned by Mr. Green in the beginning of this narative) is said to flow into the lake from the northeast.

The Omuramba Ovambo is said to pass through the lake, and holding for a while its westerly course, it gradually inclines to the northward, and after passing behind Ondonga and through the country of the Ovagandjera, finally rejoins the Cunenè (?). If this should prove to be the case, and that Omuramba Ovambo originally came from the river just named, we have here a fresh and striking illustration of the singular and almost incomprehensible nature of the watersheds in Central South Africa, where rivers from the same mother stream are sometimes found, after keeping in the same bed for hundreds of miles, suddenly to divide—even assuming opposite courses—running with considerable velocity—and that too, not unfrequently, through all but dead level tracts of country.* Mr. Rath thinks it also not improbable that the Omuramba Ovambo sometimes sends its superfluous waters back to the mother stream by the same channel as it came; or, in other words, when the Mukuru Mukavanja is at low ebb, the Omuramba flows east instead of west. If so, it possesses the same peculiarities as the Dzouga river (at the eastern outlet of Lake Ngami), which is also represented

* Dr. Livingstone describes several striking illustrations of this in the country bordering on the Zambesi, and situated eastward of the Makololo.

as having two distinct and opposite courses, just according to the state of the stream upon which it is dependent for its supplies.

The Otjituo fountain alluded to in the beginning of this narrative is situated about four days' journey to the eastward of Okaware, on the Omuramba Omatako. Mr. Green thus writes:—"From Otjituo I started on an exploring expedition, following up another Omuramba, which I had slight hopes would enable me to reach the Mukuru Mukovanja river, in which, however, I was sadly disappointed, and returned to my wagons after an elapse of eleven days." My friend does not say what caused the disappointment, but, as far as I can learn, it was the want of water and the presence of sand hills. Shortly before arriving at Otjituo the Omuramba divides,—one branch flowing north and the other east; it was the former that Mr. Green followed.

CHAS. J. ANDERSSON.

OUR ORCHARDS.

PART I.

THE APPLE. *Pyrus Malus.* Considering the various uses of the apple, it may be regarded as of greater benefit to mankind than all the other orchard fruits grown in the colony put together. Without entering into the question whether the "apples" of the Old Testament are identical with any existing varieties, or are in reality a different fruit (one of the *Citrus* tribe), there is no doubt that the apple was duly prized and successfully cultivated at a very remote period of the world's history. Its introduction to Great Britain is ascribed to the Romans. Pliny records 22 varieties in his time, and these were greatly increased at the Norman conquest. Hartlip, in 1566, speaks of one who had 200 sorts, "and verily believes there are 500 sorts." Stow says Carps and Pippins were brought into England by Mascal, who wrote on fruit trees in 1572. The longevity of the tree is generally considered from 200 to 300 years; yet, according to Haller, some trees in Herefordshire had attained the great age of 1,000 years, and were still very prolific. The best work of reference for those who wish to form a collection of these fruits is the catalogue of the London Horticultural Society, in which upwards of 1,400 varieties are recorded, and at least 200 of these are classed as first-rate. Before proceeding to describe those sorts already in the colony

which can be safely recommended, I shall first offer some remarks on the different methods employed in the propagation of the apple.

Propagation by seed is generally adopted for two perfectly distinct purposes, viz., for stocks to bud and engraft on, or for raising new varieties. In collecting seed for either of these purposes, it is to be borne in mind that the diseases of plants are but too often hereditary, and that therefore some precaution is necessary. Attention must be paid both to the habits and the healthiness of the parent trees. If it is intended to raise new varieties, artificial impregnation is required to ensure anything like success. In cross-breeding fruit trees, it must not be done indiscriminately. The parents must have a number of qualities in common. For instance, the "Rennets" and "Pippins" will cross with almost a certainty of producing good sorts; but on the contrary, a cross between a "Pippin" and a "Codlin" would most likely be destitute of any good quality. Having selected the flowers that you wish to save seed from, a few days before they are expanded, carefully unfold the petals, and with a pair of fine pointed scissors cut out all the *stamens* (male organs), and at once envelope the flowers in fine gauze bags, to prevent insects destroying your work by contamination. When the flowers are fully expanded naturally, let the *stigma* (female organ) be well dusted on the top with the pollen (yellow dust of the stamen) brought from the flowers of the tree selected for the male parent. This done, carefully close the gauze bags over the flowers until the fruit is set, when they may be removed. To render the work more complete, take off all, or nearly all, the rest of the fruit from the tree, so that those operated on may become as large and fine flavored as possible. When the fruit is ripe, store it until the month of July, when it can be opened, and the seed sown in shallow drills of light rich earth. The following year the young trees may be transplanted into rows 18 inches apart every way. If planted out and left to grow on their own roots, some few may show fruit in six years; more in ten; but the majority not till they have attained 15 years of age. A better plan is to take buds or grafts from them as soon as they are strong enough, and transfer these to established fruit-bearing trees, from which you will most likely procure fruit in about two years. No stable or kraal manure is to be put into the seed beds. It is questionable if any tree whatever can be benefited by manures of this sort. If the soil is not rich enough, add a portion of decayed leaves or decayed turf, the parings of old banks, &c., &c. We often hear of people breaking up,

trenching, or deep digging for new soil. The only new soil is decomposed vegetable matter, particularly the leaves of the oak and other broad-leaved trees, which ought to be carefully collected. In ground dressed with mould of this sort all plants succeed well, and enjoy a degree of health perfectly unknown to those grown where animal manures have been employed.

The apple is generally propagated by grafting and budding, although it may be so by layering and cuttings. Grafting is so well known, that it needs no description from me. There are probably not less than 100 English and French methods in vogue, but the principle of them all is the same. The cut parts of the scion and the stock must fit neatly together, being tied lightly to hold them in their places, and the whole of the wounded parts coated over with tough clay well mixed with short hair, to prevent the clay from cracking, and admitting the atmosphere, which would certainly destroy the scion. Or equal parts of fat and resin, after being dissolved together, can be applied, while slightly warm, with a painter's brush, and this forms a safe and certain salve for wounds of this description. Early spring is the best time for grafting, and the stock ought to have begun to grow while the scion ought to be perfectly dormant. For this purpose it is usual to have the scions cut off, and stuck in the earth in some shady, cool place until required. Inattention to this has often produced failure. Yet it may so happen that the scion is in advance of the stock, and must be used or thrown away. In such a case insert it and cover with damp moss, which must be kept damp till the union is complete. All the ligatures must be removed as soon as the scion has begun to grow. But from my own experience in this colony, for all descriptions of fruits I prefer the propagation by budding, or bud-grafting. This art is not easily described in the absence of wood-cuts, but it is both simple and certain, as well as neat. Let us suppose it is intended to convert an old but healthy tree into one producing a fine variety of fruit. Such a tree requires to be cut back to its thick limbs in the stem. By midsummer (the proper time for budding) it will be furnished with an abundance of strong young shoots. Of course, none but those intended to form the future tree will have been allowed to grow. I have seen an old saffron pear tree, treated as above, produce a bushel of fine Easter Beurri pears in the third year. The implements required are some coarse worsted and a thin but very sharp knife. A budding knife is the best, yet not absolutely necessary, as a bit of thin smooth bone or very hard wood

will do to lift or separate the bark with. Select a dull or cloudy day, or the cool of the morning or evening. The twig from which you wish to take the buds ought to be clean, healthy, and well furnished with plump, *tapering, sharp-pointed wood buds*, as distinguished from flower buds, which are blunt and thick. Having ascertained that the bark will separate freely from the wood, select a smooth bit of bark as near the base of the shoot as possible; in this make a downward slit (one inch in length) clean through to the wood; then at the top of this slit make a cross cut, the whole forming not a bad likeness to the letter T. Take the handle of the budding knife or the piece of thin smooth bone and gently, but quickly, separate the edges of the bark from the wood without tearing it: this done, take the twig to be propagated from, and select a strong plump bud, with a good leaf attached; cut it out, leaving the bark in the form of a shield, the bud in the centre. Slip the shield under the loosened bark of the stock; cut off the upper portion of it so as to make it fit exactly on the cross cut at the top,—press the whole gently down so as to make it fit closely,—roll the worsted round the entire wound to exclude the atmosphere, (leaving the bud free)—cut off the point of the shoot three or four buds above the one inserted, and the whole is done. Quickness is of the utmost importance, as the buds when cut out soon dry up. I have seen 40 buds inserted in one hour. As soon as they begin to grow, the worsted must be removed, or it will spoil the bud by compression of the swelling bark, and the old shoot must be cut back to the new bud.

Pruning of standard or orchard apple trees, though a simple operation, is one very necessary to keep the tree, when in leaf, so open, that the sun's rays may penetrate through every part of it. This pruning ought to be performed as soon after the fall of the leaf as possible. When the young shoots make their appearance in spring, all not required ought to be rubbed off; thereby doing away, in a great measure, with the autumn pruning, and economizing the resources of tree and soil. Thinning the fruit ought never to be neglected. When the trees are allowed to retain the immense quantity of fruit they sometimes set, the result is that all are inferior, often worthless, and the tree becomes so exhausted, that it bears nothing, or next to nothing, in the following season,—a common case in South African orchards. A proper time to thin the fruit is when it has attained the size of a pigeon's egg; and this operation ought to be done by hand.

The most formidable enemy of apple trees in this colony

is the *Aphis lanigera* of Linnæus,—*Woolly Aphis* or *American blight.* So fearful are the ravages of this pest, that many orchards are eompletely destroyed by it; yet it is not so difficult to eradicate as most people imagine, if vigorously taken in hand. Procure a few gallons of what is known in Cape Town as fish oil; mix about a pint of this oil with an equal quantity of water; stir them well together, till they unite and become as thick as thin paint. Then with a paint brush damp all the infested parts of the trees, and for years no insects will be seen on those spots. The oil must be well driven into the crevices of the bark. This work must be done after the fall of the leaf. It will facilitate the cure to shave off, with a cooper's draw knife, the roughest portions of the bark, before the paint is applied. The mixture must be frequently stirred up, as its eohesion is very slight. Some parts of the trees may be probably overlooked, and these will require to be gone over after the fruit is gathered; but the mixture at that season must be two parts of water, as the oil is apt to injure the leaves. I have used it for years, and never found it to injure the bark, while, if well done, it never fails to rid the trees of the insects. If the turf near the base of a diseased tree is turned up in autumn, myriads of the inseet will be found in the soil, wherc they can be easily destroyed by liquid poison of some sort. After a hot wind very few of them will be seen on the trees; but turn up the soil, and there you will find them.

Of gathering and storing the fruit little need be said. Fruit intended for keeping must be gathered only when dry, and by the hand, a few days before it is ripe. For this purpose provide some small baskets with soft dry grass at the bottom; on this lay a row of apples; then another of dry grass and more apples,—in fact, grass and apples alternately, so as to guard against damage. The store-room ought to be dry and airy, and fitted up with shelves of reed or open lattiee work, with a little straw sprinkled over them. The fruit must be deposited in single layers. The whole of these operations require the greatest care, as the slightest bruise or seratch will speedily produce decay, and the decaying fruit, if not speedily removed, will quiekly contaminate all in contaet with it. To prevent this, the whole ought to be looked over once a week at least.

Any common soil, neither extremely sandy, gravelly, nor clayey, will suit the apple, provided the subsoil is dry. An open, dry subsoil is of the utmost importance for apple trees. In a wet or retentive subsoil the trees after a few years beeome diseased, give little or no fruit, and even that little is

very indifferent. Soil from 18 inches to two feet in depth is sufficient, but the surface must have a gentle slope, either naturally or artificially, to allow of a free escape of superabundant water arising from any cause; and it must be well trenched and pulverized. If, unfortunately, the subsoil be a wet or retentive clay, open gutters at given distances, according to the nature of the ground, will prove of service, especially in winter, or during heavy falls of rain. In a clay subsoil, the greatest care is required in preparing for planting. If pits are made in it where the future trees are to stand, no after management will keep the tree healthy, or make it produce fine fruit. All the apple trees must be grouped in a quarter by themselves, and not mixed up with pears, peaches, &c., &c. Indeed, this rule ought to be observed with all fruit trees, especially where irrigation is employed; and they further require to be planted according to their different periods of ripening. If all those varieties that ripen near the same time are planted together, or in one row, the irrigation may be timed to a nicety unattainable under other circumstances. If, on the contrary, the late and early fruits are mixed up together, one or other of them must suffer. By continuing the water for the late fruits, you destroy or render insipid the earlier kinds. So, on the other hand, the late fruit will be lost, if you stop the irrigation to suit the early ones.

No exact rules can be laid down for planting orchards. Apple trees should stand so far apart that their branches may swing clear of each other. Those who plant these trees without any idea of controlling their growth hereafter had better place them 25 or 30 feet apart at once. But I prefer dwarf trees, as they are easily pruned,—the fruit gathered without inconvenience; and no loss occurs from high winds, which frequently destroy the entire crop on tall trees. They are easily kept dwarf by pruning; yet sometimes a tree will grow very vigorously, producing no fruit. In such a case, uproot at once, and transplant the tree. This check will stop its rampant growth, and throw it into a bearing state. Fruit trees ought to be transplanted as soon as possible after the fall of the leaf, and in no case deep. A few inches of soil over the root is sufficient; but care should be taken that all the wounded or bruised roots be cut smooth. If the root has suffered much in lifting, the branches had better be reduced in proportion. The soil, at the time of planting, ought to be slightly damp only; and if the weather is dry, or the season advanced, administer a good soaking of water to settle the soil about the roots. It would be an easy matter to extend these remarks by entering into minute

details, did space permit, and they can be given at some future time, if called for.

With regard to irrigation, there are few orchards in the colony that would not be greatly benefited by irrigation during some period of the summer. The present system of irrigating gardens is, like many other things in the colony, behind the age. Nothing can be more objectionable than the system of turning a stream of cold water over hot ground. Its evil effects are not so readily noticeable in the orchard as they are in the vegetable garden. It is an admitted fact that plants cannot be kept in a healthy state if often checked in the course of their growth. Our present system of irrigation consists of alternate extremes of thirst and flood, sometimes twice in the week. Superior vegetables or first-rate fruit can never be expected under such circumstances. The point of perfection in irrigation is the natural shower of rain, which not only moistens the earth, but washes from the plants all impurities, insects, &c. The nearest approach to this which I know of, is the method adopted in many of the first gardens in Europe, being the principle of the fire-engine; pipes and hose are laid down from elevated tanks, by which means a shower can be thrown over any part of the garden. This, at first sight, may appear expensive, but if a calculation is made of the expense of the present system for a few years, to say nothing of its utter inefficiency, the tanks may possibly be found the cheapest in the end.

Shelter from high winds is indispensable to all orchards. This can be easily secured by belts of evergreen trees. They must not be planted nearer to the fruit trees than 100 feet, or their roots will ultimately rob their neighbors of their nourishment. This belt ought to consist of several rows. Those in the centre may be a mixture of pines and gums, but those on the outsides ought to be low-branched, close growing trees, such as the evergreen oaks, *Acacia melanoxylon* (Black wood), &c., &c., arranged so as to be ornamental as well as useful.

The following list of apples is the collection grown at the "Oaks," the whole of them having been imported from England by Mr. T. B. Bayley. I may here mention that I did attempt to collect information regarding other varieties that might be found in other Cape gardens, but failed in obtaining such as could be relied on.*

* It is suggested to the Committee of the Horticultural Society that no fruit should be admitted for exhibition without its name. Many varieties of pears and apples were presented to view at the last show (March), without the possibility of any one being able to trace them, as being of imported kinds, or colonial seedlings.

DESSERT APPLES.

1. *Court pendu plat.*—A medium-sized, deep red apple, of first-rate excellence: has not yet borne fruit at the "Oaks."

2. *Golden Pippin.*—A small round, somewhat depressed apple, of brisk rich flavor:—a great bearer—ripens about March, and keeps in good order from May to July.

3. *Hughes' Golden Pippin.*—Like the Golden Pippin, but of milder flavor, and does not keep quite so long.

4. *Newtown Pippin* (American).—A large, round, green fruit, of fine flavor—tree a great bearer—ripens in April; fit for table from July to December.

5. *Ribston Pippin.*—Medium size, round, green tinted and streaked with yellow and red—a great bearer,—fruit of the first quality,—ripens in March and April, and is fit for use from May till January.

6. *Scarlet Nonpareil.*—A large, red, round, and rich-flavored apple,—not yet fruited at the "Oaks."

7. *Downton Pippin.*—Small, round, yellow,—tree a great bearer,—ripens in April, and in season from June till September.

8. *Nutmeg Pippin.*—A brown and yellow apple, of medium size,—not yet fruited.

9. *Braddick's Nonpareil.*—A small, round, green apple, of first-rate flavor,—ripens about June,—in use from August to January.

10. *Carraway Russet.*—A small, round apple, of good quality,—ripens about June, and in use from August to February.

11. *French Rennet.*—A medium-sized and somewhat flat apple, of a brisk sharp flavor,—has been kept in store at the "Oaks" for 16 months,—good for either table or kitchen,—ripens about May.

12. *Gravenstein.*—A medium-sized, yellowish apple, of excellent flavor, and tree an enormous bearer,—ripens in March,—in use from April till August, and good for either table or kitchen,—ought to be in every garden.

KITCHEN APPLES.

13. *Norfolk Beaufin* (or *Biffin*).—A large, deep red, very hard apple, of fine flavor when baked or dried,—tree a good bearer,—ripens about May, and keeps well for twelve months: this tree ought to be extensively grown in this colony, its dried fruit being unequaled.

14. *Keswick Codlin.*—A large, early apple, green and yellow, of conical shape,—has not yet fruited.

15. *Beauty of Wilts.*—An apple of great size, and tree a great bearer,—ripens about April, and keeps well for six or

eight months, but must be gathered a few days before it is ripe, or the fruit will become very dry.

16. *Hawthornden.*—A large, roundish, pale yellow apple, of good flavor,—ripens in March, and keeps well for six months.

It is to be borne in mind that the periods of ripening given in this list are applicable to the "Oaks" (where the spring is considerably later than near Cape Town), and these notes are extracts from a journal kept there for ten years. It ought to be mentioned that several of the abovenamed trees have the character of being very liable to various diseases in Europe. Whether these diseases may or may not eventually appear in this colony, notwithstanding its fine climate, remains yet to be proved; but I can safely assert that not one of them, whilst under my observation, showed the slightest symptom of going wrong. Their not having all fruited may be attributed to their vigorous growth, which it was impossible to crush sufficiently. R. S.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

BY H. HALL, ESQ., R.E.D.

CHAPTER IV.

THE chamois hunter wore the same dress as on the evening before. He had his rifle slung across his shoulder, and he leaned with both hands on an iron-shod staff. His countenance was even more gloomy than usual. He appeared to guard the entrance to the defile up which Ulrich wished to pass. On seeing him, the latter burst out into an exclamation of surprise—

"You here, Hans!" he cried; "God aid us! how have you arrived here?"

"Is there only one footway on the Wengern Alps?" asked the hunter coldly.

"And what do you do there?"

"I have seen you coming, and I was waiting for you."

"You have something, then, to say to me?"

"Yes. Are you not going in quest of the chamois whose tracks Uncle Job saw here yesterday?"

"Yes, of course I am."

"Then you won't find them. I have just seen their traces, and they have turned off towards the glaciers."

"Well; and I shall follow them in that direction."

"Are you decided on doing so?"

"Why not?"

"Then let us hunt together," said Hans, who lifted his baton as if he was about to set out again. It was the first time that Ulrich had ever met with a similar proposition from his cousin. He cast a look of astonishment at Hans, which the latter appeared to understand.

"Are you afraid of my company?" he asked the young sculptor abruptly.

"Why should I fear it?" replied the latter.

"Who knows?" replied Hans; "perhaps you are afraid that you will have to follow me too high and too far."

"By my life! such a thought never entered my head," answered Ulrich, a little nettled, "although you *are* a better hunter than I am; but I have not forgotten my former pursuit so far but that I can go wherever you can."

"Then let us be off," interrupted Hans, rushing up the ravine he was standing in. Ulrich followed him, and a few minutes afterwards, they both reached the plateau, where the footways separated into different directions. The hunter showed his companion the traces of which he had spoken; and which, in fact, indicated the recent flight of a troop of chamois, on their route towards the highest peaks. Then leaving Upigel to their right, they both resolutely breasted the steep ravines which separate the Eiger from the Wengern Alps. They did not pause to reconnoitre the snows which covered the first slope, but traversed them in a straight line, still guided by the traces. On the other side of the mountain all footmarks were lost on the fields of crystallised snow which lay everywhere around them. As far as the eye could extend, nothing could be perceived but needle-like peaks, from between which icy sheets appeared to spread themselves, edged with a border of grey and hoary boulders *(moraines grisatres)*. They seemed like the embouchure of gigantic rivers, poured out of the sky, and suddenly turned to ice when they touched the earth.

The hunters were now at the edge of that tremendous dyke of glaciers which appears to bar against man the passage of the Alps for an extent of 150 leagues. Here was the "Mer glacée" of the lower Grindelwald and Aletsch; farther on, the other frozen seas of Viescher and Finsteraar, of Lauter and Gauli. Hans seemed to study his route for a few minutes in different directions; and then, without

saying a word, inclined to the south. His pace had an almost febrile rapidity, and a self-confident assurance. The more difficult the path became, the quicker he proceeded,—striding over the crevasses, scaling almost perpendicular peaks, or descending into icy ravines with a sort of contemptuous ill temper. From the moment he had entered those icy solitudes a real transformation appeared to have taken place in his existence. His eye blazed with a fire of haughty defiance; his expanded nostrils appeared to sniff up the rarified air of the summits greedily; his lips moved from time to time as if he was muttering mysterious defiances to the spirits of the mountain. As each obstacle rose before him, he yelled as if with joy, and with an enthusiastic spring overcame it. One would have supposed, on witnessing his irritated impetuosity, that he was some conquering savage, trampling beneath his feet the earth, his enemy, and making, with every step, his victory more certain. This enthusiasm, instead of evaporating, became greater as the difficulties increased. He appeared to feel that the mountain was his battle-field, and as the smell of "the villainous saltpetre" animates the soldier, so the rarified atmosphere of these desert heights appeared to intoxicate the brain of the hunter Hans.

Ulrich, who had at first followed him in silence, was at last astonished at his impetuous career, and asked him what could a hunter of chamois hope to find on the icy sea which everywhere surrounded them. Hans replied, by pointing to the horizon, and merely saying "Farther still." Other glaciers were traversed, other moraines* surmounted, and at each repeated question, the excited hunter only replied, "Farther, still farther."

In the meantime, the sky became overcast; dull and heavy moanings of the wind were heard in the distance, and the first gush of a hot wind began to be felt on the icy plains. Ulrich hastened to tell his companion; but, seemingly quite absorbed in his pursuit, the latter did not appear to heed him. Indeed, he seemed perfectly insensible to everything around him. The young sculptor, breathless, cast his eyes abroad, to try and recognise the place in which they were. It was a sort of terrace half way up the glacier, and traversed in every direction with gaping chasms. He stopped, and leaned his forehead, bathed with sweat, on his hand. Hans rejoined him; nothing about him denoted the long march he had just

* Moraines are the debris of rocks forced from their beds by the onward pressure of the glacier, forming high hills of rocky matter along its borders.

made across such a rugged country. His face was pale, his step was elastic, and his respiration free. In company, the men appeared as the personation of two epochs and two generations;—the one the representative of that race of hunters, before whose deadly blows had successively disappeared the gigantic aurocks, the wild boars, the stags, the wild goats, and the roebucks; one of the last of the Alpine savages, accustomed, like the red Indian of America, to sleep under the canopy of heaven, to follow the footmark, to stealthily form ambuscades, to struggle against all the dangers of an enemy not less than nature itself, and to conquer all by mere dint of patience and strength; redoubtable men, living out of the circle of artificial laws, and whose passions, excited by solitude, break out occasionally with the force of their own tempests, whose lightnings have blasted and riven the peaks among which these men find their congenial atmosphere. The other, on the contrary, appeared, as we have already said, to represent the present and the modern race that civilization (like as in times of old, the song of Orpheus) leads away to manners more refined, and which, although softened in its vigor, yet elevated in its spirit, has substituted gentleness for force, justice for vengeance.

While Ulrich, fatigued, seated himself on one of the boulders which lay around him, bedded on the frozen waves of the glaciers, Hans darted at him an ironic glance.

"Well, hardy hunter, art thou already done up?" asked he.

"Not yet," replied Ulrich, "although you appear to do nothing else but try how far my strength can go."

"Have you not then wished to try your pluck against the mountain,—chamois hunting?" said he with a sneer.

"Yes, I did, and do still."

"Then you, no doubt, are tired of carving maple and beechwood in Merengen."

"Is it I?" cried Ulrich with an involuntary warmth; "don't imagine that, my cousin: when my knife cuts wood, believe me, I breathe most at my ease. As you feel on the summit of one of these high peaks, so I feel when my chisel is in my hands. My eye then sees clearer, my blood circulates quicker. Even just now, as we mounted the last slopes, and you showed me the chamois tracks, what do you think I was looking at? A tuft of cyclamen, which spread its delicate leaves in a crevice of the rock, and which I would have been delighted to be able to imitate with my pencil and knife."

"And why have you then again taken up the rifle?" asked the hunter abruptly.

Ulrich appeared embarrassed.

"I have a motive," said he, rising from his seat, "which I will tell you another time. Let us now go on."

"No, stop where you are," interrupted Hans with an imperious gesture. "I have no need of waiting to know what you mean. You have again become a hunter, because it is the only means to obtain Freneli, whom you love."

"That is true," replied Ulrich without hesitation; "and I now have to ask you why you have waited for me at the ravine of the Wengern Alps, and why you have brought me here?"

Hans clutched his rifle with both hands, and looked at him with a fixed and stern glance.

"Ah! you avow it," said he with compressed lips; "and have you never guessed that I, too, have chosen Neli for my wife; say, are you ignorant of that?"

"No," said the young sculptor, who expected this avowal; "but as Neli is free, our wills are worth nothing; she will choose for herself."

"Yes, and you know well she has already done so; is it not the case?" added the hunter, whose eyes gleamed with a savage fire. "You have profited, by your advantage, to turn her heart in your favor. I have never known what it was but to suffer in silence from her disdain, while you knew how to speak softly to her. I never brought anything to the house but our daily black bread, while you came sneaking with your carved wood. Yes, I saw that yesterday; but don't think that I will let you rob me of my only happiness without avenging myself."

"What do you say?" interrupted Ulrich with a start.

Hans seized him by the arm. "Listen!" continued he; "I have long wished to speak to you in a place where none could interrupt us. You well understand what it is I am about to say to you. Neli must be mine, no matter what may happen. Understand that. If any one dares to rival me, as true as I am my mother's son, I will kill him, were he my friend, were he my brother. It is six years since I have wedded Neli, in intention at least, and I carry this idea with me into the mountains, to keep me company; there I converse in thought with her, there I make her my repose and pleasure. Believe me, when I warn you not to cross my hopes, or, by heaven, some great misfortune will happen to either of us."

"That which you have just said does not come from yourself, cousin," replied Ulrich with a little emotion; "it is

the demon of the place who thus tempts and whispers to you. Let God take care of both of us. Who knows if, before long, he will not grant all you require. You know the condition to obtain Freneli, and each of us is trying to fulfil that condition. One of us may meet the fate reserved for all the race of Hauser, and so leave the prize free for the other."

Hans fixed his sparkling eyes on Ulrich. "And that other —you hope it will be yourself," he exclaimed.

Ulrich leaned his head. "You well know," replied he in a tone of sadness, "that all chances are against me, and I would have a right to complain if I did not rely on Him who is above us all."

"But when will He decide between us?" cried Hans contemptuously.

"Immediately, perhaps," interrupted the sculptor, who for some minutes appeared observing uneasily the increasing tumult in the atmosphere, and the obscurity which commenced to envelop the mountain. "Anger has hitherto made you blind and deaf, but listen now, and look around you."

The hand of the young man pointed to the south. The hunter cast his eyes in that direction, and trembled. There were seen descending, from the most elevated heights, great yellow mists, which appeared to be driven forward by a furious wind. The sharp and biting air of the glaciers became lukewarm, and broken rumblings were heard rolling through the snowy gorges of the mountain. After having rapidly studied these threatening symptoms, a shade of savage joy flashed across the features of the chamois hunter.

"By my salvation, you have spoken like a prophet," said he, turning towards his cousin; "and here is your prediction about to be accomplished."

"I believe really a storm is brewing," observed Ulrich.

"It is the 'Fœhn' that is coming," replied Hans, his eyes still fixed on the horizon. "Do you not feel that hot wind? do you not see those clouds rolling down the peaks there?"

Ulrich thought of the fears expressed by Uncle Job at the moment of their departure. As all mountaineers, he was acquainted with that hot wind which, coming from the scorching sands of Africa, is first stopped by the icy peaks of the Alps, melting and dissolving everything in its passage. Among all the wonderful phenomena of nature, opposed to which the industry and courage of man remain powerless, none can compare with the wind we have just named. Even in the lowest valleys, all the cattle are immediately housed as soon as the noise of the "Fœhn" is announced. The fires

are extinguished, and none dare to cross the threshold of their dwelling. The young sculptor asked his companion if he was sure it was the "Fœhn."

"Certain," replied the hunter, who had raised his hand in the air to feel the wind. "In a few minutes it will be here. You have asked God to decide between us. God has heard you; behold what comes to decide there. He who can first descend the Eiger will have Neli. Adieu! watch well thy life; I am about to try to save my own."

And, without waiting for reply, Hans rushed to the narrowest part of the "crevasse," placed his spiked staff on the edge of it, and at one bound reached the opposite side. Ulrich tried in vain to recal him. The hunter continued his career as if he did not hear him, and soon disappeared in the thick cloud which now covered all the sides of the peaks. Not having any means to cross the deep fissure that lay before him, Ulrich was obliged to turn back. Already pursued by the violent gusts which were the precursors of the "Fœhn," he retrod his route along the glacier. In place of gaining, like Hans, the higher regions, where the action of the south wind is less felt, he descended towards the Wengern Alps as quickly as he could; but the softened snow began to gape about him here and there. The glacier was heard to resound with multiplied cracklings, and the warm south wind rushed by him every moment, and went sighing in lugubrious blasts amongst the icy "Aiguilles." Some birds of prey, surprised in the upper regions, regained their retreats on full wing, croaking out from time to time a dismal note; and far beneath, in the lower valleys, were heard the distant echoes of the Alpine horn, whose blasts, plaintively prolonged, reverberated from ravine to ravine, awaking, in thousand echoes, the invisible sentinels of the mountain, which appeared to send forth a cry of alarm.

Ulrich examined the signs on the horizon with inquietude, The clouds continued to advance rapidly towards him. Already the summits of the nearest peaks had disappeared, and he found himself enveloped in a dense mist of snow and fog, driven on by the approaching "Fœhn." At last, the tempest reached him in all its violence. The young man, unable to withstand its force, continued to descend the glacier in an oblique direction, occupied chiefly in avoiding the crevasses, which gaped as if to swallow him up on every side. He thus attained a turn on his path where the wind, broken by a sort of elbow or angle of the mountain, permitted him to stop for a few moments. He sunk on the ground, utterly breathless and exhausted, and remained for some time motionless.

When he was able to look around him, all had in a moment, as it were, changed its appearance. Driven on by the violence of the "Fœhn," the clouds floated far in the distance beneath him, and the mountain, quite cleared of mist, stood with its highest peaks standing in relief against the clear, yet red and angry-looking sky; but the hot African blast continued to whirl round its peaks, to glide down its slopes, to rush into its ravines, and all things seemed to soften and melt in its fiery embrace. Everywhere, the snow appeared thawing and giving way, and finally to melt into torrents, which began to descend the ravines in white and foaming cascades.

The young hunter aroused himself, and continued his route with great difficulty, in spite of the impetuosity of the hot wind, sheltering himself in the deep furrows which here ploughed up the surface of the glacier. Never having before experienced the "Fœhn" except in the lower valleys, where it arrived already cooled by its passage over the mountains, he had never suspected what it could be on these icy heights, which now appeared to dissolve under its fiery breath. In proportion as he advanced with the greatest difficulty, the melting of the ice was accelerated all round him. The narrow tracks now foamed torrents, rushed down the flank of the mountain, and united with the swollen waters. The rocks, torn from their encasements of frost, rolled at first down the smooth and icy slopes, until meeting the first obstacle, they sprang in gigantic bounds, passed the moraines, and finally were swallowed up in the fathomless abysses, against whose sonorous sides they were long heard knocking and jumbling. The beds of snow accumulated on the steeper slopes were suddenly unrooted, and precipitating themselves in avalanches with the noise of thunder, bore away in their course all before them, and falling into the lower valleys, there broke themselves, and filled the air with white powdered snow. From time to time these Alps, built up by frozen water, appeared to tumble into ruins; and these immense falls closed up, one after the other, all the roads and pathways. Ulrich in vain sought a point of egress; here a cascade poured over the rocky ledge he had hoped to cross,—there an avalanche blocked up the footpath. On the right, a rock which threw itself like an arch over that deep gulf, had just given way; on the left, a deep crevice had suddenly opened. On every side, the crackling of the breaking ice, the furious whistling of the wind, the thundering of the avalanche, the roarings of the impetuous waters; and, to add to the horrors of this chaos, night was setting in rapidly, to take away from the soul its last hope.

In the meantime, the young mountaineer continued to struggle against the increasing dangers springing up around him. In the midst of the confusion of his thoughts, the recollection of Freneli appeared to float over him, and gave him a zest for life, which sustained his energies. Unhappily, the place was unknown to him. Deafened by the noise, dazzled by the whiteness of the snows around him, confused by the detours which the obstacles in his path compelled him to make, he could no longer be sure of the right direction he was to take. At any risk, it was necessary he should assure himself of this before darkness prevented him. He again stopped, and tried to recognise the peak, which he perceived illuminated by the last beams of daylight. He had succeeded in recognising some of the highest,—then, by degrees, those nearer to him; when a loud rumbling noise was suddenly heard from the recesses of the glacier, and still louder from the numerous fissures of its surface. At the same moment, Ulrich tottered,—the glacier seemed to slide from under his feet; soon, a second shock made him lose his balance, then others quickly followed more equally, and soon he felt a uniform but sensible movement beneath him. He could not be deceived. The horrid certainty filled his soul that the glacier was in motion, and descending towards the valley.

Comprehending well that the least step was a question of life and death, the young man again stumbled forward towards the nearest rock at the glacier's side. Although the distance was not far, the passage presented insurmountable difficulties. Besides the torrents rolling from the heights, the masses of hardened snow, threw here and there across the fissures, fell in one by one, leaving a thousand deep chasms, at the bottom of which roared the foaming waters.

As to the movement of the glacier, it resembled a river with sluggish waves, whose current, stronger towards the middle, was heaped up, as it were, at each side. Stopped, from time to time, by some impediment in its bed, it appeared to boil up, or brusquely interrupted by some inequality of level, it formed a cascade of ice, which precipitated itself still more rapidly. Ulrich, staggering at each step on this treacherous footing, succeeded, however, in getting out of the powerful current. He was just within reach of the limits of this solid river; he had already passed several snow bridges unconsciously, and had just recognised on the moraine one of the counterparts of the glacier. Reanimated by this sight, he collected all his strength for a last effort, and made a spring. Suddenly, the footing gave way beneath him, and he had only time to extend his arms right and left to save himself,

and thus hung suspended up to the waist in a chink in the half-melted arch of snow. He passed a few moments of awful anxiety. He felt his feet dangling over a fathomless abyss, and chilled by its frozen wind. Immovable, and holding close his breath, he remained some seconds in the same attitude, trying to guess the depth of the opening. He then slowly extended his hand towards his rifle, which he had let fall, in the hope that, thrusting it against one of the sides, he might find a means to support himself; but at this moment the softened snow gave way, a light crackling sound ran along the crevasse, the bridge sank down like an avalanche, and disappeared in the gulf beneath.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, at break of day, the "Fœhn" had ceased to blow, but its passage could easily be traced in the deep furrows, in the peaks cleared of snow, and in the swollen torrents which were still roaring through the valleys. The heavens had again assumed the cold pale blue of winter, without a single cloud, which seemed like an immense gauzy veil suspended over the Alpine summits. However, the temperature was sensibly softened. There was something indescribable in the air, which seemed to announce that spring had just began to manifest itself in these heights. The glaciers had resumed their immoveable silence, and stillness again reigned in these dreary solitudes.

Sheltered under an overhanging cliff, Uncle Job had let the "Fœhn" pass over him with impunity. But the snow, which everywhere fell around him, obliged him to postpone his visit to the crystal bed. When daylight had reappeared, the old man quickly turned his footsteps towards the lower regions, where he hoped the thaw would allow him to gather some specimens of plants. He had soon reached the summit of the moraine, near which the sliding of the glacier had surprised Ulrich. As none of the landmarks of this glacier agreed with Uncle Job's former knowledge of it, he felt a curiosity to approach it nearer, and descended to try and ascertain the cause of this strange revolution. Skirting the moraine cautiously, he at length hazarded himself on the icy surface, stopping every few steps to assure himself it did not move under him; but prevented by some unseen obstacle, the glacier moved no longer. He only met, at every step, testimonies of its movement on the evening before, in the enlarged crevasses, and in the snow bridges half melted and fallen in every place. Reaching one of these bridges, which had only left a slender arch of snow standing, almost as if

by miracle, across the crevasse, Uncle Job saw, half buried in the snow, an object which, at first, he took little notice of, but hardly had he examined it nearer, when he uttered a loud exclamation ;—he had recognised Ulrich's rifle. He returned, seized with terror, towards the gaping fissure. On its snowy sides, he could see the traces of the young hunter's struggles, and the abyss in which he disappeared. The old man tried to see to the bottom of it; but the abyss, after sinking to some depth between two walls of a greenish purple, made a sudden turn, and exhibited to the eye only the obscurity of a deep and gloomy cavern. Uncle Job, however, knelt cautiously on its brink, leaned his head forward, and shouted down into the crevasse as loud as he could. His voice was prolonged in dull echoes through the recesses of the mysterious gulf. He listened anxiously; no one answered him. Stooping down still further, he shouted again a second, then a third time. At that moment, he thought he heard a feeble sound, but so uncertain was it, that he asked himself if it was not the infiltration of the subterranean waters, or the echoes of his own voice. However, to his renewed cries, the answers came less confused. Without being able to distinguish the words pronounced, the crystal-seeker plainly heard a human voice. He rose hurriedly, and unrolled in haste the rope which he carried coiled round him; and after having fixed it to an iron holdfast driven into the ice, he lowered it carefully into the fissure about the place where he had heard the voice. The cord disappeared almost to its full length, and remained suspended for some minutes. Bent over the gulf, Uncle Job renewed his cries of encouragement, and at last he felt the rope agitated. It slowly got extended, and commenced to rub against the edge of the fissure. The old man, one knee fixed on the end above the surface, and firmly grasping with his hands the iron holdfast, steadfastly gazed into the dark abyss. Suddenly, the oscillation of the rope ceased. He who ascended it met with some impediment. "Courage!" cried Uncle Job; "be not afraid; still one effort more." The rope continued without motion. He leaned over the abyss in anguish. "Come on!" he shouted in an encouraging tone; "it is I, Ulrich, it is Uncle Job: God has conducted me to your succor; He will save you. Help yourself, my son, if you are a man, if wish to see Freneli once more." At this last name, the rope again moved; then appeared a moment of uncertainty, and it was again in motion. The ascent had been renewed. The old man, with his eyes fixed on the fissure, continued his encouragements. At last, he saw emerge out of the gloom,

a bare and bleeding head; from each lock of the hair hung an icicle, and the face, brightened by the pale green reflection of the glacier, seemed as if petrified. Viewing its slow and automaton-like movements, one would have thought it was a corpse, galvanised by some magical invocation, and which rose from the bowels of the earth without thought and without voice. At the moment when the head raised itself above the edge of the abyss, Uncle Job drew the rope towards him with a violent effort, and Ulrich found himself extended on the glacier along the edge of the fissure.

The old mountaineer uttered an exclamation of joy, and taking out his flask which he always carried in his excursions, he opened with difficulty the young man's lips, and poured a little brandy down his throat. He then took some snow, and carefully chafed his feet, hands, and face, until he felt that his pulse began again to beat; at last, the blue and frozen lips of Ulrich opened.

"May heaven recompense you, Uncle Job," he faintly uttered; "without your help, I would have been lost."

"Say, rather, without God's help," replied the old man. "He alone is Master, and we are all the servants of His will."

"Well, thanks to God, and to you too all His blessings," murmured Ulrich, who gave very somniferous tokens of fatigue and cold.

"May it be so, my son," interrupted Uncle Job, "but you must rouse yourself, and be off."

"Not yet—pray wait a little," stammered the young man, whose eyes began to close.

"If we wait, it will be too late," cried the crystal-seeker, shaking him by the shoulder. "Up, up. You must, my dear Ulrich. Your strength will come back when you begin to walk, and we will stop at the first châlet we come to. If you remain here, you are a dead man. Up, up, while you have still life left."

He compelled his nephew to stand on his legs, and dragged him, in spite of himself, across the glacier,—his head wandering, and his eyelids closed. He tried to reanimate him by encouragements and questions. Ulrich, when circulation began by degrees to quicken, was able finally to relate, in broken sentences, his flight the evening before, and his fall into the crevasse, buried alive in the avalanche which had carried him there, and his long agony at the bottom of the gulf. He only was silent on the subject of his meeting with Hans.

Uncle Job appeared surprised that, with his little experience, he had thus hazarded himself alone amongst the upper

peaks. "I thought you were wiser," said he, shaking his head; "but there is something in the mountain air which intoxicates like wine. Few can inhale it moderately without losing their reason. I should have recollected, too, that you have the Hauser blood in your veins, and for more than a hundred years their rashness has proved their winding-sheet. God pardon me! I hope that the hunter's fever had not possessed your cousin, for Hans was also on the peaks yesterday."

"Have you seen him?" asked Ulrich.

"Not himself, but the marks of his footsteps," answered Uncle Job. "This morning I saw them on the snow, following up the traces of a flock of chamois."

"Ah! it is the troop he sought," cried Ulrich, "that which he saw the day before yesterday, and is led by an emperor chamois."

"Is it possible! the spoor went in a northerly direction."

"At the foot of the Eiger?"

"No; nearer to us, to the right."

Uncle Job here pointed to one of the buttresses of the glacier, which they proceeded along for some minutes, and at the top of which ran a sort of broken cornice of ice here and there. At its foot extended a narrow band, where the melted snow discovered a field of very fine grass, of that greenish blue tint peculiar to the Alpine pastures. It surrounded the foot of the barren peak like a velvet ribbon, which issuing from the glacier, was lost lower down in forests of pine woods and birches. The young sculptor stopped; his eyes ran along this strip of verdure, encased, as it were, amongst these snowy peaks, when he suddenly forced his companion to throw himself, with him, behind one of those erratic boulders by which they were surrounded.

"What is it?" asked Uncle Job, instinctively lowering his voice.

"See! see!" murmured Ulrich, "over there by the pasturage."

The old man, shading his eyes with his hand, perceived, in the direction indicated, a troop of nine chamois which turned the mountain, their emperor at their head. By the headlong rapidity of their course, it was easy to see they were pursued. Ulrich and he sought in vain for the hunter at the foot of the mountain, but they both soon perceived him on the cornice which crowned it, and they recognised Cousin Hans.

In the meantime, the chamois slowly proceeded up the pasturage. Hans reconnoitred them from the height, and tried to get before them. Uncle Job and Ulrich saw him, with affright, run along his dangerous path;—sometimes

clearing, with a bound, the most dangerous gaps, sometimes clinging to a projecting surface, and now creeping and struggling up an icy slippery slope. There was, in his boldness, something terrific, which made the very spectators giddy. Carried away by a sort of delirium, he rushed on as if sovereign master of space, hearing nothing, thinking nothing, his eyes fixed only on his prey. He at last succeeded in getting a little in advance of the troop of chamois, and finally, in order to be sure of intercepting the passage of the emperor chamois, who led them, he swung himself on a projecting point of rock separated from the cornice. Uncle Job seized Ulrich's hand, repressing a cry, and not daring to stir. Hans was seated astride his frail supporter, and had taken his aim. At this moment the chamois passed at his feet—the shot was fired, and the emperor fell. The hunter uttered a cry of victory, which, in spite of the distance, was heard by the crystal-seeker and his companion; but as he tried to recover his former position, the rifle still smoking in his hand, the kind of console or shelf on which he sat suddenly gave way. He extended his arms to save himself; it was too late. His hands slipped on the wall of rock, rendered slippery by the wintry frosts, and falling from crag to crag, he rolled down a mangled corpse as far as the pasturage, at twenty paces from the chamois he had just shot.

Some hours after, they carried to the châlet of Enge the disfigured body of Hans. Mother Irina, already informed of the catastrophe by Uncle Job, received the sad procession at the cottage door. She gazed on the lifeless form for some moments, her features overcast with profound grief. "Again a victim," murmured she at last, in broken accents; "but it was to be so. He had seen, like Freneli's father, the phantom chamois. It was a forewarning. The spirit of the mountain is the strongest. Now, at this moment, the last of the Hauser goes to his long rest."

And, without adding a word, she seated herself on a stone, her face buried in her hands. Freneli and Ulrich hastened to console her, but she made a sign that she wished to be left alone. And it was not till the preparations for the funeral were making that she rose slowly, re-entered the cottage, and then occupied herself in laying out the body of Hans. She watched by the bedside of the corpse till the day of the funeral. The inhabitants of the valley and mountain, informed of the misfortune that had happened, were collected in crowds, to render the last sad rites to the remains of the hunter. He was carried on a bearer made of branches of trees, his head resting on the body of the emperor chamois

which had cost him his life. Behind walked the grandmother, her visage pale and haggard; then Ulrich and Freneli, both in deep emotion, and unable to contain their tears.

At the moment when the procession issued from the footway which led from the châlet, the sun appeared above the high summits which bounded the valley, where he had not shown himself for more than four months, and threw down on the narrow defile of L'Enge one of his golden beams. The entire crowd made a movement. All hands pointed to the joyous gleam. Mother Irina herself, stern as she was, was softened; involuntarily her eyes turned on the dead, and, dried up as they were, filled with tears.

The loss of Hans was a blow she never recovered. She every day became more stooped and weakened, until she finally sank, after a few months. As she died, her eyes were fixed on the dark press, which she caused to be opened at the approach of her last moments; and where the trophies of the last chamois killed by Hans had been added to the others.

Now left alone, and mistress of her own destinies, Freneli became the wife of Ulrich, and went to live in Merengen, where Uncle Job soon joined them. Whoever wanders through the valleys of Hasli, the heights of Bunig, and the Grand Scheideck, or the cliffs of Grimsel, is almost sure to meet the indefatigable crystal-seeker, wandering in the most obscure by-paths, and chanting, on the mountain sides, his old psalm tunes, which the roaring of the cascade, and the rumbling of the avalanches, accompany like a prodigious organ.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The Weights and Measures Bill is again before the Cape Parliament, recommended, on this occasion, by His Excellency the Governor; and it remains to be seen how far the elected arbitrators between right and wrong—between avarice, supported by fiction on the one hand, and confiding honesty on the other,—will support the Executive in establishing just standards for reference in this colony—standards known all over the world—the same by which the import dues here are regulated.

The British imperial standards recommended for trade throughout the colony are simple and precise. The unit of length is the yard of three feet; of weight, the avoirdupois pound; of capacity, the gallon. Ten pounds weight avoirdupois of pure water defines the capacity of the gallon, no

matter what the shape or the material of the vessel may be. Thus the unit of capacity depends upon the unit of weight, and can be recovered in a few minutes, when we possess the avoirdupois pound.

Touching the avoirdupois pound, it is defined as consisting of 7,000 grains; but in business—of sixteen ounces and their subdivisions, and each ounce of sixteen drachms; or, when convenience dictates, the pound is divided into half-pounds, quarters, &c. Ascending above the pound, any multiples of it suited to trade, may be employed.

Besides satisfying the wants of trade, the system admits of all practical refinement in the investigation of evanescent quantities of a higher order, in weighing and measuring. Perhaps few merchants are aware that the height of the barometer and the temperature of the air are elements in weighing and measuring. Such, however, is the fact; but the effect of these influences is so small as to be insignificant in trade; yet so large when mind deals with matter in philosophical pursuits, that a step cannot be taken without referring to them: even attention to the bulk of the material weighed, such as may be produced by subjecting it to pressure is necessary when the weighing is performed in the atmosphere. We must therefore refer to some condition of the atmosphere as a standard. Thus the imperial enactment defines the gallon to be ten pounds avoirdupois of distilled water in the temperature 62°, and barometric pressure thirty inches.

Before quitting refinements, it may be proper to dispose of an amusing quibble started by a friend. He asserted that a standard weight in one place cannot be the same standard in another place differing in latitude, because at the other place (owing to the figure of the earth) the weight must be either nearer to, or further from, the earth's center. He might have said with truth, that a man who drops from a height of fifty feet in England is more likely to have his bones broken than if he dropped from the same height at the Cape, because, in the former, the force of gravity is greater than at the latter. He forgot that all matter is equally subject to gravity, whether it be the lump of metal representing the standard, or the lump of sugar it balances. If a standard avoirdupois pound balances a lump of cotton in England, and both be transported to the Cape, they will be found to balance each other at the Cape. Again, if at the Cape the same standard be balanced,—say by a quantity of rice,—and both be forwarded to England, they will be found there also to balance each other. In each case the *quantity* remains unaltered,—the

purchaser at the Cape receives the exact quantity, and *vice versa*. Hence the individuality of a standard undergoes no change by change of locality: the British imperial avoirdupois pound is the same test in England, China, the Cape or anywhere: it balances the same quantity of rice, sugar, tea, or any other matter at every point on the earth's surface. And now, having treated of principles, we proceed to things unprincipled.

There is no available legal standard of length, weight, or capacity in use within the Cape Colony. At the Custom-house and Commissariat the British imperial standards are used; elsewhere, there is a conglomerate hodge-podge of surmise and fiction, to attempt the history of which would be a fruitless waste of time. We shall therefore deal with things as they are.

1st, of length. The ratio is supposed to be 1,000 to 1,033; but some recent experiments by Cape gentlemen, whose good sense tower above vulgar prejudice and let *ill* do alone, show that this is not the fact in land measure, while both their results, and the abovementioned ratio, are very wide of the ratio of the imperial to the Rhineland!*

2nd, of weight. Some have asserted that the ratio is 92 to 100; others, 100 to 108. The difference is almost exactly $\frac{1}{109}$th part of uncertainty between these two, while the real authority for either cannot be traced. It is understood that the weight at the Town House, which has hitherto been considered a standard, is inconsistent with its parts, while we are in ignorance if the parts were derived from the whole, or the whole from the parts.

3rd, of capacity. With respect to wine measure, we have, by the Cape Almanac, "a legger is equal to 152 Dutch gallons, or about $126\frac{7}{11}$ gallons imperial." The authority for this is unknown to the writer, but the thing is of no importance.

With respect to dry measure—

By the Cape Almanac authority	250 muids	= 743	imperial bushels;
By the known relation of the old Amsterdam	250 „	= 765·22	„ „
By the practical relation followed generally by the English	250 „	= 750	„ „

We have here a pretty display of uncertainty; yet there are persons who thoughtlessly defend such a discreditable state of things. Length is a fiction, weight is a fiction, capacity is a fiction. What a glorious opportunity for over-

* The old Amsterdam foot was 11·150 English inches.
The Rhineland foot „ 12·357 „ „

reaching, if there are any at the Cape so naughty as to think of such a thing! The proper course is to strike boldly at the root of the evil. No individual narrow-mindedness should be allowed to interfere with the general good. Let dealings be facilitated with foreign nations, whose flags so frequently fly in our bays: they know nothing of our fictions; they know well the British standards: they seek refreshments,—then meet them on fair ground: protect also the wool-grower, the agriculturist, and the poor man.

If there be any who still cling to the original Dutch pound, muid, elle, or rood, on the supposition that the real representatives may be had from Holland, let them first turn to the history of that country during the last seventy years, and they will learn that French influence introduced the metrical decimal system into both Holland and Belgium. In Holland we have as follows:*—

LENGTH.

The Streep is the	Millimètre	=	0·03937	English inch.
Duim „	Centimètre	=	0·39371	„ „
Palm „	Decimètre	=	3·93708	„ „
Elle „	Mètre	=	39·37080	„ „
Roede „	Decamètre	=	32·809 ft.	= 10·9363 yds.
Mijle „	Kilomètre	=	1093·63 yards,	= 0.6214 m.

LIQUID CAPACITY.

The Vingerhoed is the	Centilitre	=	0·61027	cubic in. Eng.
Maatje „	Decilitre	=	6·10270	„ „
Kan „	Litre	=	61·02705, or 1·7608	pts.
Vat „	Hectolitre	=	3·53166 cubic feet,	[22·0097 gallons.

DRY CAPACITY.

The Maatje is the	Decilitre	=	6·10270	cubic inches Eng.
Kop „	Litre	=	61·02705	„ „
Schepel „	Decalitre	=	610·2705	= 0·2715 bushels.
Mudde or Zak „	Hectolitre	=	3·53166 cub. ft.	= 2·7512 [bushels.
Last „	30 Mudde	=	82·536 bushels	= 10·317 [quarters.

WEIGHT.

The Korrel is the	Decigramme	=	1·544	grains English.
Wigtje „	Gramme	=	15·44	„ „
Lood „	Decagramme	=	154·4	„ „
Ons „	Hectogramme	=	1544·0	= 3·5291 ounces.
Pond „	Kilogramme	=	15440·0	= 2.2057 lbs. [avordupois.

* "Weights and Measures of all Nations:" By W. S. B. Woolhouse, F.R.A.S. Page 78.

So much for things that *are*, in place of things that *were*.

In the several Continental states there are no less than twenty ells, of lengths varying between 21·4 and 46·4 English inches! If we send to Holland for an ell of silk, we shall have 39·3708 English inches, or a metre: if we send to Hamburg, we shall have 22·58: if we send to Basle, we must specify whether large or small elle; for the former is 45·4, and the latter 21·4 English inches. The old English ell is 45 inches, and the Scotch 37·06. The sooner this ambiguous sound is forgotten, the better.

Let us adopt the British imperial units and not trouble ourselves about names: we can ascend or descend decimally above or below these unit standards when the time shall arrive: in the meantime, let us adopt the multiples of them that suit this colony.

With respect to land measure length here, it is not, and never was, the Rhineland of Holland; 1000 feet Rhineland =1029·8 English, and not 1033. The difference, no doubt, was occasioned by loose attention to an exact standard, when land was of comparatively little value at the Cape. Fortunately, the standard required for trade is not necessarily linked to the standard for land: but the time must come, when the ratio of the measure that was employed, to a recognized standard, will have to be settled.

There is another point deserving of notice, namely, the expense of spreading the imperial standards throughout the colony. The amount has been magnified in such wise as to seriously alarm the uninitiated: but fortunately, the truth is available. It might not be a bad speculation to tender for the supply at a small fraction of the sterling so industriously trumpeted. M.

THE CAPTURE OF THE CAPE

IN 1795.

On the 11th of June, 1795, seven English ships of war entered False Bay, much to the disquietude of the official persons and other residents in the colony. Their arrival was the prelude to the first capture of the colony by its present possessors. Their message indeed was, to some extent, a friendly one. The Government of Holland had been virtually seized upon by the French, and the faction in Holland which sympathised with the revolutionary principles then so prevalent in Europe had obtained the upper hand. The Stadtholder, his Princess, and their family, had fled to the universal refuge of kingly distress, and had been kindly

welcomed by the Prince Regent, then administering the Government of England for his sick father. The fleet brought orders from the Stadtholder, and an invitation from the English Government (which last, however, was not intended as a matter of choice), for the authorities of this colony to place themselves under British protection, and so to prevent the possession of the Cape by the French, or any other foreign enemy.

Commissioner Sluysken, who had, a few years before, been placed in the administration of our Government by the Indian Commissioners-General, Nederburg and Frykenius, was, with his Court of Policy, thrown into a position of much difficulty. In their ignorance of the true state of affairs in Holland,—for all that they knew they learned from Elphinstone, who seems to have been by no means more communicative than his business absolutely required,—they felt a natural repugnance to yield their own distrust of the sincerity and disinterestedness of the English officers, to the commands of a prince of whom they learned from himself that he was a refugee in a foreign country, and whose orders, given possibly under the compulsion of hostile influences, were of at least doubtful validity. Indeed, probably, they could recognise no personal authority in the Stadtholder apart from his official character as the chief officer of the Republic. They could not consider his rights similar to those by which Continental and even British kings deemed themselves possessors of the territories they governed. Hence the evident aversion of Sluysken and his Council to listen to Elphinstone's urgency, however little they themselves seem to have been tainted with the Jacobinism which had got the upper hand at home. Even here they were contending, at the very time, with offshoots of the same Jacobinism, which, under the guidance of an Italian of the name of Pisanie, were leading the "Colony" of Swellendam into open rebellion; while that of Graaff-Reinet was in a state scarcely more impressible by the influences of lawful authority.

The conclusion of the correspondence and consultations that took place,—a great part of which is described in the accompanying translation of a letter written at the time by one official of high rank to another,—was the forcible passage of Muizenberg, after some weeks, by General Craig's troops, and their entry into Cape Town when the Commissioner and Court of Policy surrendered the place. There were then, both at the Cape and in Holland, suspicions that the Cape might have been better defended: and it certainly does seem strange that the "Thermopylæ" of the Cape, so well known

to visitors to Simon's Town, should have been otherwise than impassable, as long as there was even a handful of earnest soldiers to keep it. Sluysken's "Verbaal" was published to give a detail of all his measures of defence, and to protect his character from the imputations of double dealing in which his enemies freely indulged. The unfortunate suicide of Colonel Gordon, the officer commanding the Dutch troops, on the occasion, which took place some years after in Cape Town, is generally attributed to his sensitiveness at the suspicion and dislike with which he was regarded. The late Mr. Ryneveld, the writer of the letter before us, was himself the object of much reproach, for his supposed unfaithfulness to Dutch interests, both on the occasion of the first and second expeditions. The Government of the Batavian Republic established here in 1803, after the peace of Amiens, reappointed the Baron van Oudtshoorn alone, of all the former members of the Court of Policy, to that position—manifestly because he had, as commander of the "Pennisten Corps," refused to sign the capitulation to General Craig, believing that there were sufficient means of defence at the disposal of government.

All these suspicions of the faithfulness of Sluysken and his officers were, however, probably without foundation. Some of the authorities may have been more devoted Orangists than others; but they all loved their nationality better than England, and they evidently were averse to the object of Elphinstone's mission. But to retain the Cape for the Dutch at all was almost hopeless, if we consider the state of the interior. We have said that Mr. van Ryneveld was the writer of the letter we purpose presenting to our readers: the person to whom it was written was Mr. Truter, afterwards Chief Justice Sir John Truter,—an officer already high in the confidence of government, although still a very young man. Mr. Truter, Mr. de Wet, the President of the Court of Justice, and an officer named Von Hügel had been sent to Graaff-Reinet shortly before the arrival of the fleet, on a mission to endeavor to bring the inhabitants to their duty. We learn from Sluysken's Verbaal, that a few days after the date of the letter below, the Commissioners returned,—having been able to accomplish nothing. With Graaff-Reinet and Swellendam disaffected,—with the two parties of Orangists and Jacobins dividing even Cape Town between them, and only prevented from exploding by their mutual distrust of the English,—with the burgher population—all of them at least who were at a sufficiently safe distance to do so—avowedly hostile to the arbitrary and corrupt rule of the

"Company," it needs no supposition of Sluysken's forgetfulness of what was due to the national honor that, after as much delay as he found possible, and some show of resistance, he preferred a surrender to the needless effusion of human blood. But that he and his Council were sincerely anxious to get rid of the English, and, if the inhabitants had sufficiently supported them, that they would have offered a lengthened, and probably, under all the circumstances, a successful resistance, seems to us manifest from all we have read on the subject, and in particular from the unquestionably accurate and truthful contents of Mr. van Ryneveld's letter.

The writer begs to add that the letter, or rather the copy of it from which the accompanying translation was made, came into his hands accidentally not long since; and that if it had contained any matter of a private nature he would not have felt himself justified in giving it to the public. But its contents, with the exception of a brief paragraph which is omitted, are wholly on public affairs: and the whole tenor of the communication will be found to be such as would have rendered its publication unobjectionable, even during the lifetime of the two estimable gentlemen chiefly concerned.

Translation of a Letter from Mr. W. S. van Ryneveld, at that time a Member of the Court of Policy in Cape Town, to Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Truter, when on an Official Mission to Graaff-Reinet, dated Cape Town, 30th June to 5th July, 1795.

My dear Friend,—I learn at this moment that J. van Reenen's servant is leaving for Graaff Reinet to buy up cattle, and that he has the opportunity of speedily causing a letter to be delivered to you. I avail myself of it to intimate to you, in the first place, the situation in which we are at present: and thus, briefly, to bring to your knowledge, occurrences which naturally must exercise the gravest influence on the country in which we live.

During the night of the 11th of this month, a meeting of the Court of Policy was unexpectedly summoned. Arriving there, I learned that the reason was the arrival of a letter from the Resident Braud, stating that nine English ships were sailing up to the anchorage [of Simon's Bay]: that Mr. Dekker had sent an officer on board to learn whether it was a friendly fleet, in which case he was to fly a signal from his boat, previously agreed upon: and that the boat remained on board without exhibiting the signal—from which he (Mr. Brand) concluded that the ships were hostile. Upon this, it was resolved to cause the alarm guns to be immediately fired—which was at once carried into effect. The whole place was immediately in motion, and every one betook himself to his proper post.

Between one and two o'clock, an English officer arrived from False Bay, and we thus became certain that the fleet was English—but not the less did caution require us to be on our guard, and everything remained in the same position as before, as if it really was a hostile expedition. The English officer brought a letter from Admiral Elphinstone,

stating briefly, that he had with him important despatches from his Serene Highness, for this government, and that he requested the Commissioner Sluysken and Colonel Gordon to repair on board his ship, in order to communicate with them regarding affairs of great moment. We naturally perceived that an agreement with such a request might lead to serious consequences: and the honorable Commissioner decided, after advising with the Council, to write to the Admiral that the circumstances of the colony did not permit that the commaudant of the troops and himself should absent themselves from the capital: but that he trusted the Admiral would have the goodness to send the despatches by the hands of an officer in whom he had confidence. He further notified to the Admiral, that in the present crisis he would, in all the affairs of the government, not act by his own authority merely, as Commissioner, but in union with the Council of Policy.

Afterwards we learned, that on the next morning, the following English ships had anchored in False Bay:—

Names.	Guns.	Commanders.
Monarch	74	Vice-Admiral Geo. Elphinstone.
America	64	Captain Blanket.
Ruby	64	„ Stanhope.
Stately	64	„ Douglas.
Arrogant	74	„ Lucas.
Victoriense	74	„ Clark.
Sphynx	24	„ Brind.
Echo	16	„ Hardy
Rattlesnake	16	„ Sprague.

In answer to the alarm guns there came already, on the following day, nearly all the inhabitants of Tygerberg, Koeberg, Zwartland, Stellenbosch, and Hottentots' Holland, towards the Cape: and we placed ourselves, as much as possible, in a posture of defence. The Lieut-Colonel marched (which I forgot to say before) in the same night of the firing of the alarm guns, with 200 infantry and 150 artillery, to Muizenberg, to hold that station provisionally: but he received orders on the following morning to proceed on his march to False Bay, and all the cavalry that came up were ordered to place themselves at Muizenberg.

The expected officer afterwards arrived at the Cape with the despatches of Admiral Elphinstone, consisting of a letter from himself and the Major-General Craig, in command of the troops on board—and also a letter from his Highness the hereditary Prince Stadtholder.

In the first letter, the Admiral and General mentioned that the whole Republic of the United Netherlands had been overpowered in the month of January last, by the French: that our whole navy, together with Admiral Van Kingsbergen, had fallen into the hands of the French: that Van Kingsbergen, together with the Raad-Pensionary and the Secretary, and other public officers of rank, were detained in prison: that His Highness and family had retired to England, and had taken up their abode at Kew (a residence, I understand, belonging to the Duke of York): that His Majesty of Great Britain, affected at the unfortunate position of his ancient ally and friend, had, with the concurrence of His Highness, resolved to send the fleet hither for the purpose of protecting the Cape against any hostile attack on the part of the French: that they thus, having only friendly purposes in view, trusted not merely to receive supplies for their ships from the colony,

but that they would be looked upon as friends, and that they further expected from the government that due obedience would be given to the accompanying letter of His Highness.

The said letter of His Highness, written at Kew, contained an order that we should look upon the English troops as those of allies of the Stadtholder of the United Netherlands: and accordingly admit these troops alike in the harbor and fort of the Cape.

The answer to the Admiral, signed by the entire Council, consisted chiefly in a declaration of our grief at the misfortune which had befallen the mother country—that the government was sensible of the attention of His Britannic Majesty to the interests of this colony—that the circumstances of the colony did not render it advisable to admit any armed men on shore,—and that in the case of a hostile attack, we should avail ourselves of the Admiral's proffered assistance, although, thank Heaven, we felt ourselves strong enough at present to resist any enemy that might threaten: and that the government would be glad to learn from the Admiral the strength of the force under his command.

With this answer, the officer left: and we thought it best, in the meantime, to keep everything in readiness for war. For this purpose 400 cavalry were immediately placed at Muizenberg: and orders were given to Lieut-Colonel De Lille again to retire with his remaining troops to Muizenberg, on the ground that the bay could not be held against such a force. A few temporary batteries and defences were also raised at Muizenberg, as being the general camp. Two commissioners (Mr. van Rheede van Oudtshoorn and your father, the Burger Councillor Truter) were appointed to provide the necessary supplies for the camp, to which, by means of pressing cattle and wagons, everything was speedily and efficiently conveyed. These commissioners are styled "war-commissioners," and a third has been added to the number,—your uncle, Petrus Truter. It was further resolved not to quarter the militia as they arrived, but to allow each cavalry man ten skillings per diem for himself and horse, from the Company's treasury, to which daily payment Van der Riet (the member of the Court of Justice) was commissioned.

Some days afterwards, a letter was received from Admiral Elphinstone, stating that the communication he had received from the government appeared to him of that character, that a confidential interview regarding the present condition of public affairs was necessary—that he had thought it right for this purpose to send hither Major-General Craig, yet that as General Craig was an officer of rank, commanding His Majesty's forces, he could not despatch him without being first provided with a safe conduct from this government. This was sent him. Two days after, the General appeared. On his arrival, all the remaining soldiers were made to keep guard, and all officers, as well of the army, as of the "Pennisten Corps," the "Burgery," were commanded to attend at the Castle, to walk about the square in their uniform. A corps of sappers of about 40 men, who had remained behind from the ship *Alblasserdam*, were collected outside the Castle, as if they were on guard there. All this, as you may well imagine, to make the best appearance we could. The General dined that day with a large body of the different officers at the Commissioner's, and the next day, at nine o'clock, was settled for the purpose of hearing the proposals, for making which he alleged himself commissioned, in the full council. At the time fixed he appeared, and had scarcely spoken three words, before it was easy to see his drift. He commenced his speech by a recapitulation of the state of affairs in our Republic, and proceeded further to say

that he and Admiral Elphinstone had been commanded by His Britannic Majesty to invite the government and the colonists of the Cape to place themselves under the protection of Great Britain, until there should be a general settlement of the disturbances in Europe, and until (N.B.) the ancient and lawful constitution of the United Provinces being restored, His Majesty would find himself in a position to give up the colony to its lawful possessor.

It was hereon resolved, and a letter in conformity with the resolution briefly drawn up, that it was impossible for the Council, in accordance with their oath and duty to agree to his proposal,—that the colony would be maintained for the lawful government of the fatherland, to which obedience had been sworn, and that, with all the means in possession of the local government, they would oppose any attempt of a hostile character undertaken on this colony.

Of this resolution it was thought right to give notice to the Burgher Senate, with orders to communicate the same to the militia officers and burghers. The Burgher Senate assembled at the Town House, after having summoned the several officers thither. The intimations then given were received in the best manner possible. The Senate was requested to thank the Government for their care in the defence of the real interests of the colony, and to assure them that every one would perform that part in the execution of their measures which was to be expected of men of honor.

A continued correspondence with Admiral Elphinstone, who repeatedly tried to gain his object, first in one way and then in another, having been endured,—we having been obliged for this purpose to assemble (in Council) sometimes twice and sometimes even three times a day, the Admiral at last thought fit to forward a proclamation to the Government, of a very detailed character, in which chiefly the protection of His Majesty of Great Britain is offered to the colony, accompanied by sundry promises, all intended for the attainment of his object. This proclamation was accompanied by a letter, in which, however, among other contradictory points, it was urged how impossible it would be for His Britannic Majesty to permit the Cape, being the key of his Indian possessions, to fall into the hands of the French; as so the whole of the *English* India Company's trade would be ruined.

And since it appeared from this that Admiral Elphinstone, so far from being anxious to protect this colony from a foreign attack, had really in view to possess himself of it for the interests of Great Britain —the Government resolved to discontinue, at once, the conveniences to the English fleet, which they had received as friendly ships: to drive away from False Bay all the slaughter and other cattle, and to place themselves in every possible condition of defence.

During these proceedings we learned of a very disagreeable occurrence at Swellendam, intelligence of which was sent hither by an express. This was, that some of the inhabitants there, instead of undertaking their journey to the Cape on hearing the alarm guns, had placed themselves under the orders of the well-known Louis Pisanie, had assembled at the Drostdy, had displaced from their offices the Landdrost Faure (on account of his doings in the Kafir commando) and the Secretary van Hardenberg (as being a breaker of his promise), and had ordered them to leave that colony (Swellendam) within three days. They had appointed in the place of Faure, as Landdrost, one of the sons of old Hermanus Steyn, a man utterly unfit for such a post; and as Secretary, the tutor in Faure's family, a low fellow, a servant of the Company whom Faure had relieved from service.

The Landdrost had retired to his place, Rotterdam, about half-an-hour from the Drostdy, where he was awaiting the orders of the Government; while van Hardenberg has come to Cape Town, and is here at present.

You can readily conceive that the weighty concerns regarding the English fleet which now employ us render it impossible, at present, to settle the affairs of Swellendam. The Government sent a letter thither by a burgher officer, containing the intimation that a hostile English fleet is in False Bay, and threatens the country with an invasion: and warning every one, in accordance with his oath and duty, to come up to the Cape, in order, with the brave burghers of the Cape and the other districts, to keep the enemy off our shores. As yet we have seen but trifling fruits of this. It is said that a body of about forty persons are preventing the others from coming up. The day before yesterday, a second letter was despatched, by Holthansen's son, which, it is hoped, may make some impression, and bring the deluded multitude to a sense of their duty.

After this digression, I find myself again approaching the English fleet.

Admiral Elphinstone, dissatisfied at the conduct of the Government, wrote a further letter, of more serious tone, declaring that the Government were acting without the concurrence of the inhabitants; that he had been informed that his invitation had been placed in a very erroneous light before the inhabitants; that the Government appeared to have embraced *Jacobinical* sentiments, and thus to be attached to the French faction; that they had not ascertained the desire of the inhabitants or their representatives.

The Burgher Senate further forwarded to Government a letter they had received from the Admiral, with a copy of the proclamation which I have already mentioned, and requested permission to send him an answer which they had prepared. This answer having been found, on examination, to accord with their oath and duty, their request was acceded to. As sundry Dutch copies of the same proclamation were found to have been distributed, by order of Admiral Elphinstone, as well among the burghers at Muizenberg as the common soldiery there, and in False Bay, it was resolved, at once, to cut off all further communication with the English, to throw all the gunpowder in False Bay into the water, to spike the guns at the "Boetzelaar" Battery (*south* (?) of Simon's Town), as not being able to maintain the same,—to destroy all the provisions in False Bay, among which was 300 muids of flour, wine, brandy, &c.; and to retain only the Battery Zoutman, on this side, to serve as a defence if possible, and afterwards to be also spiked. It was also thought best to order the Resident Braud and his assistant to remain in False Bay, to represent our territorial rights under the Dutch flag.

Here then, my dear friend, is a picture of the state of our affairs at this moment. Notwithstanding my many engagements, I have managed to throw this detail together for you, that you and the other friends at Graaff-Reinet may know what is occurring. I can readily imagine the miserable feelings you will have had to endure, on hearing of the general alarm guns—and therefore I have availed myself of the earliest opportunity to send you this information.

To be satisfied of my letter reaching you, I shall have a copy made of this, and send a duplicate by another opportunity.

The occurrences I have mentioned have, of course, compelled peculiar arrangements in our domestic affairs. Most of our wives have, with

their children, fled to the country. Mr. de Wet's wife is at Stellenbosch —whither mine and her children are also gone. Yours and your little boy are at the place of Petrus Muller; but the wife of our friend von Hugel prefers still remaining in Cape Town.

Immediately after the firing of the signal guns, I exhibited, in the Court of Justice, the sequestrator's accounts under my care, requesting that the necessary resolutions may be taken for security regarding their amount: whereon was resolved, after examination of my accounts, to lodge the money, Rds. 14536, in a small chest, and place it in keeping in the safe at the Orphan Chamber, so that hereafter, when the enemy's departure will give us opportunity, we may proceed to make the necessary payments.

* * * * * *

To our president (de Wet) I shall write only a few lines, but I shall send him an interesting extract from an English paper, if I can get done.

That letter I shall send with Meyer, the usual letter-carrier, who also will take the duplicate of my present communication. But let the President, and our friend von Hugel, consider my letter to you as addressed to them also, and excuse my further writing. I have really been obliged to steal time for this.

Adieu, dear friend. Live happily—enjoy all the prosperity which my heart always wishes you and yours,—and never forget

Your friend,

W. S. VAN RYNEVELD.

Cape, 30th June, 1795.

P.S. Reading this letter again, I find that I omitted several circumstances, namely,—that Admiral Elphinstone, as he did with the Cape Government, so also interfered with the war frigate *Medenblik*, which was lying in False Bay, and the three private ships, *Willemstad & Boetzelaar*, *Geertruyda*, and the *Jonge Bonifacius*, the last-named lately arrived from Batavia

Two days after his arrival in False Bay, he sent a letter to Mr. Dekker (commanding the frigate), in which he simply informed him that he had the honor to convey to him an order under signature of his Highness the hereditary Prince Stadtholder; and that he trusted that Mr. Dekker, as an officer of honor, would not hesitate to conduct himself in accordance therewith. The order required Mr. Dekker to place himself and his ship under command of the English admiral. But Dekker answered that having been despatched for Batavia, he would consider it best in accordance with his oath and duty to proceed on his voyage thither with the convoy under his care.

Some days after, Dekker, leaving the convoy behind him, set sail from the bay—God knows whither!

NOTE.—In the papers published by Commissioner Nederburg, relative to his proceedings in Batavia at this time, appears some correspondence between Dekker and Sluysken of a curious character. The latter wished Dekker to remain and share the defence of the Cape, if necessary. The former argued, that if this colony was invaded, his ship and small party of men could be of but little use. That under any circumstances it was best, especially as Elphinstone had no objection to his going away—if he would give his parole to touch at no French port—that he should convey the news of what had happened to Batavia as speedily as possible. He adds, somewhat oddly, that Sluysken's business was the defence of the colony, his, Dekker's, the care of his frigate. In the discharge of his duty, therefore, and before the English should change their minds about letting him go in peace, he ought to take his ship away. He arrived at Batavia in August, and did bring the first news of their European misfortunes to the officers of that colony. His impression then, however, seems to have been—at least, so he told the Government in Java—that the offer of protection having been rejected, Elphinstone would leave the Cape and proceed on a similar mission to Ceylon, and thence to Java.

The captains of the private ships having afterwards proposed to the Government, whether it would not be safer for them and the interests of their principals, if they left their anchorage in False Bay and came round hither; the Government at once consented and gave the necessary orders for their doing so. On the next day, the Resident Brand reported that the English Admiral had stopped the ships, and given a written order to the several captains to remain where they were until his further orders. On this the Government wrote to the Admiral, claiming redress for these forcible proceedings, and protesting against any such acts of manifest violence: but obtained for answer, that just as the States-General of the Netherlands, under the influence of the French, had thought fit to stop the English ships lying in their harbors, until their further commands,—a similar resolution was in consequence necessary to be adopted on the part of His Britannic Majesty, and that his (the Admiral's) conduct was in accordance with this resolution.

These occurrences had been happening just at the time that the Government became aware of the dispersion of the proclamations I have already mentioned, and they, of course, co-operated in the formation of our resolution to stay the supplies of provisions to the English fleet, and to destroy whatever provisions we had in False Bay.

From time to time deserters came over to us, whom I have always to examine.

Their statements agree for the most part in this: that no larger squadron than nine ships, in two divisions, sailed from Plymouth; that they have many sick on board; that the object of the fleet was against this colony, to take possession, either in a friendly manner or by force if necessary, on behalf of the Prince of Orange; that four or five transports, with troops, were about to follow from England; and that each of the line ships in False Bay had about 500 men, among which 100 soldiers.

The smaller vessels are daily running in and out of False Bay, and cruising about our shore. A frigate frequently shows herself off Table Bay, and has been on one occasion so near as to be fired at from the battery on the Great Monille. It is reported that an English frigate is lying in Saldanha Bay, and wants to buy up provisions there, but orders were immediately despatched to drive away the cattle.

Farewell,

2nd July. v.R.

P.S. No. 2.—It is reported from False Bay that an American ship has arrived there, and that the English Admiral immediately caused her to be taken possession of by English troops; that he ordered the captain of another American ship lying there to hold no communication with the new arrival; and that he prevented Mr. Brand from making his customary visit on board. This has led us to all kinds of misgivings.

Shortly afterwards arrived a letter, sent by the Admiral to Mr. Brand, in which he mentions that the American ship is from Amsterdam, and that therefore he had taken possession; and that he had found among her papers, sundry letters addressed to this Government, and requested a safe conduct from the Honorable Commissioner for an officer to deliver these despatches securely.

This safe conduct was forwarded, and, for prudence sake, a burgher officer, Willem Wium, was ordered to accompany the messenger, and

to take care that no improper documents were distributed among the common people on the way.

With impatience the officer was expected; who at last came and handed a bag containing packets of papers to the Honorable Commissioner. The bag being opened, a letter was found in it from Admiral Elphinstone, which, after recapitulating the grounds he had before stated in his proclamation for attempting to bring this colony under British control, finally stated that he had opened the Dutch despatches which were on board of the American ship—that he sent a number, as well official as private, hither—having however detained all the newspapers, as being all of a partisan character and written in favor of the faction now in power.

This grieved us immensely: but what can we do? There was only a letter from the Chamber of XVII, signed by the usual officers, on the 6th of March last, in which they refer to an earlier letter (detained by the Admiral) and only command us to encourage the colonists in the culture of our products and the export of grain to the mother country. The private letters received, all written in March, contained nothing more, as we learned from the owners, than that in January an important revolution had taken place in our Republic, in the best possible order, and without bloodshed.

I have, among others, received a letter from de Bruyn, who sent me, in charge of the captain, a case containing some interesting periodicals, lately published, and files of newspapers from December to March. He recommends the captain also to my friendly attentions. But all in vain. The whole box has been kept back by the English—although they themselves put into the letter addressed to me the list of its contents, which they found in the box. This chagrins me terribly.

Every attempt has been made to convey a letter to the American captain, but there is no chance. The ship lies between those of the admiral and the commander of the troops; is occupied by soldiers, and constantly guarded by English boats. The Commissioner has offered a reward of 1000 ducats, from his private purse, to any one who will bring the captain on shore. Some females can be seen on board; and we imagine there are a good many Dutch passengers.

Adieu, my friend. Old Meyer has recently received a letter from B. Lindeque, from which we can hope to hear little good about affairs in Graaff-Reinet, and that we are to expect your return faster than was at first believed. Well, Heaven grant I may see you soon. Remember me heartily to Messrs. de Wet and von Hugel—for the latter of whom I enclose a letter from his wife, who is well.

v.R.

5th July.

It is needless to add that, on the arrival of General Clarke with the absent transports, more vigorous measures were adopted by the invaders; and that on the 16th September the colony capitulated. The capitulation bears the signatures of A. J. Sluysken, J. J. Rhenius, R. J. Gordon, J. J. le Sueur, O. G. de Wet, C. Brand, W. S. van Ryneveld, and E. Bergh.

F.

WOLTEMADE.

ir the handsome and well-deserved testimouial lately presented to our townsmau, Mr. R. Granger, for his iutrepid and humane conduct in rescuing, at great personal risk, the crew and passengers of the siuking schooner *Miner* from an imminent watery grave, has been gratifying to the feelings of that couragcous gentleman, it is equally honorable to those who knew how to appreciate gallant deeds, and are ever ready aud prond to reward them.

The particnlars connected with the catastrophe which gave rise to that public demonstration of approbatiou and praise are still quite fresh in the recollection of every one. They remind me of a most disastrous calamity which occurred 88 years ago in Table Bay, when an act of heroisu, scarcely ever surpassed, was performed by a poor, humble, generous man, an inhabitant of Cape Town, and of which Professor Thunberg, an eye-witness, gives the following mournful, but iutcresting account (Travels, vol. 1, p. 270, s. 99):—

The *Jonge Thomas*, a ship owned by the Dutch East India Company, and commanded by Captain Barend de la Mairc, left the Texel ou the 20th October, 1772, bonnd to Batavia, with a crew of 296 men. After a protracted aud tedious voyage, shc at last came to an anchor in Table Bay on the evening of the 28th of March, 1773, reporting 70 deaths, and haviug on board 41 sick persons, who were at ouce landed and sent to the hospital.

On the 29th of May, the vessel was ready for sea, waiting for a favorable brecze, when all on a sndden, on the morniug of the 1st of Juue, being Whit-mouday, a strong north-west gale arose with violeut gnsts, accompanied by thunder, lightning, hail, aud heavy showers of rain. At night, in this storm, the *Jonge Thomas*, having lost all her anchors, was driven on the sands near the shore at Salt River, and on accouut of her being heavily laden, parted in two at abont half-past six a.m., when the main mast went overboard. The surge rose to an enormous height, and Salt River was so swollen as to be almost impassable.

The ship had scarccly struck, when the most efficacious measnres were employed to save as much as possible of the Company's property that might by chauce be thrown on shore, though not the least care was taken to deliver one single soul of the crew from their forlorn and perilons situation. Thirty men were immediatcly ordered ont, with a stripling of a lieutenant from the citadel, to the place where the ship lay, in order to keep a strict look-ont aud preveut any of the Company's goods from being stolen. A *gibbet* was erected, and an edict issued, declaring, that whoever should come near the spot shonld be hanged, without trial or sentence being passed ou them. Ou this accouut the compassionate inhabitants, who had gone on horseback to the assistance of the wretched snfferers, were obliged to retnrn without being able to do them the least service; but on the contrary, witnessed the brutality and want of feeling eviuced on this occasion by certaiu persous, who did not bestow a thought on offering the least assistance or relief to their fellow-creatnres npon the wreck, who were perishing with cold, hunger, and thirst, aud almost in the arms of death.

But at all times, and in all places, there are kind and considerate people, as well as these who have nothing human but the form. An old man of the name of Woltemade, a German by birth, who was at this time a keeper of beasts at the menagerie or paddock near the garden

had a son in the citadel, who was a corporal and among the first who had been ordered out to Paarden Island, where a guard was to be placed for the preservation of the wrecked goods. This worthy veteran borrowed a horse, and rode out in the morning with a bottle of wine and a loaf of bread for his son's breakfast. This happened so early that the gibbet had not yet been erected, nor the ediet posted up, to point out to the traveler the nearest road to eternity. The hoary sire had no sooner delivered to the son the refreshments he had brought him, and heard the lamentations of the distressed crew from the wreck, than he resolved to ride his horse, which was a good swimmer, to the wreck, with a view of saving some of them. He repeated his dangerous trip six times more, bringing each time two men alive on shore, and thus saving in all fourteen persons. The horse was by this time so fatigued, that Woltemade did not think it prudent to venture out again; but the cries and entreaties of the poor wretches on the wreck still increasing, he ventured to take one trip more, which proved so unfortunate that he lost his own life. On this occasion too many rushed upon him at once,—some of them catching hold of the horse's tail, and others of the bridle, by which means the horse, wearied out and too heavily laden, sank down, and—all were drowned.

This noble and heroic action of a superannuated old man shows that a great many lives might have been saved, if a strong rope had been fastened by one end to the wreck, and by the other to the shore. Along this rope either a basket or a large copper vessel might have been hauled to and from the ship, with a man in it each time. When the storm and waves had subsided, the wreck was found to lie at so small a distance from the land, that one might almost have leaped from it upon shore.

The vigorous measures taken to preserve the Company's effects were not, however, so efficacious as to prevent certain officials from enriching themselves considerably on this occasion. For when whole horse-loads of iron from the wreck could be sold to the smiths in town, it is easy to conceive that their consciences would not stand greatly in their way, if they could lay their hands upon portable and valuable commodities.

Although the hardest hearts are frequently softened by the uncommonly severe misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, and although great and noble actions have at all times been able to excite the gratitude and benevolence of the public towards the actor, yet (our author remarks), I am sorry to say, I have it not in my power to conclude this melancholy picture with some pleasing trait of generous compassion on the part of the governor (Baron van Plettenberg) towards the poor sufferers, and especially towards the drowned hero, or of some noble remuneration to his son. For when, shortly afterwards, this young man solicited the situation of his late father,—which was a post of but small emolument, and could neither be considered a recompense nor envied him by any one,—it was refused him and given to another.

This unfeeling *bon vivant* of a governor, rich in money but poor in spirit, allowed him nevertheless to do what others considered a banishment, to go to Batavia, where he died, before a dispatch from the directors of the East India Company in Holland arrived, ordering that the children of Woltemade should for the sake of their father, be well provided for, that one of their ships should bear his name, and that the story of his achievement should be painted on the stern.

Independently of the loss sustained by the Company, as well in ship as in cargo, one hundred and forty-nine human beings perished on this occasion. They were lost for want of assistance, and met with an

untimely death very near the land. Sixty-three men only escaped, and amongst them Jan Jacobez, the second mate, who, with 25 of the crew, remained on the stern portion of the wreck until the fury of the gale had abated.

The bodies of Woltemade and Captain de la Maire were cast ashore on the following day, conveyed to town, and quietly interred. No monument,—no stone has ever marked the spot where the remains of the hero repose.

The scene of this dreadful tragedy appears to have been near Mr. J. Esterhuizen's property at Paarden Island; and an old oil-painting made at the Cape, formerly belonging to the Van der Poel family, and now in the possession of Mr. Advocate Hiddingh, represents the tragical occurrence.

L. P.

METEOROLOGY.

Fall of Rain in the vicinity of Table Mountain.—The well-known fact that a greater amount of rain usually falls close to mountains than in open plains appears to be well marked in this neighborhood in one direction, but not in another. We learn from the observations of the indefatigable meteorologist, Mr. Blore, that the fall at his locality in Wynberg exceeds the fall in the locality of the Observatory by perhaps a fourth part of the whole at the latter; yet if a line be drawn from the former to the nearest point of Table Mountain, and from the Observatory to the nearest point of Devil's Berg (the east end of Table Mountain), the difference is so small as to be undeserving of notice in accounting for the greater fall at Wynberg. But between the latter and the mountain there is a considerable spread of foliage, on high trees and underwood, besides the mountain interruption in the direction of the prevailing winds.

The only register I am aware of, kept in Cape Town, is the one at the Town House. The receiving vessel is on the roof, from which a lead pipe descends to another vessel on the ground floor, within a workshop, and the fall of rain is measured by plunging a rule into the latter. Mr. Penketh informs me that the horizontal areas of these vessels are exactly alike. The method is rough, but it might be improved by making the area of the lower vessel or reservoir, say, one-tenth of the area of the roof-receiver; then ten inches in depth would represent one inch fall of rain,—one inch would represent one-tenth of an inch fall, &c. However, as all quadrilateral-mouthed receivers are, *ceteris paribus*, rather less correct than those of a circular form, it would be well to substitute the latter for the receiver now in use. Mr. Fell has, at the present time, gauge lengths of steel rod, laid off from a standard scale, to enable him to construct a rain-receiving funnel of 500 square inches area, or diameter 25·231 inches, and a reservoir whose horizontal section is one-twentieth part of the area of the funnel; so that one inch of fall will be represented by twenty inches of depth; or one-twentieth inch fall, by one inch of depth, &c.

Mr. Penketh has kindly placed at my disposal a copy of the register kept at the Town House, from May, 1849, to the end of 1857 (excepting a break of three months in the latter part of 1850).*

* It is omitted here for want of space, but it will appear in our next number.—Eds.

Supposing the Cape Town register to be trustworthy, and excluding the two imperfect years, we find that the mean annual fall there exceeds the fall at the Observatory by 7·74 inches, or nearly one-third part, although the distance between the points is only about four miles. But the yearly variation of the differences present singular anomalies: in 1852, '3, and '4, the differences are nearly identical, viz.: about 8·2 inches; whereas in 1856 the excess is 4·467, and in 1857, 10·877 inches. The monthly differences present similar variations. Since the amount of these anomalies is unexpected, and considering the utility of the enquiry, it is highly desirable that a more accurate instrument should be established at the Town House,—one that would exclude all doubt or difference of opinion. In the mean time, we may estimate the annual fall in the center of Cape Town at 30 inches.

THOS. MACLEAR.

Royal Observatory, March 14, 1858.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THE transactions of the latter part of the month of March have been large, and have fully compensated for the great dullness which existed at its commencement; indeed, as time wears on, and we are borne further away from that period of crisis which made commercial people throughout the world gloomy and dispirited, something akin to activity and speculation may be perceived. The news which was brought by the last mail-steamer of the easy state of the London money market leads us to hope that produce may gradually obtain higher prices, and that the plethora of money will enable judicious speculators to make investments in our staple products, which shall leave less loss to our exporters than is now anticipated. The small quantity of wool at hand for the February sales increases this hope. It is by no means to be expected that the purchasers of wool in the country districts (especially in the Eastern Province, where the clip is brought to market so much after that of the Western) will be induced to give high prices for wool for some time to come; but we shall be glad to find that the result of the sales in question shall have established the rate at which produce can change hands, and relieve some districts of an article which it can benefit no one to hoard up thousands of miles from the manufactories. As it is now, there is a positive loss and injury accruing to the colony, as well as to individuals, by the farmers delaying to dispose of their wool by sale or consignment, which we sincerely trust that another month will obviate.

The imports into Cape Town have been considerable this month; but we have noticed very few manufactured goods: whereas rough goods, such as iron, beer, hardware, &c., &c., arrive in large quantities from London. One cargo of Dutch produce, principally gin and cheese, has also been entered at the custom-house. From ports in the Baltic, timber, both in logs and deals, continue to arrive in moderate quantities. Mauritius has furnished us with about 3,000 bags of sugar, besides molasses, rum, and dates. 4,800 bags of rice have been imported from Calcutta in the *Augusta*, as well as other Indian produce. By the *Flibberty*, we notice the arrival of 910 bags wheat and 700 bags flour, from Melbourne, which were disposed of advantageously on arrival.

The present state of our wheat market is satisfactory for the farmers; but we can hardly see what has indueed such high prices to be given. We notiee the arrival of one or two cargoes of guano from the coast, which are said to have sold at an advance on former rates. In artieles of export, the markets are extremely dull,—such as are for home consumption and shipping alone showing any aetivity. We have had a great many vessels of all nations in Table and Simon's Bays (especially in the former), during the month; and as many of them were of large size, steamers and others, the supply required by them was eonsiderable, and their presenee has given additional life to the plaee. There is little doing in the shipping interest, as regards freights, which are as dull here as in any part of the world. We have had vessels in ballast here, both from the eastward and westward; and some have even proeeeded to England without cargoes, to seek employment Money at the banks contiuues tolerably easy; and good bills are generally diseounted without difficulty. Much interest is evineed in eommercial circles in the bill proposed to be intoduced for exempting bills of exehange and promissory notes from the pains and penalties attending the infringement of the usury laws. It is diffieult, we imagine, for the most aeute lawyer to prove that there aetually is a usury law; and the only objection we have to the proposed bill is, that the word usury should have been, in any way, introduced. However, we heartily wish it suceess, for we have yet to learn why there should not be free trade in money, as well as in every other commodity.

The action of the local government, with reference to railways, has not been, to our understanding, quite eorrect; and we are much afraid that it will have the effect of delaying the commeneement of these most important works in this country, or that the contemplated line may be undertaken haphazard by some company which has not undertakeu the survey. That a complete survey should be made was one of the stipulatious of the Government advertisement; and if dependenee is to be plaeed on sueh a doeument, this should be strietly attended to. If the hope is indulged by any one that the interest which the colony is to guarantee will be less than six ℘ eent. (the maximum rate fixed by the aet), we think that this will not be the case. Those who invest in seeurities of this character are not of the same class who are influenced by the ehanges of the money market; and we know that our sister colonies, Canada, Australia, aud Ceylon among others, guarantee 6 ℘ cent. on their stoek. The security of these colonies is much more tempting to those seeking investments at home than that of this eolouy, although we on the spot are aware how unexeeptiouable it is.

The report of the Commereial Exehange Committee on the transactions of the past year is interesting; a referenee to it shows the inereasing trade of the colony, and the advantages of our position for supplying steamers and others engaged in the transport service, the majority of those employed in eonveying troops from England to Iudia having called in at Simon's or Table Bay for coals, water, and provisions. A late Indian paper notiees the offer of a London company to convey a certain number of troops ℘ aunum to and from India in vessels of 6000 tons, *viâ* the Cape. The intention of one of the first iron ship eoustructors of the day to establish a line of ships of this size, and for this purpose, was announced some mouths sinee; and when we say that sueh ships as the *Golden Fleece*, *Queen of the South*, aud indeed the fleet of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company, were built under the superintendence of Captain Ford, we doubt not but that his new ships will be eminently successful.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

FEBRUARY.—The last specimen mounted by our taxidermist, Mr. Kirsten, is the beautiful springbuck (*Gazella Euchore*), presented by Mr. Jackson. By the way, in last month's notice of this gentleman's donations, a ludicrous misprint escaped notice, viz: "three Korhaans, male and female,"—it should have been—"blue Korhaans, male and female." I am also in a position to supply the hiatus which occurs in the notice of the Chinese arms; they were the gift of Capt. Hamilton.

Miss Elliott has left, for exhibition, a magnificent Dicynodon head, larger than any in our possession. I believe it was obtained in the same locality as the small one presented by the same lady, noticed last month. The Rev. R J. Eedes has also presented some Dicynodon remains from the neighborhood of Beaufort (West)

Mr. Johannes G. Uys, of Riversdale, has presented, through Mr. Hudson, of the same place, who kindly prepared the specimen, the skin of a Rooye Rheebuck. This is a species I have long desired to add to the Museum; unfortunately, it has gone astray somewhere, but will, doubtless, soon come to hand. Mr. Jackson's springbuck was missing for a long period, but was eventually forwarded safely. I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Watson, the president of sorters in the post office, and the various postmasters along the road between this and Port Elizabeth, and Middelburg, and the Civil Commissioner of the latter place, for the kind manner in which they traced the missing parcel, stage by stage, until it was recovered.

To Mr. William Berg, we are indebted for a beautiful little collection of birds from Penang; and a Mr. Lewis, a casual passer-by, who visited the Museum on his way to Penang, has expressed his approbation of the institution, by transmitting to it a collection of birds, native weapons, woods, and shells, from the same locality.

Among the shells procured, in exchange, from the Rev. R. Beadle, of Hartford, in the United States, are some extremely interesting additions to our cabinets: nearly every specimen of this collection has proved new to us, and about seventy species have been thus procured. The purchased collection is now all exhibited, and completes our series.

Mr. Wyley has transmitted some extremely interesting fossils from the Karroo. I believe some of them will prove of the greatest value in determining the true history of the geological formation of this country.

We have had one death in our snake cases, but several additions from gifts and purchases. A handsome specimen of the Lamprophis Aurora was procured from a Hottentot, who allowed the reptile to crawl round his neck and up his sleeve. It is certainly a harmless species, but snakes are furnished with numerous sharp-pointed recurved teeth, with which they can inflict a severe wound.

Capt. Hoets, of Miller's Point, has, at our request, furnished us with some of the large Patellæ which are found in that locality during low tides; some will replace smaller specimens now in our cabinets; and the rest will be reserved for the repayment of Mr. Beadle, and others who have applied for them. Shells of the very large kinds are still very acceptable.

Dr. Graf has forwarded specimens of two or three kinds of Herpestes (muishonds), &c.; but owing to the intense heat of the weather, we have been unable to preserve all of them.

To the Deputy Port Captain, Capt. Wilson, we are indebted for a collection of Chinese musical instruments.

Mr. T. Bain has brought us some fine reptilia from Piquinier's Kloof.

Mr. A. de Smidt, junior, has not been unmindful of his native land, though rambling amid the classic scenes of Italy and the snowy ranges of the Alps, from each of which he has brought us specimens, consisting of Roman antiquities, beautiful crystals, &c.

A considerable number of Kafir ornaments and sticks have been received from Mr. Wyatt, of Queen's Town.

Mr. W. T. Smith, whose antiquarian lore is well known, has presented us with a lady's boot, worn in 1770. As our fair visitors have adopted one of the fashions of that age, we see no reason why they should not try another; the boot is therefore earnestly recommended to their attention. A double subscription to the Museum, accompanied by an autograph letter, will procure the writer the privilege of obtaining a pattern of this elegant and appropriate accompaniment to the hoop.

Mr. A. de Pass, while in Australia, procured for us a number of specimens of various kinds: the birds are already arrived; the native weapons are expected.

March.—I have but few donations to enumerate during this, the most eventful month of the existence of the Museum.

Some geological specimens have been received from Mr. Fletcher, collected in Namaqualand; and a fine specimen of a *Phyllium (P. Chlorophyllium)* from Capt. Wadi, Chief Commissioner of the Seychelles.

A few samples of native sulphur, from Solfaterra, and lava from Mount Vesuvius, have been contributed by E. W. Alexander, Esq., Colonial Surgeon, St. Helena.

Mr. Galt has presented some Russian trophies, consisting of a helmet and pouch from the field of Inkerman; and a painting on panel, from the White Sea expedition; also a pair of Esquimaux sealskin boots, much ornamented.

The great event, however, of this month has been the laying of the foundation-stone of the new building destined to contain this institution and the South African Library. I must congratulate our subscribers and the public on this auspicious event; and I feel convinced that the knowledge of the fact will stimulate our friends in all parts of the world to come forward with assistance.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

SOUTH AFRICAN PHILOLOGY IN GERMANY.*

We have just received copies of two books published at Berlin on languages of Southern Africa,—the Rev. C. Hugo Hahn's Grammar and Dictionary of the Herero language; and the Rev. J. C. Wallmann's Hottentot Grammar. The latter is the work of a late inspector of the Rhenish, now of the Berlin Missionary Society, and is based on the study

* Grundzüge der Grammatik des Herero (im westlichen Africa) nebst einem Wörterbuch von C. Hugo Hahn, Evangelisch-Lutherischem Missionar im Dienste der Rheinischen Missions Gesellschaft.—Berlin. 1857. 8vo. pp. 10 and 197.

Outlines of a Grammar of the Herero' (in South Western Africa), with a Dictionary, by C. Hugo Hahn.—Berlin. 1857.

Die Formenlehre der Namaquasprache. Ein Beitrag zur Südafrikanischen Linguistik von J. C. Wallmann, Inspector der Berliner Missions Gesellschaft. Berlin 1857. 12mo., pp. 95.

A Grammar of the Namaqua Language. An addition to South African Linguistics, by J. C. Wallmann, Inspector of the Berlin Missionary Society.

of the materials sent home by the missionaries. It can, therefore, not well be compared with the production of a grammarian so intimate with the language as Mr. Tindal is. But it affords an excellent and most encouraging proof of the interest taken in these studies at home; and of the intimacy with so difficult a language attainable without living intercourse with the natives, and in spite of manifold other important duties.

Mr. Hahn's book embraces the knowledge acquired of a hitherto unknown language through eight years of actual experience by a very clever and zealous missionary. On the recommendation of Dr. Lepsius, and the great founder of Comparative Grammar, Professor F. Bopp, the Berlin Academy aided the publication of Mr. Hahn's book; and a splendid edition it certainly is. And no doubt the work highly deserves the excellent patronage which it has thus met with in the literary world; and it would be very desirable that all works of this kind were written with so good a judgment and moderation. We are fully justified in expecting from Mr. Hahn, who is now again in Hereroland (the book was printed after he had left Europe), many further fruits of his indefatigable labors.

The Herero language, spoken by the Ovaherero or Damaras of the Plains to the north of the Namaqua, and to the east of Walwich Bay, belongs to the same family of languages as the Kafir and Setshuana, but it bears the nearest resemblance to the languages of Benguela and Angola.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Witchcraft at the Cape.—It is a melancholy fact, that in this metropolis of South Africa, in this present year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, there are living at least ten thousand individuals of both sexes, and of all shades of color—from the flaxen-haired Teuton to the Mozambique or Krooman—who implicitly believe in the powers of certain priests or pandits of the Mohammedan faith to produce diseases of fearful energy, whose symptoms baffle the skill of the educated medical man; and further, that they are such as will only yield to the incantations or remedies of what is commonly termed at the Cape—a Malay doctor. In such circumstances, he comes when called, administers a remedy, and, if the patient is sufficiently impressible to enable the adept to work on his or her imagination, certain forms of charming or sorcery are gone through, and some antidote, either real or supposed, is administered.

It is a well-known fact that the Indian nations, of whom so many, as well as of their descendants, remain among us, have been possessed for many centuries of the medical properties of numerous herbs and minerals, and also of their appropriate antidotes, handed down by the priests of their mysteries from the earliest times, and from the experience of ages, in the rites and mysteries of the heathen temples, which were employed to verify or fulfil the predictions of their oracles, or of the priests who delivered them.

There is no doubt in the mind of any educated man that the results of these predictions or oracles were produced by purely physical means; and as little doubt remains that the means employed have been gradu-

ally disseminated, although under seal of secrecy, from one to the other of the brethren in the faith, of sufficiently exalted rank or intelligence to receive them.

That the Mohammedan priests of the Cape are possessed of formulæ for producing temporary insanity, so as to impress the common people of all classes and colors with an idea of their power, I have no reason to doubt; that they possess preparations to produce a gradual wasting away, I have also no reason to doubt; and that the former is produced by the action of some of the species of Datura or "Stink Blaaderen," I feel equally convinced. Look at the performances of the Thugs and the Brahminical priests by the influence of the "Datura Ferox."

As far as regards the latter agent, the various ores or preparations of arsenic would afford the educated toxicologist ample proofs of the presence of the poison. That the poison arsenic is used in the Cape I am certain from a great deal of experience; but it is used in the form of the natural ores procured from India, such as the sulphuret.

The Datura is found growing wild all over Cape Town, and a great many varieties of it, too.

There is another but very innocent method of employing the occult science in vogue, which, though harmless, shows the settled belief of its votaries—namely, charms, which are very common.

No longer ago than last week, a gentleman of the highest respectability had occasion to discharge his Malay servants for faults not exactly connected with the occult science. One female, however, remained who was considered above suspicion. Her husband, however, and with reason, was in the "Judex Expurgatorius." On the morning after his discharge, an inscription in Arabic or Arabic characters was discovered written with chalk on the inside arch or lintel of the door, which was, no doubt, intended to work mischief to the inhabitants of the house in question. Were the particular poisonous agents under the command in administration of individuals acquainted with their operation, very little physical harm might accrue; but they are made a common article of traffic by the Malay priests, not only in the preparation and selling of philtres, but in that of charms, for various superstitious purposes. Witness the case of the post-cart driver who stole the cash and notes from the mail cart, and who carried them to the Malay priest to obtain a charm from him to prevent his being detected or apprehended. The same process is gone through in the case of love philtres and poisons for the purposes of revenge, only that the faithful in Islam are, of course, more leniently dealt with than those without the pale. Any one who is initiated may find charms of the most ridiculous character at the foot of the "Lion's Head," placed there by Malays and Christians, to obtain their particular desires.

Does not this demand some enquiry, and would not a coroner's inquest tend to prevent this tampering with human life? The charming part of the business might be safely left to the spread of education.

J. G.

REPLY.

Barrows' statement respecting the silver chain fabricated from the smelted dollars of Simonsberg is correct, and the chain was long used as he describes in the garrison of Cape Town. It was originally in charge of the officer in command of the Castle guard. Through constant

wear, the links of it became disjointed, and it was then placed for safety in the town major's office, where it remained until about 1838. In that year, the office was removed to another portion of the Castle; the chain was then either lost or stolen. The portion of it which remained was about six or eight inches long; the links were about one-eighth of an inch thick, and an inch and a half in length. About 1828 I saw it myself for the first time; but after 1838 it suddenly disappeared—none can exactly say how.

X.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER

FOR JANUARY, 1858.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation=100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch	
1	29·967	61·64	56 40	73·2	68·0	55·0	1·0	WbN¼N	0 100	8·5
2	30·016	64·08	57·98	69·4	70·0	57·5	2·4	SbW	0·110	4·2
3					70 3	53·0			0·070	
4	30 021	66·56	57·36	57·2	69 2	58·0	4·9	S		0·1
5	29·840	70·18	60·46	58·0	75·9	61·6	4·9	S¼W		0 2
6	29·728	71 92	63·18	63·6	80·3	58·8	0·3	SWbW	0·080	3·5
7	29·953	65·62	57·04	59·6	80·0	55·2	1·3	SW¼W		3·1
8	29·888	65·26	61 22	80 0	70·8	58·5	1·9	NW¼N	0·220	5 5
9	29·852	67·42	63·60	81·4	73·3	59·8	0·2	NWbN	0·055	5·7
10					76·2	60·0			0 005	
11	29·893	70·88	64·06	70·4	78·0	59 0	2·2	SSW¼W	0·333	5·6
12	30·007	66·24	59·28	67·0	68·8	55·6	2·9	SbW		0·3
13	29·868	71·46	62·98	64·0	79 5	58·0	2·3	S¼E		0·2
14	29 838	69·86	64·20	74·4	78 0	61·5	6·6	S¼E		7 5
15	29·933	66·40	60·06	69 8	69·8	58 3	6 5	S¼E		5 2
16	29·951	69·02	61·50	65 8	72·2	60·0	2·7	SbW¼W		0·8
17					76 8	62 2				
18	29·913	71·58	64·86	71·0	78·1	59 0	0·9	SW¼W		5·1
19	29·923	67·52	63·14	80·0	74·0	58·8	0·6	NW	0·005	4·3
20	29·853	67 50	61·06	74·0	71·5	59·6	2·3	WNW¼W	0·190	6·0
21	30·157	63 20	55·20	59·2	69·5	56·0	2·9	SbE	0·054	6·0
22	30 210	65·34	56·38	57·0	69·0	56·0	5 7	SbE		1·2
23	30·073	70·12	62·34	65·2	72·4	61·4	5·2	S¼E		0·4
24					77·1	64·2				
25	29·932	73·24	66·06	69·2	78·0	63·5	3·3	S¼E		1·3
26	30·087	70·20	62.24	64·2	75·5	62·0	7·3	S¼E		3·6
27	30·034	70·32	61·88	62·6	73·7	62·6	6·6	S¼W		0·5
28	29·911	75·84	66·56	63 0	86·1	65·5	5 6	S¼W		0·5
29	29·803	78·88	69·96	65·6	85·0	66·9	2·5	S		0·7
30	29·896	68·98	60·82	65·0	92·0	59·0	2·1	WbS		5·8
31					73·0	54·0				
Mean	29·949	68·78	61 53	67·20	75·23	59·40	3·27	SW¼S	1·222	3·30

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5.34	A.M h. m 9·34	P.M. h. m. 1·34	P.M. h. m 5 34	P.M h. m 9 34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	29·946	29·969	29·939	29·923	29·965	30·258	29·686
Thermometer dry bulb, degrees.	61·89	71·56	75·47	70·43	64·54	88·70	56·10
,, wet bulb, ,,	58 13	62·56	64·49	62·39	60·09	73·30	50·50
Humidity of the air, per cent.	80·04	60·62	54·96	63 54	77·35	94·00	31·00

(Signed) PIERCE MORTON,
Assistant, Royal Observatory, Magnetical and Meteorological Department.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER

FOR FEBRUARY, 1858.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation = 100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch-	°	°		°	°			Inch	
1	30·158	66 44	56·78	54 6	70·8	58·0	3·7	S¼W		2 2
2	30·010	71·40	62·22	60·8	76·6	59·8	3·4	S¾W		0·1
3	29·943	72·90	66·34	71·6	80·0	64 8	4·7	S¾W		3·7
4	29·922	77·14	69·72	70 0	86·0	64·2	2·9	SbE¾E		5·9
5	29·822	81 68	71·22	64·8	98·7	63·2	0·2	WSW	0·063	3·9
6	29·910	75·26	66·44	64·2	86 2	64·0	2·5	SbE	0·113	3·7
7					78·0	62·0				
8	29·920	72·86	65·94	70·4	70·3	64·8	4 3	SbW		0·6
9	29· 67	73·52	66·68	70·2	78·0	66·5	3·3	SbW½W		0·3
10	29·781	73·84	66·50	69·8	84·3	60·5	1·3	W½S		3·0
11	29·933	68·06	63·62	70·0	74 7	60·2	0·9	WNW	0·142	7·4
12	30·058	68·68	60·56	63·2	74·0	60·3	1·7	S½W		2 7
13	30·043	68·96	58·66	54·4	74·2	61 3	3·5	SbW		1·1
14					71 2	59 0				
15	29·945	69·42	61·32	64·2	76·2	57·9	0·9	S¾W		0·6
16	29·920	72·40	65·24	70 0	81 0	63·0	0·3	WbN½N		4·5
17	29·801	65·94	62·38	82 8	75·8	59·8	2·5	NW	0·030	6 8
18	29·945	61·02	57·44	80·4	66 0	55·0	0·2	NW½N	0·083	6·5
19	30·136	65·36	57·88	64·0	71 8	56·7	0·8	SbW		3 4
20	30 004	67·68	61·10	70 0	75 0	62·4	3·6	SSW½W		0·5
21					82·8	57·2				
22	29·837	69·82	62·58	67·4	76 5	59·8	0·6	SW		0·9
23	29·848	68·58	60·14	61 8	77 3	60·5	0·3	SW¾S		5·5
24	29·971	68·48	59·78	79·2	71·0	58·0	0·8	NNW½W	0·056	7·1
25	29·996	64·40	58·16	69·4	72 0	54·0	0·8	SbE		0·5
26	29·768	65·60	59 20	70·0	72 0	57·0	3 0	NW¼N	0 557	5 2
27	29·920	63 64	56·76	65·8	68 3	57·2	1·4	W½N		2·4
28					70 3	56·2				
Mean	29·956	69.50	62.32	68.13	76.29	60.12	1.98	SW½W	0·984	3·27

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m 5·54	A.M. h. m. 9·35	P.M. h. m. 1·54	P.M. h. m. 5·54	P.M. h m. 9·34	Highest	Lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	29·925	29·954	29·933	29·911	29·952	30·193	29·733
Thermometer, dry bulb, degrees.	61·81	70·73	77·00	72·48	65·40	99·40	55 90
,, wet bulb ,,	58·49	62·94	65·34	64·03	60·82	77·80	52·50
Humidity of the air, per cent.	81·58	65·29	53 75	58·13	76·88	96·00	41·00

(Signed) PIERCE MORTON,

Assistant, Royal Observatory, Magnetical and Meteorological Department.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OUR LABOR MARKET.—MILITARY LABOR.

BY A RETIRED N.C.O.

An estimate of the resources of our labor market which should confine itself to free labor would be manifestly incomplete;—military labor and criminal labor are essential elements. The former is only a contingent, to be called in as an auxiliary in times of pressure; and criminal or convict labor is a direct element, an essential part of the capital stock, which it is necessary to keep in active circulation, not only to give it some value, but to prevent its becoming an accumulating and unmanageable evil. Crime has its origin in the same broad features of moral depravity in all stages of society; the seed is sown deep in man's nature, and will spring up in an abundant crop in all phases of civilization—much strengthened and invigorated by an increase of wealth and numbers, but taking a form and character from the soil in which it grows. It is, therefore, a crop peculiarly adapted to home consumption, and unfit for exportation. Society should consume its own crime, in fact, as Lord Palmerston's Act compels English factories to consume their own smoke. Its profitable and reformatory employment as a direct element in the labor market is, therefore, a question which will, at all times, demand the attention of the statesman and philanthropist, even more than free labor. It is not our intention to write a dissertation on that difficult question now, however. Our present subject is military labor.

This labor has characteristics peculiarly its own, and very distinct from free labor. We propose to consider it in its advantages to the community which employs it; to the soldier as an individual; as well as its necessity to complete the discipline of an army.

The advantages of military labor to the country which employs it consist principally in the regularity and constancy of the supply, its cheapness, and the moral restraint

under which large bodies of men are kept by military discipline. But it has disadvantages from its peculiar form and elements, when compared with free labor, which it cannot get rid of. It is not skilled labor, and cannot resolve itself so extensively into the form of taskwork as free labor. Nor could we expect, until after considerable training, the same quantity of work from a party of soldiers as from a party of independent laborers of equal strength, because free labor has a power of resolving itself into particular trades or professions, of which the soldier laborer cannot at all times avail himself. And as regiments are found to contain all kinds of trades, and all varieties of no trade, always accompanied by that natural aversion to labor which men feel who have not a motive for exertion, and whose position in society is, in a great measure, fixed and unchangeable, it is a difficult matter to convert a body of such variable elements into an active, efficient working force, except by a course of skillful training, aided by stimulative, pecuniary rewards carried on for considerable periods, with power to make a wide distinction between the industrious and the idle, the skillful and the inefficient.

This comparative disadvantage, arising from a want of skill, will, of course, diminish every day under efficient training, and is more than counterbalanced by the low price of the soldier's labor, and the desirableness in large public works, of being able at all times to command a fixed amount of labor, unchangeable amidst all the fluctuations of the labor market.

When military labor is employed in public works, in the United Kingdom, requiring no unusual degree of skill, the absolute cost may be about two thirds that of free labor; and its pecuniary advantage consists specially in this: that the soldier has to be supported both in peace and in war; and in time of peace he has spare time, which may be profitably employed in public works at about one third, or perhaps one fourth, the sum paid for free labor.

When the soldier is employed in the colonies he receives a sum, in the majority of cases, about equal to, or perhaps a little less than, his regimental pay; both, taken together, have about the same proportion to the cost of well-skilled free labor as in the United Kingdom. It is usual, however, for the department in which the soldier thus serves to pay only the working rate. If the whole cost of the soldier in his untrained state were charged to the work he is employed in, then would it, for the reasons given above, be dear when compared with skilled free labor. But the division of the

cost renders his labor cheap to the department which employs him; and his employment in public works is attended with so many advantages to his military character, compared with his listless and monotonous life in times of peace, as to outweigh many other considerations.

The extensive colonial empire of Great Britain renders it necessary for her to keep a large portion of her standing army in the colonies, for long periods of profound peace. The unoccupied mind of the soldier so situated forms one of his greatest difficulties, and drives him to resources the most destructive and ruinous to his military, as well as his moral character. Drink and low gambling are the diversions which, only too readily, present themselves to his choice, and which frequently, from the nature of the climate under which he lives, are too tempting to be resisted, not only by the soldier, but by many of those who have all the correctives of business, position in society, and the most refined recreations to assist them. Want of occupation would be removed, and the tendency to drink arising from it more guarded against by the employment of the soldier in public works. We speak advisedly (and we do so because we are aware that many military men hold a different opinion) when we state it as a fact, drawn from many years' experience, that the moral character of the soldier is strengthened and improved, and sometimes completely re-formed from a moral chaos, and his usefulness and intelligence rendered conspicuous, by employment under active and judicious supervision in public works.

The advantages of military labor in completing the discipline of an army are manifold. The object and effect of military discipline upon the character and habits of men is to destroy individuality, and to reduce them all to one common standard, aiming at a common object, to be gained only by a unity of purpose in numbers, directed by the superior intelligence of one common mind. All intellects must, therefore, be moulded and limited to this purpose. When once a soldier has learnt his exercise and his discipline, the monotonous nature of his occupation in times of peace affords no opportunity of a display or development of abilities; and at the age at which the men enlist, the majority of them between eighteen and twenty-four years, the genius of the individual has taken no particular turn, and by the pressure of military discipline becomes completely cramped. But when armies take the field, in time of war, a different sort of regimen is often found necessary; and that individuality, which has been so assiduously kept down by a system of drill and private routine, must frequently be called into the most active

exercise. And although battles will be gained by the union, skill, and perseverance of well directed masses, numberless cases will occur in which the soldier's safety and the safety of others will depend on his individual activity, intelligence, and courage.

> "The skill of the soldier is not to be found
> In the havoc and carnage he spreads around;
> The smartness is his,
> The dash, the tact,
> The cunning to plan,
> And the courage to act."

It is a well-known fact among military men that agriculturists and men from mountain districts make the best soldiers, from their previous active and hardy habits; and, accordingly, we find the regiments containing the greatest number of these classes always the most celebrated for their habitual effectiveness and courage. Not, indeed, that regiments drawn from the manufacturing districts are deficient in the elements for forming good soldiers, but their previous mode of life has rendered them less suitable for the ready reception of the casualties and hardships of military field-life. Capt. Kincaid, in his *Random Shots from a Rifle*, informs us that "a regiment of Nottingham weavers had, by a course of training, become one of the best marching and fighting regiments in the Peninsula." This is very high praise indeed; but in order to prepare the way for a training in field service, it seems desirable to inure the soldier to active habits, and to labor in times of peace. Establishments for this purpose, to be efficient, must be on so large and expensive a scale, that when a few years' peace has driven the sounds of war from our country, the nation, it is to be feared, will not bear it. A remedy for this deficiency may be found, to a very great extent, in the judicious employment of soldiers on public works, not only without additional expense, but with profit and advantage in all respects.

The weak point of British troops, when collected *en masse*, is their comparative inefficiency as a body of laborers. In all the essentials of marching, fighting, and a skillful use of their arms, they excel all other men. The history of armies, from the decline of the feudal system to the siege of Sebastopol, will show this; but it is illustrated more particularly by the armies under Marlborough, Peterborough, Clive, and Wellington. Yet, notwithstanding the high character gained under men whose names are surrounded by a halo of military glory and of chivalry not exceeded by any in the world's

history, the following testimony on the weak point to which we allude admits of no dispute :—

Col. John T. Jones, R.E., in his *Journal of Sieges in the Peninsula*, 1811, 1812, vol. 1, p. 460, remarks,—"The conduct of the troops at these sieges, whenever required to storm, to use their bayonets, or remain exposed to severe fire, deserved a meed of unmeasured praise; for never did they display more gallantry or more firmness than on these occasions; but in the performance of the laborious duties of the trenches, requiring zealous and persevering labors, watchful attention, and a patient endurance of fatigue, commendation must be withheld." Colonel Jones then cites the particular case under consideration, and contrasts the exertions of his friends and his enemies, much to the disadvantage of the former. He dwells largely on mitigating circumstances, and on the difficulty of keeping up a continued exertion among large bodies of troops at night. Much of this disinclination to exertion, there is no doubt, arose from that inherent love of ease so natural to all men. Much of it arose from severe fatigue; and very much of it, there is no doubt, resulted from want of skillful training in the use of the tools. In condemning the practice and punishing the transgressors, the great Chief remarks, in his general order, that he is "happy to make an exception in favor of the Guards,"—a distinction to which they seem to lay pretty strong claim; and it is remarkable that they have perhaps a greater number of agriculturists in their ranks than any other regiment.

If siege operations and working in the trenches form part of a soldier's duty (and that they do admits of no question), and if they have to be carried on under difficulties the most formidable, and dangers the most appalling,—it seems clear that any system of discipline which does provide every preliminary preparation for such need, but which should train the soldier in the use of his arms only and not in the skillful use of entrenching tools, must be incomplete and unsuited to the exigencies of the public service. But there is yet another consideration, when it comes to that perilous push, the usual *grand finale* to English contested fights, to the terminating cut and thrust, or to the struggle—

"I' the imminent deadly breach."

All other things being equal, the man who has most physical strength and activity will have many chances of victory in his favor.

One advantage of the active employment of soldiers in public works, not less to the community of which he is again

to become a citizen, than to the individual, is that it is an important part of the education of 100,000 men of the most active portion of society, many of whom are, or will become, heads of families, and who are annually casting off a large proportion of their number to settle in our colonies and become influential members of society, either for good or for evil. As a class, however, they form a highly respectable section of our immigrants; many of them become respectable shopkeepers and farmers, and some of them merchants and justices of the peace. As clerks and as men of business they are often conspicuous for integrity, sobriety, and efficiency; and when they enter the civil service of Government, many of them carry an activity and intelligence into the different branches quite refreshing to look upon. The employment of military labor on an extensive scale would ensure the employment of military engineers, and thus introduce a description of professional skill and of practical knowledge, of which we much stand in need, and which, from its high professional character, would form a training school and a standard of reference, and would give direction and energy to our working class of men, concentrating, methodising, and directing their energies to the most suitable objects. It would also give a practical bias to the minds of our young men of the higher classes; raise the standard of practical knowledge in the different branches of engineering, and would cause the candidates to exercise a little self-examination; and having a high standard to compare with, instead of a low one, to build upon a better foundation. It would also, perhaps, give a more practical direction to the higher classes in our schools and colleges, where engineering and mathematical pursuits are by no means so popular as classics.

In the higher branches of military labor, such as the national and colonial surveys, and many other difficult and useful works, both at home and abroad, the Royal Engineers have been employed to great advantage; but as these operations are somewhat scientific and professional, they are not attainable without a suitable education, which is not given in the ordinary military schools, and many of the attainments are not those which qualify a man for roughing it out in a campaign. The history of the men of that corps, formerly the Royal Sappers and Miners, does, however, show that the training they receive eminently qualifies them even for this purpose. Our limits compel us to confine ourselves to a very few notices, and these will be taken from the lowest ranks.

The first of them is related in Captain Grey's *Travels in Western Australia*, where he was accompanied by two Sappers and Miners, Coles and Auger, probably made corporals for the occasion. The conduct and exertions of these two men, as detailed in Captain Grey's narrative, are beyond all praise, as well as their sufferings and self-denial. The services of Coles are so remarkable as to lead to the conclusion that the selection must have fallen on the most suitable men of the corps, if it were not that we find similar displays in other parts of the world. In the exploration under Sir J. Richardson, in search of Sir John Franklin, a party of these men accompanied him, and after experiencing great vicissitudes of trial and privation, two privates were so hard beset as to be compelled to cook their own boots for food. In the expedition to Central Africa, under Dr. Barth, in 1853, a corporal and a private were attached to him. The health of the latter failed, and private John Maguire was selected from among thirty-six volunteers to supply his place. The first effort of this gallant soldier was to pursue and overtake the party, —for they had started before he could join them,—a journey of thirty-four days through the desert, unaccompanied by any one except the wild Arabs. The next we hear of him is as Corporal Maguire reporting the death of his chief, Dr. Vogel, on the banks of Lake Chad; and the next time we hear of him is when news comes home, that he fell gallantly fighting with the savage natives in the same locality. These cases seem quite equal in many respects to the casualties of a campaign; and the qualities displayed are the fruits of a good preparatory training in the essential elements for forming the character of the hardy soldier.

The policy of employing military labor is thus a question quite distinct from the value of the labor itself, which latter will be mainly influenced by the state of the labor market. In a country well stocked with labor, this is a point of the first consideration. Military labor should never be employed to the exclusion or injury of free labor; it would be manifestly unwise and unjust to interfere, in the most remote degree, with the interests of that class of society from which the soldiers are principally to be drawn, and who contribute in taxes largely to their support. Any interference with their prosperity is not to be tolerated for an instant; it would be injurious in all respects, and would either drive them out of the country as emigrants, or force them to seek parochial relief—the former a course of very doubtful advantage, and the latter to be repudiated altogether.

In the colonies, however, the labor market is not likely to be overstocked for some time to come. But even here it is equally necessary to keep our first principle in view, namely, that military labor is only an auxiliary in the market, and should never be employed so extensively as to interfere with free labor, or in any way to check the most free and liberal encouragement being given to immigration.

In the introduction and carrying out of military labor, caution and experience are necessary. First, in order to prevent its becoming a principal, and not an auxiliary, in the labor market, and by that means to check the encouragement necessary to be given to free labor and immigration; and secondly, in carrying out its details, a peculiar knowledge of its quantity and effectiveness is necessary. It is not in the mass skilled labor, and, therefore, it requires skillful supervision to render it effective before it can resolve itself into task work; and, in order to produce the best effect, it is necessary to fix a scale of wages, the minimum and maximum of which are very far apart, always bearing in mind that the wages of the soldier and of the laborer are two very distinct things,—the former being given to him for his position as a soldier, and the latter for his abilities as a workman. It is also necessary, after fixing a maximum and minimum rate, to fix a mediocre rate. All men should commence at the minimum rate, and be advanced to the mediocre rate as early as practicable. This may be in a month or in a week after commencing; but beyond the mediocre degree no man should advance except for superior skill in the work, or an enlightened and active charge and direction of parties. When these rules are observed and well carried out, they will give energy and skill to military labor.

There is one other consideration, which we have not yet adverted to, against making military labor a principal, and not an auxiliary, in the market. If extensively employed in public works to the exclusion of free labor, and a war should break out, its sudden withdrawal would suspend the works until a new force could be obtained; and which, in a country where labor is scarce, would destroy the balance so necessary to be kept up between demand and supply, and check the industrial progress of the country.

There may be those who think that as war is now raging, a large portion of our army *are* getting an effectual training. This is true; but we hope that the war will soon come to an end; and then it is to be feared that our country, having settled down to the arts of peace, and to that indifference to

military matters, which overspread her like an enervating mist, from 1820 to 1850, her gallant and matchless little army, instead of being her glory and her pride, will be regarded as a dead weight,—a millstone about the nation's neck. But look at the proud position in which she was placed by the victories and high fame of that gallant and comparatively small band of heroes who traversed Spain, France, and Belgium, despite all odds. A forty years' peace was secured, in which every decennial period has been remarkably distinguished for an onward progress, and for everything great, and grand, and good in the history of man. England's steam communication with her commerce embraces in its gigantic arms the whole world, and carries civilization and gospel truths to the dark and remote places of the earth. Her engineers are the distinguished among all the distinguished nations, and they carry her iron roads to the verge of civilization. The climax to this long period of peace is the present decennial period, when our little Anglo-Saxon gem shines with greater brilliancy than at any former period. Her sons have broken the icy barriers of the north, and opened up the burning *terra incognita* of the equatorial regions. She has formed new nations in the south, whose future destinies may enable them to vie with modern Europe. She has despatched her messages on a flash of lightning, and called the nations, with their tribute of art and industry, to enrich her cosmopolitan exhibition in her palace of glass. And her gallant and unequaled little band have been recently, or are even now, engaged in bringing to her feet to sue for peace, protection, or friendship, nations and countries ruling over the destinies of more than 500,000,000 of the human race.

Our readers will conclude that we have a strong professional bias. We plead guilty; and are well aware that other influences were at work to bring about so long a peace and such brilliant prosperity—and, particularly, we acknowledge the services of our incomparable navy. But as grateful travelers in life we praise the bridge that carried us over, and we shall gladly hold out the right hand of fellowship to any son of Neptune who will come forward and tell of the great doings of his friends; and we shall welcome him all the more cordially if, like ourselves, he should have come in at the bow-port and not at the cabin-window.

J. S. H.

KAFIRS AND KAFIRLAND—A SETTLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER VI.

LOST IN THE FOREST.

And there I sate through that long night, between earth and heaven, with the wind whispering through the waving branches, and the mild, merciful eyes of night looking down on me with grateful radiance from their dark and fathomless home, while the monotonous hum of insect life arose in mingled murmurs from beneath. And thus I remained, musing and meditating, till through the interstices of the trees I could see the horizon glowing with warmer tints, and the stars above slowly retired before the oncoming of the morn. And then, as it palpably approached, the slumbering birds awoke, and soon caused the forest to resound with their natural, though incongruous, melody. But the voices and harmony of nature were soon broken in upon by the gruff tones of Scarface, who remarked, laconically, that the "sun was coming;" and as this uncalled for observation seemed to imply a wish to open fire, in the shape of conversation, I again sank all the past memories beneath the necessities of the present, which were becoming very importunate, as may well be imagined, considering that I had tasted nothing for nearly twenty-four hours. The ways and means of obtaining the necessary provision for satisfying hunger were, happily, at hand, I having used every caution in preserving my gun from the effects of the rain-storm, and, owing to the rapid passage of the thunder-storm, the weapon had escaped any damage. Telling Scarface, therefore, my wants and intentions, I cheerfully and finally descended from the exalted position we had so ignobly occupied.

We now penetrated deeper and deeper into the bush, treading down, with merciless energy, the dew-laden flowers and grass springing up beneath; invading with desecrating feet those holy and almost untrodden solitudes. There is something peculiarly sublime in the solitude of a forest. You are so shut out from mankind; hidden altogether from human ken, while your utter loneliness and isolation is rendered more striking by the superabundance of brute life around. We had not walked far, however, before I came to a halt, seeing in the distance that the path opened out into a patch of open grass. This was just the spot I had been looking for, as it was there, if anywhere, that I should find a victim for my gun. Whispering to Scarface my expectation,

we proceeded softly till the entrance of the opening was gained, and we saw before us a patch of clear ground, about two hundred yards across, covered with thick, high grass. No buck, however, was visible, and the probability of a breakfast was becoming mythical, the thermometer of my appetite rising in a proportionate ratio. A patch of unusually long and very high grass, a little to one side, seemed a likely place for a "buck lay;" and, as a last resort, I told Scarface to go round to the back of this and—taking the duty usually assigned to a dog—start the game. He speedily vanished with the celerity and silence of a snake; and, in the meantime, I awaited with gun cocked, and in anxious readiness for anything that might appear. Presently, when I was getting desperate, a rustle became audible, and then a peculiar, measured leap that I well knew belonged only to a buck. Almost immediately a fine bush-buck leapt out of the grass, and stood still for a moment in the open ground. Not long, though, did he thus stand; for crack went my gun and down he fell, only to spring up again and bound forward in the last desperate leap when he was again brought down by a second shot, and finally despatched by my hunting-knife.

* * * * * *

The sun had now clambered a considerable distance up the heavens, and all animated nature was awake and noisy. Birds of varied hue and size flew about in every direction—from the delicate honey-bird to the occasional eagle, that would suddenly startle me by the flapping of its huge wings as it flew away from my unexpected approach. But these signs of life and business were not alone confined to the feathered bipeds; for those very *un*flattering prototypes of man—monkeys—hopped about from branch to branch in considerable numbers. Many would stop and leer at me, from an elevated perch, as though challenging a chase. Monkeys of larger growth, too, in the shape of huge baboons, swung their unwieldy forms from tree to tree, looking back at me with a dubious and half frightened grin. Now and then, a small but elegant blaauwbok would bound over the path. I had thus proceeded for about a mile, so interested in watching these various phases of "life among the brutes" as to have become quite oblivious for the nonce, of Scarface, or any one else. At last, however, I suddenly recollected my black follower, and looked back, expecting to see him walking behind, wrapt in his habitual taciturnity. To my surprise, I saw no one, and received no reply to the stentorian summons to which I gave vent.

On awaking again, it was past noon, and the heat was most overpowering. No appearance of Scarface's return was discernible, and I could only therefore suppose that he had proceeded onward. As another night in the bush was not a very enviable occurrence, I could only follow the path as best I could, and trust to good fortune for a speedy deliverance from its unsought for embraces. The path I chose was the middle one of three divergent tracks, there being a probability that by following it I should make my presence known better (if Scarface was anywhere near) than by taking one of the outsiders. The present track was completely shaded by the overhanging branches which interposed a continuous and impervious barrier to the penetrating rays of a vertical sun. I felt the absence of Scarface to be a serious loss, as his geographical knowledge of this part of Kafirland was invaluable, while his ready and sagacious wit helped to overcome many difficulties that would otherwise have been serious, if not insurmountable. His company, too, was worth something; and now, without a human being near, in the heart of an unknown and almost pathless forest, I felt truly lonely.

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After this, and while briskly progressing onward, I repeatedly, at short intervals, gave vent to prolonged shouts with the hope of catching Scarface's ear, if that gentleman happened to be anywhere near. When about a mile further had been traversed, after one of these re-echoing holloas, I fancied there arose a sound scarcely audible, very different to any that I had yet heard, issuing from the mouth of a four-footed or other animal. Again I shouted, and again, as though in reply, the peculiar tones came floating through the stillness of the forest. The sound certainly seemed to take the form of a lengthened "baas." Feeling confident that none other than Scarface was the speaker, I determined upon following up the voice; and forthwith, leaving the path, penetrated into the bush on the left side. When once fairly in the forest, the underwood that, when skirting the path, seemed so thick and impenetrable, in a great measure disappeared, and, with the exception of a diminutive undergrowth of ferns and other small plants, the space between the trees was open and clear. Solemn, indeed, was the solitude now! With a few rare exceptions, all the busy creatures of the morning had retired to their hidden retreats for a noontide siesta, and I, almost the only living being there, trod those magnificent aisles and passed beneath those splendid forest pillars with a feeling of impressive awe. Through the long

vistas which, with their mazy intricacies, surrounded me, I could now see the darkened depths of the forest stretching in every direction; yet, through them all not a sign of life was to be seen; not a sound of any kind was to be heard, save the fluttering of an idle leaf as it waveringly descended to the ground. How still, how silent, and how unutterably impressive was the repose and vastness of that Kaffrarian forest!

Wishing to discover, if possible, the extent of the bush and the nature and position of the surrounding country, I laid my gun on the ground and climbed to the topmost branches of a tall tree. Nothing, however, was to be seen that might be of any service in a topographical view. The trees on every side rose to at least the same, and sometimes a greater, height, shutting out the immediate prospect. Beyond these were to be seen rugged peaks and long blue lines of hill, many miles distant.

The shouts were still heard; and of course the nearer I advanced to them, the louder they became; indeed, so loud were they that I almost doubted whether they could proceed from anything human. Certainly, Scarface must have an unmatchably powerful pair of lungs if he were the stentor.

In a few minutes, the hitherto dark perspective became light, showing that open country was close at hand. To me this was a cheering fact, and I hastened towards the land of light and promise. The bush had become thicker and more luxuriant, and it was only by dint of scrambling and crawling that I could gain a passage. All sounds had ceased for some minutes past, and everything was wrapped in the former stillness. Rapidly I pushed on, and was soon standing on the verge of the open ground.

The beauty of the scene presented here to view produced the most pleasurable astonishment. Stretching out in front was a piece of clear ground, some hundred acres in extent, covered with tall, rich, luxuriant grass. From the rushing of water, distinctly audible, there was evidently, along the other side of this oasis, a rapidly running river, from which sprang up, perpendicularly, a sheer precipice of tremendous height, that cast its gloomy shadow for a considerable distance. This mountain wall—for it was nothing else—bounded the whole length of the little prairie, and was covered more thickly than usual with masses of dark bush and foliage, from which the gleaming white granite beneath peeped forth, producing a very picturesque and pleasing effect. The line of forest surrounding the veldt was in itself a matchless study for any nature painter. Encircling the whole was an outer belt of lower shrubs and gigantic plants, among which were

to be prominently seen magnificent ferns and fine specimens of palm, the large peculiar shaped leaves of which formed a rich and striking foreground. Beyond rose the giants of the forest, hung round with their summer robes of creeping plants, and bound about with garlands of rainbow-colored flowers.

All these beauties my eyes had taken in at one glance, and, assuredly, not a moment longer did they linger over them, for my attention was immediately absorbed and concentrated upon some objects visible in the centre of the grassy patch of an extraordinary and unexpected character, that my eyes were directed to them, and them only. Standing in the centre of the patch, busily engaged in eating and tearing up the long grass that abounded there, was a group of—six or seven elephants!

CHAPTER VII.

SCARFACE IN BONDS.

In the meantime, while I had been passing through these various ramblings, Scarface had been equally busy and disturbed; and I shall now lead the reader to the old black, the particulars of whose narrative I afterwards learnt. After our morning meal he walked rapidly on at some considerable distance behind me, and as ill luck would have it he selected a different path from that on which I had gone. He was gradually becoming anxious as to my appearance, when, through the vista of the path, he too saw the passage through the bushes of open ground, and pushed quickly forward accordingly. On reaching the spot it seemed to be of some size; but, being covered with very tall and thick grass, its extent could only be guessed at. From the centre, however, Scarface saw ascending a long column of blue smoke, betokening the existence of a fire or fires, close at hand. On advancing farther in, the sound of voices became very distinct, and the greatest caution was required lest those conversing should happen to be the enemy. Leaving his path, therefore, which was now, in fact, not worth the name, he crept, quietly and silently, through the grass towards where the noises were heard. A few yards brought Scarface to a point from whence he might conveniently reconnoitre. In front of him was a circle of ground from which the grass had been burnt, and in the midst and about this was a body of nearly one hundred and fifty Kafirs. Some of them were sitting, others standing, and others again lazily dancing. In the centre of all seemed to be a group of greater consequence, consisting of elderly men, a few of

whom, from various little native insignia worn by them, appeared to be chiefs of some consequence. These were in close confabulation with a white man, who was apparently listened to by his black audience with great deference and respect. The other natives were evidently only the followers and hangers on of the central group of great men. An ox had just been killed, and was being dismembered by these retainers. All the natives were armed, though just then the arms, in the shape of assegais and a few guns, were lying at rest on the ground.

In all probability this motley assemblage had met according to appointment at this rendezvous, and very possibly were then discussing measures of serious aggression against the white settlers. The white man was doubtless the one that had been pursuing us so frequently. He wore loose white clothing; pistols were in his belt, and he leaned on a long rifle; thick black hair curled round his head; his whiskers and moustaches were also black and bushy.

Scarface would fain have been a listener at the consultation, and picked up any stray waifs of information that might perhaps prove of service to the English authorities; but listening was impossible. Having first ascertained that there was no sign of my being a prisoner among the natives, he determined to retrace his steps and proceed through the forest in another direction. With this intention he turned round. To his unpleasant astonishment he saw, close behind him, three Kafirs. He had no time for resistance. They sprang upon him, and he saw, if any attempt was made to escape, he would instantly be speared. Securely grasping his wrists and arms, his captors led him triumphantly towards the central group. The sensation among the main body of natives, on seeing the prisoner, was tremendous. They crowded round to look at him; many were the conjectures as to his nation and identity. The ring of chiefs had heard the hubbub, and were waiting for the prisoner. The white man, on seeing Scarface, started, and with a triumphant glance looked keenly into his face. Apparently the scrutiny satisfied him, and turning to the chiefs, he said, "I will speak to him."

Under the white man's directions, Scarface's arms were then bound, and he was surrounded by a double ring of armed natives. Escape was thus impossible. Scarface had seen in an instant that he was recognized by the white man. It would, therefore, be useless attempting to disguise his identity. With native sagacity he had already foreseen the questions that would probably be put to him, and had fixed upon his plans accordingly. Though not denying his

presence with myself, he would disguise altogether his Kaffrarian nationality, and act as a negro totally unacquainted with the Kafir language or customs. It may seem rather improbable that a Kafir born and bred, as he was, should be so learned in ethnology as to be aware of the existence of colored tribes other than Kafirs. But then Searface, it must be remembered, had been for more than twenty years an outcast and a wanderer from his people. He had traveled in almost every part of South Africa, and had even been once to Cape Town itself. By this means his knowledge of men and manners was far in advance of most of his people.

His white interrogator forthwith addressed him in Kafir: "Now, you dog, who are you?"

No answer, but a vacant, meaningless look.

"Answer me, fool, or look here," stretching out a pistol.

Scarface feigned to be frightened, and answered, "I not know dat speak."

"Then what do you speak?"

"Englees," said Scarface.

"English; well, now look here: either you tell me the truth, or this (tapping the gun) shall tell you something."

Scarface very humbly replied, "Ya, tell de baas all I know."

"Well, tell me where the white man is we saw you with yesterday?"

"I don't know."

"You lie," said the questioner. "Where did you leave him?"

Scarface, as if with a suppressed smile, said, "I leave um up in tree."

"What was he doing there?"

"He frightened; he tink de baas catch um; he sleep in tree. I come down to get buck, and dese Kafirs catch me."

"Well, what else? Where is the tree?"

Searface now thought it well to subside into stupidity again, and answered, "Forgot."

"You lying scoundrel; is it far off?"

"I don't know; somewhere in bush."

The white man attempted, again and again, to extort the desired information from Scarface, but with no success. When it came to a decided point, he appeared to be immoveable.

"Now, listen," said the inquisitor: "if, when I've done talking to these fellows (referring to the chiefs), you won't tell us and take us where that white man is, you shall be roasted over one of these fires."

Having first had the legs of his captive bound, the man returned to his consultation with the others. Scarface was crouching closely, his head sunk down, and his whole person wrapt in an appearance of the most perfect unconsciousness and stolidity. Yet he had gained his point, not only in having time to form his plans, but also in being an eager listener to the conference going on within a few yards of his person.

The speakers resumed the thread of some discussion that had been apparently broken off by Scarface's sudden appearance.

"Well," said the white man, "will you be ready to-night?"

"Does Fiery Heart think that the chiefs of Amaxosa are fools, or afraid of seeing the red-coats' faces?"

With a look that savored of sarcasm, the white man named Fiery Heart replied, "The Amaxosa are brave in the battle; does not the white man know it?"

Then followed half an hour's colloquy over the plans already referred to. It appeared that on that very night these chiefs had arranged to attack Fort W. They had received information that most of the troops were absent, decoyed away on a fruitless expedition by the artifice and assumed weakness of these Kafirs, at a particular point. The attack would be made about midnight. From what he heard, Scarface judged the natives would be assembled in unusual force. The residents and authorities at the fort were quite unaware of the approaching danger: and it seemed to be expected by the chiefs that a night surprise could not fail of success. The white man was evidently a prime mover in the matter, and the expedition was to be under his direction. Scarface, on hearing the character and object of the projected attack, was more than ever impatient for escape and release. The idea of my wife and child falling a prey to the ferocity of these bloodthirsty savages was anything but pleasing to him; he determined to save them, if possible. Beneath the rugged aspect of his exterior there beat a generous, honest, manly heart; and though, for nearly thirty years, the inner lovelight had been rudely extinguished, yet still the darkness was not so impenetrable as to be impervious to the piercing rays of that loving worship which we feel towards beings of a superior order. Honest Scarface! you were one of the few specimens of your race towards whom I could entertain feelings of any respect. Many are the kindly thoughts clinging round thy memory and welling forth at thy name; while the roughness of thy real aspect is mellowed by the veil of pensive interest which early sorrow casts over it.

Meanwhile, many an angry glance was cast at the captive, as he lay helplessly bound on the ground. Some of the nearer natives amused themselves by torturing their prisoner: now by poking him, incontinently, with large sticks, and then by throwing bits of seething fat on his naked body, with various other modes of torment which, though insignificant in themselves, made an aggregate of considerable unpleasantness to the unfortunate victim.

At last the conference was over, and the white man ordered everything to be ready for the warming of Scarface in case he should continue contumacious. Still, however, notwithstanding the preparations, the black remained immoveable in his silence. The hot embers being now spread out, the Kafirs came near, and, acting under orders, had got Scarface down close to the fire. Then, as though in the last extremity, he started, and bawled out that he would tell and show all he knew.

"Lift him up," shouted Fiery Heart, "and bring him here." He was brought accordingly.

He drew aside Scarface, who promised to take them to where I was hiding if they would guarantee to release him. He also, in a very mysterious way, bargained for the payment of thirty shillings, if I was handed over satisfactorily. So deceived was the white man by the apparent pusillanimity and avarice of his prisoner that he immediately closed with the offer, never doubting its genuineness.

Telling the chiefs that Scarface had agreed to secure for him the great white chief (as I was called and believed to be), Fiery Heart collected a body of fifty strong, well-armed Kafirs, and they then set out. Scarface's hands were still bound. The armed natives surrounded him on every side, and the white man walked a little behind. They thus went as far as the line of bush, when the natives came to a halt and looked inquiringly at Scarface, of whom the white man asked, "Where they should now go?"

"I must go in front, and den show de way," replied Scarface.

"Wouldn't you like it?" was the splenetic rejoinder.

"Den take dese ropes off for me to point—am I an elephant to poke my nose in the air?"

The man appeared to feel the truth of this, and ordered the thongs binding his prisoner's arms to be loosed. Scarface could then point out the direction of his intended route. At the same time the native force was concentrated so as to render all danger of escape impossible. Our captive was then questioned by Fiery Heart on various matters connected with myself: how many children I had; where my wife was

staying, and in what part of the fort; when we intended to leave for Graham's Town, with many other questions of a similar nature. To all of them indirect answers were given, either from the point or directly contrary to the real facts. Scarface wished, if possible, to take his captors across some river, and, therefore, soon left the path, piercing the bush in a downward direction. Nor were they long in reaching a stream, which had cut a path for itself through the dense bush. On being told they were to cross this, the man evidently suspected foul play, and he told one of the natives to bind Scarface's arms securely again with the old riem; and then grasping hold firmly of one end, he said, "Now, look here, if you go I go with you."

Scarface was thus baulked, and his project of escape through such difficulties was useless. In such a case, to cross the river would have been folly. When he had got to the middle of the current, he suddenly fell on his knees, and, exclaiming, "De water is too high," floundered back again.

"Where will you go now, then?"

"I go dis side of de river; water not so deep higher up."

The party then advanced. The bush not being thick, little difficulty was experienced in making a passage. Just then there came to their ears the indistinct sound of a human call. This was repeated at short intervals. Scarface was fearfully impatient, and yet dared not show it. His master must be in danger, while he was quite helpless. He shouted back, telling the man he did it as a decoy. The whole party now walked rapidly on, following as nearly as possible the direction of the shouts. These, however, soon ceased. They presently came near a piece of open ground. Scarface, on seeing this, said, "I go on first, to see if de white man is dere." After some hesitation, this was agreed to; all the natives armed with guns standing, with their weapons cocked, ready to fire the instant their captive might attempt to escape. He came back, however, saying, "There was nothing to be seen of me there." They continued to advance. At last, another open piece appeared through the bushes, and Scarface again went forward under the same precaution as formerly. This time he was longer away. When he came back, a close observer might have detected a strange smile of satisfaction on his countenance. The man saw it, but ascribed it to the prospect of a speedy release and the realization of the promised reward.

This time Scarface, going to the white man, said, "Um all right; white baas is dere; we must go further round 'fore going into de grass." Following his directions, the party then proceeded.

OUR ORCHARDS.

PART II.

THE QUINCE. *Cydonia Vulgaris* is well known as forming the ordinary fences to our gardens. We introduce it here for the purpose of mentioning that, from its dwarf habit, free and early bearing properties, and hardy nature, it forms the best stock for budding or grafting pears on that we possess. From cuttings planted in autumn and budded in midsummer fruit may be gathered the third year. In small gardens numerous varieties of first rate pears or quince stocks may be collected, as they can be planted very close to each other—say six feet from tree to tree, or along the paths, &c., &c. I ought to mention that the splendid pear, *Beurré Ranz*, will not take on the quince, or at least is very shortlived. But if another pear is first put on the quince, and the *Beurré Ranz* on that, it does well.

The PEAR. *Pyrus Communis.* The horticultural catalogue of England enumerates about 800 varieties. Most of the new kinds have been raised by Professor von Mons, of Brussels. In England, from its colder climate, great difficulty is often experienced in bringing some of these varieties to their full perfection; but this is not the case in South Africa. There is no fruit tree of which the ultimate character so much depends on its early management. When wrought on young pear stocks, many, both of the old and new kinds, have a rambling, exuberant habit, causing great expense and trouble, and frequent disappointment as to their future crops. This can be avoided entirely by selecting old, but healthy, pear trees (which can be had anywhere); cut them down to the thick branches, and either graft or bud the finer sorts on them; or, better still, employ quince stocks. In either case, fruit may be expected in two or three years, while on young pear stocks no fruit will appear under from six to ten years. All that has been said about budding, grafting, and pruning the apple is so applicable to the pear, that it need not be repeated. I may remark that the pear is far less liable to disease than the apple, and will succeed in soils wherein the apple would speedily perish. It requires a rich, loamy soil, and if the subsoil is not dry, the fruit will be deficient of high flavor. A good deal of the quality of pears depends likewise how they are gathered. All of them must be taken from the trees a few days before they are ripe, and the late, green, hard sorts should lie in a heap for two or three days, to deprive them of some of their moisture; after which they should be wiped perfectly dry and laid on the store shelves.

I now come to the list of pears grown at the "Oaks."

1. *Jargonelle.*—A large pyriform, greenish, yellow and pale-brown pear; flesh tender and saturated with a rich, vinous juice. Tree a great bearer; ripens about the end of December. A bad keeping pear, and ought to be used at once from the tree.

2. *Marie Louise.*—Bears a resemblance to the *jargonelle;* ripens a little later, and keeps rather longer.

3. *Louise bonne* of Jersey.—A large, pyriform, brownish-red pear; flesh tender, juicy, and very rich. Tree a great bearer; ripens about February, and keeps well for two months.

4. *Beurré Diel.*—A very large, greenish-yellow pear, spotted with brown; flesh tender and sugary; but if not pulled three or four days before it is ripe, becomes rather gritty. Ripens in March, and keeps well for three months; a great bearer.

5. *Bon Chretien* (Williams's).—A large, turgid, pale-green pear; flesh melting, juicy, and aromatic. If not gathered a week before fully ripe, becomes dry and worthless; ripens in March, and keeps well for two months.

6. *Leon le Clere.*—A large, oblong, yellowish-brown pear; flesh melting and very rich. Ripens in April, and keeps well four months; tree a great bearer.

7. *Duchese d'Angouléme.*—A very large, irregularly oblong, dull-yellow pear, with clusters of brown spots on it; flesh buttery and of exquisite flavor; ripens about March. This tree has only just begun to bear fruit, and, consequently, its keeping properties are unknown to me.

8. *Pape Colmar.*—Large, pale-yellowish pear; flesh soft, rich, and perfumed; ripens in March, and keeps for about five months.

9. *Winter Nelis.*—Medium size, pale-green and brownish pear; flesh tender and full of rich juice; ripens in March, and keeps for five months.

10. *Crassanne.*—A large, nearly round, greenish-yellow pear; flesh juicy and very rich; ripens about March. Keeping properties unknown.

11. *Crassanne Althorp.*—Small, roundish pear, pale-green, covered with russet spots; flesh rich and perfumed; ripens about the end of March, and keeps well for five months; tree a very great bearer.

12. *Beurré Ranz.*—Medium size, obtuse-pyriform, dark-green; ripens in May, and keeps well for six months; flesh very rich and juicy.

13. *Easter Beurré.*—A large, obovate, yellowish-green pear; flesh juicy and fine-flavored; must be gathered a week before being fully ripe, or they become perfectly dry and mealy. Ripens in April, and may be kept perfectly sound for twelve months; tree a great bearer.

There are two other imported varieties at the "Oaks," the names of which have been lost. The whole of the above, if on quince stocks, may be grown in a very small garden; and, if care is taken in gathering and storing, they would afford a dish of delicious fruit every day in the year. Caution must be exercised in the irrigation of the trees when the fruit is nearly ripe, as the flesh of most of them is very tender, and apt to become wormed, like the peach, if overdosed with water, or left too long without it.

Peach. *Amygdalis Persica.* How seldom do we meet with this splendid fruit in the perfection it is capable of arriving at in this fine climate! Yet the cultivation of it is really very simple, provided there is a free supply of water. The roots of the tree must be kept steadily moist from the time the blossom appears till within a week of its ripening. A deviation from this rule, not injurious to the finest pear, would destroy the soft flesh of the peach. They require a light but not very rich soil, and a dry subsoil. The common almond or seedling peach makes a very good stock to bud on. They may be grafted, but budding is preferable for all stone fruits. Where the soil is clayey, plum stocks are to be preferred. The pruning differs a little from the pears, inasmuch as the trees are apt to become naked of fruit-bearing wood, except at the points of the branches. This is easily corrected, if taken in time, by a free use of the knife in cutting back the young wood. After the fruit stone has become hard, the thinning ought to commence; and with peaches it must be done thoroughly. Any crowded shoots must be removed at the same time. The peach has but few diseases in this colony; the gum canker is seldom met with, and never in a poor soil. The oil dressing, recommended for the American blight in apple trees, is an effectual cure for the white scale on the peach.

The *Grosse Mignonne*, *Noblesse*, and *Teton de Venus* were the only imported peaches at the "Oaks." They are all three first-rate varieties. The fruit of the two last have been frequently measured eleven inches in circumference. They ripen in February.

Apricot. *Armeniaca vulgaris.* A light, moderately rich soil, with an open, dry subsoil, is the best for this

esteemed fruit. They are best budded on the plum stock. The free-growing *St. Julien* was imported to the "Oaks" for this purpose. The pruning of standard apricots is very simple, merely keeping the trees open and the branches free of one another; and this work ought to be done in early autumn, as the trees are apt to gum if cut later. The *Moor Park* and *Breda* were the only imported varieties grown at the "Oaks." Both are round, bright-orange colored fruit, perfectly hardy and good bearers. The *Moor Park* is perhaps the finest flavored apricot known, and ripens in February. The *Breda* is rather later. One objection to the *Moor Park* is its delicate constitution,—trees of all ages suddenly dying off without any apparent cause. This has been experienced in South Africa as well as in Europe.

Plum. *Prunus Domestica.* This is truly a hardy tree, and may be found flourishing in many old colonial gardens gone to waste, and where every other fruit tree has perished. It requires a richer soil than the peach; and for this reason the pruning ought to be done early in autumn, or gum canker may show itself, especially if a large branch has to be removed. No summer pruning ought to be permitted. Budding is preferable to grafting for the plum, and great care is necessary to supply the trees plentifully with water whilst they are in bloom, and until the fruit is fairly set, as a check at this time may cause every blossom or immature fruit to fall.

1. *Greengage.*—A well-known, medium-sized, roundish green plum; flesh free from the stone, and very luscious; tree a good bearer; fruit ripe in February.

2. *Coe's Golden Drop.*—A large, oval, yellow plum, spotted with red on one side; flesh adhering to the stone; very rich and juicy; ripens in March.

3. *Washington.*—A very large, roundish, yellow-tinted plum, juicy and rich; loose stone; ripens in March. This is sometimes called the greengage of America.

4. *Cheston.*—A medium-sized, slightly oval, purple plum, firm, and high-flavored; loose stone. Fit for dessert or kitchen; tree a great bearer; ripens about the end of February.

5. *Damson* (English).—A small, oval, purple plum; flesh free; sharp, acid flavor. Chiefly used for preserves and pies; ripens about February; tree an extraordinary bearer.

6. *Red Magnum Bonum.*—A large, red, oval plum, tinged with purple next the sun; flesh free but mealy; ripens in March; tree an abundant bearer. Fit only for kitchen.

Cherry. *Cerasus Caprioniana.* These trees are hardly suitable for the Caledon district. Only three varieties were

imported—*Morella*, *Circassian*, and *May Duke*. The two first have not borne fruit. The last was ultimately made to bear abundantly; and, fortunately, it is one of the best kinds. The cherries have a great tendency to run to wood. This, of course, will stop when the trees become very old. The method pursued at the "Oaks" was this: an old, hard, bark-bound plum tree was selected, the head was cut off, and the new shoots from the stems were budded with the *May Duke*. It grew vigorously for two years, but slowly since then, and has, therefore, produced a large crop of fruit for some seasons. The cherry delights in a light but rich soil, and the pruning consists in merely removing the superfluous wood, so that the tree may be perfectly open. It is rather difficult to manage when in blossom, requiring at that period an abundant and regular supply of water to the roots. Neglect for a day, at this time, will cause every blossom to fail. Ripens in December.

Fig. *Ficus carica*. The collection consists only of the *Brunswick*, *Genoa*, and *Brown Turkey*. These fruits are so well known, that they need not be described here, though few people seem to be aware how greatly they may be improved in size and flavor by judicious thinning both of the branches and fruit. They require a free supply of water.

Oranges and the many varieties of the *citrons* family may be left to writers more experienced than myself in their colonial cultivation; but I cannot refrain from condemning the practice, too often followed, of attempting to propagate oranges by seed. Though the seed may be taken from a first-rate fruit, not one in a hundred will come true to its parent; and it is through this unfortunate system that our markets are overwhelmed with indifferent oranges. They may be propagated by layering, cuttings, grafting, and budding. The two last are the most preferable methods. Young seedling shaddocks or the common lemon make good stocks for this purpose. A remarkable prejudice exists in this colony against pruning orange trees. Hence, we commonly see them, when young, so overcrowded with superfluous wood that the centre soon becomes a prey to insects; and in this sickly state the tree exhibits, ere long, an unsightly mass of dead and dying wood.

Mulberry. *Morus*. The black mulberry (*Morus Nigra*) and the white mulberry (*M. Alba*) are both very common in Cape gardens. The latter is cultivated only for the leaves, which form the food of the silkworm. A variety of *M. Alba*, cultivated in Lombardy, is much superior for this purpose, as the leaves are larger and the plant more

vigorous. It has been imported into the south of Ireland, with a view to silk culture in that country. They are all of the easiest propagation by layers and cuttings.

And here, for the present, the orchard may be left to other hands. The writer of these pages has already stated, in a former paper, that he lays little claim to originality. Beyond what has been related as the fruit of his own experience in colonial horticulture, nothing has fallen from his pen which is not well known to every practical gardener. But it seems desirable, on every account, that a register or record of all that is useful or ornamental in our gardens should be published for general information.* There are many persons, no doubt, who would gladly cultivate the superior fruits of Europe, but for the great expense and trouble attending their importation. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the list now given may be followed up by others, so that those enterprising individuals who wish to benefit the colony, by importations of trees and plants, may not lose their money or their time in bringing out things already established; or, in other words, "sending coals to Newcastle." A remarkable instance of this occurred with the *Jargonelle* pear, mentioned in this paper. It was imported by Mr. Bayley *three times* before it reached the Cape alive! All this expense was perfectly unnecessary, as trees of the same kind (producing fruit) were already in the colony.

R. S.

SOUTH AFRICA, AS KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

Antiquity is a relative term. We are not going to take the reader back to Pharaoh Necho and the Phœnicians. Our *orbis veteribus notus* must remain content with the usual blank where Roman conquests ceased; unless the imagination still fills it up with those queer pictures of crocodiles and elephants which sometimes adorned our school-day atlas. But if we cannot discover that any one in Alexander's time was able to hint to him that the great kingdom of Monomotapa yet awaited his arms before he needed lament that he had no more nations to beat, we may yet try to find how far we can go towards the "Conquest" in tracing the ancestry of our excellent fatherland; in learning what the

* Failing in *this*, the Botanical Garden of Cape Town fails in its principal object; and we trust that those who have the power will no longer hesitate to *insist* that the omission be remedied without delay.—Eds. C. M. M.

"old countries" knew or thought of it,—say only two centuries and a half before we planted a new "Wallenstein's Lager" in Kafirland; or, in spite of Captain Cook's evil omens, sent so many millions' weight of wool to the markets of Europe.

Well, then, about the year of grace 1612, one of the most industrious and learned of scribes—who like other benefactors of posterity in so far labored for nought that he nearly died of want in a prison—took the pains of leaving on record (as of other great and small countries also), all that was known and had been said of the soil which our fathers have rescued from barbarism, and which we are to make, in due time, the centre of the world's civilization. Samuel Purchas, an English clergyman, a protége of Archbishop Abbot, and for some time his chaplain, appears to have devoted a life to the study of all the traveler's tales that before his time had been palmed on humankind. He was a good man, a very earnest Protestant, and a student such as these degenerate days do not boast. The object of his work (*The Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the World and the Religions observed in all Ages*) he thus states:—

> If thou demaundest what profit may bee hereof, I answere, that here Students of all sorts may find matter fitting there Studies. The naturall Philosophers may obserue the different constitution and commixtion of the Elements, their diuerse working in diuerse places, the varietie of heauenly influence, of the yearley seasons, of the Creatures in the Aire, Water, Earth. They which delight in state affaires, may obserue the varietie of states and kingdomes, with their differing lawes, politics, and customes, their Beginnings and Endings. The Diuine, besides the former, may here contemplate the workes of God, not in Creation alone, but in His Iustice and Prouidence, pursuing sinne euery were with such dreadfull plagues; both bodily in rooting vp and pulling downe the mightiest empires; and especially in spirituall indgments, giving up so great a part of the world unto the efficacie of errour in strong delusions that *hauing forsaken the fountaine of living waters, they should digge unto themselves these broken pittes that can hold no water*: deuout in their superstitious, and superstitious in their deuotions; agreeing all in this, that there should bee a Religion; disagreeing from each other and the Truth in the practice thereof.
>
> Likewise our ministers may bee incited unto all godly labours in their functiou of preaching the Gospell, seeing otherwise, for outward and bodily ceremonies, the Turkes and Jewes in their manifold deuotions in their oratories every day, and other Heathen would conuince us of Idleuesse. And let mee haue leaue to speake it for the glorie of God, and the good of our Church; I cannot find auy Priestes in all this Pilgrimage, of whom we have any exact historie, but take more bodily paines in their deuotions, than is performed by not-preaching Ministers, especially in countrie villages, where on the weeke daies they cannot haue occasion, or companie, for publique prayers: and therefore if they onely read the service then, and never studie for more (which I would it were not the idle practise of some), even the Heathen

shall rise vp in judgment against them. I subscribe with hand and praetiee to our *Liturgie*, but not to such *Lethargie*: whose darknesse is so mueh the more intolerable, in this sunshine of the Gospell, wherein wee have a gratious *King*, so diligent a frequenter of Sermons; and *Reverend Bishops* (notwithstanding other their weightie Ecclesiastieall employments) yet diligent Preachers. * * *

He which admireth, and almost adoreth, the Capuehine, Jesuite, or other Romanists, for self-inflieted whippings, fastings, watehings, vowes of obedienee, povertie, and single life, and their not sparing their limmes and lives for their *wilworships*, may see in all these the Romanists equalled by Heathens, if not outstripped even, by the reports of the Jesuites and other their Catholiques.

Here also the reader may see most of their Popish Rites, deriued out of Chaldæan, Ægyptian, and other fountaines of Paganisme; as in the later taske we shall have more oeeasion to show. Here everie English-man may see eause to praise God eontinually for the light of His Truth, eommunieated to us: whereas it is, in eomparison, but a small part of the world that soundeth the *sacred name* of Iesus; and of those that professe it, how infinite are the seetes and superstitions? *God hath showed His word unto our Jacob* (The Defender of His Faith), *his statutes and his judgments unto this Israel* of Great Britaine. *He hath not so dealt with every Nation, neither haue the Heathen*, nor seareely, if seareely any other Christian Nation, so mueh *knowledge of his judgments*. And yet how seditious are some? how prophane are others? how unthankful the most? That beastly sinne of Drunkennesse, that biting sinne of Vsurie, that Devilish sinne of swaggering, ruffling in deformitie of elothes like monstrous *Chimæras*, and barking out a multiformitie of oathes, like hellish *Cerberi*, as if men could not be *Gallants* unless they turned Devils. These are the payments we return unto the Lord, instead of prayers for and loialtie to His Majestie; peaeeablenesse and charitie to each others; modestie and sobrietie to ourselves.

Having thus introduced himself and his purposes, our author gives us a list of the authors, some seven hundred in number, whom he studied,—"which from mine own sight I have reckoned in this worke." Some hundreds more he might have added, as quoted at secondhand, or manuscripts and pamphlets. They certainly conjure up an odd picture of the English curate reconciling the marvelous in the mass of literature, of which the following names, taken at random from an alphabetical detail, must serve as a specimen:—

Ælian, Alcoran, Alex. ab. Alexandro, Beda, Berosus, Biddulph, Buxdorfius, M. T. Cicero, J. Calvinus, G. Chaucer, Diod. Siculus, Erastus, J. Fox, Florus, Froissart, Gregory, Magnus, Hakluyt, Homer, Hooker, Hieronimus, Jacobus Rex, Ignatius, Josephus, Lactantius, Lucian, Luther, Sir T. More, Manetho, Ovidius, Matt. Paris, Plutarch, Propertius, Sir W. Ralcigh, Scaliger, Savanarola, Sir Philip Sidney, Socrates, Virgil, Xavier, &c.

In all this learning, of course, Africa is but slightly concerned. But, especially in connection with more recent discoveries, that little possesses considerable interest. We

quote the accounts given successively of several portions of both the coast and inland territories of the southern part of the peninsula:—

Sofala.—Sofala lyeth betweene Cnama and Magnice, two riuers. Here the Portugals haue on a little Island (whence the whole kingdome hath this name) a Fort and Factoric of very rich trade, the people bringing great quantitie of gold (whereof they haue plentifull mines) for their cloth and other commodities. It is supposed that it amounteth to two millions yearely. *Ortelius* is of opiuion that this Cephala, or Sophala, is that which in Salomon's time was called *Ophir*, from whence so great quantitie of gold was bronght by his Nauie. *Josephus* seeks for it in India; *Eupolemus* in the Redde Sea; *Dom. Niger*, *Tremellius*, and *Iunius* in Aurea Chersonesus, where Malacca standeth (although wee read not of any great quantitie of gold found in that soyle). *Gaspar Varerius* is of the same minde, but reckoneth the *Chersonesus*, both Pegu and Samotra, with all that lyeth between them. *Valablus*, with lesse reason, applyeth it to Spagniola, discouered by *Columbus*, and by *Columbus* so called. *Arias Montanus*, *Philip Mornay*, *Postellus*, *Goropius* would, by their anthoritie, much mone us to thinke with them, that Ophir is Peru, if the ignorance of the Loadstone, and those huge seas, esteemed by Antiquity unnavigable, did not detaine us from consent. And where should Peru yeeld him ivorie, where never yet was seene an Elephant?

Having settled this vexed question in favor of the claims of *Sofala*, our author proceeds to describe certain Moors, of whose religion he had learned enough from his books to distinguish them as hereticks from the true faith of Alkoran:

And for these Moores which inhabited the seacoasts, as wee have said, they are not all Catholike Mahumetans, especially such of them as have conuersed, and taken their habitations further within land. And the first Moores or Arabians that came to inhabit those coasts were banished persons, called, as in the Chronicles of Quiloa is reported, *Emozaidin*, of Zaide, the nephew of Hocem, the son of Hali, whose doctrine they followed in some opinions, contrary to the Alcoran, and therefore esteemed Heretikes.

Long after them came three shippes with great multitudes of Arabians, that fled from the King of Laza their enemie, under the conduct of seuen brethren which built Maggadazzo, and after that Braua, which in manner of a Commonwealth was till the Portugall's time governed by twelue Aldermen, or chief Governors, that descended from the seven brethren.

These Moores and the former differing from each other in their superstitions could not agree, and therefore the *Emozaidin* were forced up higher into the country, and there by mariages mixed themselves with the Cafres (so the Arabians call all Heathen people) and became Mungrels in a galli-mauprey of denotions, whom therefore the sea coast Moores called by a general name *Baduini*: which in Arabia and Egypt is the title of the people that live in the champaine and inland countries; and those that live neare the seacoast are called Arabians, &c. They make no difference of meats. The Heathens in those parts are giuen to Auguries and Witcheries; and in their highest attempts and greatest resolutions, yet will leave off, if any of these phantasies

bode unluckinesse. The fruits, birds, beastes and seeds, are in manner like to the people, all wilde. The air is unwholesome. But what unhealthsomenesse can there bee found, where gould is found? which makes men commit themselves (no marvel what they commit with others) to the most scorching heats, to contagious aires, tempestuous seas, and the darkest prisons of the disembowelled Earth.

We come now to "Benomotapa, and the parts adjoining," among which are "Caphraria" or the land of the Caphars down to "Soldania," near the end of that promontory where, as the reader will see, "Nature hath, as it were, framed herself a delightful bower, heere to sit and contemplate the great seas, which from the south, east and west beat upon this shore." But to our extracts:—

Benomotapa, called also Benomotaxa and Monomatapa, so entituled after the name of the Prince thereof (for Benomotapa is with them a title, as Cæsar, or Emperor with us), extendeth after some men's reckoning almost a thousand leagues in compasse, between the great Lake whence Nilus springeth on the north east, Maguiee and Toroa on the south, and the sea coast of Sofala on the east. It is between the sea and the fresh waters, accounted a huge island. Between Cuama and Corrientes, it is pleasant, wholesome, and fruitfull. And from the Cape Corrientes to Magniee, it abounds with Beastes: but it is cold. Their principall cities are Zumbas (happily the same which Ptolemy calls Agisymba) and Benamataza: that one and twentie, this fifteen daies journey from Sofala. Of the abundance of Elephants in Benomotapa is said before: whereof Æthiopia is euery where stored with manifold herdes: although I dare not subscribe to their opinion that esteeme elephants as common there, as heere we haue oxen. It is a creature nine cubites high (in their largest stature) and fiue cubites thick, with long and broad eares, little eyes, short tailes, and great bellies. * * * The Mines nearest to Sofala are those of Manica, which are in wide champaines, compassed with mountaines, ninety miles in circuit. The places where the gold is, appeare and are known by the drinesse and barrenesse of the soile, as if Nature itselfe could not hord up gold in her spacious chests, but she must needs prove bare and barren of her wonted good workes: and how much less unnatural and degenerate mankind? The province is called Matuca, the people Botonghi, which (although they are betweene the Line and the Tropike) yet in winter have such snowes in the mountaines, that if any abide there, they die frozen in them: and in summer time the aire in the tops of those hills is so cleare and pure, that some of oure men, which were then there, saw the new Moone, the same day that she had kissed her bright and bountifull brother.

And who can now charge the bright eye of the world with the obscure darknesse of this people's hue, which so cold winters nor pure summers can lessen or lighten? Yea, euen in the cold countries neere the Cape of Good Hope, the Æthiopians have no hope or happe of better color; whereas the hotter countries of Libya, and in manner all America (notwithstanding the sunne's straight looking and neerenes, not allowing them a shadow to attend them in the greatest height of his bounty) know not this black tincture in the naturalls thereof.

But now to come nearer home,—to "our own, our native land:"—

Caphraria, or the land of the Caphars, is next to be considered, which Maginus boundeth between *Rio de Spirito Sancto* and *Cape Negro*, extending to the Cape of Good Hope southwards. Why hee should call this part the Caphars, I know not: for the Arabians, of whom this word is borrowed, give that name to all the Heathen people in Africa: yea both the Arabians and all of their religion, call all such as will not receive their superstition, Caphars, even Christians also, as Master *Jenkinson* long since told us. And for the Heathens in Africa, *Barrius* affirmeth that it is by the Moores given to them all: signifying without law, or lawlesse people. Zanguebar is in this respect called Cafraria. It should seeme it is appropriated to these the southerliest nations of Africa, from want of other the more true proper names which were unknowne. With the names of the Capes and other places of note, Master *Pory* hath already acquainted his English Reader. Onely that notable and famous *Cape of Good Hope* (so named by *John* the Second, King of Portugall, for that hope which hee conceived of a way to the Indies, when it was first discovered) deserueth some mention. It hath three head lands, the westernmost whereof beareth the name of *Good Hope*, the middlemost *Capo Falso*, because they haue sometimes in their return from the Indies mistaken this for the former: between which two capes runneth into the sea a mighty river, called by the Portugals *Rio Dulce*, which springeth out of a lake called Gale, situate among the mountaines of the Moone, so much celebrated by the ancient geographers. The third and eastermost is that of Agulhas or Needles, about fiue and twentie leagues from the first; both which seeme as two hornes, wherewith it threatens the ocean, which in these parts is found oftentimes tempestuous, and when it cannot preuaile against this rough faced and horned promontory, it wrekes the whole malice upon the shippes, whose ribbes, in the enraged fits, it would breake if they were of iron; as *Linschoten* testifieth of his owne experience. True it is that sometimes it is passed with more ease: but not so, usually; and *Linschoten* tells that at his returne from India, the *Saint Thomas*, a new carrick, was heere cast away, and their shippe wherein he sailed, in such danger, that one while they prayed, another while murmured, another time would return backe, and the Captaine professed no small maruell why our Lord suffered such good Catholikes to endure such torments, and the English Heretikes and Blasphemers to passe so easily. The waves there, said he, strike against a shippe, as if they stroke against a hill, that if it were of stone, it would at last be broken. Heere Captaine Lancaster traded with the people, and for two knives bought an ox: for one a sheepe, &c., in good quantitie. Their sheep are great, with great tailes, but hairy, not wooled The Captaine killed there an Antelope as bigge as a colt. There were diuers great beastes unknowne to them. When they had passed this Cape, they lost their Admirall, Capt. *Raimond*, and never saw them, or heard of them more. And foure dayes after they found as terrible an enemie from above, and encountered with a thunder-clap, which slewe four of their men outright, their necks being wrung asunder. And of fourscore and fourteene men there was not one untouched, but some were blinde, others bruised in their legges and armes or brestes, others drawn out as if they had been racked: which all yet, God be thanked, did after recouer.

The Hollanders in the yeare 1595 trafficked with the Cafres, which were valiant, but base in apparell, covered with oxe or sheepe skines,

wrapped about their shoulders with the hairy side inwards in forme of a mantle. But now we see it made a daily matter to the Portugal, English and Dutch, so capable of hope of good, that the Cape of Good Hope is nothing feared : although at home many have no good Hope of publicke good, and wish they would carry out of Europe less mouey and bring home more men. For my part, I wish so well to Navigation and Discoveries, that I would wish such complaints to be but calumnies, and to be the knavigations of false discoverers. I cannot omit that upou the toppe of this Promontory, Nature hath as it were framed herselfe a delightfull bower, heere to sit and contemplate the great seas, which from the South, West, and East, beat upon this shore ; and therefore hath heere formed a great Plaine, pleasant in situation, which with the fragrant herbes, varietie of flowers, and flourishing verdure of all things, seemes a Terrestrial Paradise. It is called the table of the Cape. That which from hence lieth to Cape Negro, hath not to our purpose anything notable. This also deserueth mention, that notwithstanding all the damages of this dreadfull Promontory, and the seas on this side and beyond, *James Botellins*, a Portugal, to recover the favour of his Prince, John the 3rd, by the first bringing newes of a happy accident that then befell in India, iu a little boat or vessell scarce 18 feet long aud six broad, sailed from Cochin to Dabul, and from thence along the Arabian and African shores, doubling this terrible Cape, and missing Saint Helena, came yet safe to Lisbone, worthily welcomed but for his message and the messenger, that durst adventure to encounter Neptune's strongest forces notwithstanding so weake furniture.

The Hollanders at the Cape of Good Hope had of the inhabitants two kine for two rustie knives, and one much greater for a new one : two fat bulls and three sheepe for a bar of irou, weighing three-score and ten pounds. The people make much accouut of iron : they are of short stature : darkish colour : their armes are adorned with copper and ivory, their fingers with rings of gold, and with beads of bone and wood. They brand their bodies with diuers markes. And because they allways annoint themselves with grease and fat, they yeeld a ranke smell. If we killed a beast for our use, they would aske the inwards, and eat them raw, the filth not being well cleansed from them. At their feasts they would seeth a Beast in his hide, fastened on four sticks with fire underneath. They lived miserably, yet for gallantry wore bones and pieces of dried flesh about their neckes. Neere this Cape are weeds growing in the sea, fiue and twentie fathoms long.

The *Ascension* built their Pinnesse *Anno* 1608, at Soldania, about fifteen or sixteen leagues from the Cape of Good Hope, and there tooke in for their provision about four hundred head of cattell, as oxen, steeres, sheepe, and lambes, together with fowles and fresh water. They filled their boat with seals at the Ile Penguin, a little from thence. Such was the brutish nature of the inhabitants, that when the English had caste out of their shippe one of these scales, and the same had lien fourteen dayes, and now swarmed with crawling maggots, they would take them up and eate them ; as they would also do the guts, garbage and paunch of the beastes. They more esteemed iron than gold or siluer.

Modern taste forbids us to add to the above the description of an "Order of Knighthood," and its forms of investment, which, according to our author, and on Linschoten's authority, obtained among these "Æthiopian Cafres." We trust the above extracts will be of some little interest to Cape readers of the present time. F.

FREEDOM'S HOME.

Tell me, where is Freedom's home?
In forest wild—on Ocean's foam
Amid the laughing air
Of sunny skies?
Or is it where
The soft voluptuary lies
In rich luxuriance 'neath his marble dome?
Or does it dwell by moss-grown cell
Where the lone hermit woos the sylvan glen,
Deeming his mind, in solitude enshrin'd,
Blest with its happiness afar from men?

Tell me, which is Freedom's path?
Where the step no limit hath
As lightly borne along
The smiling Earth
Man tunes his song
To soul-enamor'd mirth,
Devoid of care and undisturb'd by wrath?
Or when with schemes enwrapt in dreams
The young enthusiast on Hope's golden wings,
By Love inspir'd and ardent fancy fir'd,
Replenishes Life's cup from Pleasure's springs?

Tell me, then, does Freedom's spell
Revel in the battle's knell,
When the trumpet's tone
Betokens Death,
And a soul has gone
In ev'ry passing breath,
Whilst war's loud clangor drowns each wild farewell,
When o'er the grave of the fallen brave
Memory's bright tribute echoes Glory's claim?
And was the cause, which sought the world's applause,
Inspir'd by Freedom's or Ambition's aim?

Tell me, where does Freedom's cry
Raise its purest notes on high?
Oh, not within the halls
Where Faction's tongue
Excited calls
As if th' appeal it rung
Would burst the bonds of ev'ry social tie.
The brightest claim to lasting fame
Is when in spirit, fir'd with honest pride,
The patriot's deed stirs nations to be freed,
As when a Hampden fell, or Sydney died.

Freedom, where is then thy home?
Eye may range and step may roam,
And splendor vaunt its joys,
And he whose breast
The false world cloys
In solitude feel blest,
And fancy sport with some ideal gnome;

The pride of might in war delight,
When the earth, bloodstained, rings with Victory,
But, amongst all, who on thy spirit call
Burns there a pure and sacred love of thee?

Freedom, thou of name sublime,
Born coeval with all time,
Can riches, arms,
Or power impart
Thy courted charms,
Unless the human heart
Ensures thy smiles unsullied with a crime,
As when the soul from earth's control
On the bright wings of Faith mounts up on high,
And offers prayer, in humble hope,—for where
God's spirit dwells,—oh, there is Liberty!

G. L.

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

SPORT ON SANDY ISLAND.

BY E. L. LAYARD.

"LAND, HO!" hailed the look-out man from the foretopsail yard of Her Majesty's ship *Castor*, as one lovely morning the Commodore and myself paced the deck of the good old frigate.

"Whither away?" went up the responsive query from the midshipman of the deck, who, stepping up to the officer of the watch and touching his gold-banded cap, reported the fact. In his turn, the officer reported to the Commodore; and, after a few questions, the order was given to head the vessel to the land, and we resumed our walk.

The low shores of the island now became visible, and the clear blue sky was dotted with birds, winging their way to and fro; some plunging headlong into the rippling water, that vied in the intensity of its azure with the sky above it, sought their finny prey, some returned to their nests heavy laden with food for their young, while others floated contentedly on the gently heaving bosom of the sea, or rose lazily out of the path of the frigate, as she majestically ploughed her way along, her white sails gleaming in the bright sunlight. One by one the studding-sails came home, and the noble ship cautiously felt her way to the rapidly rising land; and now, while the boats are told off, we descend to have a last look at *Horsburgh's Directory*, for landing instructions, hidden dangers, currents, &c.

For the benefit of such of my readers (and I suppose they are numerous) who do not know where Sandy Island lies, I transcribe the account given by the great hydrographer of its position and appearance:—

"Sandy Island, or L'Isle de Sable, in latitude 15° 52′ S., longitude 54° 40′ E., is a flat, sandy spot, about fifteen feet above water, half a mile long, from N.N.W. to S.S.E., and about a quarter of a mile broad, having a sand-bank projecting three quarters of a mile towards the S.S.E. It was discovered by the ship *La Diane*, in 1722, and in 1761, the *Flute l'Utile* was wrecked there."

After the men had got their dinners, the boats were reported ready, and the first cutter, attended by the dingy, to assist in landing, were soon off from the ship's side, well furnished with baskets, guns and ammunition, harpoons, fishing-lines, &c. The vessel had stood up as near the island as the light breeze permitted with safety, and on quitting her, she tacked and stood off, the Commodore trying for soundings (though finding none with one hundred fathoms of line), and practising reefing topsails and other manœuvres, to exercise the men. The boats pulled cheerily along, the men eager for a run on shore and a supper of turtle steaks, the sportsmen anticipating no end of sport, and myself luxuriating in the idea of visiting the breeding place of the countless frigate birds, gannets, terns, and other birds that now filled the air with their piercing cries, and darkened the sky over the island.

As we reached the coveted shore, the water suddenly changed from blue to green, and presently the surf line showed itself, thundering on the sandy beach. The dingy being signalized to pilot the way, the two Kroomen who rowed her, amphibious fellows equally at home in the water as on the land, urged their frail skiff in advance, and we soon descried a spit of land, under the lee of which the water lay comparatively smooth, and there we determined upon effecting a landing.

The dingy soon lay high and dry; but our attention in the cutter was diverted by a tempting object that floated on the calm water, a few dozen yards ahead, and which we all, at once, and with an instinct worthy of city aldermen, knew to be turtle soup in its raw material. An old whaleman now crept forward to the bows and drew out the glittering harpoon, the boat's crew pulled noiselessly, the officer in charge gave his orders in whispers, and we stole on our prey. "Ah! old fellow, how many basins of soup will you make?" was in many a mind, and "What a splendid shell for the

Museum," in *one* at least. Look at the harpooner, he stands upright, one foot on the gunwale, the barbed weapon poised; half-a-dozen strokes and he is——No, not a bit of it,—wide-awake is Master Turtle; and without a ripple, down sunk the huge bowl of soup and we saw him no more.

Disappointed with the failure of our first essay in turtle-catching, we turned our boat's head to the shore, and pulled in, avoiding with sailor's skill the huge rollers that ever and anon broke in masses of white foam on the beach. We ran in on the top of a wave, backed and let it break, and then pulled in. Out jumped the men who were appointed to run the boat up, and to our dismay, though only a few yards from the dingy, our fellows found no bottom. Before they could recover the confusion into which this untoward accident threw them, and the men in the boat had recovered their oars, a huge surf broke right over us, washing two men out of the boat and throwing her on her beam ends. I held on to the guns and the benches, the rest made ready to spring out at a favorable moment; fortunately, the next wave had a "long-shore" course, and though it threw us about like a nut-shell, it drove us into shallow water. The men still clinging to the gunwale found footing; the rest of the crew sprang out, and the next moment saw us in safety, though at the expense of a good ducking, and, on my part at least, not being a swimmer, of a good fright.

After wiping our guns and spreading our superfluous clothing on the sand to dry, we walked up to what we at once saw to be the remains of a human habitation. We found the ruins of a hut, which had contained three rooms; in the largest was a square enclosure of blackened stones, which had formerly served for a fire-place; but which now held the nests of three or four noddies (*Anous Stolidus*), who, utterly heedless of our approach, pecked furiously at our hands when we attempted to possess ourselves of their lovely spotted eggs. We found the nests of these birds in every hole and corner of the ruins; they had taken possession of every stone, and while the male bird sat perched on the top, the female covered her solitary egg by the side in a depression in the soil, lined with a few seaweeds. The eggs were beautifully spotted with patches of various shades of a light purple on a delicate cream-colored ground. An average sized egg measured two inches by one and a half inches; but hardly two were of the same size, or colored alike; still, a practiced eye could at once separate them from that of *Onychoprion Fuliginosus*, which we found breeding on another part of the same island.

From the ruins, we walked to the east side of the island, which appeared covered with bushes about the height of a man's head. Up to this time, the frigate birds had kept well out of range; but now a rustling sound was heard above us, like the falling of some heavy body through the air, and glancing upward, I saw a frigate bird darting down as if to attack us. As he swept past, I leveled my gun at him, fired, and he rolled over; and now the guns had plenty of work, for the birds poured down, and the ground was soon strewed with dead and dying.

How many of the wished-for birds we might have slain, I know not, when one of the men called out, "Hold hard, sir,—don't shoot any more,—here they sit by scores on their nests." And now the truth flashed on my mind,—we had intruded on their "rookery," and the poor birds had lost their lives in their vain attempts to intimidate the two-legged monsters that had suddenly disturbed their domestic privacy. Eager to possess myself of their eggs, I dislodged bird after bird from her nest, by the aid of a long stick,—to approach one's hand, was the sure precursor of a severe bite. Every one, almost, had a callow nestling under her maternal wing; and I obtained but few eggs in a fit state for blowing.

The Tars, who roamed about, found one place where the incubation seemed not so far advanced, probably the nursery of the new-married and inexperienced couples. Jack seized the prize, and though the eggs were in most instances sat upon, they were all devoured: so much for taste! I heard one fellow say to his chum, as he gulped one down, "Dang it, Ned, there was a bone in that un."

The frigate birds (*Attagen Ariel* and *A.* ——,) and the gannets, of which there were three species,—*Sula Fasciata, S. Personata, S. Fusca*, bred side by side, in patches. Their nests were huge structures of sea-weed, dung, and fishbones, their stratified appearance testifying that each successive year added to their size. The stench from this spot was dreadful, the ground being strewed with the debris of fish and young birds. I could not account for the numbers of the latter, till I saw a huge red and hairy hermit crab (*Pagurus*), inhabiting the dead shells of a large Turbo, which lay scattered in great abundance on the ground, deliberately descending the trunk of one of the bushes, with a writhing squab in his claws. I then saw that the branches were full of these cannibals, mostly laden with fish stolen from beside the nests. I presume, the robbers only occasionally manage the more dainty morsel of a tender chick, secured when the mother is absent from the nest, though doubtless sufficiently

often to keep in check the rapid growth of the birds,—robbers in their turn, for from the mouth of one I shot was disgorged no less than seventeen fish, from three to nine inches long.

After forcing our way through the bushes, we emerged on the side of the island, opposite to that on which we landed, and found a reef, or ledge of coral and rock, extending along the shore, at the outer edge of which the surf broke in fearful splendour.

A hail from one of the men in advance, and the clustering of the lads as they reached the spot, induced us, who were leisurely advancing with prying eyes, to hasten our steps. We found, on arriving at the scene, that the men were busily engaged in examining two or three heavy iron guns, that lay half buried and jammed in between the rocks, and to seaward lay the timber of a vessel, with her huge anchor still with one fluke in the reef. These, then, were the remains of the ill-fated *L'Utile*, the French man-of-war alluded to by Horsburgh: the house now tenanted by the wandering sea-fowl had been the home of the survivors during their long imprisonment on this speck in the ocean; the fire-place in the large room had witnessed the gay laugh of the thoughtless, the bitter gloom of the despairing, and the high and manly thoughts of the undaunted and brave, each, perhaps, in his own way, pondering over the means of escape, or the question of to-morrow's food. The commander sat in the little room, overlooking the remains of his lost vessel: the officers crowded in the other room, and thought of those loved ones they might never see again; and now, how many of that band of men survived? Not one! and the place of their long sojourn would never again hear the sound of their voices.

We pushed onward to the northern end of the island, and crossed an open plain that lay between the bushes and a high bank of rolled stones, cast up by the storms of ages on that end of the island. In the centre of this plain, we came upon a circle of stones, placed round a spot, whose vivid green attested to the presence of water beneath: this was the place from whence the shipwrecked men drew their supplies. Near this spot we could hardly tread for young terns (*Anous Stolidus*) and eggs, and on turning over a stone, out sprang two mice; another and another followed from every stone moved, the place literally swarmed with them. They had probably come in the French ship, and had peopled the island. How to account for the presence of the vast quantities of huge black ants, that ran their galleries in all directions under the sward, was a more difficult matter; as also was

the advent of a lizard *(Gecko)* that I captured, but which subsequently made his escape.

Advancing a few yards from this spot, we entered on the domains of another species of tern (*Onychoprion Fuliginosus*), of which we were first made aware by the fearless birds striking at our faces with their sharp pointed bills. As in the other places, we had not seen a single nest of this species, so now we saw not a nest or specimen of *A. Stolidus.* The noise of the congregated numbers was so great that we could barely hear the shouts of our nearest neighbor, and I was glad to escape over the high ridge of stones and gain the *quiet* of the dashing surf.

This is evidently the stormy side of the island, and the direction of the prevailing wind. The whole shore consisted of large rolled stones; not one of which possessed an angle; all as smooth as a cobbler's lap-stone, they irresistibly brought to mind hundreds of jolly Crispins busily tapping soles and welts. Here we found another wreck—a huge tree; from whence had this floated? Madagascar probably, and was the ark in which had come the ants, and the gecko; so are those ocean dots peopled.

Turning from the scene of speculation, we wended our way back to our boats along a broad road, cleared of every stone, and nicely smoothed. For what could the poor refugees have constructed this road? Perhaps their commander, a wise man, reflecting that idleness excited gloomy thoughts in such situations, had set his men to work to clear this road, to convey—what? Firewood from shipwrecked trees, stones thrown up by the waves to build their house,—what! as a carriage road it had certainly been used, for we found the broken wheel of a cannonade lying on a heap of stones.

While walking here, I had given my gun to the Chaplain, who wanted to try his hand at a shot. He had fired once and unsuccessfully, at an oyster catcher *(Hæmatopus)*; and now to my vexation, I saw a new lovely snow white bird, much resembling a tern, slowly passing him. "New bird!" I shouted; "shoot, parson, shoot!" Alas, my friend was a better hand with his Hebrew books than with Westley Richards, and that eminent individual's death-dealing tubes were leveled in vain at the lovely stranger. To the bright flash and loud report, the snowy creature made a graceful stoop, like a damsel in white muslin at an invitation to dance, and it floated over our heads and looked us full in our faces with its large black eyes. I was frantic: eagerly I crammed in a charge of powder; but alas, no shot had I, my *fidus achates*, "Ned," the "curio-man's Jack," as the sailors had

dubbed him and me, was off to the boats with my pouch. But help was at hand,—the crack-shot of the ship, Lt. ——, was hastening to the scene, attracted by my shouts and vain attempts to knock the bird over with stones. Seeing another of the queer monsters running up, my white friend turned away, and was winging his course sea-ward. Oh agony! only known to the naturalist, who sees a new species slip away from his grasp. Inwardly, I resolved never more to trust my "shooting-iron" out of my hand on these unknown coasts. The white vision took another turn this time, landward—"run, run!—new bird!—long shot!—ah, my beauty, the parson does not hold that steady barrel: a deadlier eye is measuring the distance which you will fly over, ere the leaden messengers will reach you." And now, the sharp flash!—plump down falls the hapless bird. The reverberating report reaches my ears, and I dashed forward and the prize is mine; and oh, how beautiful the pure white plumage, without a speck, save the one pink spot on the breast, from whence oozed the ebbing life blood, the brilliant blue bill and the large dark eye now closing in death! And now, *quam mutatus ab illo!* its dry and shriveled skin and blackened bill grace the cases of the Museum,—a mockery of life; a burlesque on the loveliest bird I think I ever saw. Reader, you may see it labeled *Gygis Candida.*

The eggs of the *Onychoprion Fuliginosus* are rather larger than those of *A. Stolidus*, being about 2 inches and 2 lines long, by 1 inch and 7 lines broad, and more thickly dotted with smaller dots at the obtuse end. They are also generally darker, and may easily be distinguished by any one who has ever taken the two, though a written description would suit for either species.

The eggs of the frigate birds, *Attagen Ariel* and *A.* ——, are very similar in size and shape to those of the gannets; but are smoother and thinner in texture, and free from the thick incrustation of lime which at once distinguishes those of the latter. They are both pure white when fresh laid; but get sadly soiled amidst the filth in which they lie. They measure about 2 inches 7 lines long, by 1 inch 9 lines broad.

Just as we commenced our arrangements for the night, the old frigate which had been working up for the island, suddenly backed her topsails, ran up her recall flag, and fired a gun. Jumping into the dingy, I went on board to ascertain the reason of this change of plan, while the cutter was launched and preparations made to return, if the recall should prove general.

"What sport?" shouted the Commodore, as we got within hailing distance. "Glorious!" was my reply. "What

likelikood of turtle?" was the next question. "Very little! no marks on the land of the breeding ones." The little dingy shot under the tall sides of the ship, when again thundered her signal gun, and the cutter's recall, in lanterns, ran up to her mast-head; and just as total darkness fell on us, the cutter dashed alongside, and in another moment was swinging at her davits; the old ship filled her sails, bowed to the night breeze, and we stood off from the island.

"I don't like the current hereabout," said the Commodore, as I finished my narration of our afternoon's adventure. "We must not lay the *Castor's* bones alongside those of *L'Utile*."

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

When Dr. Livingstone left Cape Town for the interior in the month of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, he was comparatively unknown and nameless; but as the fruits of the memorable enterprise on which he then embarked, we have had as grand discoveries as ever were achieved by the most adventurous explorers of the present century. In May eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, the same remarkable individual sets forth again, to follow up and utilise as far as can be the conquests of his previous labors; but now, instead of the friendless missionary, we have him as the distinguished explorer, the favourite of whole nations, with the commission of his Sovereign in his hands, and with a company of as brave and enlightened officers under his command as ever ventured on a scientific expedition. And yet, David Livingstone is now just the same simple, manly, modest personage he appeared six years ago—as full of courageous independence and as free from vain-glory or conceit as he has shown himself throughout his whole career. The colony has acted well and worthily in giving him such a reception as that with which his brief sojourn here has been greeted. The Governor, with a zeal worthy of his character as a bold traveler himself in early life, and as a lover of enterprise wherever it appears, took the lead in the varied demonstrations of the past week, and the people generally, of every sect and party, showed that when fitting occasion presented itself, they could lay aside their minor differences, and give honest hearty welcome to a man who has overleaped the narrow distinctions of class and creed, and has worked in a spirit of truly apostolic catholicity.

Our readers will be already aware, from the newspaper reports, of the constitution and general objects of the expedition which Livingstone has now the honor to command.

His purpose is to open up a pathway for the advancement of commerce, civilization, and christianity into the rich and densely-peopled regions of the interior. The character of the country, and of the various tribes that inhabit it, is already well known to those who have perused the graphic pages of Livingstone's book. But it is less the object of the present expedition to penetrate into the populous and fever-haunted regions of the central plateau-valley than to form a temporary exploratory settlement on the healthy highlands that form the eastern watershed of it. The particular locality to which the travelers purpose to penetrate, at present, is in the neighborhood of the Zambezi River, some hundred miles eastward of the Makololo and the Victoria Falls—in lat. of, say, 18° S., and long. 26° E. The general character of the country may be learned from the following passage in the *Travels*:—

On the 30th we crossed the river Kalomo, which is about 50 yards broad, and is the only stream that never dries up on this ridge. The current is rapid, and its course is towards the south, as it joins the Zambesi at some distance below the falls. Unguesi and Lekone, with their feeders, flow westward, this river to the south, and all those to which we are about to come take an easterly direction. We were thus at the apex of the ridge, and found that, as water boiled at 202°, our altitude above the level of the sea was over 5000 feet. Here the granite crops out again in great rounded masses, which change the dip of the gneiss and mica schist rocks from the westward to the eastward. In crossing the western ridge, I mentioned the clay-shale or keele formation, a section of which we have in the valley of the Quango: the strata there lie nearly horizontal, but on this ridge the granite seems to have been the active agent of elevation, for the rocks, both on its east and west, abut against it. Both eastern and western ridges are known to be comparatively salubrious, and in this respect, as well as in the general aspect of the country, they resemble that most healthy of all healthy climates, the interior of South Africa, near and adjacent to the Desert. This ridge has neither fountain nor marsh upon it, and east of the Kalomo we look upon treeless undulating plains covered with short grass. From a point somewhat near to the great falls, this ridge or oblong mound trends away to the N.E., and there treeless elevated plains again appear. Then again the ridge is said to bend away from the falls to the S.E., the Mashona country, or rather their mountains, appearing, according to Mr. Moffat, about four days east of Matlokotloko, the present residence of Mosilikatse. In reference to this ridge he makes the interesting remark, "I observed a number of the Angora goat, most of them being white; and their long soft hair covering their entire bodies to the ground made them look like animals moving along without feet." *

It is impossible to say how much farther to the N. these subtending ridges may stretch. There is reason to believe that, though the same general form of country obtains, they are not flanked by abrupt hills between the latitude 12° S. and the equator. The inquiry is worthy the attention

* Moffat's "Visit to Mosilikatse,"—Royal Geog. Soc. Journal, vol. xxvi. p. 96.

of travelers. As they are known to be favorable to health, the Makololo, who have been nearly all cut off by fevers in the valley, declaring that here they never had a headache, they may even be recommended as a sanatorium for those whose enterprise leads them into Africa, either for the advancement of scientific knowledge, or for the purposes of trade or benevolence. In the case of the eastern ridge, we have water-carriage, with only one short rapid as an obstruction, right up to its base; and if a quick passage can be effected during the healthy part of the year, there would be no danger of loss of health during a long stay on these high lands afterwards. How much further do these high ridges extend? The eastern one seems to bend in considerably towards the great falls; and the strike of the rocks indicating that, further to the N.N.E. than my investigations extend, it may not, at few degrees of latitude beyond, be more than 300 or 350 miles from the coast. They at least merit inquiry, for they afford a prospect to Europeans, of situations superior, in point of salubrity, to any of those on the coast: and so on the western side of the continent; for it is a fact that many parts in the interior of Angola, which were formerly thought to be unhealthy on account of their distance inland have been found, as population advanced, to be the most healthy spots in the country. Did the great Niger expedition turn back when near such a desirable position for its stricken and prostrate members?

The distances from top to top of the ridges may be about 10° of longitude, or 600 geographical miles. I cannot hear of a hill *on* either ridge, and there are scarcely any in the space enclosed by them. The Monakadze is the highest, but that is not more than a thousand feet above the flat valley. On account of this want of hills in the part of the country which, by gentle undulations, leads one insensibly up to an altitude of 5000 feet above the level of the sea, I have adopted the agricultural term ridges, for they partake very much of the character of the oblong mounds with which we are all familiar. And we shall yet see that the mountains which are met with outside these ridges are only a low fringe, many of which are not of much greater altitude than even the bottom of the great central valley.

The scientific officers who accompany Dr. Livingstone on this expedition have been selected with the most judicious care. Capt. Beddingfield, R.N., whose special department is to inspect, survey, and report on the river systems of the country, is already well known for his endurance of African hardships and fevers in his explorations of the rivers on the west coast. Dr. Kirk, the economic botanist, though but a young man, has already had much experience of travel in the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt. Mr. Thornton, the geologist, whose province will be to report on the structure and mineral wealth of the country, has had all the advantages of Sir Roderick Murchison's training in the Museum of Practical Geology, and has been specially selected by Sir Roderick himself. And Mr. Baynes' abilities as an artist have long been known in this colony, as well as in other countries. They will be accompanied in the *Pearl* by Lieut. Skead, R.N., who has received direct instructions from the Admiralty to survey the Zambezi mouth as high, if possible, as

Tette, to which it is expected that the *Pearl* will be able to steam up. At that point the small, but exquisitely constructed steam launch, *Ma Robert*, will be brought into requisition; and with her the expedition will advance to their destination. The period of their return is, of course, uncertain. Two years is the very shortest which is contemplated; and before the work they look forward to is completed, it is more probable that their absence will extend over four years. They are fitted out, happily, with every convenience and appliance that could have been devised to aid them; and we believe that the Foreign Office, under whose auspices the expedition was organized, has grudged no expenditure that was in any respect deemed essential. The cost of the whole outfit has already, we are informed, considerably exceeded £10,000.

What the immediate results of the expedition may prove, is of course uncertain. It is highly probable that the very sanguine expectations of many may be for a time disappointed. The ultimate gains of it will certainly be incalculable. It may not be in Dr. Livingtone's life, nor in the present generation; but it assuredly will come to pass, that along the pathways now opened up, inner Africa will, for the first time, be brought into contact with christianity and its attendant blessings, and the sable sons of Ethiopia will be introduced to their true position as members of the one great common human family. The task which Livingstone's venerable relative, the Rev. Robert Moffat, too, has undertaken, will probably prove of marked advantage to the present expedition. Along the southern banks of the Zambezi are the warlike race of the Matebele, under their old tyrant chieftain, Moselikatse. The appearance of an expedition like Livingstone's, along the borders of his territory, might well excite his suspicions and fears, and these might lead to disastrous, if not fatal issues. The presence of Mr. Moffat, as Moselikatse's missionary, will ensure safety from any dangers in that quarter, and may go far to secure aid and co-operation, instead of distrust and hostility.

In connection with this subject, it may not be out of place to notice a most extraordinary paper, published by Mr. Cooley, of London, in one of the latest numbers of the *Athenæum*. Mr. Cooley is an old and well-known student of African geography; and some four or five years ago, he published a really valuable, though intensely dogmatic work, his *Inner Africa laid open*, with a map containing the latest discoveries up to the date of publication. In his elaborate criticism on Dr. Livingstone's geographical discoveries, to

which we have already referred in the *Athenæum*, we find the following astounding passages :—

> I am prepared to dispute with him every point, without a single exception, of his African geography, from east to west, beyond his narrow line of route, and some points even of that.

And again :—

> In short, my map sheds a broader and brighter light on the interior of Africa than Dr. Livingstone's, to which, in authenticity and approach to truth, it is incomparably superior.

This, from a writer who has scarcely ever been out of sound of Bow Bells in his lifetime, is about as ludicrously daring a piece of dogmatism and assurance as was ever exhibited; and it is only Mr. Cooley's acknowledged abilities and learning, that could save his opinions from utter contempt. It shows, however, how little confidence can be placed on the particular point on which his criticism of Livingstone hinges, which is this. He maintains that the great central rivers of the Leeambye and the Zambezi are distinct and different from each other, and no where connected at all. Livingstone, at some distance eastward from the Victoria Falls, struck out a path divergent from the river, and he joined in with it again about 200 miles further east. And between these two points Cooley gravely argues that the Leeambye ends, lost in the sands, and the Zambezi begins. To any intelligent reader of Livingstone's book, the supposition is positively absurd. When Livingstone parted with the Lecambye, it flowed in the same direction as the Zambezi; it presented just the same broad, magnificent stream; the natives all spoke of the continuity of the Leeambye as a matter of course; and from the nature of the drainage, it is impossible that the Zambezi could roll down so stately a volume as it does, unless it were simply the continuation of the great central river. For Cooley's view of the case, there is not a shadow of evidence beyond pure conjecture. Dr. Livingstone declined to enter into controversy; he has, however remarked in his own quiet, sly fashion, that possibly he might soon despatch a letter on the subject to the *Athenæum*, dated from the very heart of the country spoken of.

While Dr. Livingstone and his successes as an African explorer have been so worthily and enthusiastically acknowledged, it may not be out of place to remind the public of others, who, though not so fortunate, nor possessed of the many-sided abilities of our present hero, have already done much for the exploration of Africa, and are at this moment doing more. We refer particularly to Andersson, whose travels in company with Galton, to the new country of the

Ovampo, and his subsequent enterprizing tour, alone, from Walwich Bay to the Great Lake, have merited for him a warmer reception and more substantial rewards than he ever met with yet. He has now, as we mentioned in a previous number, embarked on a further expedition, of as perilous and daring a character as was ever attempted in South Africa.

A SKETCH OF BASUTULAND.

BY H. HALL, ESQ., R.E.D.

THE contest now raging between the Dutch farmers of the Free State and the Basutu chief Moshesh has naturally excited a considerable degree of interest in the minds of our fellow-colonists. We do not here intend to say a word of the causes that have led to the deplorable state of things which now exist, but proceed to give a brief description of the region which is the theatre of the present struggle.

The great mountain range which running through the Cape Colony nearly parallel to the coast from the Hantam, in the division of Clanwilliam, to the Stormbergen, in that of Queen's Town, continues to run under the name of Kahlamba, in a north-east direction, until it reaches the parallel of 29° nearly, and the same meridian, when a great knot or culminating point is formed in the range, which here throws out offshoots in various directions. This culminating point appears to be a high plateau, with a steep face to the coast side, and is known generally by the name given to it by the French missionaries of the "Mont aux Sources," or the Mountain of Sources, for from this high region the head waters of the Orange, Vaal, Caledon, Utukelu, and perhaps also of the Umsimvoobo, flow to all points of the compass. The sources of the Caledon were partially explored by the expedition under Dr. A. Smith, in 1836-7, but as far as we are aware, the fountains or heads of the other streams, although well known to issue out of this mountain region, have never been reached. The upper valley of the Nu Gariep, or, Orange River, from a little north-east of the present colonial boundary on the Tees River, is described as almost perfectly inaccessible, and has never been penetrated by a white man, although known to have a few wandering inhabitants in the shape of those Bushmen marauders, whose visits are so unwelcome to the farmers of the Klip River and Weenen districts in the colony of Natal. The streams of the Orange and Caledon River, after a course of 150 miles, join a few

miles west of Aliwal (North), and the region between, forms a long triangular piece of country of an average width of 50 miles, interseeted especially in its upper part by a high and rugged range of mountains, called by natives Maluti (the Pies Meridionales or Montagnes Bleus of the Freneh Missionaries). On the side of the Orange River Valley these mountains present a series of frightful crags and preeipiees, covered with snow a considerable part of the year. On the Caledon River side they subside down by a series of steps or plateaux to the plains of the Free State, to which all this mountain region forms a sort of fringe or boundary, separating it from the coast country of Natal and Kafirland proper. As we approaeh the junction of the Orange and Caledon Rivers. The Malutes get gradually broken down into elumps of detached hills and small ranges, generally of a tabular form, forming what are now eolonially known by the names of the Jamnerberg, Langeberg, Ghoosberg, Leeuwkop, Aasvogelberg, &c. On many of these tabular hills, are found the kraals and villages of the natives, whieh are generally aceessible by a single narrow path, easily defended, and almost impregnable against an enemy unprovided with howitzers or other artillery. This part of the region forms the country through whieh the boundary, now in dispute between the Free State and Moshesh, passes, and borders on the distriet of Smithfield. To the north of the Caledon region, is another lofty ehain of mountains, called the Wittebergen, whieh runs nearly at right angles to the *Mont aux Sources*, and divides the Harrismith division and its wide spreading plains from the mountains we are now deseribing. As they approach the west, these mountains also get broken and detached into little groups of isolated hills, until they are finally lost in the immense flats near Bloemfontein. All this part of the country on the right bank of the Caledon is inhabited by different tribes of Basutus, Korranas, and Bastards, all more or less under the influence of the paramount Chief Moshesh. Basutuland, as the region is called, of whose geographieal features we have endeavored to give our readers a faint description, is thus nearly entirely a country of mountains, at a general average elevation of at least 6000 feet above the sea level. It is quite, or at least very nearly, inaccessible from the coast region; but comparatively easy of access from the side of the Free State, for the detached hills we have mentioned have generally perfectly level valleys between them. The country is well watered; the air keen, bracing, and healthy; very eold in the winter, and moderately warm in the summer season; well adapted

for rearing cattle and agriculture: a country capable of supporting a numerous population, and easy of defence; almost every hill, in fact, being convertible into a fortress. Many minor streams rising in the Maluti run into the Caledon River, among them we may mention the Puliatsana, the Mogali (Saule or Willow Rivers of the French missionaries), &c., &c., rivers or mountain torrents, rather winding among rocky and romantic highland valleys.

We will not here attempt to give any history of the settlement of the Basutu or of Moshesh himself; suffice it to say, that in the long and frightful wars of Chaka, Dingaan, and Mosilikatse, the mountain strongholds of Basutuland formed a refuge for different broken tribes of Betjouana and Zulu descent, Basutus, Barolongs, Mantatees, &c., &c., which now, united, form what is known by the general name of the Basutu nation. Living in a cold and bracing atmosphere, they are neither so effeminate nor so peaceable in their habits or dispositions as the Betjouana tribes north of the Vaal River, who so easily fell victims to the attacks of the boers in that quarter. Mountain tribes have been from time immemorial celebrated for their valor and love of freedom: we need hardly mention the Swiss, Circassians, Scotch Highlanders, &c., &c.; and it is not probable, with the resources of the Free State, limited as we know them to be, and the very defenceless state of country which forms it, the warlike and generally well-armed Basutus, under a sagacious and well-informed leader like Moshesh, will be easily driven out of the wild and almost impenetrable region they are now gradually falling back into.

Moshesh's chief town is called Thab Bossiou, and is situated near the source of the Saule or Little Caledon River, on the top of an almost inaccessible mountain. The mission station of Berea is a few miles from the Caledon, on its left bank; and many other mission stations, of both the French and Wesleyan societies, are scattered through this region: now, alas! many of them ruined.

The only footpath we know of across the mountains to Kafirland is one leading from the mission station Bethesda to the heads of the Bashee. By this path it was supposed that, during the wars of 1845-'46, and 1852-'53, the Kafirs received their supplies of ammunition. Until we reach the passes of the Drackenberg, north of the Wittebergen, we do not believe the Quathlamba mountains, as the chain is there called, have ever been crossed by the foot of the white man, although, no doubt, some track is known to the wild Bushmen, who still infest the mountains.

Capt. Gardiner, in his travels in the Zulu country, describes vividly the frightfully inaccessible character of the mountains on the coast side. For a very full description of the Basutu country, we would refer our readers to Arbousset's Travels and the History published by the *Argus* Commissioner, which enter very fully into the details and causes which have led to the present contest.

The height of *Mont aux Sources* has been roughly estimated at 10,000 feet; but no details have been given of its ascent, or how its height was ascertained. The heads of the Wilje Spruit, Liehenbeg's Vlei, Elands, and other tributaries of the Vaal, run in a northerly direction, nearly parallel to the edge of the Drackenberg mountains, and joining the Likwa, they form the Key Gariep, or Vaal, which forms in its whole course the N. and W. boundary of the Free State.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Among the most recent publications, we observe, has been the *Memoir of Sir Henry Havelock*, by his friend, the Rev. William Brock, of London. We have not seen the work, for it was issued a fortnight after the last English mail left for the Cape. In a London paper of the 15th March, however, we have met with a review of it, which is far too interesting to pass altogether unnoticed. Sir Henry Havelock sprung from a worthy old English family; but unhappily for his professional preferment, he was a mere commoner. He was born in Bishopwearmouth, in 1795; was educated at the Charter House in London, with Julius Hare, Connop Thirlwall, and George Grote, for his associates; and after a narrow escape from the perpetual bondage of a lawyer's office, he entered the military service of his country in 1815. Eight years after this he proceeded to India, and, says the reviewer, from whom we gather our information:—

He was accustomed to regard this as the most critical epoch of his existence. We must here be silent while he speaks. Our extract is from his own memoranda, in which he is never mentioned but in the third person.

"A far more important event, as regarded the interests of the writer, ought to have been recorded whilst narrating the events of 1823, for it was while he was sailing across the wide Atlantic towards Bengal that the spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandate of love, which, though for some time resisted, were received, and at length prevailed. There was wrought that great change in his soul which has been productive of unspeakable advantage to him in time, and he trusts has secured him happiness through eternity."

We pause here; the ground is sacred. But from the distance where we stand we may point out how suitable for a soldier was that form of the Christian religion which Havelock tells us he embraced. He speaks

of it as placing him in a direct personal relation with his Maker. Thus it was simple, ever at hand, and of tremendous animating power. He describes it as bringing an internal peace, the very want of a man called to live in battles and tumults. And he calls it a mandate of love, a truer and worthier description than which theologians have never devised. In India, where he landed with his regiment in 1823, he was soon recognised as a man who would do what was right and feared nothing.

In the following year (1824) the first Burmese war broke out, and from that time onward Havelock's life was one of the most uninterrupted activity and usefulness. In the Burmese war, the Affghan invasion, the defence of Jellalabad, the conquest of Scinde and the Punjaub, he was foremost in the discharge of duty, and sternest and most consistent in his character as a soldier and a Christian. As an acknowledgment of his eminent services, he was promoted from the rank of subaltern to a captaincy, *twenty-three years* after the date of his first commission; and in 1849 he returned to England with his family. Two years afterwards, he returned to active service: his promotion then became unusually rapid, and when the Persian war broke out, he had the honor of a distinguished command in the expedition, "which, for his children's sake he dare not refuse." Previous to this, he had arranged that his family should join him in India. But—

It was written that Havelock should never see his wife and children more. At Bombay, on the eve of embarking for Persia, he writes: "The command is responsible, but my trust is in God. It is a rare thing for an officer in the Bengal presidency to be called to command Bombay troops. I never should have solicited such a command, but when the post of honor and danger was offered me, old as I am, I did not hesitate a moment. The telegraphic wires carried back an unconditional acceptance."

On board the steamer which was conveying him to Persia, he writes —"On the morning of June 27, 1857, the battery fired a salute, as I was supposed to have embarked; the first expense of the kind to which I have ever put the Indian government."

His career in Persia we cannot find space to describe now; and on his return from that expedition he learned for the first time that the Bengal army was in mutiny, and that the Indian empire itself seemed tottering into ruin. We quote the rest of his memorable history from our reviewer:—

Three days afterwards, after consultation with Lord Elphinstone, he embarked in the *Erin* with two regiments of his Persian division for Calcutta. Before the *Erin* reached Point de Galle, she struck. The captain was overcome by the greatness of the misfortune and the crew lost their wits. There wanted yet four hours to daylight. Havelock assumed some authority; kept the men from the spirit cask, and by great exertions a communication with the shore near Caltura was effected. On the 8th of June he made a new start from Point de Galle for Calcutta, which he reached on the 17th, in company with the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Patrick Grant. On the 20th he was reappointed brigadier-general, and sent up to see what could be done

to relieve Cawnpore, where Sir Hugh Wheeler and the hapless garrison were then threatened. As is proper in a permanent record, Mr. Brock has devoted a large proportion of his volume to an account of Havelock's advance upon Cawnpore and Lucknow, aiding his description with plans; but we need not follow him here, for this is the very part of the history of the Indian mutiny, which is most deeply impressed on all our memories.

The reputation of Havelock is not the handiwork of a "powerful" special correspondent, embellishing and magnifying all. It grew on us fortnight by fortnight, in the suspense, never to be forgotten, of last August and September, by the eloquence of deeds. The military historian will hereafter compute the precise technical value of his exploits, will number the miles marched, the guns taken, and the disproportion of the combatant forces; but the Englishmen and Englishwomen of this generation will remember him with love and honor, as the great-hearted, single-minded man, whose high heroic acts, and manly trust in God in a long interval of gloom, stood between them and despair.

> Why recall
> What lives and burns within the hearts of all?
> We all remember how he rose—a star
> On the thick midnight of that dreadful war,
> Rolled back the tide of ruin, and restored
> The poise of empire by his single sword.

"Thanks to Almighty God" is the first exclamation after every victory. After the battle of Futtehpore he writes to his wife:—"One of the prayers oft repeated throughout my life since my school days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action." And then he remembers departed friends, "How dear old Julius Hare would have rejoiced if he had lived to see the day." In the interval between his junction with Inglis at Lucknow and the effectual relief of that place by Sir Colin Campbell, Havelock's health had visibly given way. The doctor saw what was taking place, but there was no remedy. His vigilance and energy were wanted day and night for the safety of the women and children. When the mighty task was performed, the strong man gave way. The repose of the Alumbagh revealed the ravages which had been made in his constitution. His own satisfaction was intense; and on all sides he received the most pleasing marks of attention. How he valued the honors conferred on him in England, with the first only of which he lived to become acquainted, appears from the last letter he wrote to his wife:—"The papers announce my elevation to the Commandership of the Bath for my first three battles. I have fought nine more since then. Love to the children. I do not after all see my elevation in the *Gazette*; but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock." This was written on the 19th November. On the 22nd, his disease, dysentery, assumed a malignant form. His bodily sufferings were not severe, but strength was fast failing. On the 23rd, Sir James Outram called to see his old comrade, and heard him say, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." The next day, attended by his faithful eldest son, himself a wounded man, the noble warrior died.

And in that "noble warrior" disappeared one of the best and bravest christian heroes of modern times. He was of the true old puritanic stamp, a man who feared his God, and feared none else besides.

The Life of the Duke of Wellington has yet to be written. When the hour and the man shall have arrived, the materials for the execution of

the work will certainly be as ample as the subject merits. Besides the numerous editions of despatches and memoranda already in existence, a valuable series of *Supplementary Despatches* have been published a month or two ago in England, under the appropriate editorship of the great warrior's son. These have been only lately discovered among His Grace's private papers; but they are full of the most interesting and valuable information. They relate exclusively to Wellesley's career in India, from 1797 to 1800; and throughout a thick octavo of 600 pages, they show that then the hero was distinguished by the same sagacity, penetration, and resolution, which signalized his career through life. Nothing seemed too high or too low for his genius to grasp,—from "the regulation of his soldiers" on shipboard and "the price of clothing for them in India," up to the broadest questions of Indian policy.

In connection with this subject, we observe an anecdote in the *Athenæum*, said to have been previously unpublished, which we cannot resist the pleasure of transferring to these pages:—

His narrow escape *en route* to Manilla is well known, and is alluded to in this volume; not so the equally narrow escape from a capsize in the *Endeavour*. The ship was, in nautical phrase, well found and a good one, with a thorough sailor for a captain, and had arrived so near its destination as to have taken the pilot on board. Now these Bengal pilots were, and are, men of superior pretensions and drawing considerable pay. The pilot who took charge of the *Endeavour* came on deck with a smart native servant, to whom, after a short interval, he called in Hindústani, "Boy, bring water to drink." The water was brought, and the call was very soon repeated, and again responded to. "Well," said the captain to Col. Wellesley, with whom he was pacing the quarter-deck, "we have at all events a remarkably sober pilot—rather unusual, he drinks nothing but water." Presently a heavy squall was seen coming up from the north-west, and as every sail was set the captain watched it closely, every moment expecting that the pilot would give the order to fly sheets and brail up. No order came, however, not even when a vessel some two miles to windward, which had made all ready by taking in sail, nevertheless heeled right over almost on her beam-ends The pilot said nothing but "Boy, bring some water!" The captain's patience failed at last, and he shouted to take in sail—but just in time, for before the work was half done the vessel was on beam-ends, and canvas and spars were flying in all direction. The pilot was, in fact, drunk, and his calls for water had been accompanied with a secret intimation to his servant by applying one finger to the middle of another, or three quarters down, as the case might be,—and according to this sign the tumbler was filled one-half or three-quarters full of Hollands. Thus, through no higher a cause than a tipsy pilot, Assaye and Waterloo might never have been won

The Annual Meeting of the Public Library has been held, and an address was delivered by Mr. Justice Cloete from the Chair. The subject of the address was an interesting and suggestive one,—a retrospect of colonial history, from the British conquest of 1806 to the present time. The great progress the country has made during that half century was pointed out at considerable length in its physical, political, commercial, religious, and social aspects, and a great deal of

interesting and valuable information was afforded to the audience. And yet it was to be regretted that a gentleman so well qualified for the task should not have entered more deeply into the social bearings of his subject, though even at the expense of omitting something of the instructive commercial intelligence from Barrow and Van de Saudt. There are features of the political and social history of the colony for the last half century, of surpassing interest, and such as are in danger of being forgotten as the men and women of the present time are gradually passing off the stage. We know no man in the colony better qualified for delineating them than Mr. Justice Cloete, and we trust that at some future time he will favor the public with a fuller discourse on them, than perhaps was possible in the necessarily rapid address at the Public Library.

From the report of the Committee read at the meeting it appears that 316 volumes have been added to the Library during the last twelve months, ranging under the various heads, as follows:—Miscellaneous Theology, 7; Political Economy, 11; Dictionaries, 7; Belles Lettres and Criticism, 42; Arts and Sciences, 13; Biography, 34; History, 23; Voyages and Travels, 35; Works of Amusement and Poetry, 129; and Miscellaneous, 15. Among the latest accessions we were pleased to observe the complete series of the works of Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson, and to the absence of which we directed attention some eight months ago. The value of this accession has been sufficiently tested by the constant demand that we are told has been made by the subscribers for every volume. But notwithstanding all the additions yearly made to the noble store, there are still many deficiencies, and some of them such as should be supplied without further delay. A year ago, we pointed out that the Geological Society's magnificent publication on Mr. Bain's South African discoveries, though issued two years before, had never reached the Library at all; and we have to repeat the same complaint now, and to urge on the Committee the desirableness of securing regularly the Transactions of all the leading learned societies at home. At present, *there is no one work received at the Library by which the Cape student can be kept abreast of the discoveries of the time.* We shall be told, however, that the funds of the institution are inadequate to the expense of such regular supplies. But surely a society which is now erecting a new edifice, at the cost of £5000, and whose last report speaks in such glowing language of the prosperity that is opening up before it, cannot find it difficult to provide a few additional pounds annually to obtain supplies of works which should be considered indispensable in any library pretending to the richness and completeness of which the Public Library of the Cape has boasted for many years. It is well and proper that money should be liberally expended on the erection of a new building, worthy of the literary stores with which it is to be enriched; but the library itself consists in the books, and not the shell that contains them; and we

should have looked with more unmingled satisfaction on the new and imposing building now in progress, had we seen the funds of the institution expended more freely on the purchase of copious literary supplies and the maintenance of respectably paid officers. Had this been more attended to, the Library would probably not be still without a catalogue, as it unfortunately is.

In a recent number of the *Times* was published an exceedingly interesting account of the visit of the Austrian discovery ship *Novara* to the Cape a few months ago. We take over the following extract from it :—

The officers of the expedition notice with especial interest and approval an effort made by Sir George Grey to preserve and extend the means of investigating a branch of knowledge not often cultivated by colonial governors. His Excellency is forming a collection of all the books, tracts, pamphlets, and newspapers extant in the native languages of Southern Africa. A well-arranged catalogue of these publications will preserve some of these dialects, if not languages, from total oblivion, and thus render an important service to present and future philologists. The undertaking is one of considerable magnitude, as the collection already fills 1500 volumes, comprising many languages still unknown in Europe. The catalogue, the first part of which has just been published at Cape Town, will contain, first, the titles of the grammars and lexicons existing in the several tongues ; next, the titles of any books published in them, with an English translation of those titles, according to the interlinear method. The geographical distribution of each language will then be added, giving the localities of the different idioms, and the names of the tribes by which they are spoken The most characteristic signs of each dialect will also be given in a short explanation of its structure. This catalogue, which presents peculiar difficulties, has been commenced and finished with a celerity worthy of imitation in some great European libraries ; the first part is already issued, and, probably, by this date the whole of it is in print. The work will be completed by a supplemental catalogue of the languages of Northern Africa, excluding the Arabian, Egyptian, and Ethiopian, and those belonging to tribes of a higher cultivation. It is also proposed to publish a separate and additional volume, containing a description of all the known works printed in the Papuan and Australian tongues.

Of the climate, resources, and natural advantages of the Cape colony the Austrian men of science speak in terms of the highest admiration, and express their opinion that, as a field for colonization from Europe, it is preferable to any part of the United States.

We are glad to be able to add that this account is substantially quite correct. The catalogue for the New Zealand, Australian, and Papuan languages is, we believe, already in print ; and the catalogue for all the South African dialects as far north as Delagoa Bay in the east, Lake N'Gami in the centre, and Damaraland in the west, will be issued very shortly. A similar work for the languages of tropical South Africa will follow.

From one of the parliamentary papers we learn that Mr. Wyley is still prosecuting his geological survey of the colony with energy and

zeal. On the 9th of last month, he was at Frazerburg, in the Nieuwveld, and he reports that he had made a geological examination of the country between that and the Cape, and more especially the Warm and Cold Bokkeveld, the Karroo, the Klein Roggeveld, Middle Roggeveld, and Riet River districts. In six weeks more he expected to reach the Orange River, and purposed returning by Colesberg, Graaff-Reinet, and Uitenhage, and, if possible, to examine the newer formations in the neighborhood of the lastmentioned locality. To effect all this—which will, in fact, be a completion of his colonial work—he expects will take a period of five or six months, besides three months more for preparing reports, maps, and sections. The value of his investigations, though not immediately apparent, as was anticipated when he was first engaged three years ago, will ultimately be acknowledged to be great. They will be peculiarly instructive in a scientific point of view; and as a basis for various economical researches, they will prove indispensable. Mr. Wyley has not yet made any definite report of the opinions he has formed during the present survey. We believe, however, that they are in many respects subversive of the doctrines laid down by previous South African geologists.

A NEW work of "South African Travels" is now in course of publication by Mr. Chapman. This gentleman has long been known as a highly intelligent and enterprising trader in the regions bordering on the Trans-Vaal and northwards to the Great Lake. He has had opportunities of frequent intercourse with the Trans-Vaal Boers, and his journal, we have reason to know, contains a great deal of valuable and deeply interesting information respecting their character and mode of life. The work is to be dedicated to Sir George Grey, and we have no doubt it will meet with a ready reception among the colonists.

WE have elsewhere given a brief sketch of the expedition, now on its way to the Zambezi, under command of Dr. Livingstone. From one of the officers attached to it, we learn that when the *Pearl* was at Sierra Leone intelligence of an interesting and important character had been received there from Capt. Baikie's West Coast expedition up the Tchadda. The members of the expedition had for a time been wholly prostrate from fever, and they were threatened with the same disastrous fate as their predecessors of the Niger expedition. They had not abandoned hope however; and it is possible that yet we may hear of their safe transit through the heart of the continent eastward, to the sources of the Nile itself. One incident of a peculiarly interesting character is mentioned. Lieut. Glover, one of the officers under the command of Capt. Baikie, has stumbled upon a valuable relic of Mungo Park, and has of course secured it. Passing through a native village near the scene of Park's melancholy death, an old man accosted the lieutenant, and showed him a book which had for years been in his possession. It was a volume of logarithms, with Mungo Park's name, and autographic notes and memoranda. The possessor offered it to

Mr. Glover for 200,000 cowries. Inestimable as the prize was, the price demanded was enormous, and it was impossible to pay it. After some consideration, the lieutenant took from his pocket a clasp knife, and asked the native what he thought of that. This was too tempting a bait to be refused; the native joyfully took the knife, and the lieutenant still more joyfully secured his valuable memento of the distinguished African traveler.

It is interesting to think that the mysteries of the African interior are being now assailed so systematically on every hand. While Livingstone is penetrating the southern central regions, and Andersson, single-handed, pushing his way in the south-west, and Baikie and a gallant band of worthy associates striking boldly across the continent from the Niger on the west, a similar enterprise is now in progress under Capt. Burton from the east. In the last two numbers of *Blackwood* we have a series of singularly interesting chapters, written by that daring traveler while on the coasts northward of the Mozambique, and just previous to the departure of his expedition inward, in the direction of the sources of the Nile. The time is rapidly approaching when civilisation will advance upon the benighted masses of the interior. Let us hope that it will be with justice, peace, and mercy, and not in the form of plunder, bloodshed, and extermination. Has it been decreed by destiny that the sable sons of Africa are all to fade away and disappear at the dreaded approach of the Caucasian, as the "noble savage" of the American forest has done before? Or are Mrs. Stowe's gorgeous dreams yet to come true, and is the world to witness an amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon and the Ethiopic races, resulting in a type of civilisation as far exalted above our own as ours is above that which preceded the great fusion of races in the dark ages?

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

We have very little to notice in the trade of Cape Town during the month, if we except a rather increased demand for Coffee, which had been previously slow of sale. Stocks were known to be heavy here, and a reduction was expected at Rio, consequent on the fall of Coffee in the London market. One or two failures did take place in the Brazils, but the price of the staple was not affected, and if we except the low rate of exchange, there is no real reason why Coffees should not advance. Of Sugar, the market has been light, arrivals being few, and consumption good. The Mauritius has been highly favored by an increased demand for the Australian colonies, which prevented it suffering much from the effect of the London prices. Rice has been in fair demand at saving rates. In Teas, there is but little movement, small parcels for the Frontier having been the only sign of life.

Breadstuffs have been in some demand, and Wheat, which was imported for the use of man, is being employed in feeding horses. The requirements of Forage for the East India Company are very great, and have had a most surprising effect on the price of this article. We anticipate a further rise, which will ensure more land being put under cultivation next year, especially if the farmers employ the highly respectable class of agricultural laborers who are about to be introduced. We may remark, that the *Sorghum* or *Holchus Saccharatus* has been very highly spoken of by those who have sown it, as giving a most delicious, nutritious food for their horses and cattle. The Commissioners of the Botanic Garden have seed of this plant, we believe, for distribution. Flour is again inquired for in small quantities; the importations since the commencement of the year have been very trifling. The market has been but poorly supplied with Manufactures, and the demand is considerably less than at the same period of last year. Iron has sold freely, but stocks have not been very large. Transports on the voyage outwards, as well as homewards, have consumed considerable quantities of Coal, and more steamers are expected. There are few arrivals of Fuel from home, so that prices may possibly rally above those formerly paid.

In Exported articles little change is taking place. The reported advance of 1d. ℔ lb. on the sales of which we have just received intelligence, as compared with prices ruling during the November series, has not had much influence, but we are glad to find that more is beginning to arrive in Port Elizabeth. The farmers have doubtless considered it advisable to realize rather than wait an indefinite time for better prices. All other articles of export are dull.

Freights and Exchange continue as previously notified. Discounts were very easy for the first three weeks of the present month, but are latterly more difficult to obtain. Relief is expected at the commencement of May. We again call the attention of our readers to the amount of specie locked up in the Colonial Chest, which requires the most liberal distribution for the public good. The Colonial Secretary's statement of the "Assets and Liabilities," to speak commercially, of the colony, evinced a high degree of prosperity, although we have our own views of the soundness of his deductions, that it is owing to the Representative Institutions which we have. The Bill for altering the Auction Dues is a very satisfactory one, and should have preceded that for the reduction of the transfer of landed property.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

This month has been one of great progress in the Museum, and we have received some very valuable additions to our collection from Europe and India. The former consist of 131 species of European

birds, and 10 species of Mammalia, mounted in first-rate style, by the celebrated French taxidermist, M. Verreaux, whose skill is well known in this country, where he resided several years. I have not been able to unpack this splendid case of specimens,—which, by the way, are sent for exchange,—from the want of proper accommodation, but I hope ere long to see this defect remedied. Mr. Köhler has designed a handsome case, of a style to match the architecture of the new building, and glass has been sent for from England. This case will be eighty feet in length, and tastefully broken into compartments by three slightly projecting pannels, with ornamented tops.

The two large cases brought by Sir W. Wiseman, from Calcutta, contain a miscellaneous lot of specimens, presented by the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal. Although not in first-rate order, they will form very interesting additions to our collection, as they consist of Indian families and genera, which we could hardly hope to have procured from any other source. Our best thanks are due to Sir W. Wiseman for the kind manner in which, to his own inconvenience, he placed these large cases in his own cabin, to ensure them from damp.

Among the crania, there are some peculiarly acceptable additions. I may mention the head of the Wild Sheep *(Ovis Ammon)*, that of a Black Bear, several varieties of Musk Deer *(Moschus)*, with long tusks, &c. There is also the entire skeleton of a Bengal Tiger, which will be mounted as soon as I can find time.

Among the skins, I may name that of the Black Antelope *(Antilopa cervicapra)*, male and female; the Wild Dog of India, several species of *Felidæ*—Sloths, Flying Squirrels, Lemurs, &c., and a considerable collection of Birds.

Some very interesting horns have also been sent; among them are examples of *Rusa Hippelaphus Panolia Muntjac, Bison, &c.*

The donation, however, most interesting to our fair visitors has been the large silver medallion struck in commemoration of the nuptials of H.R.H. the Princess Royal with H.R.H. Frederick William of Prussia. This beautiful medal, enclosed in a white watered silk case, has been placed under a bell glass for the inspection of visitors. It was presented to the Museum by His Excellency Sir George Grey.

Mr. Topps has presented us with some rare copper British coins,—among them a farthing of William and Mary, in beautiful preservation.

Two jars of reptilia have been received from Mr. John Osmond, of Malagas. A large collection of *Patellæ* from Col. Aston. A box of starfishes, &c., from Mr. Bowring, of Simon's Bay. A bottle of reptilia, collected by the lamented Professor Wahlberg at Lake N'Gami, from Mr. J. Gibb. Several penguin skins from Mr. Geary, among which are three species or varieties new to the Museum. Some South African birds from Mr. Cairncross, of Swellendam.

A model of a machine for landing and shipping goods and passengers is exhibited by the inventor, Mr. C. Cary, of Port Elizabeth. It is intended for use where the erection of permanent works would be either impracticable or attended with enormous expense.

Friends of the institution are requested to save for it any old card-boxes, of different sizes, they may have to spare. They are very useful for packing away duplicate birds and shells.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTES.

The following specimen of Kafir correspondence may be of interest to some of your readers, both as illustrative of the structure of the language and of the peculiar cautiousness which marks the love letters of a Kafir damsel. The letter I forward to you now is a genuine one, and was recently received by a Kafir in Cape Town from a female correspondent in King William's Town. An English translation is appended; and I have added a brief analysis of the structure of the language.

D.

King William's Town, February 7, 1858.

My dear James Piet,—Incwadi yako diyi fumene ubundibalele. Dikohliwe ukukupendula u nge ko apa. Di gazi nalapo uye kona. Kekaloku ibi yinina ukubanje u nga ti pambi kwokumka u ke u fike kum kuqala undazise apo uya koua uze uti undibalela dibe ndisazi apo u koua.

Kekaloku undibalela iucwadi u fuua gani na inteto yetu wo buye uze uini na wena. Di ya pela galamazwana am. Andikabi nandawo diga ku nika yona dide dive ukuhlala kwako apo u kona. Doqala ukupendula into eudiyitetayo.

Disapilile kakuhle, diyabulisa kakulu.

Di gowako u

A. Busacke.

Translation.—Your letter I have found which you have written to me. I am at a loss to give you an answer, since you are not present here. Nor do I know where you have gone to. But what was the reason that you did not, before leaving, try to come to me first, and inform me where you are going to, in order that when you write to me I may be aware at the time where you are.

Now you write to me a letter; why do you want our opinion—when will you come back yourself? I conclude with these few words of mine. I have not come yet to any point which I can give you until I have heard about your state of life where you are, but I will answer that which I am speaking of.

I am still in good health, and greet very much,

I am your Anny B.

Remarks.—This letter is written by a young girl, Anny Busacke, to James Piet, a Kafir, who went to East London in order to proceed to

the Cape for service, and who, before leaving the port, wrote a letter to Anny, in which he proposed to her. Not knowing what his future circumstances would be at the Cape, he could not tell her anything in regard to them; and this is the difficulty she feels in giving him the desired answer.

Her language is very good. The expressions are clear but laconic. As regards orthography, her letter is given in its original state. In order to render the Kafir mode of speaking more perceptible, the idiom of the English has not strictly been observed in the translation.

Analysis.—Incw. yako, *i. e.*, a letter of you—objective case,—di yi fum. *i. e.*, I it have found, yi being the objective case of the substitute pronoun, referring to its noun, incwadi, and having the force of the definite article: hence, literally, the letter of you, &c. Ubu ndi bal., *i. e.*, you have me written for, to,—a relative construction, in which the rel. particle *a* never is used, yet perfectly implied in or expressed by the verbal form ubu. U uge ko, *i. e.*, you not (being) present, the connecting negative form, which, at the same time, explains the preceding sentence; (the negative a ku ko, *i. e.*, not you present, is indicative and emphatical, see ayiko, in the next letter). Di gazi, prop. di ngazi, *i. e.*, I do not know,—connecting negative,—nalapo, *i. e.*, and there, in combination with the preceding verb, nor do I, &c. Ukuba nje, *nje* indicating reproof; u nga ti, *i. e.*, you do not (ti expletive), subjunctive, ruled by ukuba, and to be connected to u ke, the nearest predicate; but needed for the sake of the intervening sentence, pambi kwokumka, without which it would have been u nga ke u fike; u ze, uti, the subjunctive continuing,—a case in the affirmative, with a transposition of words,—the negative u nga ti—uke; dibe, change of the subject, the subjunctive continuing, in a complete perfect sense: ndisazi, *i. e.*, I yet knowing, a knowing one, and together with dibe, I may know before hand. Wo buye (uze, &c.), an unusual form; strictly grammatical, it should be: buya, but here rather elliptic, since it has the force of an adverb to the predicate verb u ze; wena stands in relation to yetu, and the full sense would be: why do you want *our* opinion, (since we expect that) you should come back (and show) yourself, or ascertain it yourself.

A Bushman Franklin.—"On my journey along the Orange River I observed a native boy placing a small ostrich feather under the fine and dense sand, and shifting or twisting it once or twice. On drawing it out and placing his hand near it, the top bent towards his hand; and his companions appeared to be highly gratified with the apparently magical operation. Trying the experiment myself, and placing my fingers near the top, this bent towards them; and I could distinctly feel the slight shocks produced by the electricity. Had it been in the dark, no doubt the sparks would have been brilliant."—*Extract of a letter from Hope Town.*

QUERY.

CAN any of your readers inform me whether they have seen in any of the old houses in town what are known by the name of delft tiles? These tiles are usually of a white ground, with blue figures thereon; they were chiefly used to line the sides of fire-places, and were manufactured up to 1670-80. I have seen some plain white tiles on the staircase of Mr. Fairbairn's office, which induces me to inquire whether other sets might not be in the town.

I also wish to learn whether there are here any specimens of Gre's Flamand ware. Jugs and tall drinking mugs of this pottery were much prized in Holland. It is fine in texture, grey, with blue raised figures, usually of very quaint forms. Perhaps in some lumber room such things might be found. I would fain ask your readers to hunt up all their relics of bygone times—metal work, wood-carving, or any odds and ends. Much that is interesting would doubtless come to light.

WM. TASKER SMITH.

ECLIPSES OF THE SUN AND MOON,

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE YEAR 1858, AND FOR 1859 AND 1860.

ECLIPSES of the Moon are more frequently seen at any given locality on the earth's surface than eclipses of the Sun, because they are visible from all points of the earth's surface where the Moon is above the horizon during the phenomenon; and the direction of the earth's shadow cast in space is as independent of the whereabouts of the looker on as the shadow cast by a tree, building, or any other projecting object. But with the visibility of solar eclipses the earth's shadow has nothing to do,—it is cast in the opposite direction to the moon, and the moon's shadow is cast towards the earth. Here the position of the looker-on becomes an element in the condition of visibility: he must be in the line joining the sun and moon; and the more he deviates from the line joining their centres, the eclipse becomes partial, small, or escapes him altogether.

Of the 13 eclipses that will happen between the present date and the 31st of December, 1860, eight are of the sun and five of the moon; and of the former, one only (that of September 7 of the current year) will be visible at the Cape; whereas of the latter, three will be visible: or three out of five of the moon, and only one out of eight of the sun.

YEAR 1858.

March 14-15. An "annular" eclipse of the sun: visible in England, and over an oblique sweep of a portion of the northern hemisphere;

invisible in the southern hemisphere, south of latitude 23° 50′, therefore invisible at the Cape

August 24. A partial eclipse of the moon, invisible at the Cape.

First contact with the earth's shadow	2h.	17m.	a.m.	Cape m. t.
Last contact with the earth's shadow	4	51	p.m.	"
But the moon will rise at	5	49	p.m.	"

consequently, the last contact of the shadow will happen 58 minutes before moonrise ; also the last contact with the penumbra,—24 minutes only after moonrise : this eclipse, therefore, will *not* be visible at the Cape.

September 7. A total eclipse of the sun : partial at the Cape. The band of total obsenration will pass clear of the Cape ; 0.184, or abont 6 minutes only of the sun's diameter will be eclipsed, as seen from the Cape.

The eclipse will begin at	"	4h.	26m	36s p.m.	Cape m. t.
Greatest phase at	" "	5	4	30 "	"
End " " "	"	5	40	36 "	"

The first apparent contact of the moon with the sun's disc will be at a point 122 degrees from the top or vertex of the sun, on the east or right hand side, as seen with a teleseope that does not invert ; or through an inverting teleseope,—58 degrees from the vertex towards the left.

Year 1859.

February 2. A partial eclipse of the sun : invisible at the Cape ; visible in a small portion of the southern hemisphere.

February 17. A total eclipse of the Moon : invisible at the Cape.

First contact with the earth's shadow,	10h.	10m	a.m.
Last eontact with the earth's shadow,	1	43	p.m.
But the moon sets at	5	12	a.m.
And rises at "	7	8	p.m.

The eclipse therefore happens when the moon is below the horizon of the Cape, consequently invisible.

March 4. A partial eclipse of the sun : invisible at the Cape. This eclipse will be visible in the north polar regions only.

July 29. A partial eclipse of the sun : invisible at the Cape. This eclipse will be visible in the north polar regions only.

August 13. A total eclipse of the moon ; partly visible at the Cape.

First eontact with the penumbra	"	2h.	40m.	p.m.
First contact with the shadow	"	3	50	"
Middle of the eclipse "	"	5	48	"
Last eontact with the shadow	"	7	46	"
Last contact with the penumbra	"	8	56	"
The moon will rise eclipsed at	"	5	35	"

Therefore rather more than one half of the duration of this eclipse will be visible at the Cape.

August 27. A partial eclipse of the sun: invisible at the Cape; visible in the high southern ocean.

Year 1860.

January 22. An annular eclipse of the sun: invisible at the Cape. This eclipse will be visible in the great southern ocean; partial in New Zealand and Cape Horn.

February 7. A partial eclipse of the moon: visible at the Cape.

First contact with the penumbra	1h.	14m.	a.m.	Cape m. t.
First contact with the shadow	2	16	"	"
Middle of the eclipse "	3	43	"	"
Last contact with the shadow	5	10	"	"
Last contact with the penumbra	6	11	"	"
The moon will set at "	5	28	"	"

or 18 minutes after the shadow. The first contact with the shadow will occur at 101° from the southern point of the moon's limb, on the east side. 0.809, or about four-fifths of the disc will be immersed in the shadow,—generally termed "the magnitude of the eclipse."

July 18. A total eclipse of the sun: invisible at the Cape; visible in Europe. This eclipse will create some stir among European Astronomers, who no doubt will voyage to Spain and North Africa to witness the phenomena attending the total obscuration.

August 1. A partial eclipse of the moon: partly visible at the Cape

First contact of the penumbra	3h.	57m.	p.m.	Cape m. t.
First contact of the shadow	5	22	"	"
Middle of the eclipse "	6	39	"	"
Last contact of the shadow	7	55	"	"
Last contact of the penumbra	9	20	"	"
The moon will rise at "	5	29	"	"

or about seven minutes before the first contact with the dark shadow. Magnitude of the eclipse, about 0.443 of the moon's diameter, or 13½ minutes. First contact with the shadow at 62° from the south point of the disc toward the east.*

Thos. Maclear.

March 3rd, 1858.

* The preceding article was in type for the April number of the *Magazine*, but was unavoidably crowded out.—Eds.

COMPARISON OF THE FALL OF RAIN AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY AND AT THE TOWN HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

	FALL OF RAIN.	
	Observatory.	Town House.
1849.	Inches.	Inches.
May,	6·730	7·900
June,	3·496	4·100
July,	4·326	4·500
August,	2·992	3·600
September,	2·310	2·800
October,	0·605	1·000
November,	0·929	0·800
December.	1·444	2·050
Sums,	22·832	26·750
1850.		
January,	2·074	2·100
February,	0·195	0·700
March,	1·593	1·850
April,	4·376	5·200
May,	2·377	3·250
June,	6·396	7·400
* July,	4·464	1·700
August,	3·587	5·200
September,	2·693	2·600
October,	3·435	
November,	1·863	
December.	0·414	
Sums,	27·755	30·000
1851.		
January,	0·189	0·350
February,	0·036	0·000
March,	0·153	0·175
April,	0·982	1·000
May,	2·992	4·680
June,	6·825	8·510
July,	3·851	4·800
August,	0·594	1·400
September,	1·402	2·260
October,	2·104	1·850
November,	0·567	1·100
December.	0·601	0·250
Sums,	20·305	26·375

	FALL OF RAIN.	
	Observatory.	Town House.
1852.	Inches.	Inches.
January,	0·307	0·750
February,	0·508	0·800
March,	1·652	2·110
April,	1·262	1·600
May,	4·815	6·150
June,	1·709	2·150
July,	3·716	5·250
August,	4·524	5·700
September,	2·407	3·700
October,	0·778	1·150
November,	1·165	1·400
December.	0·343	0·700
Sums,	23·186	31·460
1853.		
January,	1·195	2·800
February,	0·406	0·400
March,	2·126	2·700
April,	1·117	1·000
May,	2·581	3·750
June,	3·982	3·750
July,	4·058	7·350
August,	2·717	4·550
September,	1·462	1·400
October,	1·322	1·650
November,	0·082	0·000
December.	0·171	0·400
Sums,	21·219	29·750
1854.		
January,	0·319	0·400
February,	0·530	1·200
March,	1·247	1·800
April,	1·130	1·200
May,	2·305	3·150
June,	2·992	3·850
July,	2·826	4·550
August,	3·360	5·300
* September,	2·848	5·200
October,	1·281	0·850

	FALL OF RAIN.	
	Observatory.	Town House.
1854.	Inches.	Inches.
November,	0·834	0·600
December,	0.376	0·100
Sums,	20·048	28·200
1855.		
January,	0·369	0·100
February,	0·175	0·000
March,	1·032	1·600
April,	1·802	1·850
May,	3·098	3·250
June,	4·472	5·350
July,	2·706	4·100
August,	5·246	8·700
September,	4·880	6·750
October,	0·655	0·700
November,	0·124	0·000
December.	0·012	0·000
Sums,	24·571	32·400
1856.		
January,	0·374	0·750
February,	0·358	0·750
March,	1·195	1·150
April,	0·486	0·100
May,	3·885	4·150
June,	3·205	4 650
* July,	3·121	1·400
August,	3·174	4·950
September,	1·742	2·400
October,	1·304	1·500
November,	1·407	1·500
December.	1·632	3·050
Sums,	21·883	26·350
1857.		
January,	0·184	0·000
February,	0·508	0·750
March,	0·101	0·200
April,	2·520	3·850
May,	2·904	3·850
June,	4·794	8·500
July,	2·463	4·900
August,	4·015	6·100
September,	1·967	1·950
October,	1·377	1·650
November,	0·525	0·350
December.	1·315	1·450
Sums,	22·673	33·550*

* The preceding table was referred to in an article on the fall of rain at Cape Town, which was published in the last number of this periodical.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SOUTH AFRICAN LANGUAGES AND BOOKS.*

Lexicons and catalogues are proverbially dry; and yet both the one and the other are found often to abound in the most amusing, suggestive, and instructive matter. Dr. Johnson's great dictionary, especially in its original edition, is one of the most readable books in the language; and any well arranged catalogue of an extensive well-selected library will always present food for thought to even the most superficial reader. To this class of catalogues belongs the work whose title is copied below. It, at first sight, presents a forbidding aspect enough, with Namaqua clicks and Kafir sentences bristling in the reader's face from every page. A closer inspection proves it to be full of most valuable and interesting information.

Sir George Grey, throughout his whole public career, has devoted special attention and study to the laws, manners, languages, and literature of the native races with whom it has been his fate to come in contact. A deeply interesting digest of the information collected by him on these points, in Australia, appears in his volumes of *Travels* through Western Australia. The fruits of his research among the Maori tribes are embodied in his large work on Polynesian Mythology and his later brochure on the *Proverbs of New Zealand*, reviewed by us in this periodical a few months ago. Since His Excellency's arrival in South Africa, he has kept the same object before him as steadily and enthusiastically as if ethnology and philology had been his only cares; and he has had the good fortune of securing the co-operation of Dr. Bleek, a gentleman who, both in Germany and in England, occupies a distinguished rank as one of the most observant

* The Library of His Excellency Sir George Grey, K.C.B.—*Philology.*—Vol. I—Part I. South Africa (within the limits of British influence). Compiled by Wm. H. I. Bleek. London: Trübner & Co. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. Printed by S. Solomon & Co., Cape Town. 1858.

and acute philologists of the present day. And as the fruit of the researches, both of His Excellency and of Dr. Bleek, we have, classified in the catalogue before us, the titles of some five hundred separate publications and manuscripts in or relating to no fewer than sixteen distinct dialects of Southern Africa. Prefatory to the several lists of works, Dr. Bleek introduces brief and lucid sketches of the dialects themselves, and illustrative of their distinctive characteristics.

We shall here present as brief an abstract of his descriptions and classifications as possible.

All the African languages hitherto known among the northern and central nations, as well as in the south, belong to the higher formation of languages. They are pronominal languages, "possessed of true pronouns, borrowed originally from the derivative particles of the nouns." The derivative particle of a noun with which the form of its pronoun is originally identical may either precede or follow the other part of the noun. We have therefore the *prefix-prominal* and *suffix-prominal*,—the former consisting of the languages in which the pronouns were originally identical with the derivative *pre*fixes of the nouns, and the latter of languages in which the pronouns were originally identical with the derivative *suf*fixes of the nouns. Of this latter class there are numerous species in Africa, and all of them marked by possessing the common property of the nouns for male objects being generally formed by different suffixes from those used in forming nouns for female beings—as in *koib*, Hottentot for man, *kois*, woman. The Coptic language, the old Egyptic, the Berberic Hanssa, Ethiopic, in northern Africa, and the Hottentot language in southern Africa, all belong to the same family; and Dr. Bleek assures us that the Hottentot species surpasses all the others in a faithful preservation of the original structure of these languages. In this identification between the aboriginal language of South Africa and the old Egyptic and Coptic species, we have at once a flood of light poured in on the pedigree and ancestry of our Hottentot predecessors. And thus do philology and ethnology combine in solving historical problems once deemed mysterious and insoluble; and thus do all the sciences tend to illumine each other and extend the domain of human knowledge. Of this Hottentot species there are no fewer than four distinct dialects, each with well-marked characteristics. They are, the *Nama* dialect, spoken by the *Namaqua;* the *Kora* dialect, spoken by the *Koranna;* the eastern dialect, spoken by the *Gonah* or *Gonaqua*, on the borders of Kafirland; and the Cape dialect, now no longer spoken, but still preserved

in the records of early voyagers to Table Bay, and the first Dutch settlers in the colony. Of these several dialects the purest and most perfect is the *Nama;* and it is still spoken by the native population of Little Namaqualand, within the colony, and by no fewer than fourteen distinct tribes in Great Namaqualand, numbering in the aggregate a population of about 17,000 souls.

The Bushman language belongs to the same general family as the Hottentot variety, but differing from it in several respects. The phonetic peculiarities of the Hottentot language—clicks, &c.,—are here carried to an extraordinary excess. The greater number of the words, too, are monosyllabic, and are pronounced with a nasal twang which is sharper and more prominent than that common to the Yankees. The materials for the study of it, however, are few and incomplete.

The *pre*fix-pronominal languages occupy mainly the tropical regions of Africa, and probably also the islands in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. The African or continental section of them are distinguished into two families—the *Bántu* and the *Gor*. The latter occupies a vast territory in the middle portion of the continent, which may be broadly described as lying between the equator and 18° north latitude, and touching Cape Verde on the west and the banks of the Nile on the east. The Bántu family, on the other hand, comprise all the South African languages, except the Hottentot and the Bushman, and in addition to this, a considerable portion of the territory on the west coast, inclusive of the *Otshi* dialect of Ashantee and the *Bullom* and *Timneh* of Sierra Leone The South African division of this family has been classed into three branches—the south-eastern, including the Kafir species, the Setshuana species, and the Tegeza species; the north-eastern branch including the Lake Ngami dialects; and the south-western or Herero dialects of the Damaras and Ovampo. The Kafir species is subdivided again into the classes of *Kafir proper*, the *Zulu* and the *Maswazi*. The Kafir proper extends from the Keiskamma as far northwards as the southern limits of Natal, and from the Indian Ocean to the Stormbergen and Wittebergen. It is spoken by the Ma-mponda, under the chief Faku, northward of the Umtata River; and by the Ba-tembú and Ma-xosa, with whom our own colonists have too often contracted so unpleasant intimacies. The Zulu species, again, is ranked as the standard language throughout the whole of Natal and the Zulu country between the latitudes of 31° and 27°, including a population of probably half a million. It is also spoken further north by the Matebelé of Moselikatze; but these are

remnants of southern tribes who have been driven northwards by the exigencies of war. The Zulu language, we are told, differs from the Kafir far more in the peculiar and idiomatic use made of many words and constructions than it does in the elementary parts of its structure or in pronunciation. The third variety of Ma-swazi is marked by mere dialectic differences from its neighbor, the Zulu. It is spoken only by the Amaswazi, who live immediately northward of the Zulu country, under the tributary rule of aMswazi, the son of Sapuza.

The second species of the Bántu languages is the *Se*-tshuâna, spoken by the *Be*-tshuâna. These again are classed into two great divisions—the eastern tribes and the western. The eastern *Be*-tshuâna comprise the Basutos, under Moshesh, numbering, according to the statement of the Rev. Edward Solomon, 70,000 souls, but declared by Moshesh's sons, now in Cape Town, to be far more numerous; the Batau, or Lion's people, under Molitzane, bordering on the Winburg district; the Ba-puti, under Morosi, who have recently proved such pestilent neighbors to the colony, on the confines of Aliwal (North); and a variety of other tribes, numbering collectively at least 50,000 souls. The western division, again, comprises the Barolong, bordering on the Kalihari desert; the Bahlapi, among whom Mr. Moffat has labored so long and arduously at Kuruman; the Bamangwetse, Bamangwato, and a host of other tribes, whose names are familiar enough to the readers of the earliest chapters of Livingstone's book. They are classed by Mr. Solomon in common as the Ba-kalikhari, and are estimated by him to number 100,000 souls.

The general Se-tshuana tongue, spoken over the whole extent of those tribes, is described as sounding harsh in striking contrast to the melodiousness of the Zulu; its pronunciation comes deep out of the mouth, with a hoarse and guttural voice. The three leading dialects of it are the *Se*-suto, the *Se*-rolong, and the *Se*-hlapi, spoken by the *Ba*-suto, the *Ba*-rolong, and the *Ba*-hlapi respectively, of which the Se-rolong and Se-hlapi are almost identical. As an illustration of the differences of these Se-tshuana dialects, and, at the same time, of their affinities to the Kafir, we may take the following words:—

Kafir *ngena*,	Sesuto *kena*,	Sehlapi *tsena*,	enter;
,, *amasi*,	,, *mafi*,	,, *mashi*,	sour milk;
,, *isifuba*,	,, *sefuba*,	,, *sehuba*,	breast.

The Se-rolong and the Se-hlapi dialects are so closely allied that books written in either of them are as well understood by the one tribe as by the other, and even persons of

long experience among both tribes may easily, at first sight, mistake a publication in the Serolong for a Sehlapi book, and *vice versa.*

The third species of the south-eastern branch of the Bántu family of languages is the *Tegeza*, at present mainly spoken to the north-east of the Zulu country, and extending probably for some distance northward from Delagoa Bay. Of this species there are three dialects, called respectively Mancolosi, the Ma-tonga, and the Ma-hloenga—all sounding broad and soft in comparison with the Kafir and Zulu, and not deep nor guttural, like the Se-tshuana.

The north-eastern branch of the South African division of the Bántu family of prefix-pronominal languages comprises all the dialects spoken along the eastern coast, from the Tegeza, northward of Delagoa Bay, to the equator. In the interior, it extends southward as far as Lake Ngami, where it is spoken by the Bayeye, of whom Andersson gives such detailed descriptions in his volume of travels. The particular dialect of it, used there, has two or three different clicks, which are probably due to Hottentot influence.

The last or south-western branch is spoken along the whole west coast, from Great Namaqualand to Corisco Bay, in 1° north latitude, of which the southern portion is marked as the Otyi-herero, spoken by the Ova-herero or Cattle Damaras, and the oVa-mbantieru or Ovampo of Galton and Andersson. This has neither *l* nor *f*, nor the sibilants *s* and *z*. The pronunciation, we are told, is lisping, in consequence of the custom of the oVa-herero, of having their upper front teeth partly filed off, and four lower teeth knocked out.

In all these dialects, there are numerous specimens in the publications and manuscripts now in His Excellency's library. Of these by far the greater number are in the Kafir and Se-tshuana languages. We had purposed referring briefly to a few of them, as detailed in the catalogue before us; but want of space forbids us at present. They present altogether a noble monument of the generous zeal and self-denying labors of the Christian missionaries of South Africa. In the Hottentot tongues there are translations and vocabularies of all grades, from the simple Spelling Leaf of Mr. Knudsen to the four Gospels of Schmelen, and the Grammar of Tindall. In the Kafir languages, there are altogether 272 distinct documents, from the Simple Lesson-book to the admirable Grammar of Appleyard and the elaborate lexicon of Mr. Dohne. And in the Se-tshuana, a literature has sprung up richer than in any of the other South African tongues, comprising the varied works of the accomplished French

missionaries in Basutoland, and the still grander task just completed by the Rev. Robert Moffat, and his colleague at Kuruman.

Among the more special varieties of native publications, the newspapers claim notice as of first importance. The Kafirs were once privileged with a monthly broadsheet, issued from the Wesleyan press at King William's Town; but war, that upsets monarchs and revolutionises nations, has unfortunately put an end to newspaper literature among the Kafirs. The *Isitunywa Sennyanga*, or *Monthly Messenger*, ceased to exist from the outbreak of the Kafir war of December, 1850. Its circulation up to that period was 800 copies, of which 500 were supplied to Kafirs and other natives using the Kafir language. The contents of the paper, we are told, were very manifold and various. Each number began generally with advertisements or Government proclamations in Kafir. Among the latter, the reports of stolen cattle and other stolen property occupied a large space. Then followed the "leader," preceded by the editor's notices, letters to the editor, news from Kafirland and other countries, pieces of useful instruction, &c., filled the body of the paper. It does not appear that reporters existed in those days, or that the debates of Sandilli's honorable Umapakati were reproduced verbatim, interspersed with the rhetorical flourishes and indications of applause which grace the newspaper reports of civilized parliamentary assemblies.

The Be-tshuana races are more fortunate with their periodical literature. In 1841 was published, for the first time, at Beersheba, among the Basuto, the *Moboleli oa litaba*, or *Publisher of News*. It is embellished with the wood-cut of a printing-press, and under it the words *Khatiso ki seliba se pallisang tsebo lefatseng* (a press is a well which pours forth knowledge on the earth), a motto closely akin to the Johnsonian one which adorns the front of a well-known colonial print. Another, a Se-rolong periodical, is published still—*Molekoli oa Bechuana*—by the Rev. J. Ludorf, Wesleyan missionary at Thaba 'Nchu. The following title page and index to the first volume gives an interesting idea of its multifarious contents:—

"*Molekoli oa Bechuana*. Vol. 1, 1856-7.—The *Bechuana Visitor*, published monthly, is designed to expose and subvert Bechuana heathenism, especially in its darker forms. Contents No. 1, May. The alarm sounded, or, the wretched condition of a lazy, drunken, filthy, and incorrigibly wicked Mochuana, overthrown by the triumphs of Colonization, Civilization, and Christianity. No. 2, June. Intoxicating native Beer, or, the Evils of Intemperance among the Bechuana. No. 3, July. Notice of an Eclipse of the Moon in September. The

abominations of Rainmaking. Evils of Intemperance, concluded. No. 4, August. Answer to letters. On Cleanliness. A letter to Hymeneus Backslider. No. 5, September. The great Deceiver of Mankind; Sorcery; Witchdoctors. Cleanliness. A Review of our New Hymnbook, called the 'Harp of Faith.' No. 6, October. The shocking Secrets of the Bechuana Circumcision. No. 7, November. Circumcision concluded. A letter to Jonas Sleeper. No. 8, December. Inviolability of Marriage; Polygamy; the latter receives no countenance from the Bible. No. 9, January, 1857. Time, Death, Eternity. Polygamy. A letter written by a Native against Circumcision. No. 10, February. A Rod for the back of a Fool. Belial's Children among the Bechuana, and their detestable deeds. The beginning of Evil (translated). Edited by J. D. M. Ludorf, Wesleyan Missionary. Thaba 'Nchu. Printed at the Wesleyan Mission Press."

Mr. Ashton, at Kuruman, has lately followed the same excellent example by issuing the *Mokaeri oa Becuana, le Muleri oa mahuku*—the Instructor of the Betshuana, and the Announcer of News. Of this last work we have received several copies, the typography and general "getting up" of which would do credit to any European printer. Of miscellaneous publications in the native languages, one of the most curious is the *Molao oa Yaloa yoa Makhoa*, or the Law of the Intoxicating Drink of the Civilised, issued by Moshesh himself "in Sesuto and white man's language (Dutch), from Thaba Bossigo 8*oa Novembere* 1854." It comprises an epitome of the Maine law, with reflections and exhortations, by the Mo-Suto chieftain, superadded.

Another production of Moshesh's genius is given as a proclamation, under the title of *Molomo oa Moshesh bakeng sa linoge*—the Mouth of Moshesh on account of the Witch-doctors. The following translation of the piece is from the pen of the Rev. T. Arbousset:—

The word of Moshesh on witchcraft. I am Moshesh, I write to my people, and say to them: you remember that formerly when any one resorted to the witch, the public heard of it, that it was well known before anything was done, and that one would go far to consult the wizard, even to Zoola Land.

But at the present day, witches abound among the Basutos, and it is our people sitting quietly, see one come unexpectedly to announce that some man has been killed on the word of the witch, and sometimes also that many have been killed, though the public be ignorant of the time and cause for having resorted to the enchanter.

These wizards are wild dreamers, they ought to be brought together, and one propose them this hard question as a text: The lung-sickness, where does it come from, destroying flocks everywhere throughout our lands? where has it originated? when shall it end, and what time? that plague which covers the whole earth? that would be a question worth putting to witches. Instead of this, they are only told of a man that is ill, and upon this some one is killed. It is generally known that these men are mere dreamers of fantastic imaginations; let them come together, and be asked a difficult question, and were it lawful to bewitch

one; the far-famed wizard Mokoma himself ought to be present, and put to the test, that we may hear what he will say.

At Mokhachane, people do not resort to the witch, neither at Moshesh's, nor at Letsie's, nor Pushuli's, Mogale, Ramanella, Molapo, Mashupa, or Mopeli. But in the smaller towns, people go to the witch constantly, making of this custom a sort of *game-trap* (profitable trade); let that trap ensnare them, and no one will have pity on them.

However the people must be told of it first, that they may know of it beforehand; they have heard of Mpatsi, how he has lately killed Ramothibela. * No one is to suppose, that though a rare thing sentence of death is not passed among us, when a man kills another (and who knows but Mpatsi was insane)!! Now *when any one is killed in a case of witchcraft, the murderer will be most severely judged, and sentenced to death.*

This word is for public information, and will stand as law, and is assented to by Letsie, by all my brothers, and by all men in the tribe, who spit on the lie of witchcraft, and cover its face with the spittle.

I am, ⋊ MOSHESH,
Chief of the Basutos.

Thaba Bosigo, 27th August, 1855.

Who, after this, can deny that civilization is progressing in Africa? It is little more than two centuries ago that Moshesh's humane and wise resolve to "spit on the lie of witchcraft" would have been denounced by English kings and judges, and priests, as impious folly.

LA GITANA; OR, THE SPY.†

CHAPTER I.

"Unas acais callardias
"Me han vencido,
"Como aromali no me vencem otras,
"De cayque nacido."—*Zincali Rhymes.*

"A gipsy stripling's sparkling eye
"Has piere'd my bosom's core,
"A feat, no eye beneath the sky
"Could 'ere effect before."

Borrow's Translation.

THAT magnificent chain of mountains which separates France from Spain, and known by the general appellation of the Pyrennees, is intersected nevertheless by certain defiles, less

* N. B.—Ramothibele was killed on the word of the witch, and the murderer Mpatsi was sentenced to death by the chief Letsie.

† This tale formed one of a series which it was the intention of its author to have published a few years ago, under the title of "Tales of a Campaigner." Two of the series, namely, "Moonlight; or, the Siege," and "Maricita; or, the Guide," appeared in *The Cape Literary Magazine*, edited by the late J. L. Fitzpatrick, Esq.

formidable in ascent, which admit of their being surmounted at these accessible points, and traversed by men and mules. One—distinguished as the Pass of Roncesvalles, and famous in the minstrel lore of the middle ages—has been chiefly celebrated by Ariosto, Boiardo, and Pulci, in the pages of Italian song. The feats of Roland the Brave, as the renowned leader of Charlemagne's army, and his death in this very defile, form the most interesting episode in that great epic poem, the Orlando Furioso.

This hero of chivalry, so celebrated in immortal song, was here slain, according to its record, in covering the retreat of that mighty emperor's host; and it would seem a coincidence worthy of notice in history's annals, that the name of Roncesvalles should have resounded again through the world after the lapse of eleven centuries, as the spot where British valor obtained victory and triumph over the legions of a Gallic ruler, as formidable in war and mighty in dominion as the renowned conqueror, Charlemagne himself.

The summer of the year 1813 was destined to be the bright period for the latter event. One of Napoleon's most talented leaders, Marshal Soult, had been sent to endeavor to retrieve the disastrous results of Vittoria, by commencing towards the end of July a series of masterly movements, intended for the relief of Pamplona, when only one half of the British force occupied the two principal passes of Maya and Roncesvalles, the mountain roads through which converged on that fortress, whilst Wellington himself, anxious to gain possession of St. Sebastian, which he was closely besieging, had posted the remaining part of his army to carry on and cover these operations.

Such was the position of affairs, when a body of British troops, after a fatiguing and hot day's march, succeeded in reaching a more elevated part of this mountain range, near the village of Roncesvalles; and glad indeed was each tired soldier, when the spot for bivouac was announced,—so weary, as not to remark, save with a very few exceptions, on the sublimity of the scenery around.

The imposing majesty of the mountain pinnacles, some snow-capped and rose-hued with the beams of the setting sun,—others deeply purpled in their rocky grandeur, like giants of the earth, towering in stern defiance,—steep slopes and sunken dells, clothed with the brown tints of the near autumn, or the dark foliage of the ever-greens;—such was the wild and wonderful scene which struck some few contemplative minds with profound sensations at the awe-stirring magnificence and beauty of the prospect.

One small detached party of these troops (advanced as an in-line piequet) had selected the ruins of a building for their night's post, which had some appearance of a decayed monastery, where one apartment alone, supposed to have been the refectory, retained any portion of a roof, in the centre of which some smoking embers were found, which were soon turned into a blazing fire by the help of decayed boughs collected in the surrounding bush, and before which two officers stretched themselves, to enjoy the only likely comfort —some repose, after having partaken of a scanty meal.

Before so doing, however, an hour's conversation was spent in speculating on the intended movements of the French commander-in-chief, who, it was reported, had concentrated nearly the whole of his force to turn the right of the British position, of which Roncesvalles was the extreme flank. This was succeeded by the happy effects of slumber, which had stolen over both, but which they were not permitted to enjoy for more than half an hour, when the servant of Seymour Waltham came in, as if about to announce a night attack of the enemy, exclaiming suddenly, in his broad Milesian dialect—"Plaze your honors, sure enough here's two quare looking famales, who diverged from behind the bit of a bush where I was about making your honor's mule fast. The divil—but the ould-un had nigh scare-crowing me, like some wild bansheé; the young-un, bedad, sames to have more flesh and blood in her."

Such was Pat Timmins' exordium in announcing the two strange figures who had followed his steps, as he aroused the two young men from their sleep, and whose odd appearance it is necessary minutely to describe.

The foremost was a tall, gaunt-looking person, whose sex it would have been difficult at first to identify, but for what her lower garments denoted. Her garb consisted of a *zamarra*, or loose jacket of sheep skin, below which, a drapery like a petticoat hung down, whose color had once been red, but now so soiled or worn, as to retain little of its pristine hue. Her features were very marked, and what in Scotland would have been termed hard-favored, still bearing the remains, however, of looks which in early youth may have been termed handsome. Her complexion was of an olive-brown, around which her raven-black hair depended in scattered locks; whilst on her head was placed a soldier's tattered chaco, which gave the whole figure so much of a masculine character, that even the lower habiliments scarcely designated her as belonging to womankind. The eye (for she appeared to have lost the sight of one) had a peculiarity in its lustrous,

staring expression, emitting rays like phosphoric light, whilst between her thick lips a set of dazzling white teeth displayed a strong contrast to the dusky hue of her skin.

The being by her side was of a different and far more feminine appearance. Her stature was not above that of a young girl just entering her teens, although her diminutive figure, distinctly seen, from her having doffed her *zamarra*, which she held in her hand, displayed the perfect symmetry of the small but beautifully rounded form and limbs of youthful womanhood. Had fancy, in short, endeavored to picture some lovely sprite, or nymph of the mountains, it could not have conjured up a more interesting impersonation. The delicately-shaped oval face, to whose sun-burnt cheek a crimson glow, like that of the ripened peach, gave beauty; the gipsy-sparkling hazel eye, bright, yet full of feeling; dark tresses falling around her shoulders, loosely confined by a kerchief of varied colors, which, tied over her head, left its lappets partly to screen the neck beneath; the costume, consisting of a black cloth boddice tightly laced, so as to show the perfect bust and slender waist, with the light blue *saya* below, not sufficiently long to hide the well-turned ankle and tiny foot, completed the attractive figure of the younger female.

"Holloa," exclaimed Conyers, the first to spring up and approach the strangers. "What the deuce have we here,—women, by Jove. Ha,—*ablar Castillano?* or, *parlez vous Français?*" taking a full stare at the damsel, who, as he advanced near her, seemed startled at his manner, and retired a step behind her companion.

"What neither, by your silence? Then Basques, I suppose, which gibberish I don't understand, although I think those pretty eyes of yours (again staring in the girl's face) can speak a language of their own. Come, Waltham, if they are Basques, you must be the interpreter. Ask what brought them here in these fighting times,—but mind, I say,—first come, first served; I must have the first kiss."

"Peace, Conyers, with that rattling tongue of yours," was Waltham's answer, who, now rising, addressed the elder female, inquiring as to the circumstances of their presence there.

The information given was, that they belonged to a party of Gitanas, who resided in the neighborhood, at Val Carlos, and having been unexpectedly surprised in their mountain home, whilst the males of their party were absent (not supposing that their wild glens would so suddenly become the scene of strife and bloodshed), had fled and secreted

themselves amongst the rocks for two days, until an opportunity offered of placing themselves under the protection of *La Ingleses*.

This explanation appeared plausible enough, as it was well known that several settlements of the gipsy tribe, who carried on the traffic of *contrabandistas*, occupied some of the Pyrennean valleys. There was an air of determination also about the speaker, which proved she was accustomed to be associated with deeds where danger was to be encountered, and would have felt a confidence in her own defensive spirit and resources anywhere. After replying to these few questions, she stepped forward, without being asked, saying,—"You seem to have a good fire; the night-air is chilly:" then squatting herself down by the side of it, commenced warming her hands, telling the damsel, whom she called *La Nenita*, to do the same.

"Not cooler than herself, by Jove," said Conyers. "The old one knows how to make herself at home, at all events. I say, Waltham, we must draw them out a little more. Do you attack the *madrè* whilst I make play here; though deuce take me if the one does not look more like a man in disguise."

Now Seymour Waltham was one of those more amiable persons, possessed of very refined feelings; kind and compassionate almost to a fault, his heart was balanced nevertheless by the highest principles of probity and honor. His comrade, Charles Conyers, was of a different school altogether. There was a recklessness in all he did. Thoughtless by nature, the same rough, wild deportment showed itself towards others; so that, whilst his only sentiment on the present occasion for noticing the females arose from sudden excitement at the looks of the younger,—not very consonant with any moral intention,—as sudden an interest, but proceeding from far different feelings, filled Waltham's mind towards the same object, who seemed to possess any demeanor but that natural boldness which sanctions the advances of the libertine,—or that coarseness of appearance which marked the air of her associate.

We can never account for first impressions; but so it was with Waltham.

On finishing her narration, the elder gipsy, as stated, had seated herself, with her companion, by the fire, when Conyers, seating himself close by the girl's side, endeavored to ingratiate himself, by taking hold of her hand, which she had as repeatedly and modestly withdrawn. The circumstance drew forth one or two stern glances from the woman, who

had evidently observed it, but said nothing—when Conyers, as a retort for being repulsed, on finding they could speak Spanish, said—"Come; this *Nenita*, as you call her, she is your daughter, or nieee I suppose, for you seem to look so deueedly sharp after her."

"Neither,—and wherefore should it eoneern you to know, sir?—We eame here for safety, not for search," was the quiek reply.

It was elear that the gipsy had taken some dislike to Conyers' manner, who, not diseoneerted, however, in the least, went on in his rattling way.—"Oh, a stolen ehild then, I presume. You gipsies are famous for appropriating to yourselves the property of others,—is it not so?" and he gave an ironieal laugh.

"I will answer this gentleman's questions, but none of yours," was the response, in a surly tone, as she turned her look towards Waltham.

The damsel saw that her eompanion was getting irritated, and putting her finger to her lip, whispered, "*Paticuza madrè Chaleca*;" but the other, evidently vexed, said aloud, "Patienee, ehild?—Does the eagle allow the fox to carry off its brood? I always speak as I find. The signor has no reason to take us for worse than we are."

"Holloa!—a high-born *donna*, I deelare, with a page no doubt in disguise, and in search of adventure,"—exelaimed the young man, in Spanish, giving another loud laugh.

"Yes, and armed too," added the gipsy, partially opening her *zamarra*, beneath whieh she exposed the hilt of a Manehigan knife—a weapon usually earried by the tribe.

Waltham saw that the woman was of a hasty temper, and thought it better to eheck any further retort, for although their appearance was in some measure suspieious, eonsidering the time and plaee, yet as his questions had been answered without evasion of any sort, he felt inelined to believe in their veraeity, and therefore said to his eomrade,—"Come, Conyers, we are both in need of rest, for we know not the minute when we may be called upon for fresh exertions; besides, it is hardly fair to quarrel with the women, so let us assign them one eorner for repose, and betake ourselves to obtain the same, for I eonfess I am deuced sleepy." Now Waltham, indepeudent of his naturally good disposition, was the senior offieer, and thought it right to interfere, and addressing the strangers, said,—"You are welcome to take shelter here, for the night; the only thing I ean promise, if you remain, is proteetion."

The stern look of the woman relaxed on being thus kindly spoken to by Waltham. She thanked him, as the girl did also, in a sweet tone of voice, when they retired to the far end of the apartment (if the walled-in space could be so called), and laid down side by side to rest.

The other individuals now betook themselves to repose also —the fire which had hitherto thrown a bright light around was now left to die away, so that in an hour subsequently all was darkness, whilst the only sounds which broke the stillness of night was the tread of the near sentinel, or the occasional howl of some distant wolf.

But was the same spirit of silence and slumber destined to remain undisturbed until break of day? and if not, was the interruption to repose to be caused by friend or foe?

The two strangers, as just described, had retired to one corner of the building, gathering themselves up in their *zamarras* close to each other, with a blanket which Waltham had supplied, thrown over them,—when about midnight, a sudden shrill shriek echoed through the apartment, followed immediately by excited and angry expressions from the elder gipsy, swearing she would bury her knife in the intruder's body, whoever he might be.

Waltham had been startled as suddenly by the woman's loud threats, and throwing off his blanket, rushed to the spot, accidentally kicking up some embers of the fire as he hurried across, which, on being stirred, burst out into a slight blaze, sufficient to cause all parties to be distinguished; whilst following instantaneously on the glimmer of light, the elder female exclaimed, in the same irritated tone,—"Yes, I knew him to be *uno desacato* by his look. Did he take the girl *por una ramèra,—una lumiaca?*"*

As she uttered this, her fierce glance was turned towards Waltham, whilst her right arm was raised, the hand clenching a knife, in the attitude of threatening to stab the individual near her, who proved to be Conyers, and who was now seen standing with a look of sullen vexation in his countenance at the situation in which he was found.

"Conyers," said Waltham sternly, "this is very annoying. I promised the women protection, and you have compromised my word."

"Tush, Waltham, I only did it in jest," was the reply. "What harm does the one-eyed witch suppose I meant by it?"

"Come, Conyers, your excuse is disingenuous. I really grieve you should have been so inconsiderate, for the young

* Signifying a harlot, in gipsy language.

gipsy has showed no signs of being what you have conjectured. The best course, now, is to appease the woman's anger." In saying this, he endeavored to explain the circumstance as trivial, and devoid of any bad intent.

"I thought Los Ingleses never broke faith with any one?" the gipsy replied in a more subdued tone; and adding,—"I am satisfied, signor, with your words and promise; but pray tell your friend that La Tuerta (as I am called) never before allowed an insult to pass unavenged. Had I done so, I should not have sustained this loss (pointing to her closed eye), nor obtained that appellation."

There are, unfortunately, amongst mankind some dogged dispositions, not easily tranquilized when once ruffled. Conyers was one of this cast. He treated Waltham's kind appeal with indifference, and jeered at the woman's threatening words,—whilst she, possessing a natural strong sagacity, and observing Waltham's real regret contrasted with the other's contemptuous manner, concluded her remarks by saying,—"Thanks, noble sir, for your consideration towards us; opportunities seldom fail to return good acts, or avenge evil ones. As to your companion, let me tell him that I am a gipsy,—and therefore a fortune-teller. *Does he know where he will be at this time, after to-morrow?* He takes us for dogs, but dogs have been known to scare the wolf from its prey. Come, Nenita, let us finish our rest, we will not be molested again,"—and taking the girl by the hand, they both quietly laid themselves down to seek further repose, whilst Conyers, with a mutter to himself of ill-temper, returned to his blanket to do the same. Think ye, he heeded the gipsy's prophetic warning?

During the latter part of this unpleasant affair, Pat Timmins, who had been roused as well as his master, had employed himself in replenishing the fire, but not daring to interfere in the matter, was satisfying his inclination so to do, by talking to himself in this strain,—"Bad luck to it, but by the blissed St. Pathriek, it's ever the ease when thim 'ere desaving famales come and t'rust thimselves in a man's concarns. Sure didn't I diskiver this nice little bit of a snuggery for his honor's and Mister Conyers' night's lodging, and the divil must needs send thim two pettieoat varmints to kick up this shindy, bedad. Be my soul, but it makes me remimber the fair of Ballina-swilly, when that sauey Biddy O'Flinn, with her rognish leer, had nigh causing Rory O'Teague to make a big hole in Pat Ougan's pate. I fegs it's always——."

How much longer the Hibernian's soliloquy would have

lasted, it is difficult to say, had it not been for his master's interruption to it; but Waltham, on perceiving that his comrade, Conyers, had thought fit to sulk, was equally silent. Telling his servant therefore that the fire was sufficiently rekindled, he stretched himself out in his boat-cloak before it, and commenced meditating on the occurrences which had just taken place.

That the strangers were Gitanas, their appearance fully testified, although a degree of mysteriousness attached itself to the circumstance of their intrusion, and which he now commenced to ponder on more deliberately, knowing that the tribe are too wary in general to be entrapped. The elder female had evidently been accustomed to exposures, to strife and danger, of which not only her cool daring, but her own confession, and the loss of an eye, gave ample proofs. Could she have come as a double spy; and yet what could be the object in exposing her youthful companion to the chances of personal molestation and hardships, perhaps of violence, to which the girl's good looks more especially subjected her, amidst that mass of lawless soldiery? But again, on the other hand, this might be the very decoy to ward off suspicion. To have come alone, if her designs were treacherous, would have thrown greater doubt over the woman's actions, whilst as regarded the damsel herself, and that modest air of simplicity, might it not be a mask easily assumed, from the familiarity of encountering scenes of duplicity and danger, to which a certain power of control the elder gipsy appeared to hold over her may have accustomed the girl,—making compliance palatable, or enforcing submission?

Such a train of doubts and conceptions bewildered Waltham's mind greatly, and kept him awake for a considerable time ruminating on the circumstances. He pondered much, too, on his collision with Conyers, for although their opposite sentiments checked his esteem for his comrade, there is nevertheless a brotherly tie amongst soldiers, experienced by leading the same life, sharing the same hardships, and facing the same dangers, which blend their destinies so much together, as to cause any difference to be distressing. These feelings now weighed unpleasantly on his mind, until kind nature's friend and sweet restorer came soothingly to his aid, and he fell asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWELLENDAM AND GRAAFF-REINET IN 1795.

PART I.

A late issue of this Magazine contained a translation of Mr. van Ryneveld's letter to Sir John Truter, detailing the events which succeeded the arrival of Admiral Keith Elphinstone in Simon's Bay, on the 10th June, 1795. Shortly after the date of this letter, Sir John Truter, and the other members of the Graaff-Reinet commission, arrived in Cape Town, having been able to accomplish nothing with the refractory burghers of that patriotic district, or rather colony, for so it was then called. In Sluysken's journal of the occurrences of his defence of the colony, during this critical period, the following detail of the difficulties in which he was involved with the burgher population appears, under date about July 16:—

Since the beginning of this year the inhabitants of Graaff-Reinet had manifested a turbulent disposition, which had increased to a formal revolt, of such a character, that the Landdrost Maynier had been compelled to depart, and that attempts had been made to expel some of the Heemraden and the military officers, and they had been driven from the council meeting, for which reasons the undersigned (Sluysken) had despatched the upper-merchant Olof Godlieb de Wet, accompanied by Captain von Hugel and Secretary Truter, to quiet these disturbances. But these people, while the said deputies were flattering themselves that they would restore tranquillity, again seduced to discontent by some unruly spirits who hankered after change, thought fit on 14th June to compel the deputation by force to depart from thence, so that on the 5th July they returned hither, not having been able to accomplish anything. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of Swellendam, encouraged by the proceedings of those of Graaff-Reinet, also went to the extreme of removing from their offices, the landdrost Faure, although they gave him a declaration that they had no charge against him, together with the secretary, the captain of cavalry De Jager, and the messenger of justice, and to place in the office of landdrost a certain Hermanus Steyn, being a burgher of Swellendam, and not in the service of the company; while one Peter Delport, a burgher, who assumed the title of National Commandant, with another burgher, named Louis A. Pisanie, seemed to possess the chief direction of everything.

The news of all this just having arrived when the English fleet came here, it was not possible for the undersigned to tranquillize these disturbances, nor yet to oppose them by force, nor yet could he accede to the claims of these people, who desired to destroy all order and bring to nothing the authority, not alone of this Government, but of the mother country, without rendering himself in the highest degree culpable: he therefore, in that state of things, saw no other course open than to leave these people of Graaff-Reinet and Swellendam to themselves, and to content himself, by means of gentle remonstrances and letters, to keep them in as much peace as was possible; so that he so far succeeded, by these means, and by appearing to be ignorant of the extreme irregularities which had occurred, that from among the Swellendam burghers, who had been called up by the alarm guns to the

defence of the colony, as many as 70 individuals came up, who—all their officers, excepting the lieutenants Storm and Celderblad, having remained behind—placed themselves under the command of Captain Dirk van Rheenen, and did service, and behaved themselves as brave and quiet burghers. But far the largest number of the Swellendam burgher force having yet remained behind, in spite of the remonstrances of the undersigned, and of his having sent the burgher officers Morkel and Holthauser to bring them to their duty, the burgher senate of Cape Town addressed him (the undersigned) on the 7th July, requesting that an act of assurance might be sent to Swellendam, to the effect that the burghers would be received here with all affection and friendliness, and be provided for as other burghers;* that neither to them nor any other person would anything ever be done regarding what had occurred at Swellendam; but that perfect silence would be maintained on the subject, on condition that matters at Swellendam should be restored to their former footing, they retaining the right, if they had any complaints, to represent the same as honorable burghers should, when all possible attention would be paid to them. This request was granted by the undersigned, as the best means of keeping everything in peace; and the required assurance was in consequence sent off. But it had not the expected result: the undersigned having received, on the 19th July, a letter of the 17th previously, with two annexures, as follows—

"Honorable sir,—On this day (Thursday, 16th July), there arrived here, in the colony of Swellendam, the worthy Mr. Petrus Jacobus Delport, Commandant of the Nationals, with a considerable body of burghers, at whose request a national assembly was held."

Thursday, 16th July, 1795:—National assembly, held in the forenoon: present—Mr. President Hermanus Steyn, Harmen's son, and the old Heemraad, H. Anthony van Vollenhoven, the old Heemraad, Ernst du Toit, the Commandant, Petrus Jacobus Delport, and Louis Almoro Pisanie.

There was laid on the table by the national burghers, a letter addressed to the national committee, as also a paper containing ten articles, to be as speedily as possible placed in the hands of your honor.

We therefore take the freedom to forward the enclosed papers to your honor by two expresses. Your honor will see from them the wish of these national burghers, who are all ready to come to the Cape if they receive a letter in your own hand, of a favorable tenor, when they will come and sacrifice the last drop of their blood for their country and liberty.

We, the undersigned nationals, hope thus to have fulfilled the wish of the national burghers, and commend the valued person of your honor to the care of the Almighty; awaiting a favorable reply, and having the honor to call ourselves,

Your honor's faithful Nationals,

Hermanus Steyn.
A. J. van Vollenhoven.
Ernst du Toit.
P. J. Delport.
L. A. Pisanie.

Swellendam, 17th July, 1795.

* In a note it is explained that every burgher horseman received a ducatoon, afterwards increased to two rixdollars per diem, for the keep of himself and his horse. Arrangements for the payment of which were made by the two commissioners, who are mentioned also in Mr. van Rynevelt's letter.

To the National Landdrost and Heemraden of Swellendam.

Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned, National Burghers, have the honor to send you a letter, from which you will see what our wishes are, with the request that your respected Committee will forward the same to the Honorable Commissioner :—

1st. We are much surprised that the Hon. Commissioner does not respect the resolution of the National Convention, as the Hon. Commissioner must be well aware who it is that acts here as Landdrost of the Colony of Swellendam, while his letters are still addressed to the titular merchant, Anthony Alexander Faure.

2nd. We are also resolved never to allow that Monsieur Anthony Alexander Faure, or the mischief-working Willem Ludolff van Hardenberg, and Monsieur de Jager, jun., and Monsieur Hendrik van As, the elder, former messenger, who have been dismissed by us, ever shall hold any office in this land, as we have proved the wrongs they have committed, article by article, in the presence of all the officers and a considerable body of burghers.

3rd. We desire that the letters to the committee at Swellendam be addressed to the National Landdrost Hermanus Steyn, Harmen's son, in testimony that our choice has been approved.

4th. We have received the letter of the respectable Burgher Councillors (of Cape Town), and seen from it that there must be some misunderstanding regarding our burghers of Swellendam, as if matters could remain here at Swellendam, after the war, on their old footing, which is not at all according to our constitution; for if they remained on their old footing, then we might be considered as disturbers.

5th. We request that those whom we have appointed should remain in their offices, or if they are not fit for the same, that we should appoint others in their places; for we have been long enough in the yoke of slavery, and have now resolved to risk our best blood for our dear country and for freedom, and unite ourselves under a free republic.

6th. We are not unwilling, but on the contrary, ready to come up to the Cape, and to shed the last drop of blood there, just as we are here assembled at Swellendam; if we receive a letter in His Honor the Commissioner's own handwriting, regarding his Honor's view of the contents hereof; and we ask to be furnished with a standard, on which are the words, *Vivat de vryheid*, and that he will answer the accompanying articles.

7th. If we receive no favorable resolution, we shall be obliged to adopt another course, which will be by no means agreeable; but yet we hope God may grant that we get a favorable answer, to the advantage of the National Convention, and of all our posterity.

While we thus await a favorable answer without delay,

We are, Gentlemen,

Your faithful Burghers until death,

Signed by order of all the National Burghers,

P. J. Delport.
L. A. Pisanie.

Swellendam, 16th June (July?), 1795.

THE REQUEST OF THE GENERAL BODY OF BURGHERS.

Art. 1. It is our wish to be free from all dues and imposts (*tollen en accysen*), and that we may be free to deliver our produce to whom we will.

Art. II. In five and twenty years the land has been kept at our own cost. We therefore are not only unwilliug to pay the arrear quitrents, but refuse to pay quitrent *(recognitie)* in future for lands for the protection of which we ourselves must fight *(het land, dat wy vry vegten moeten.)*

Art. III. That respecting the declaration of the amount of produce *(the opgaaf)* no further disputes be made, but that the quantity declared shall be accepted as correct, without the landdrost's being allowed to add more.

Art. IV. That a single person, living with another, shall not be required to declare the numher of his cattle (for taxation), but shall only pay the head tax.

Art. V. That every Bushman, or male or female Hottentot, whether captured in commaudo or taken by any individual, whether iu time past or in future, shall remain in lawful property for his whole life with the burgher with whom he lives; and serve him from generation to generation. If such male or female Hottentot escape, it shall be lawful for the owner to recapture them, and to chastise them according to their desert.

Art. VI. That as regards the ordinary Hottentots already in service, and brought up by the Christians, they shall be obliged to serve until their twenty-fifth year, aud go to serve no one else capriciously, but by the consent of his master: that no Hottentot in future, escaping from his master, shall be allowed to betake himself to any other colony; but being examined by the officers in authority, shall, after notificatiou has been taken 'of his complaints, be directly seut back to his master; or that the latter shall be written to by the messenger. (?)

Art. VII. That no landdrost or secretary, or minor officer shall be allowed to keep cattle for breeding purposes, but only for necessary supplies: or may carry on any mercantile business of whatever kind.

Art. VIII. That people who are impoverished shall not be pursued by judicial proceedings, but that cousideration be afforded them, until they are in a better position. We will also that the ancient custom be renewed, that an heir buying at an auction be not required to bring up the money, but that the amount be deducted from his portion, as we have known many inhabitants compelled to deprive themselves of property to pay the said vendue moneys.

Art. IX. We want the paper money to be abolished; for many people who cannot read nor write do not know how to use it properly, which is a cause of much injury to them: a matter in which, indeed, we may well look suspiciously ou our masters by whom no schoolmasters are provided for us, for (?) we ought not to go beyond the law of the Lord: how will the Lord be with us, if we be against him, according to 1st Kings, chap. 12, and Psalms 58 and 82, and Jonah, chap. 4?*

Art. X. That commerce be free, as in earlier times: all that commerce can bring for the good of the land, and all that the land can offer for the maintenance of commerce, shall be freely landed or shipped.

As many of these claims were improper, and others could not possibly be granted by the authority of the undersigned, but depended

* We give this article in the original, in the hope that some better Dutch scholar may favor us with a more correct view of the intention of the writers. The double copying of the MSS. and the reprinting of the words in Holland may have caused mistakes. As they stand above, there is no apparent appositeness in the Scripture allusions. "Art. 9. Wij begeeren ook dat het papieren geld zal afgeschaft worden, want veele menschen die niet leezen nog schryven kunnen, weeten hetzelve niet betamelyk te gebruiken, hetwelk hun, tot groot nadeel verstrekt, waarin wy vryelyk onze heeren en meesters kunnen verdagt houden, door dien ons geene schoolmeesters verstrekt worden, want men buiten de wet des Heeren niet zal gaan, hoe zoude de Heere met ons zyn, als wy tegen hem zyn, blyken* eerste *Regum of te Koningen*, c. 12, en Psalm 58 en 82. en Jonas, c. 4."

upon that of his superiors at home; and others again were as yet too dangerous, on account of the slaves, it was deemed best, for the sake of preserving peace, to send the burgher counsellor Meyer and the burgher captains Meyburg and Horak to them, to persuade them to leave these claims in abeyance for the present, and to leave matters in their former condition until the departure of the English; and in the meantime to come and help their country against these. This was done in the hope of finding opportunity personally to bring these burghers to reason if they came to the Cape; while acting in a contrary way and keeping these burghers away from the Cape, for fear of their being unruly, might bring the evil of their putting the whole interior country into a state of disturbance, and especially the neighboring colony of Stellenbosch; which if it had been done, would have led to the inhabitants of that district going home for the care of their wives and families, leaving Cape Town without any protection, and a prey to the foreign enemy who threatened it.

Thus far Sluysken's journal up to 19th July. On the 26th we have another entry, showing his helplessness, and the influence of the "nationals," even with the people near Cape Town.

On July 26, there came at last another party of the Swellendam burghers, of the companies of Captains Mulder and Botha, having with them the burgher Petrus Delport, calling himself national commandant, of whom mention has been before made, and commanded by the said Capt. Mulder, and everything seemed now to betoken a predetermined revolution and overthrow of the government. Several writings, the contents of which were withheld from the undersigned, began to be handed about here and there for signature, and many of the principal officers and public servants began to fear that their dismissal was sought; and that indeed a worse fate was intended for them. Hence the undersigned, presuming that from such divisions not only were other fearful results to be anticipated, but that it was also possible that the enemy would, under favor of them, make himself master of the colony, felt himself obliged to do all that would tend to the prevention of such alarming conduct, and to settle the minds of the discontented by the mildest measures, as he also, after some days succeeded in doing for a time—although the distrust, once originated, could not be very readily removed.

No further communication appears from the Nationals to the unfortunate Commissioners, until 11th August. On the morning of this day it seems that he had to appease the clamor of some hundreds of the citizens of Cape Town, who had assembled before the Town House (Burgherwagt), and commissioned the captains Gous and Horak to bring him a written charge of cowardice, or something worse, against Lt.-Col. De Lille, the second military officer in rank to Gordon. This officer had been in charge of the encampment at Muizenburg on the 8th August, when it was attacked by the fire of three line-of-battle ships, and two frigates, which first silenced the two 8-pounders at Kalk Bay, and then, favored by the fine weather and smooth water, in less than an hour dismounted the two 24-pounders he had at the outer post. The

infantry and cavalry under De Lille, retired from this fire in a very short time, leaving behind them two howitzers and the two 24-pounders, with their tents, provisions, and a part of the ammunition. Meantime the English landed a considerable body of men at Kalk Bay, who were joined by bodies previously landed, and in possession of Simon's Town,—the whole numbering about 2000 men. They advanced immediately, attacked De Lille in a new position he had taken up, threw the whole body into confusion, and remained masters of the pass of Muizenberg. Wynberg had been then selected as one of the chief remaining points of defence; although some outposts between it and Muizenberg were still retained. But such had been the outcry against De Lille, that when the Commissioner visited the Wynberg camp, on August 9, he found it in such disorder, confusion, and even mutiny, and that it was so impossible for De Lille to restore quiet, that he was compelled on that evening to relieve De Lille from the command, and substitute Major Buissinne. Seven of the burgher captains, Botha, Laubscher, De Waal, Van der Byl, Gous, Hoffman, and Mulder, had already, in the morning of the 9th, on the field, written a charge in pencil against De Lille, of having traitorously abandoned Muizenberg; and had demanded that he should be placed under arrest. This was the demand now repeated by the Cape Town citizens, and Sluysken whose unwillingness to use harsh measures against De Lille has been since construed into connivance at his supposed treachery, now yielded, and placed the lieutenant-colonel in confinement. He says himself that he could not refuse, without causing a tumult. But his vexations of that day were not confined to the citizens of Cape Town. He had, two days before, after visiting the posts, found himself welcomed in Cape Town, not alone by the evident disgust which the capture of Muizenberg had occasioned, but also by rumors which had arrived from the country of two expected additions to his misery;—an apprehended rise of the country Hottentots, which began to be much dreaded in some parts; and the near approach of Pisanie with the clamorous Nationals of Swellendam, who were known to be in considerable numbers, and in an undisguised state of discontent. It was on the same 11th August, on which he had given up his protection of De Lille in favor of the demands of the Cape Town mob, that he received the following letter from Pisanie, who was now with the unmanageable lieges, encamped near Tulbagh:—

Honorable Sir,—On this 8th August our express trumpetters arrived here, whom we sent to your Honor with two letters, to have your resolve upon our wishes without delay, but to this day we have

received none. So for the last time we are moved, in the name of the voice of the Nationals, to ask your Honor to answer the two expresses sent to you, within the space of 24 hours, or to declare your intention. We promise your Honor, as unanimous National Burghers, to stand for the right, and to give our last drop of blood in our veins for it, and to adopt other measures which will not be agreeable to your Honor.

Last resolution of the popular voice of the Nationals.

Roodesand, done this 10th Augt., 1795.

P.S.—Please to give your resolution to the Brother J. H. Crous, who is qualified by us thereto.

By order of the Nationals and their Commandant,

Louis A. Pisanie.

A letter of such contents, added to the former, says Sluysken, in this part of his journal,—the turbulent conduct of this man, an Italian by birth, who, having arrived here some years ago, in service as a soldier, having afterwards deserted and having been banished by sentence of the Court of Justice, and who after having wandered about the country for a time, had been rehabilitated by the Court of Policy, and after that most improperly made a burgher about three years ago; his throwing the whole country into disturbance,—the fearful intentions which were commonly laid to his charge,—and now, finally, the crime he had committed of public rebellion against the lawful authority of the country, compelled the undersigned to offer a reward of 1000 Rixdollars to any one who should deliver this man up to justice.

Sluysken proceeds, while drawing a lamentable picture of the discontents in Cape Town and the camp, to indicate a somewhat strong opinion that the burghers who joined in the outcry were throwing all the blame on De Lille and the military, when more was due to their own cowardice or insubordination than they were inclined to admit. An address, delivered to the council of war on the 11th August, was spoken with much feeling, praying them to show more unity, assuring them that when time, "the discoverer of all things," shall have enabled them to learn the contents of his communications with the Dutch authorities, during the five years which he had before hoped to spend in retirement in his native country, but which he had felt bound to sacrifice to the "attempt to secure for them as much happiness as his weak efforts and limited powers could achieve,"—they would obtain for his memory the respect of all the citizens of the Cape. It is almost evident, from this sort of language, that the surrender of his Government to the invaders was in his mind. Whether the necessity of the case agreed with his own will, as his enemies afterwards so loudly alleged, it may be difficult to judge. From all we have seen, although he was an Orangist, we think the contrary. But with the English encamped at Muizenberg, and in possession of False Bay and Simon's Town, to say nothing of a scarcely subordinate

soldiery, discontented citizens, not merely divided into two parties of Orangists and Republicans,—or into the parties sympathising respectively with the Government or the East India Company and the turbulent country burghers, but now paying war taxes for defenders, of the value of whose services they began to feel much doubt;—or of Hottentots about to rise on the country farms; or these country farmers themselves, under an Italian adventurer,—De Mist himself, who uses no courteous language regarding the surrender of 1795, in his opening proclamation of 1803, would have found it hard to remain steadfast. De Mist's friend Janssens seems to us to have, after all, rendered Baird's task less difficult than Sluysken did Elphinstone's; although, for that matter, Baird and his troops knew the nakedness of the land, which Elphinstone and Craig did not; and the latter were besides under orders to delay using force as long as they could possibly avoid it.

We have seen that the English troops holding Muizenberg were about 2,000 men, A further force of 3,000 men was expected, as the admiral wrote to Sluysken on the 12th August. This was the body which subsequently arrived with General Alured Clarke. The commissioner, in exhibiting his ways and means of further defence to his council, on the 12th August, still urged their duty not to surrender except to force. He, however, proposed to submit a new demand for surrender, which he had just received from the English officers, to the burgherraden and others. The rest of the council agreed with his sentiments, that they should only yield to force; Le Sueur adding, however, that he could not omit to notice that they had been disappointed as to the courage of those from whom the colony had a right to expect a steadfast resistance. In his own journal, Sluysken says, that if he had at this time 1,200 additional military, infantry and cavalry, in the place of his 1,200 burgher cavalry, he would not have allowed this last communication for the English to be even delivered to him; but he describes his burgher force as not much to be depended on. His actual force appears to have been 430 artillery, 570 infantry, about 1,200 burgher cavalry, 350 burgher infantry, 210 Hottentots, 57 of the depôts of Meuron and Wurtemberg, the "Pennisten Corps," of about 100, a small company of Malays,—altogether about 3,000 men, a good force in union and under subordination, but in the present case, divided and discontented, necessarily much scattered on various outposts, and, as it proved, unfit to resist a landing covered by the well-directed fire of a few powerful ships.

On the 13th August, Pisanie was taken prisoner with two companions,—Hasselman and Bigler,—by the burgher captains Bresler, J. H. Crous, and F. J. Botha, at the place of Marthinus Roux, Tygerberg; a proceeding at which Sluysken and they seemed equally relieved. Pisanie probably was too restless for even Delport. An allusion of Sluysken's to the fears entertained for the safety of their wives and children, by the citizens of the town and the burghers of the vicinity, if Pisanie was suffered to carry his measures too far, would seem to identify his character, in their eyes, with that of the worthies of the great "Reign of Terror," then an event of but recent date. He was brought in among others by one J. H. Crous, probably the very person through whom he expected an answer to his insolent letter to the commissioner. In how far the thousand rixdollars may have operated towards his capture, we know not; but probably the manifest alarm of their Cape Town friends, at the horrible result of the proceedings of this foreigner, created some change in the feelings of such men as his captors.

For some days after, things went on more pleasantly. A proposal was even made by some of the burgher officers to redeem the unfortunate loss of the 8th August, by an attack on the Muizenberg post, whose strength they had reason to consider to be now reduced to only 600 men. This was proposed to Sluysken, and after a council of war approved. Meantime constant skirmishings were going on, in which the corps of *Pandouren*, or Hottentots, were not unsuccessfully engaged under an officer named Cloete; occasionally capturing some prisoners from English outposts, and killing or wounding others. The contemplated attack was, however, wholly given up, on a report from four officers at the camp at Steenbergen—Messrs. Fischer, Von Hugel, Myburgh, and H. Cloete, jun.,—dated 2nd September, to the effect that the enemy had greatly strengthened his position, and that the attempt would only lead to a considerable destruction of life without any commensurate good. It appeared at the same time that some ships had been anchored off Muizenberg, for the protection of the British camp in case of need.

At the same time, on the evening of the 1st September, these loyal Hottentots appeared at the castle before Sluysken with bitter complaints against the burghers. For these, they said, they could no longer fight. At the very time that they were risking their lives daily for their food and a paltry 2 rds. per month, the burghers were ill-treating their race, their wives and their children, and were avowing the intention, as soon as the war was over, to treat them in the same manner,

if not worse. Sluysken had to appease these poor fellows in the best way he could, knowing that one complaint of theirs, among others, was true—that 200 rds. which had been given by him, as a present, to be divided among them, for their services, had been withheld by certain burgher officers. He induced them to return to their camp on the 2nd September, with a letter to the commandant and officers, remonstrating that this large body of nearly 200 men should have been allowed to leave the camp, and come to Cape Town with loaded guns, to the great consternation of the citizens. The letter further increased their pay by a dollar a month, and insisted on better provision being made for their rations, and that no notice should be taken of the mutinous step they had just adopted.

On the 3rd September, part of an English fleet was seen from Lion's Head, and the next day, General Clarke, with a number of transports, in all 15 ships, anchored in Simon's Bay. This was a death blow to any chances of defence. The country burghers evidently thought so; for on the very day following 70 of them were reported by Captains Meyburg and Cloete as having already gone home to the interior. Another officer (Van Kervel) reported more insubordination, and Sluysken tried in vain to bring matters to a favorable turn by the help of a "Publicatie;" but it was all too late. The burghers deserting faster, Sluysken now sent three men whom he could still trust—Van Reenen, Joubert, and Theunissen, to Stellenbosch and Swellendam in search of Hottentots. On the same day came a letter from General Clarke, again urging a surrender, assuring him that the English force in Simon's Bay was such as to render any attempt at defence nugatory, and that it would be far more agreeable to the feelings of his British Majesty if they would peaceably accept his protection, than draw upon themselves the severities of a state of war. The offer was rejected, and on the 14th the English marched on to Cape Town from Muizenberg, with from 4,000 to 5,000 men, took the encampment at Wynberg, and were already as near Cape Town as Newlands; while another force had been sent round to Camp's Bay, and was about to attempt a landing there. Meantime, the Cape forces had fallen back on "Three Cups," and there the burghers began to disperse, declaring that they would not go within the Cape Town lines, and expose themselves to be shut in by the enemy. Sluysken now asked for a truce of 48 hours, and calling his council together, with the consent of all except Van Oudtshoorn, who seemed bent on leading the "Pennisten Corps" into a fire-eating expedition, pro-

posed articles of capitulation, which were sent to General Craig, at "Rustenburg," by Le Sueur and Van Ryneveld, and with some modifications agreed to.

One condition of this capitulation, the 7th, is worthy of being translated here, as throwing some light on the disputed meaning of the 8th section of the subsequent capitulation of 1806:—

"The colonists shall retain all the privileges they now enjoy, as well as the existing public worship, without alteration." F.

KAFIRS AND KAFIRLAND—A SETTLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHASE AND A RESCUE.

In a previous chapter, I mentioned how, in my solitary wanderings in search of Scarface, I stumbled suddenly and unexpectedly on a herd of elephants.

In the year '46 these giants of the forest were nearly as rare as they are now, when an elephant below the Umzimvubu is a rarity seldom heard of. The race of elephant-hunters had retreated to the mythical regions of the north, and the few lingering stragglers that might still be lurking in the bush of Kafirland were seldom heard of and still less molested. It was, however, believed and, in fact, known that a herd or two were yet wandering free and scatheless in the depths of the K. River bush; and expeditions had at various times been planned, but never carried out, for the ruthless extermination of these,—the last of their race, which would soon cease in British South African dominions to have a local habitation and a name.

My astonishment may thus be accounted for; but the feeling soon changed for one of gratification at having been favored with a view of these fabled monsters. The herd consisted of five females and two males, and they seemed to be busily tearing up some shrubs that grew in the centre of the plateau, to which I had penetrated. The presence of the herd indicated that the point I had reached was in the remotest depths of the forest, and one rarely reached by mortal foot. There is a sensation of awe in feeling that the ground you are standing on may never previously have been trod by

a human creature, and that you have gained a seclusion where man's dominion has perhaps never extended—a region wholly given up to nature and solitude.

I was considering, with a sportsman's impatience, whether it would be foolhardy to attack the herd, and if so, how it could successfully be attempted, when all ruminations of such a nature were at once hushed by the sound, close in my ears, of a tremendous blast of what I could not tell, till turning round my head, I saw, at a distance of twenty yards, a huge bull elephant running full tilt at me, with nose high in the air, and tusks of most unpleasant and formidable length. Involuntarily, I rushed forward a few paces,—a most unfortunate step, for the elephant had, seemingly, been feeding in a recessed corner of the plateau, to the right. Consequently, he was approaching me in a diagonal line, and my rush forward had, therefore, cut off any retreat to the bush. This however, was at the time barely noticed by me. Without premeditation, which indeed was not allowed, I raised the gun and fired; the report was sent back by the adjacent precipice in numberless echoes, and brought the animal to a stand-still for a few seconds,—for a very few though, for he was upon me almost immediately. And truly, he looked like a living leviathan, as with ears flapping, and trunk exalted, he bore down on me like a launching man-of-war. It was one of those moments when you can think of nothing, and the perceptive powers are, as it were, paralysed beneath the shadow of the impending danger. Life or death hung oscillating. To be trampled into nothing by the feet of such a monster, and torn to pieces by his gigantic tusks, was even a worse death than would result from a stray bullet, or assegai stab. The circumstances of the scene also, the total solitude, the absence of any companion to tell the tale, the mystery in which it would be shrouded, gave a peculiar unpleasantness to such a fate. And then came thoughts of a loving wife, and a loved son, and home, and all about to disappear.

As I have said before, by springing towards the middle of the plateau, I had prevented the immediate possibility of a retreat to the bush, without rushing almost between the tusks of the elephant. With a herd of elephants behind, it would be equally foolish to attempt escaping in that direction. Meanwhile, the leviathan had approached within ten yards. Seeing no other course feasible, I raised my gun and fired, hoping, by rushing close past the elephant's hind quarters, to reach the bush while he was yet paralyzed with the surprise that might naturally enough be supposed would result from

the first hearing of so unusual a sound as a gun report. My expectations were not miscalculated, and, almost touching the animal's hind legs, I rushed past him, and proceeded onward with a speed adequate to the imminent nature of the danger. The bush before was two hundred yards off; thirty were passed, and I glanced back. He was still standing quiet; sixty must have been gained; again another look; his nose was in the air, and he was blowing a blast,—a certain prelude to the chase. Half the distance was over, and nervously I darted a glance behind; he was round, had seen me, and was just again under way. Fast, still faster! The tramp of the pursuer could not only be heard, but felt. The bush! the bush! when will it be reached? Again a look backward; he was within seventy yards; still more speed, though the effort was death. The bush was close at hand, but to gain the dense shades of the forest a belt of brambles, thorny and sharp, must first be passed. These would lacerate and hinder me; would be trampled down by him like chips. I tore through them, heedless of the rags, the scratches, the blood—of everything but life; life not for my own sake, but for *theirs*. I was in the bush, beneath the towering trees, sheltered by their outstretched branches. One last look back; the huge elephant was still pursuing, but at a distance of fifty yards. I was, therefore, comparatively safe; could bury myself in the forest shades, and conceal my presence in those leafy depths. More leisurely I now advanced. Indeed, after such a run, some little rest would be absolutely needed. I therefore penetrated into the bush, though in a different direction, so far as I could judge, to that from which I had entered. I did not wish altogether to lose sight of the river's vicinity, as the water it afforded would be both refreshing and necessary.

After ten minutes' brisk walking, all sounds from behind having long ceased, I came to a pleasant and secluded recess, carpeted with fine grass, that presented a tempting opportunity for rest.

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In the midst of my reverie, a sound of louder rustling became very audible, which soon increased to a portentous crackling. Now thoroughly roused, I got up, and listened, and looked eagerly. Louder and still louder became the noise; some heavy and ponderous animal was certainly making its way through the forest. Could it be the elephant again? I looked at the gun to see if it was ready, if its use should become necessary. The sounds ceased, but were followed by a fainter noise of tearing and crunching. The best

eourse now seemed to be to advanee softly in the direetion of the commotion, and ascertain the nature of the animal produeing sueh disturbanee.

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Not very far had I to look; for the intruders were within a few paees, in the shape of two very large elephants, one of which was probably my old aequaintance. They were quietly feeding on some young green shrubs that grew plentifully about. Tremendous ereatures they were, and well fitted to live beneath sueh giant trees. My presenee seemed quite unsuspected.

So near a proximity to so formidable a eouple was not very pleasant, espeeially seeing that one had already proved himself to be of an extremely aggressive disposition. Elephant hunting is undoubtedly a very pleasant oeeupation, under favorable eireumstanees, with proper weapons, and in a proper locality. But what could an ordinary-sized double-barrel effect upon the tough hides of sueh game; and how, in the heart of an almost untrodden forest, without a single soul near, eould suceess be reasonably expeeted? In view of these eonsiderations, therefore, I quietly turned my baek upon these uneoveted friends, and as noiselessly as possible moved on in the opposite direction. But, alas! I was doomed to misfortune. I had not proeeeded six steps, before the fallen trunk of a tree eaught my foot, and precipitated me downward with a suddenness and a foree that discharged one barrel of the gun I held in my hand. When the ear is straining after stillness, any noise that breaks the silenee sounds to the sense with tenfold force; and, in the present instance, the report of the gun seemed to me to be taken up by all the spiteful echoes of the forest, for the express purpose of annoying and tantalising a mortal.

That the noise and uproar thus ereated had its effect was soon proved by the advancing sound of approaehing tramps; and not wishing to be seen, if sueh a thing was possible, I rushed forward, regardless, for the moment, of further interruption, and more elephants in that quarter.

The race was now down-hill, and the animals above appeared to be pursuing at full speed. Indeed, on looking baek, I eould distinetly see their huge forms, tumbling down like a living avalanehe, or as their best representative probably appeared on the 2nd Deeember, at the Isle of Dogs.

I had learnt wisdom, however, by experienee, and had uneonseiously eaught a vast amount of Scarfaee's shrewdness and quiek readiness. Making myself as small and snakelike as possible (rather difficult for a man six feet high), I erept

beneath the shadows of all the thick bushes possible, and by a circuitous course managed to keep the elephants out of sight, as far as their knowledge of my presence was concerned. That was all, however, that I could effect, for they still kept rattling down, and I, perforce, like an avant courier, was obliged to rush before them. Gradually through the trees the light gleamed with a more vivid distinctness, and gradually the perspective darkness of the forest melted away into a brighter region. I hurriedly kept on, and speedily found myself at the edge of the small prairie already described, though on the opposite side to that where I had made my debouchure at an earlier hour. The herd was still quietly standing in the middle as before, though, as I fancied, in a more suspicious attitude, as though they were ready for any surprise, and prepared to give a warm greeting to any intruder. To attempt a passage through the middle was therefore absurd to think of, and I determined as the best course to be pursued, to creep along under shelter and cover of the bush.

As I said before, a river evidently ran along one side of the plateau at the base of the frowning precipice that cast its shadow over the gloomy plain. It struck me that the vicinity of water would be a very advantageous position in dealing with the four-footed foe I had to encounter. The question was, how to reach the stream.

I have already said that the plain was studded with clumps of long waving grass. This along the bush edge was of course particularly abundant and luxuriant. My plan, then, was to pass towards the river through the shelter thus afforded, and by which I might reasonably hope to escape unobserved.

The on-coming trot of the two wanderers hastened my movements ; and having, as quietly as possible, reloaded the discharged barrel, I went my way. The grass, though long, was very soft, and offered no obstacle to my progress. Many a bright "flower of the field" sprang up below, like scarlet stars in a dewy night. Not very unfrequently a long wriggling snake would glide out of the grass before, and dart to one side. From occasional strained glances, where the grass was lower than usual, I ascertained that my two particular friends had joined the main body, who were all in a quiescent state.

Not many minutes had I advanced before the near gurgling of water told that the river was close at hand, and speedily I reached its bank and looked down into the turbid waters. The stream was one of considerable magnitude, and rushed onward at a headlong rate, washing on one side the terrific

precipice, and on the other, where I was, a low bank, varying in height from three to seven feet above the stream. A little way further down, the stream took a bend and disappeared round the corner of the adjacent forest. Just in the bend of the river was a small island, some hundred yards in circumference, covered with low bush and underwood. The river looked deep and dangerous, and presented no advantages for fording. Indeed, if the stream had been fordable, there was no landing-place on the other side. The kloof appeared to descend sheer into and under the water, and soared upward with a steepness and solemnity that, to a nervous mind, would have been quite appalling. Very grand indeed was the scene. The cliff quite shut out the descending sun, and cast its darkness over the whole plain behind. The waters especially felt the influence of the shadow, and looked grim and dark, as one might imagine those of Lethe. If the other side was reached, a seat in an overhanging tree was the only prospect of footing held out. The top of the precipice appeared in remarkably sharp distinctness against the clear sky, which gleamed with bright intensity, heightened by the effect of the darkness below.

After ascertaining these facts, I cautiously raised myself, and saw that the elephants were still quiet. Looking again down the stream, I saw a spot that seemed, from the lowness of the bank and the absence of grass, to indicate something like a path or road. Towards this place I gradually moved, and found a large space, trodden and beaten down by the feet of living creatures. But great was my unpleasant surprise on finding that, without one exception, they were all elephant spoors. This was evidently the drinking-place of the animals in question. Evening was rapidly approaching, and, in all probability, they would be soon coming down to the river. To remain where I was would therefore be useless, so, after satisfying the wants of thirst, I crept back to my old position, having determined to wait there *perdu*, till the animals came to the water, and then, taking advantage of the opportunity so afforded, to hasten into the bush again.

Having comfortably settled myself, therefore, I waited for the desired moment. A quarter of an hour passed without any sign or movement. Half an hour, still in the same position. This was longer than I had calculated, and I was beginning to anticipate the necessity for a *coup de main*, and a bold dash for liberty. The claims of hunger had to be satisfied before the evening came, and though the buck-meat of the morning had stood in good stead, yet it was not, like the widow's cruse, everlasting.

I had been anxiously looking at the herd, watching for any movement that might take place among the animals, and involuntarily gazing round the bush that hemmed in the plain, when my attention was suddenly attracted by a disturbance among the bushes, and I fancied there was the outline of a human form, dimly seen through the long weeds and shrubs. In a minute, it seemed to have disappeared, and I concluded that it had been, if any living creature, a wandering buck, or other harmless animal. I kept my eye on the spot, however, in case the intruder, whatever it was, should reappear. I had not long to wait. Speedily, a very palpable movement could be perceived among the bushes, and soon there emerged the head and shoulders of a human being, cautiously and slowly advancing. Others quickly followed, closing around the first, who was a Kafir, crowned with a high sugar-loaf wide-awake that bore a strong and very suspicious resemblance to one Scarface was in the habit of wearing. As may be supposed, my attention was thoroughly aroused. After many strained glances, I became almost certain that he of the sugar-loaf was neither more nor less than my quondam, and, so far as I knew, present ally. The other figures were all those of armed Kafirs. He was then a prisoner, for the possibility of his being treacherous was altogether absurd. And the fact of his being caught gave sufficient reason for his non-appearance in the morning.

The natives poured out of the bush to the number of twenty or thirty, and appeared to have among them a white man, who regulated their movements, and of whose identity with the mysterious individual of former occasions, I had not the slightest doubt.

It was evident, from the manner in which he proceeded, that Scarface was acting as pioneer to the others, and very adroitly he seemed to do his work. I imagined, from the furtive glance he kept casting towards the middle of the plain, that he was aware of the proximity of the elephants, and his intention was, apparently, to keep himself, and those behind, unobserved by the wary animals. This he managed by passing through the long grass, in which they were all often lost to view, and it was only from the occasional appearance of their heads that I traced the course of the party. A few minutes sufficed to prove that they were making directly for the elephants.

Immediately, on ascertaining this fact, the truth flashed across me. Scarface was undoubtedly leading them, by the most concealed route, into the heart of the herd, intending to escape amid the confusion that would inevitably result from

so unexpected and unpleasant a *denouement*. The sagacity of my old friend had certainly not lost anything by the extent to which it had been exercised during the past few days, and I blessed the good fortune that had so luckily led him not only to release himself from bondage, but to rescue me from a predicament which, though not so irksome and dangerous as his, was at least perplexing and perilous.

Now, quite easy on my own account, I watched, with some interest, the movements of the two groups, each at present so unconscious of the near proximity of the other.

The belt of grass through which Scarface was leading his captors approached to within a few yards of one of the elephants, and the others were not far distant. The wily prisoner, on emerging from the grass, bounded forward with an assumed shriek, or yell of terror, and then crouched down, as though paralyzed and nerveless with dismay. The others rushed on, some almost against the foremost elephant, so near was he, and so totally unaware were they of the new danger.

The elephants, on hearing the shout, and seeing the natives, stood perfectly quiet for some seconds, but then assumed an offensive attitude, and prepared to charge.

All was now confusion. Many of the natives took to their heels and fled, being inadequately armed for such an encounter. Others stood ground, and rather wildly hurled their spears at the huge animals. Then the latter charged, infuriated by two or three well-aimed stabs. With a blast such as no human war-trumpets ever equaled, they came to the battle. The ground quivered beneath the united tramp of so large a body of the leviathans. Nothing could withstand their force. Several of the natives were at once trampled down. The guns of the natives were soon fired, and they appeared to have no spare ammunition. Gallantly did this last united remnant of a noble race defend the spot which had so long been their unmolested habitation. They seemed to feel that they were fighting for the fallen fame of their forefathers, and battling for the possession of the only place where they still maintained distinct dominion. Such associations invested the scene of strife with a peculiarly melancholy interest, and though the hunting fever was strong in me, yet I was almost satisfied to be a spectator of, rather than an actor in, so tragic and exterminating a warfare.

Scarface, meanwhile, appeared to be in a state of unmitigated fright; and, in the excitement of the occasion, his captors seemed to have forgotten him. At last, I saw an elephant charging towards him. This was his opportunity.

He let the animal come within a near, yet safe distance, and then starting up, he darted back into the long grass, and I as hurriedly followed him.

This was a moment of some uncertainty, as I might possibly come across some of the enemy. However, my gun was in excellent order, and the natives I knew were widely scattered. I rapidly neared the bush. A human head was before; it was minus the sugar-loaf, but I had a fancied recollection of having seen it fall off, when its possessor was turning from the elephants. It was with some degree of confidence, therefore, that I stepped up to the figure in question. It turned round, and was *not* Scarface, but a strange Kafir. I left him on the ground, merely stunned, but minus his weapons.

Another head appeared, but this time with a sugar-loaf; nevertheless, some caution was desirable, so, passing softly onward, I got a glimpse of the face beneath the hat. It was none other than Scarface. I stepped out, and confronted him face to face. He drew back, and raised his fists,—for he was weaponless,—with very pugilistic intentions. In a moment, however, he recognised me, and great was his joy.

"Ho! ho! ho! de baas, ho! ya! dats a good ting. Me too much glad; tink tiger eat you. Wow, dat very good. Dese stupid Kafirs catch olfants, white man too. Me ope him like that skoff; take some to his missis."

And with such-like exuberant and almost inexplicable exclamations of native gratification, and cynical sarcastical revenge, he expressed his happiness at meeting me again. He was a faithful fellow, and, as a follower, was more to my mind than either a Frenchified valet, or a flunkeyish footman.

Before disappearing from the little plain, we looked back on the encounter. It seemed still to be maintained, though with flagging vigor. Poor elephants! their reign was ended,—their day was past, for though the greater proportion escaped now unhurt, yet the sporting propensities of the white intruders would speedily make an end of their little band. The race is now almost extinct in British South Africa, though in various unexplored districts of Natal, they still may be met with in their native glory. Yet, even there, the progress of the white man will soon sweep before it the vestiges of these lingering remnants of a once wide-spread race. What a pity, on all accounts, that attempts have never been made to tame and convert to some noble use the African elephant. They are admittedly more powerful than their Asiatic congeners.

CHAPTER IX.

REUNION.

We were now fairly on our way home, again free from the danger of death, and my spirits rose proportionately. Scarface detailed to me the facts already known to my readers, with the additional explanations that he himself had been at a loss to devise means of escape, till the appearance of the elephants had immediately relieved him, as affording the very opportunity desired.

Judging from the position of the sun, I took it to be about four o'clock, and we had therefore nearly three hours to sunset, in which time a considerable distance might be passed over. The information of Scarface had made me madly anxious to reach Fort W. as early as possible that night, both to apprise the inhabitants of the contemplated attack by the enemy, and to be ready to defend with my own hand my wife and child.

We therefore rapidly passed on, regardless of thorn or brier, steep hill or deep valley. After about an hour and a half's brisk walking, and when five or six miles of bush must have been traversed, we at last emerged upon the bright and sunny sward. The relief we felt in reaching the free and open country must have been similar to that experienced by the lost traveler in the catacombs of the Roman Campagna on regaining the thread that will lead him from the funereal darkness of the subterranean abodes of death into the bright freedom of daylight. All nature seemed to us happy.

We had debouched upon the spur of a high hill overlooking a vast extent of the surrounding country, and a strikingly beautiful panorama it was. Near us, at our feet, were verdant and sweeping valleys, now interseeted by a ravine, or falling headlong down a perpendicular kloof. Some of the hills soared into mountains, whose rocky summits pierced the heavens. Away in the distance were the blue and rugged peaks of the Amatola, that region of stern repelling mountains, and impregnable Cyclopean battlements. The falling sun cast his afternoon shadows over these, throwing some into darkness, and bringing the others out in bold and gleaming distinctness.

For a minute I gazed at this view, for it was one to rivet and fix the eye,—but time was pressing, and I turned to Searface, to ask him as to the direction we should now pursue. He was standing immoveable, wrapt in a reverie, with a look of indescribable melancholy pervading his face,—a kind of yearning wish after something, which it was painful to look upon.

I asked him if he saw anything alarming, when drawing himself up, and looking at me with that melancholy expression, he stretched out his arm, and pointing towards the distant Amatola, said,—

"Dere's my old home."

Simple words were these, but how significant—what a world of pathos they expressed—what an ocean of old recollections they called forth. Ah, home, home! that sound of magic import to all mankind. In all ages, in all climes, and all peoples, that little word possesses a power and a force, scarcely equaled by any other. However fierce and difficult the battle of life; however wearily the woe-worn wanderer traverses the gloomy vale of his existence; however desperately the struggling wayfarer wages his conflict with the world, he will yet have at the bottom of his inmost heart some ever fresh and green recollections of his childhood's *home*. And here was this poor dark son of ignorance and night, whose home ties had been ruptured in the abruptest and most cruel manner, whose home relationships had been rudely shattered and given to the winds, and whose home thoughts must, necessarily, be associated with very much that was horrible and heart-rending; yet, standing in the light of that declining sun, the thought of "Domum, domum, dulce domum," stirred his heart, and bridging over the gulf of years, dark and gloomy between, he could with his mental eye alight once more on the happy home of his childhood, and the pleasant scenes of his early youth. He was a Kafir and a savage: but he had a human heart and human feelings notwithstanding.

Scarface, however, soon roused, and gazing round him earnestly, he said that Fort W. was within a few miles. With this assurance, we again pressed onward, and in an hour or so came to a hill overlooking the fort, lying below like a speck of civilisation in a wilderness of barbarism.

A few minutes more, and we were beneath the walls, at the corner opposite to where my rooms were situated. Just outside was Molly Mawkins, an old woman, wife of one of the soldiers; and who, during our residence in the fort, had acted, in times of need, as "help" to my wife. She was drying clothes, and being a very likely person to communicate information, I quickly confronted her.

"Lawk a mussy," said she, starting back, and dropping her basket.

"Why, Mrs. Mawkins," I said, "do you take me for a ghost?"

"Lawk, an' is it yer honer's oon self, to be sure, an' we'd thowt yer'd ben killed, an eat by thim black witches these three days past."

"Well, here I am, you see, safe and sound; how is Mrs. Evanson?"

"To be sure, an' it's the missus ye'll be wanting to knaw aboot. Ech, yer honer, an' she's in a bad way, I feer, just like stone, an nothink more nor less. When the sodgers kem back widout yer, the capting kem to me, and said 'Mrs. Mawkins,'—an' to be sure I doant know why he eodn't say Molly,—'Mrs. Mawkins, Mister Ivinson's ben kilt by those Kafirs, an' as yer knaw the missus better nor ony un else, yer'll jist breek it to 'er.' Those wur 'is words, an' I towld him I'd do't, for surely the capting's got a weedling way wid 'im that yer eoan't say noa to. So says I to meself, Molly Mawkins, you're in a screape, for oo ken yer breek the neaws to the missus, surely, but ut'l be wuruss than craeking nuts wid yer owld good-fer-nowt teeth. Howsomiwer, I goes to 'er rooam, an' seeze 'er a sitten by the winder, eloody like. Ses I, Mrs. Ivinson, thim sodger's a kem back. Thin she gits up to rish oot o' rooam, but I stops 'er, an' ses, but his honer's staied beyint. Thin she loaks at me, an' ses 'What doa yer meean,' and I tills 'er agin. Then 'er face toorn'd as whoite as that shimmy, an' she ses awl at woonee, 'Is he ded?' An' to be shure I 'adn't a wured to sae thin, so I loaks at ceyling an' thin at floar, and ses jist nothink at all. An' she aksed me agin, an I eoodn't saa onythink, so I begins to croy, and she sau that yer was kilt, an' just sets doon in 'er cheer, an' niver stur'd. An' to be shure I av ad to a poouk the steff doon 'er throat a'most, an' a raal gooad baytter pood'n it was that I sev'd the eggs fer, an' tooak four unbeknown frim the capting's privat stoek, that he keeaps in an owld 'at bux oonder is bed. Lawk, but the missus 'll goa mad when she sees yer. She's ben a sittin in 'er cheer, jist as stiff an' as still as towld eheynoy monmimint thit granny ad on 'er chimbley piece at o'oam."

I have given this oration in the vernacular, for the amusement of my readers. Having heard thus much, however, I left her to expend her native eloquenee on Scarfaee, while I hastened to greet my wife.

I passed rapidly through the quadrangle, unheeding the startled exclamations of the loungers around me, and quickly found myself at the door of the room she occupied; and, standing on the threshold, I gazed in.

The sun was setting, in all his rich splendor of gold and

glory, and casting the brightness of his retiring presence on the person of her who sat watching by the window. Aye, poor watcher, well might thou gaze on that kingly orb, type to human eyes of all the glories of the peopled heavens, for already was the harp being tuned, already were the feet of the silver ladder being set, already the golden gates of the celestial city opening for their new visitant.

She was gazing out of the window, apparently into vacuity. Her whole attitude was one of stern immobility. The hands dropped listlessly downward, the features characterised by no signs of passionate grief, or outbursting sorrow, but white and congealed with a chill icy despair. The sun gleamed brightly on her crown of glory, her yellow wreath of gold; and the unchanged beauties of that contrasted painfully with the wan face it framed in so gloriously. At her knee was our son, with his little hands in her lap, looking into her face, with a wistful intelligence, and a wondering sorrow, and his tiny lips drawn down, with a sympathetic sensation of something being wrong, else why had the gleeful voice, and playful caresses of that fond mother been so long hushed and silent.

I advanced a step, and she vacantly turned her head, and gazed bewildered at me for an instant. Then, without any hysterical convulsion of joy, or nervous swooning fit, but with the simple tenderness of a woman's heart, she rose, and cast herself on my neck, giving way, beneath the gladness of joy, to the tears that had refused to come at the call of sorrow.

And the husband's heart beat high with thankfulness, and the wife's joy calmed down into subdued happiness, and the little child cried clamorously for his father; and all three settled down to enjoy, for a brief, a very brief space, the unmingled bliss of such a reunion.

MODERN GEOGRAPHICAL NOMENCLATURE,

FROM A COLONIAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY H. HALL, ESQ., B.E.D.

A MAP of a wide-spread region, such as Southern Africa, originally colonized by one branch of the European family, and afterwards conquered, politically transferred, or in any other way fallen into the possession of another, whose language supersedes that of the first settlers, presents, in its nomenclature, a strange jumble. We have, first, the aboriginal

names (generally of an unwritten language), the orthography corrupted by the defective ear, ignorance, or carelessness of the original discoverers. Then come the names given by the earliest settlers, partaking, it may be, of the matter-of-fact *argumentum ad rem* of the Calvinistic Batavian, as in the Stinkfonteins, Luisbosches, and Brakke Rivers of South Africa, or the more mediæval recollections of La Belle France, in the St. Louis, Montreals, and St. Lawrences of Lower Canada, or of Catholic Spain, in the more stately Nostra Senhorras de Navidad, Vera Crnzes, Floridas, and Villa Hermosas of Mexico and the Spanish Main. Lastly, comes on the field, the go-ahead Anglo-Saxon, or his Yankee descendant, who, holding, no doubt, in mind his countryman's saying "What's in a name?" powders over the map with a vile jumble of Aliwals, north, south, east, and west, Riversdales, King William's Towns, or Colesbergs,* as in South Africa; while in America, the plains of Texas and the valleys of the Mississippi are every day getting more thickly covered with a coating of bastard Troys, Iliums, Carthages, Jerusalems, and other localities, famous in heathen and Christian mythology, no doubt; bnt, for geographical purposes, neither useful nor ornamental. The Cape colony may verily, however, bear the palm amongst all its sisters for the totally unromantic nature of the proper names it has conferred on its mountains, hills, rivers, and towns;† and yet for giving a vivid and accurate idea of the very irregular and rough portion of the earth's surface, comprised in it, the Dutch language, even in the debased state in which we use it here, far surpasses both the English, and many other of the modern European languages, except, perhaps, in the coast nomenclature; and this is the more surprising, as Hollaud is the most level country in Europe, and one whose aspect, river system,‡ and general confignration is most opposite to South Africa. We shall, without entering very learnedly into the matter, proceed to illustrate this by a few refereuces to the local terms in use here for describing the geueral surface of the country, and

* We will not outrage men's feelings by quoting that half Gallic half Batavian abomination, "Jansenville," the town of Johnson, clumsily tacked to the tawdry "ville" of La Belle France.

† The old Puritanical spirit is most clearly shown by the almost total absence of a saint's name in the map of South Africa, except in the bays, and a few of the capes, named by the Portuguese, Modern mission stations have generally scripture names, and the Valley of Judgment has its counterpart near Stellenbosch, a memento of the old Huguenot settlers.

‡ Holland can hardly be looked on in any other light but as the delta of the Rhine.

also make some observations on the peculiarities of the geographical terms of some other European languages.

If an Englishman wishes to describe, in one concise word, an extensive mountain region, consisting, perhaps, of various parallel or detached ranges, like the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, the Alps, or the Apalachian, what word has he to use to express it with? Why, only "mountains" or "chain," neither of which have the collective or distinctive force of the Dutch plural *Gebergte*, or the German *Gebirge*. A Dutchman has, besides, in the word "Bergen," a distinct and well-defined plural, or, perhaps, dual word for a single chain, or two or more mountains of less importance than the larger systems.* For instance, the Sneeuw Gebergte, the Nieuwveld Gebergte, form a distinct idea in his mind (at least if he is an educated Dutchman) from smaller mountain systems, such as the Zuurbergen, the Langebergen, &c. In English we cannot so easily make this distinction,—they are alike mountains with us, be they Himalaya, Wicklow, Welsh, or the Mountains of the Moon. Our word "hills" is not up to the mark, because here, again, the Dutch diminutive Bergjies expresses—in South Africa at least—a better definition of little mountains than Englishmen accustomed to the undulating and grassy slopes of the Surrey or Cotswold hills can form in their minds. Then, again, the Dutch Heuvel, and its diminutive Heuveltje, Kop, and its diminutive Kopje, or Kopjies, give ideas of several forms, classes, and grades of hills, isolated, or otherwise, for which we have only one word, "hillock," which is scarcely ever found in a modern map. Other irregularities of surface are clearly defined to a Cape colonist, let him be English or Dutch, by Hooghte, equivalent nearly to our height Rand almost untranslateable, but signifying literally edge or margin, and colonially applied to the highland bounding a river valley, as the Fish River Rand, Suikerbosch Rand. Nek is a depression between two hills (the col of the French), over which a road generally leads, ill translated by our neck, which may be a low sandy isthmus, or any other connecting feature. Hoek, literally corner, is a colonial term, generally understood as a retired mountain valley, with a narrow entrance,—a quiet glen you can get into, but where, unless by the same way, there is a difficulty of egress,—as Fransch Hoek, Zwager's Hoek, Mostert's Hoek, &c.; but in Holland and New York it is also used as a coast term for a small cape. Ruggens, literally Backs, are a collection of low hills, often bushy, as the Zwarte Ruggens

* *E.g.* dual (Twee Tafel Bergen, Theebus Bergen, &c., &c.)

in Uitenhage, and elsewhere. Poort may be defined as a mountain ravine, the bed of a torrent through which a road passes, as Brookhuizen Poort, Howison's Poort, Meiring's Poort, Seven Weeks' Poort, &c.,—a very roundabout translation certainly; but using the English word 'pass,' in the sense it is received here, will not define it. We colonists use 'pass' only when some extensive work has been executed, as often over the top of a mountain or through its valleys, as Sir Lowry's Pass, over Hottentot's Holland Mountains; Montagu Pass, over Cradock Mountain; Michell's Pass, Kaca Pass, &c., &c. Kloof is literally a cleft or split, and we know no English word perfectly equivalent to it; for certainly neither cliff, ravine, or glen come exactly to our colonial idea of a kloof; but in the dialect of the lowlands of Scotland "kleugh" is probably derived from it. Krantz* literally signifies a wreath or crown, and is colonially applied to the steep cliffs which crown the summit of so many of our mountains (Table Mountain, *e. g.*), or form the sides of our river valleys. Cliff will hardly be its equivalent English, as that term has, to Britons at least, too much of a marine definition,—such as the "White Cliff of Albion," the "Cliff of Dover, &c.,—to meet our idea of South African krantzes. Hangklip conveys the idea of a mountain overhanging its base, as Cape Hangklip and the picturesque Hangklip in the Queen's Town district; and of which Hangrock would be but a clumsy translation. Klip is rock, and is generally applied to some remarkable boulder, as the Paarlklip, Hondeklip, &c. like the Black Rock, Roman Rock, &c., of English charts. And Praam Berg, Tandjes Berg, Tooren Berg, Theebus Berg, Tafel Berg,—all describe clearly the shapes of the mountains, respectively, as inverted boats, rugged-like teeth (Spanish Sierra) towers, tea caddys, table or flat-topped, &c. Spitskop may be translated peak or sugar-loaf, while an illustration of the many Lecuwkops may be found in the immense masses of sandstone or basalt forming the summit of many of our hills, in some cases assuming the form of a lion couchant, as on Lion's Head. The English collective 'highlands,' as the Highlands of Scotland, Abyssinia, &c., has hardly any equivalent in our colonial nomenclature. We say "in the bergen," as "he has a farm in the Sneeuwbergen," &c. We may generally know the character of our African mountain regions by the names given them,—thus the term Zuurbergen denotes a range of hills of inferior height, and uniform outline, covered with sour herbage; Sneeuwbergen,

*Philologists will find little difficulty in the transition from the Italian "cingere" to the Teutonic "krantz."

mountains covered occasionally with snow; Wittebergen, mountains with white quartz summits or sides; Zwartebergen, mountains appearing of a black or dark-blue tint; Stormbergen, ranges remarkable for the violence of the thunderstorms that break on their summit; Winterbergen, a cold, cheerless, naked mountain region; Boschbergen, mountains densely-wooded, &c., &c. Uitkyk or Spioenberg is a designation generally given to some high isolated hill, looking out over a vast expanse of country; and Paardenberg is generally a designation for hills on whose summits horses find refuge from epidemic sickness. Thus far with the mountains; and we will now say a few words on the river nomenclature, which, in the Dutch language, is not at all as rich as that of the mountains. Rivers, here, often have several names during their course. The Gamtoos, for instance, which is called the Groote River before it joins the Kouga, and is known in the upper part of its course by the name of the Buffel's River. The Rivier of the Dutch, be it a flowing stream or a dry watercourse, is translated indifferently into English as river; but we can hardly give an equivalent for the term "Spruit," which signifies the feeders that supply the parent stream near its sources, and is principally applied to the tributaries of the Orange River (as our largest colonial stream), in the Colesberg and Albert districts of the colony. The long reaches of deep water, which are found in many of our watercourses, even when they do not flow, are locally called "Gats," which would be badly translated by either of its literal meanings, hole or channel. The Dutch equivalent of our English brook, rivulet, stream, torrent, &c., seldom or never appear among our African rivers. "Water," constantly used in England and Scotland (as Avonwater, Blackwater, Galawater, &c.), occasionally appears (as in Blinkwater, Klaarwater, Zwartewater, &c.) Fontein, equivalent to the English translation, is of constant occurrence. Bron, the German brunn, and English spring, but seldom. The word Vallei, generally written here "vley," has, colonially, a double meaning, one signifying a valley; the other, as it is generally understood, a hollow surface, in which, in wet seasons, water accumulates, forming a shallow lake, as De Beer's Vley, Verloren Vley, Vogel Vley, and many others. Indeed, in this point of view, Lake Ngami itself is nothing more than a large vley. The Dutch Meer, equivalent to an English lake, and evidently of the same root as the Cumberland "mere," we do not think once occurs in South Africa. The proper names of most of the rivers are generally given

either from their form (as the Groote, Breede, Kromme, Zonder End), or peculiarities in their water (as Zout, Brakke, Zwarte, Witte, Blink, Modder, Zand), their agricultural qualities (as Vette, Karnmelk, Melk), or from the animals which are found living in them, or near their banks (as the Visch, Zeekoe, Eland, Rhenoster, Bosjesman, Buffel's, Olifant's, &c., &c.) It is in the nomenclature of the coast and oceans surrounding South Africa, that we most find poverty of expression in the colonial Dutch idioms, which is the more strange, as the Hollanders of Europe have been always a maritime people. As the English have no collective noun for mountain districts, so the Dutch cannot express ocean, except by the compound "groote zee," for the word "oceaan," sometimes used, is a word of foreign extraction, from a pure Greek root. The English marine geographical terms head, point, gulf, deeps, wash, beach, ness, strait, needles, bill, haven, port, sound, cove, road, as well as Scandinavian friths, fiords, loughs, races, &c., &c., have no equivalent terms on the shores of the Cape colony, presenting, as they do, so few indentations. Arms, bays, and capes have been generally the names of the Roman Catholic saints, given to them by their Portuguese discoverers; and indeed, the general inhospitable nature of our coasts may be guessed by the very few Dutch geographical terms in use in designating their outlines. Baai and Kaap, we believe, may include all. Eiland is applied indiscriminately to the smallest rock, as Robben Island, Dassen Eiland, while isle or islet are terms unused. For large flat surfaces, Vlakte is generally used, our equivalent for which is flats. The Dutch Plein is generally used for a large open space within a town. No Dutch word has superseded the old Hottentot "Karroo," in describing the vast interior deserts of the colony. Duin or Duinen well describe the sand hills near the coast, but is imperfectly rendered by our "Downs," which rather mean naked undulating plains near the sea, as at Brighton and other parts of the English coast. The Dutch equivalent of our bog, moss, or marsh occurs but seldom, in the word "Moeras," thus exemplifying the generally dry character of the region. There are other words constantly occurring, either in our maps or books of travel in this colony, such as Drift, the colonial Dutch for a ford; Kuil, a hole where water collects; Puit, a well; Kraal, from the Spanish *corral*, a cattle enclosure, or native village; and Bosch, a forest or wood, great or small. This word is particularly indefinite, and has not the force of the term Wood, or German Wald, in

describing a heavily-timbered country; but it is doubtless influenced by the general thickety and scrubby nature of our South African forests.

But, besides all these particular denominations of surface, rivers, &c., we have in the Cape colony a very expressive nomenclature, chiefly compounds of the words "Veld" and "Land" (field or country), which also tends very much to add to our ideas of the face of the country. Large tracts of country are thus described, quite independent of the political divisions of the country: thus the tract north of Malmesbury is called by the general term of Zwartland, literally, "black country." The tract along the coast, between the Berg and Olifant's Rivers, the Sandveld, or Sandfield; crossing the Olifant's River, we enter into a bare granite region, well described as the Hardveld, or Hardfield. To our right, supported by the immense buttresses of the Olifant's River Mountains, lies a cold Alpine region, the Koude Bokkeveld, or the cold goat country; and below it, nestled among the mountains which surround the sources of the Breede River, the Warm Bokkeveld, or warm goat country. East of these regions extends the Barren Bokkeveld, Karroo, to the foot of the Roggeveld or Ryefield Mountains. On the summit of these mountains lies the Roggeveld, or Ryefield or country, in three great divisions of Agter, Midden, and Klein, or Behind or Back, Middle, and Little; and still further to the east and north, the unoccupied and ungranted country, called "Trekveld," which literally means Movefield (a country where the farmers go to in certain seasons with their flocks), but is hardly translatable in our words. Proceeding eastward through the Karroo, we come to the "Gouph," or Vetveld, a large district, so called from a Hottentot word signifying "fat," as it is a fertile region after heavy rains, although ordinarily a barren karroo. On the summits of the mountains to the left lies the extensive Nieuwveld, or new country, now forming the northern part of the district of Beaufort. Then comes the Koudeveld or Coldfield, on the summits of the Camdebo Mountains; then the Winter and Middenvelds, extending north to the Orange River, and in a homely manner describing the nature of the country. In the more recently settled frontier districts, these local denominations of large tracts do not so much prevail; but still we find them in the Zuurveld of Albany, and some in other instances. We have also—leaving the Warm Bokkeveld in another direction—the Bosjesveld and Roodesand, along the Breede River Valley; the Grasveld in Swellendam; Strandveld in Caledon;

Kannaland, or the Little Karroo, in Riversdale; Droogeveld in George, and Outeniqualand—an old Hottentot name of the forest country between the sea and the mountains—in the same division. Different regions of the Karroo have also particular names—as Roggeveld Karroo, Moordenaars Karroo, Zwaartberg Karroo, Ruggens Karroo, &c., &c. These local names thus represent large portions of country somewhat in the same way as we find it to this day in Scotland, where the Badenochs, Lochabers, and Breadalbane districts still exist, quite independent of the shire in which they are situated.

We have thus explained, as clearly as possible, the part our Dutch predecessors have taken in the nomenclature of the map of the Cape colony, and will now proceed to say a word of the aboriginal names still in use; which we regret to say—except in the recently added division of Lower Namaqualand—are but few and far between. In the western districts of the colony, the old Hottentot names are nearly disused, and very few traces of them exist. We, perhaps, would find it impossible at the present day to trace the original appellation of Table Mountain, Blauwberg, or any other familiar locality in our neighborhood, although, no doubt, when Van Riebeek first landed in Table Bay they were called by the aborigines some name or other. We have a Sonquas' Drift on the Berg River,—the name of one of the original Hottentot tribes,—and a few farms on the Hex River and Bokkeveld, whose present names seem to indicate a Hottentot origin; but in the very early map of Kolben, although the names of several tribes appear, no Hottentot names of localities are found. In the Caledon division, the name of one or two little feedings of the Zonder End, as in the Kumsei, and other little streams, as the Coedema, are perhaps aboriginal, Hessequas Kloof and Gorrec's Hooghte, Swellendam. The Goudine, in Worcester, the Gouritz, Attaquas Kloof, and Outeniqualand, Zitzikama, Kammanassie, Kouga, Gamka, Dwyka Rivers, Cango, Canza, Quas, Hocree, localities in the districts of George and Beaufort, are all genuine Hottentot. In Uitenhage, we find the Cocga, Kraggaekamma, Gamtoos, Kammakamma Rivers, and the places Comda, Quacher, and Kaan, in the field-cornetcy of Gamtoos River, the Kardouw Mountains, the farms Nanaga, Tockamma, Toetohu, Nargam, Nonga, Koegero, Dinidauw, Bekamma, Gamma, in different parts of the division; also, the great Kadouwbosch, or forest, &c., &c. But going so far east, we now begin to meet with many Kafir

names, although the Hottentot language is found more or less in localities as far east as the Keiskamma and Kei, as, for example—Keisi, Xonze, Xonap; and before leaving the Uitenhage division, let us mention that, thanks to the antiquarian lore of our friend, C. L. Stretch, Esq., we are able to give the original Hottentot names of the Great Winterhoek, or Cockscomb Mountain, 6500 feet high—*T'mum cum qua*, or the "Mountain of the Mist," poetical enough for the lowest rung on the ladder of human existence. In the frontier districts, generally, Hottentot names seldom appear, but those of the Kafir dialects become more numerous. In Albany, however, we believe that the names Kareiga, Kasouga, Koomes, Kap, Ecca, Kowie, Kasenga, Nazar, Gama, &c., principally of small streams, are all Hottentot. In the northern parts of the colony, the Orange River and its branches are still known, on maps at least, as the Nu and Ky "Gariep," but the Hottentot names of its tributaries, the Stormberg, Zeekoe, and Hartebeest Rivers, on the colonial side, are no longer remembered. In Little Namaqualand, we find hardly any but Hottentot names, and it is really an *experimentum maxillare* to try to pronounce one of them; and a reference to the list of mining leases issued during the mania of 1855-6 would terrify any reasonable etymologist by a formdable phalanx of x', q', and k^{s}, whole crowds of consonants, with occasionally an odd pennyworth of vowels, looking very uncomfortable amongst them; and indeed, after poring over our friend R. Moffat's map of that region, we can hardly feel sorry, in a practical point of view, that the language of our cousin Nic Frog's plain Batavian has superseded the unpronounceable jargon of the ancient "Quæquæ" of Southern Africa. The Kamiesberg and Kareeberg are almost the only Hottentot names of importance in this region generally known, although many sensitive individuals of our acquaintance feel remembrance's soft pang slightly pricking them when they think of the dreams of a lurid and coppery splendor, once floating before them, at the sight of the mysterious words Kodas, Numies, Eribies, Nabas, Aronegas, Henkries, Umies, where lay the thick ribs of brass deep in earth's quartzy bosom; but not so thick, alas, as that which lacquered the brows of many of the "Duisterswivels," who so industriously helped us in our studies on Namaqua orthography, by holding up to glory the mineral hoards that nature had accumulated under the spots on her surface designated with the above unpronounceable names. *Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.* The geographical nomenclature of

the Cape colony has thus, like the Dutch language spoken in the colony, in a certain degree, adapted itself to the country it describes; and as it seems plainly to be understood by every one who has resided here any length of time, it would be a piece of superfluous labor, in constructing a new map of the colony, to endeavor to get rid of the anomalies everywhere presenting themselves in the jumble of Dutch and English and native words our maps are composed of. Blaauwberg would hardly be improved if we called it Blue Mountain, or the Berg River better known if written the "Mountain River," &c., &c. The word Karroo, we have no doubt, will always keep its place against any Dutch or English translation we may make of it; Montagu and Sir Lowry's Pass will hardly ever become mere "Doortogts;" our Berg, Breede, &c., will, doubtless, remain half Dutch half English till doomsday; and we have no fear that the Anglo-Saxon, go-ahead as he may be, will ever be able to blot the Sneeuwbergen, Nieuwvelds, Zuurbergen, or Winterbergen out of the map of the Cape colony, and substitute any fashionable names of his own in their place. Our map must remain a jumble, and the utmost we can look to is an improvement in our orthography, and some little caution to both our rulers and fellow-colonists in giving names to either new villages, or natural features. If this had always been done, we would be spared many a pang when studying our colonial map. Calvinia would not have been where Hantam ought to have been, nor would George have superseded Outeniqua, nor that barbarous compound Swellendam the old kraal of Hessaquas.*

In a future number, we shall say a few words on the peculiarities of the geographical terms of some other of the European languages, showing how many of them have been, by universal consent, adopted as general or common, and how much the influence of race, religion, conquest, &c., has done in rendering the nomenclature of the map, both of Europe and our colonies, such a thing as it is at the present day.

* One barbarism, in particular, we cannot overlook here, which may be truly charged to the Anglo-Saxon race; that is, the substitution of the obscure names of Adderley and Darling, whose very existence will be a puzzle to future ages, for the fine old Heerengracht and Keizersgracht of times before the '89, when gentlemen and keizers still were esteemed in all corners of the earth. Is it too late to rectify our error, and remove the name of the honorable member for Staffordshire, from a position which he must, if a man of sense, consider a false position to be placed in.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIRES AND FIRE RISKS.

Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht
Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt, bewacht
Doch furchtbar wird die Himmels kraft
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft.
Wehe wenn sie los gelassen
Wachsend ohne widerstand
Durch die volkbelebten Gassen
Wälzt den ungeheuren Brand. SCHILLER.

A few days ago the report of the devastating fire in Port Elizabeth sounded like a tocsin in the ears of the holders of shares in the different fire insurance companies, both here and on the frontier, conveying the startling but yet not very surprising intelligence, that property to the amount of nearly £70,000, or about a quarter of the annual customs revenue of the colony, was destroyed in the space of a few hours. We say not very surprising, for the miserable state of unpreparedness and inefficiency in which the different companies found themselves on the occasion of the late catastrophe could hardly have suggested any thoughts to a reasonable being, but that, granting the fire once to have come to a head, the final extent of its tail would be a problem that would defy the most cunning master of the Calculus to determine. Without any due or sufficient examination of the different localities by proper professional men; without, it seems, any proper consideration of the highly inflammable nature of the oils, turpentine, and other combustibles stowed in the cellars of the destroyed stores, or of the cigar smoking propensities of either masters or men, small companies with paid-up sums of £10,000 or £15,000 (now swept into thin air or exhaled in fetid vapor) have been found taking risk heaped upon risk, on confined blocks of buildings, to amounts far exceeding their actual capital; and that too in the face of the naked and unpleasant fact, that neither fire-engines, water-carts, nor fire brigades existed, to extinguish in the commencement a small flame which, left to its own resources, in an hour or two makes a clean sweep of the accumulated savings of the fire offices for years.

Such, however, is the plain and unvarnished state of the case in our late Port Elizabeth conflagration. £70,000 has been found to be insured on some half dozen houses, connected together, built in the most flimsy and inflammable manner, without the least precaution taken to prevent the communication of fire from one to the other. All that sum is now lost! The inquiry into the causes, like all other such inquiries, turns out to be a mere delusion, because if a man be wicked enough to deliberately act as an incendiary, his secret is confined to his own breast alone, from which our clumsy courts of inquiry can hardly extract it. It is our purpose in this article, therefore, to point out a few weak points in the construction of our buildings, and also the system of insurance adopted by our local insurance companies.

In the first place, a grievous want is the total absence of any organization when a fire breaks out in our towns and villages. On Her Majesty's birthday we were much delighted and gratified by the loyal display on the Cape Town Parade of our volunteer artillery, cavalry, and infantry; but, preferring the useful to the ornamental, we must confess we would have been glad to have seen a fourth arm of the service added to the pageant—a fire-brigade. And the gallant Colonel Porter himself might perhaps have felt his heart beat as proudly under the humble leathern, yet classic, casque of a fireman, "the foreman of the crew," as beneath the Argentine-Greco-Trojan horsehair headpiece he dazzled the beholders with on that auspicious occasion. Chevalier Du Prat, and that Hope, who so seldom tells a flattering tale, Captain Jones and his brother warrior, Thomson, no doubt were the cynosures of all eyes; but would they have been worse members of society or less agreeable men if, like the lamented "Higginbottom"—

> Plush breeches, vest in crimson dyed,
> Their nether bulk embraced;
> Their jacket thick, of red or blue,
> Whose massy shoulder gave to view
> The badge of each respective crew,
> In tin or copper traced?

No, exclaims common sense, they would not! No, exclaim our fair readers, their hearts warming into a generous fit of enthusiasm, they would not!

And then, again, we felt if, instead of the ponderous ammunition wagons and nine-pounders of the artillery, a couple of capacious watering-carts and a pair of double-barreled patent fire-engines—"fire hook, pipe, bucket, all complete"—were substituted, what a benefit it would have been for the community at large; and when the highly-disciplined and handsomely-equipped Cape Royal Rifles fired the *feu de joie*, how much more sensible, thought we, and in warm weather how much more refreshing, if their double-barreled Enfields had been exchanged for dropsical squirts of three or four gallons each, similar to those that to this day decorate the walls of the vestry-room of St. Clement Danes, London, and which, in days of yore, did yeoman's service in that parish. "Load squirts, present squirts, fire squirts," and in such actions effect a real tangible good,—not the mere airy and empty explosion which follows the blank cartridges of their present Enfield rifle.

We are not ourselves warlike: we look on Austerlitz, and Waterloo, and Inkermann, with equal feelings as to the utter inutility of the blood shed on these distinguished fields. But we boldly avow we would ardently shoulder our squirt, even as a private sentinel or man-at-arms, in a fire-brigade, and do a much better duty to our fellow-men in extinguishing a blaze in Kromme Elboog's Lane, or any other crowded locality, than causing an excitement on the Parade, by firing away their

blank cartridges, for no reason, human or divine, creating merely effects without proper causes, and causes without due effects.

There is also some romance attached to the idea of a fire brigade. The heavy old Cape Town Father has one or two beautiful daughters, whose dormitories are in the upper garrets. Enthusiastic young gent. joins the fire brigade, got up in handsome leather helmet and ponderous high-lows, plush breeches, &c. Daughters admire him; heavy old man refuses and storms; fire breaks out accidentally on purpose; handsome young fireman runs like a lamplighter up the fire-escape, rescues favorite daughter out of the garret window; burst into tears, fall into each other's arms; heavy old man relents, gives consent—"Bless you! bless you, my children!"—and eternal future happiness. This is but a faint indication of the prospects of aspiring youths who may enter our fire brigade. Imagine the gratitude of rich old maids, well-jointured widows, and sentimental heiresses, when they find themselves dragged out of bed at the solemn hour of midnight, in the midst of flames and smoke, by a romantic looking fireman, with large whiskers and pegtop trowsers, got up in the most approved and modern Pandemoneau style. We must restrain ourselves, as, really, we could produce reasons and inducements, to any amount, to persuade the youth of South Africa in general, and young Cape Town in particular, to immediately embody themselves as an improvised fire brigade, filled with nightly visions of rescuing young virgins, old maids, rich aunts, delicate widows with jointures, and ancient grandmothers with heavy purses, out of the flames we all at present seem doomed to, if something practical is not at once adopted.

We must now descend from the romantic to the practical, and ask what is the style of construction in this colony in which an insurance office so freely accepts risks, exceeding in many cases twenty times even their capitals on paper. These risks may be thus described:—

1st class. Flat-roofed buildings, covered with brick and plastered, and as the majority of Cape Town buildings, of Dutch construction.

2nd. Slate roofs, including zinc, asphalted felt, &c., full or not full of turpentine, naptha, gunpowder, saltpetre, fulminating silver, lucifer matches, and other combustibles.

3rd. Thatched roofs, and all their responsibilities.

4th. Party walls, flues, &c., and other defective constructions.

We will now proceed to discuss the comparative safety of the above classes of buildings.

1. The flat-roofed houses of Cape Town present a form common in all warm climates, especially in the east, and are well adapted for a locality like Cape Town, where high winds are prevalent. A flat roof is decidedly the safest and most secure from injury by fire of all the possible forms of roof; for let the internal fire be ever so ardent, the wood of the roof,

covered by a thick coat of brick and mortar, inflames with difficulty, and even when consumed, and the roof falls in, the great mass of brick, &c., of the roof generally extinguishes the flame. The defects are, that larger timbers are required in the construction, if the span is considerable; and if proper attention is not paid to ventilating the ends of the timber built in the walls, premature decay generally takes place. The use of Saysel asphalte in place of plaster, as the external covering, can not be too strongly recommended, especially as asphalte, even if the timbers decay, can be re-melted and used again. The best plan to prevent the decay of the roof timbers is, to form a well-built recess of hard bricks for the end of each beam, and then to fix it firmly in its place with wedges of teakwood, filling in all round its place on the wall with coarse charcoal powder—the sheeting to be laid with an opening of at least a quarter of an inch between each joint, and not to be painted for two or three years. One or two roofs in the castle have been lately renewed in asphalte, and can be seen there. It certainly is the cheapest, most lasting, and being incombustible, the securest of any material for flat roofs, and its lightness is such, that timbers of much smaller dimensions may be used than for the common roof formed of bricks and plaster.

We consider, finally, that flat roofs, either in cement, mortar, or asphalte, are entitled to take the first place in fire insurance risks, for even if inflammable goods are within the building, the very action of the fire will probably cause, by the fall of the roof, its ultimate extinguishment. This, as will be seen further on, is not the case with any other roof.

As to the durability of flat roofs, we can only say that, with superior timber, such as teak, and good workmanship, they are as lasting as any other form. There are roofs in Cape Town upwards of 150 years old, as sound as on the day they were laid; when that is not the case, it is generally the fault of the construction. The roof of the main barracks, constructed about seventy-five years ago, is generally good, and many of the castle roofs, generally of an earlier date, are sound to the present day. Some of them are very much decayed by water penetrating the outer plastering, and rotting the beams.

2. Slate, zinc, and other roofs.

In point of safety from fire, both slate and zinc roofs occupy a much inferior place to the common flat roofs. From without, probably, they may afford fully as great protection; but when a great fire happens to rage within, a slate roof is hardly safer than one of thatch. The lath work of the ceilings, the fir boarding and laths on which the slates are laid, act like the little bed of resinous sticks, with which the London housemaids underlay the coal stratum in the lodging-houses of Arundel and Cecil-streets, Strand, London, by which the unfortunate lodger, à la Tittlebat Titmouse, compelled by the *angustæ res domi* to rise

before day, can, by the aid of a lucifer match, at once kindle to a great flame, and so warm his matutinal cup of coffee. Here lies the principal fault of our colonial insurance companies,—thinking only of the danger from without, they appear completely to forget its force within. A fire communicated from without is always an honest honorable fire. Is one from within always so? When the flame once gets the ascendant, away goes the ceiling, the rafters and laths quickly inflame, the heated air rushes through the joints of the slate, which crackles under the fierce heat, and when the roof tumbles in, instead of extinguishing the fire, it only tends to increase it. So much for slate roofs, and all we have said of slate equally applies to zinc, corrugated iron, lead, asphalted felt, all safe from without, all equally dangerous as regards fire within.

But before leaving the subject of slate and zinc roofs, we would here beg to mention one defective point in the construction of these roofs, which tends to add very much to their danger in case of fire, namely, the use of boarding or lining to the projecting eaves, by which, in the case of a lofty store, such as Hamilton Ross & Co's, Adderley-street, would be easily inflamed by the conflagration of a lower adjoining building, as may be easily seen by looking at the remains of Capt. Ball's store, lately consumed, in respect to the eaves of its neighbor. This is a sort of defective construction not nearly enough attended to; for a slate roof building, with the eaves properly secured, might bear intact a conflagration adjoining it; while, if it had its eaves projecting and boxed up in half or one inch deal, the chances are fifty to one it would be consumed. This we are almost sure, has been the cause, joined with insufficient party walls, of the late calamitous catastrophe at Port Elizabeth; and we only wonder at the very lucky escape of the store we have mentioned, when Capt. Ball's premises were burnt; and which can only be accounted for by the flat roof of the latter building falling in and suppressing the flames raging beneath.

We now come to the subject of thatched roofs. Here we have to contend with dangers not only from within but from without also. A risk on an isolated farm-house has not near the danger, however, of one in a town like Stellenbosch or Swellendam; yet, an insurance office takes them all alike. In the late fire at Rondebosch, it is well known that houses one and a half mile from the immediate scene of danger were set on fire by the burning sparks drifted by the wind. Every insurer of a thatched building should be compelled to keep a proper ladder on the premises, in order to at once get access to the roof, in case of sparks lodging there. Thatch may, however, be in many ways rendered less inflammable. Steeping the bundles in salt and water, or in lime-water, saturating the surface with wet clay or whitewash, will diminish its liability to ignition. When a thatched roof gets old and covered with vegetation and mosses, it is much safer from external

accidents than when new. The state of the chimneys in a thatched house should be particularly attended to, as very many extensive fires have taken place by the chimneys taking fire, by neglect of sweeping them.* We fear, in the country districts, once a thatched roof becomes inflamed, it is generally a total loss.

We now come to the subject of party walls, flues, &c. Here, again, our construction is wofully defective. Between two adjoining houses there should be at least a dividing wall, with no timbers penetrating it, of fourteen inches thickness. No chimney flue should have less than four and a half inches between it and the nearest wood-work. During the last five years, we have witnessed no less than five distinct cases of fire, fortunately soon detected in the castle of Cape Town,—all caused by the ends of beams, built in, and being placed in too great proximity to the flues of chimneys. One case would, probably, if not fortunately discovered at an early time, caused serious loss of both life and property. In fact, the smouldering of fire amongst large masses of wood-work, is involved in much mystery, and may be going on for a much longer time than any one can reasonably imagine, without presenting any appearance to attract attention. The burning of the British Houses of Parliament or Exchange, &c., are cases in point.

Lucifer matches and cigar ends may be justly deemed the fruitful cause of half our fires. Let our youth eschew these abominations, and letting a genial, yet not dangerous, fire influence their bosoms, hasten to add to our very useful and ornamented corps of volunteers a fourth arm, in the shape of a fire brigade—

"A Muggins! to the rescue, ho!"

mindful of the illustrious end of the worthy Higginbottom,—

He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they 'fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

SALAMANDER.

* The prevailing strong winds at this end of the colony add very much to the danger of a fire spreading amongst thatched buildings. In the fearful storm of January, 1839, upwards of ninety houses were burnt in the town of Meath, in Ireland; and a church and ten large dwelling-houses in Dublin; besides other extensive conflagrations in other parts of the kingdom.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The list of new books received at the Public Library last month is richer and more varied than usual, comprising:—

A Treatise on Electricity, in theory and practice, by Aug. de la Rive, vol. 3; Handbook of Zoology, by J. van der Hoeven, vol. 2, Vertebrate Animals; History of Europe, vol. 7, by Alison; The Life of Mahomet and History of Islam to the era of the Hegira, with introductory chapters on the original sources for the biography of Mahomet, and on the pre-Islamite history of Arabia, by William Muir, Bengal Civil Service; Parliamentary Government considered with reference to a reform in Parliament, an essay by Earl Grey; India in 1858, by Arthur Mills, M.P.; Essays on History, Biography, Geography, Engineering, &c., contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, by the late Earl of Ellesmere; Oulita the Serf, a tragedy; A Lover's Quarrel, or the Country Ball, 3 vols.; A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude in 1849-50, by direction of the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General, with private correspondence relative to the annexation of Oude to British India, &c., by Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman, K.C.B., resident at the Court of Luckuow; History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth, by James A. Froude; Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. 147; Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 15.

One of the most interesting books of the collection is the biography of Dr. Elisha Kane, the distinguished Aretic navigator, whose gallant voyages in search of Franklin have done honor to America and to human nature itself. The memoir now before us is from the pen of Mr. Elder, of Philadelphia, and though at times the warmth of personal friendship has tended to inflate the biographer's style unduly, the work is in all respects a deeply interesting and instructive one. Dr. Kane was born in Philadelphia, in 1820, and from his youth upwards, he was marked by the same high, generous, and brave feelings which shone so conspicuously in later years. The following amusing incident will show how manifestly the child was father to the man:—

"When he was ten years old, four or five neighbors' boys, all bigger than himself, who had climbed upon the roof of a back building in his father's yard, were amusing themselves by shooting putty wads from blow-guns at the girls below. Elisha, attracted to the spot by the outcry of the injured party, promptly undertook the defence, and in the firm tone of a young gentleman offended, required them to desist, and leave the premises; but he, of course, was instantly answered by a broadside leveled at himself. Fired at the outrage, he clutched the rain-spout, and climbed like a young tiger to the roof, and was among them before they could realize the practicability of the feat; and then he had them on terms even enough for a handsome settlement of the case. The roof was steep and dangerous to his cowed antagonists, but safe to his better balance and higher courage, and they were at his mercy; for no one could help another, and he was more than a match for the best of them in a position where peril of a terrible tumble was among the risks of resistance. Forthwith he went at them *seriatim*, till severally and singly he had cuffed them to the full measure of their respective deservings. But not satisfied with inflicting punishment, he exacted penitence also, and he proceeded to drag each of them in turn to the edge of the roof, and holding them there demanded an explicit

apology. Before he had finished putting the whole party through this last form of purgation, little Tom, who had witnessed the performance from the pavement below, greatly terrified by the imminent risk of a fall which would have broken a neck or two mayhap, called out 'Come down, Elisha! oh 'Lisha come down.' Elisha answered the appeal in the spirit of the engagement, 'No, Tom, they ain't done apologising yet!'"

As he approached manhood, he adopted the medical profession, and prepared for entering the naval service of his country. By this time, however, the disease which preyed on him throughout his whole brief life, began to develop itself—a complicated affection of the heart and nervous system. In connection with it, we have the following somewhat amusing incident recorded by a survivor:—

"On one occasion, when going the rounds of the out-wards, or almshouse department of the hospital, with Dr. Kane, we encountered a miserable, squalid, diminutive, and deformed pauper, who had married quite a good-looking woman in the house. As we passed this interesting couple, I jocosely asked the doctor what he supposed must be the contemplations of that woman as she beheld that miserable object, and reflected that he was her lord and master. He paused for a moment, and then replied, in a serious tone,—'It is to save some lady just such reflections as these that I have made up my mind never to marry.'"

In 1843, he was commissioned as surgeon to the American frigate *Brandywine*, then setting out on a political mission to China. On this voyage, all the native instincts of the traveler began to exhibit themselves. Previous to his return, we find him exploring in Madeira, Brazil, Ceylon, Luzon, China, Borneo, Sumatra, Persia, Syria, Nubia, Egypt, Greece, and the whole grand tour of Europe; and wherever he went, his ardor as a naturalist and a discoverer was unbounded. In Luzon, the principal of the Philippine islands, he determined to visit the famous volcano of Taal and descend to explore its crater,—a feat never accomplished by man before. Accompanied by a group of native attendants and a German Baron, he ascended the mountain and advanced towards the crater. A steep precipice of some hundred feet forbad all further progress; but Kane was resolute. He would descend, and thus:—

The attendants very reluctantly gathered, from the jungle, a parcel of bamboos and fastened them into a rude but strong rope, by which they lowered him over the brink. He touched bottom at a depth of more than two hundred feet from the platform he had left, and, detaching himself from the cord, clambered slowly downward till he reached the smoking lake below and dipped his specimen bottles under its surface. The next thing in order was to get back again with the trophies of his achievement. This he used to speak of as the only dangerous part of the enterprise. The scalding ashes gave way under him at every step of his return; a change in the air-current stifled him with sulphurous vapors; he fell repeatedly, and before he got back to the spot where his rope was dangling, his boots were so charred that one of them went to pieces on his foot. He, however, succeeded in tying the bamboo round his waist, and was hauled up almost insensible.

In Egypt he met the celebrated German Lepsius, seated cross-legged in the great temple of Karnak, sipping coffee, and copying hieroglyphics; and from the Memnonium Kane wrote to his friends in America:—

Since Champollion gave tongues to stones, by clothing these wonderful remains with the interest of a recorded history, Egypt has undergone a complete revolution. It is no longer a place for sage Mr. Oldbuck, and ingenious gentlemen of the Bill Stumps class. It is nothing more nor less than a great library of monumental history, where all that is wanted is the patient labor of a reader.

After his return home, a fresh commission awaited him in the Mexican war, but our space is too limited to follow his varied adventures there. But, notwithstanding his constitutional debility, his intrepid spirit bore up under all adversities. He was attacked with rice fever in China, the plague in Syria, coast fever in Africa, and typhus fever in Mexico; but he survived all; and in 1849 was ready, when his country called him, to join the Arctic expedition of Grinnell, under command of Lieutenant de Haven.

Passing over that voyage, of which he published an admirable account, immediately after his return, we come to the second Arctic expedition of 1853, the entire command of which was entrusted to himself. The spirit in which he undertook it will readily appear from the following extracts of letters to his father, written when entering on the frowning dangers of Melville Bay:—

Now that the thing—the dream—has concentred itself into a grim practical reality, it is not egotism, but duty, to talk of myself and my plans; I represent other lives, and other interests than my own. The object of my journey is the search after Sir John Franklin. Neither science, nor vain glory of attaining an unreached *north* shall divert me from this one conscientious aim.

And a few days later:—

I see 216 icebergs floating in a sea, as dead and oily as the Lake of Tiberias, yet I cannot warm my thoughts to talk about them. Time was when I could have piled epithets on such a scene; but that time has passed. . . . Say to mother to have no fears on Arctic account. I am not entirely well, but as well as I could be at home; and so, trusting in the Great Disposer of Good, and all that, I am willing to meet like a man the worst that can happen to one secure of right, and approving heart and soul of that in which he is engaged. Good bye.

E. K. K.

"Love," my last word is "love"

The results of that expedition are well known; and the volumes in which he himself has written the story will be long remembered. It is from the diary published in one of them that the following passage is quoted by Sir Roderick Murchison, in his address at the Geographical Society. It shows how his thoughts dwelt in solemn soliloquy through the long, dreary Arctic nights:—

My mind never realises the complete catastrophe—the destruction of all Franklin's crew. I picture them to myself broken into detachments, and my mind fixes on one little group of some thirty, who have found

the open spot of some tidal eddy, and under the teachings of an Esquimaux, or, perhaps, one of their own Greenland whalers, have set bravely to work and trapped the fox, speared the bear, and killed the seal, the walrus, and the whale. *I think of them ever with hope. I sicken not to be able to reach them.*

After his return to America, Dr. Kane visited England for a few weeks; but, says Sir R. Murchison,—

Alas! the hand of death was already upon him; and when I had the honor of an interview, I at once saw that his eagle eye beamed forth from a wasted and all but expiring body.

The body was wasting rapidly. In the autumn of 1856, Dr. Kane was advised to spend the winter in the warm sunny climate of Havana, where, a few months afterwards, he died. He departed at the early age of thirty-seven; but though brief in years, his life was a large life, rich in noble actions. His loss was felt in America as a truly national loss; his remains were removed from Havana to his native city; and wherever the dead hero passed, the demonstration of respect and admiration for his memory was profound. "The newspapers and journals of the day echoed the general mourning of the public; the pulpits responded to the common feelings of the worshippers; and the legislatures of Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, New Jersey, and other states, adopted resolutions expressive of the national feeling, and mourned his death. The flags of the capitals were ordered at half-mast; and the municipal governments of all the municipal cities of the Union united in corresponding testimonies of respect."

And all this honor was accorded not to a man of noble birth or of proud achievements on the field of battle. He was at first, and continued to the day of his death, a simple citizen, and he won his laurels in the service of humanity. The Americans did honor to themselves in the high honors they conferred on Elisha Kent Kane.

The present war in India bids fair to add as much to the literature of the day as the great Russian war did a few years ago. In the list of books mentioned above as received at the Cape last month by the *Norman*, there are three deeply interesting works—"Brock's Life of Havelock," "Col. Sleeman's Travels through Oude," and "Rees' Siege of Lucknow." The first of these we noticed at some length in our review for May. The second gives an interesting and valuable description of the condition of Oude previous to its annexation under the government of Lord Dalhousie. And the third abounds in graphic sketches of the memorable siege, which only a few brief months bygone was partially relieved by the gallant intrepidity of Havelock, and finally by the splendid strategy of Sir Colin Campbell. The best possible military history of the whole affair has been given already in the memorable despatch of Brigadier-General Inglis. The work of Mr. Rees can only be viewed as a supplementary one, filling in some of the innumerable details of the eventful period. Mr. Rees was a Calcutta

merchant, who had visited Lucknow previous to the outbreak of the mutineers there; but who was suddenly overwhelmed with all the rest in the common disasters. Our limited space forbids our quoting more than one or two brief passages illustrative of the style and tone of the book. The first describes an amusing episode in connection with the evacuation of the fortress Muchee Bhawn:—

The last cannon had reached with the last man when a tremendous report shook the earth. The portfires had burnt down, and the Fort Muchee Bhawn was no more! All our ammunition, which we had not had time to remove, and about 250 barrels of gunpowder, and several millions of ball-cartridges were destroyed, along with all the buildings and their contents. An immense black cloud enveloped even us in the Residency,—darkness covering a bright starry firmament. The shock resembled an earthquake. Our accession of strength was very necessary. We had saved all but one man, who, having been intoxicated and concealed in some corner, could not be found when the muster-roll was called. The French say, *Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes*, and the truth of the proverb was never better exemplified than in this man's case. He had been thrown into the air, had returned unhurt to mother earth, continued his drunken sleep again, had awoke next morning, found the fort to his surprise a mass of deserted ruins, and quietly walked back to the Residency without being molested by a soul; and even bringing with him a pair of bullocks attached to a cart of ammunition. It is very probable that the *débris* of these extensive buildings must have seriously injured the adjacent houses, and many of the rebel army, thus giving the fortunate man the means of escaping. Our men were not a little astonished when they heard him cry, "Arrah, by Jasus, open your gates." And they let him in, convulsed with laughter.

And the other describes briefly the burial of Sir Henry Lawrence, the brave, chivalrous, and heroic Commissioner of the city. In its stern simplicity, it is not unworthy of comparison with the famed burial of Sir John Moore on the wild heights of Corunna:—

He fills the soldier's grave right worthily. No military honors marked our last acts to his corpse. The times were too stern for idle demonstrations of respect. A hurried prayer, amidst the booming of the enemy's cannon and the fire of their musketry, was read over his remains, and he was crowded into a pit with several other, though lowlier, companions in arms. We owe him a heavy debt of gratitude. Peace be to his soul.

Of Brigadier Inglis, now worthily exalted to the dignity of knighthood, it may not be out of place here to remark that he was *a colonist*. Nova Scotia claims the honor of producing Sir William Fenwick Williams, the hero of the siege of Kars, and Sir John Inglis, the second hero of the siege of Lucknow. Perhaps South Africa may yet furnish its own fair share to the roll of national heroes too.

A press of matter this month prevents us referring to several other matters which might properly come under the head of the Literary Review; and especially to the valuable literary gifts of Sir George Grey to the Public Library. These comprise three or four old, scarce, and very valuable editions of works in English literature, and some

sixteen volumes of collected pamphlets and publications in the various native languages of South Africa. Detailed notices of these we shall give next month; and also some remarks on the leading measures for the promotion of literature and science, adopted by the Colonial Parliament in the session now about to close.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The dullness which usually prevails at this season has this year been in a manner relieved by the arrival of three large return transport steamers, of which one brought a considerable quantity of tea into the market. Other vessels have also called in for supplies, and this branch of trade has been comparatively brisk. There has, however, been a great want of activity in freights from this place, and very few charters have been made. We hear of one at £2 12s. 6d. from a copper loading port to Swansea, and another from the guano islands to Mauritius at 35s. per ton The *Gipsy Bride* takes horses to Calcutta, as does the *Defiance*, the latter vessel having been chartered in India. High prices have been paid for that portion of the cargo which was saved out of the *Arabia*, wrecked at Green Point. The ivory especially was held in much estimation, and realized very good rates.

The houses of Parliament do not seem agreed upon the advantages of taking off the restrictions upon money transactions; the council having by a large majority approved of the bill brought in by the Hon'ble Mr. Ebden, whilst the House of Assembly ignores the principle. We are glad to learn that it is in contemplation to have a friendly suit brought before the Supreme Court, to determine whether any law does exist in this colony legalizing the rate of interest upon money transactions generally. It is, we understand, contended on the one hand that a placaat of the fifteenth century certainly does limit the rate of interest, but it is to a maximum of twelve per cent., whilst on the other, that certain institutions in this country, such as the Orphan Chamber and Savings' Bank, have charters which affirm that the legal rate of interest is only six per cent. No doubt many legislators are deterred from making any change in the present system, by the additional trouble which it will give to the directors of the banks; but these latter will not object to the alteration, as it will much diversify the operations of these institutions, and raise banking to a position somewhat allied to that which it holds in the mother country. But there are others to whom the following remark by a careful reviewer of the subject may apply:—

"The circumstance of the laws which regulate and limit the rate of interest having been made by those who were among the class of borrowers, rather than that of lenders, may perhaps afford some explanation of the views of the legislature, in putting restrictions on the trade in money."

We turn with pleasure from the contemplation of a policy worthy of the middle ages to that which permits the colonists to undertake, on their own account, the construction of a breakwater in Table Bay. It evinces a self-reliance highly creditable to the colony; nor do we think that Lord Stanley will the less admire our spirit in attempting what neither he nor his predecessor in office would have dared to propose to the Imperial Parliament. Instead of being annoyed at his decision, we should first thank him for his honesty in letting us know the fate of the measure immediately he came into office, and not hesitating to reply to the despatch which had been some months in Mr. Labouchere's hands; and secondly, that he has brought to light so admirable a quality in us. We trust that we may have many similar ones to record.

Many rumors have reached this part of the colony respecting the state of trade at Graham's Town, but very little of certainty has transpired. The transactions between that city, Cape Town, and Port Elizabeth, are very trifling, so that a monetary crisis would have no effect on either of the sea-port towns. An alarming fire has occurred at Port Elizabeth, by which property to the amount of £80,000 was destroyed. The difficulty of obtaining store room will very much interfere with the business of those merchants who were so unfortunate as to have their premises burned down. The fire insurance offices will probably, in future, restrict the amount of their policies on all risks, so that they may not suffer too great a loss by any one fire.

Exchange has a slight upward tendency—first-class private bills having been taken within the last ten days at par. Discounts are easy, although the money transactions of the month have been unusually heavy. We congratulate the colonists on the arrival of a very respectable class of immigrants from Scotland, many of whom, by their industry and skilled labor, are likely to be of the greatest advantage. Some of them have already turned their knowledge and intelligence to good account, by the discovery of freestone in Table Mountain, which, if found in large quantities, will probably much reduce the price of buildings, and eventually replace the unsightly white-washed walls of our city.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTE.

In the *Cape Monthly Magazine* of March, I observe a statement respecting Van Riebeek, the founder of this settlement, which should be corrected. It was there stated that Van Riebeek had latterly become the Governor of Netherlands India. It was his son, Abraham Van Riebeek, who held that appointment, to which he was promoted in 1709. The same thing is evident from a comparison of dates. When

the elder Van Riebeek was at the Cape, in 1648, he was 25 years of age; and supposing that he, and not his son, was appointed to the government of East India, he would have reached, by that time, the age of 86,—at which period of life he would be, of course, incapacitated from undertaking so onerous an office.—See Van Kampen's second volume of the "Geschiedenis der Nederlanders buiten Europa." De G.

QUERY.

At Cape Point there are several large caves situated on the brow of the mountain facing Buffalo Bay. They bear the appearance of having been at one time inhabited, but subsequently filled with shells, which are now, and have been for many years, used by the lime-burners in the neighborhood. The shells appear as fresh as those picked up on the beach at the present time; and deep among them are found human skeletons in perfect preservation, as well as bones of birds, and other animals. On the table land of the Cape Point hills there are occasional masses of shells; and wherever they occur, the same sort of bones are found. The geological appearance of the range of mountains from Simon's Bay to Cape Point would show that the whole eastern side had been thrown up, laying bare the granite along the line of coast, which is in some parts five or six hundred feet above the sea; while on the western shore no granite is found. The angle of the strata also exemplifies this. Can any of your contributors solve the problem of the shells? It is thought by some people that, previous to the igneous action which upheaved the land, these caves were on a level with the sea, and that the shells were washed into them by the waves; others think that they might have been accumulated by the aborigines, who, I daresay, had not much else to subsist upon than the fish contained in them; while others again suppose that it was their practice to bury their dead among shells,—a custom which certainly would account for the quantities of bones found. But there appears to be such a doubt about the subject that I would be glad to hear the opinion of any of your readers who take an interest in profitless questions.

Barnacle.

REPLY.

The small hillocks or heuvels, so common on the plains of the interior of this colony, are very striking features in the landscape; and I am not aware of any one having hitherto attempted any explanation of their origin. They are small mounds, rising from five and seven to ten or twelve feet above the surrounding surface, and composed of fine sandy soil, without stones, and are generally covered with more luxuriant vegetation than the flat ground surrounding them. The following, I believe, is the cause of them. In very hot weather, in electric conditions of the atmosphere, whirlwinds are common. These, as they travel slowly over the surface of the ground, take up in their vortices all loose vegetable matter and the fine sand or dust with which they come in contact, and gradually assume the form of dense columns of dust and sand many hundred feet high. At once, perhaps, by a counter-current of air, they break, and all the sand and rubbish they have taken up fall to the ground, and, as I have frequently seen, form hillocks closely resembling the heuvels in question. J. G.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER

FOR MARCH, 1858.

Deduced from five observations daily, Sundays excepted.

Hours of observation, $1^h\ 34^m$, $5^h\ 34^m$, $9^h\ 34^m$, $17^h\ 34^m$, $21^h\ 34^m$, Cape Mean Time.—Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation=100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch.	
1	29·864	67·20	61 24	73·0	74·6	56·3	2·1	SWbS		2·2
2	29·833	66·30	60·86	74·4	74·6	58·3	0·8	NW¾W	0·470	4·4
3	29 994	63·06	57·20	70·8	71·0	53·5	0·5	WSW¾S		2·5
4	29·998	68·64	62·82	73·0	73·5	62·5	1·9	SW¾S		2 4
5	29·910	70 28	64·66	74·4	75·8	64·7	5·6	SbW		0·7
6	29·958	68·48	63·36	76·2	74·5	60·0	4·4	SSW¾W		2·2
7					76·3	59·8				
8	30·101	64·94	58·00	66·0	69·8	58·1	2·9	S¾W	0 025	3 6
9	29·983	66·56	58·32	61·0	70·2	59·5	3·9	SbW		0·3
10	29·878	69·54	60·44	61·8	80·5	58·7	0·2	WbS¾S		2·4
11	30·069	64·12	57·40	66·6	68·0	58·0	2·7	SSW	0·010	3·7
12	29·998	66·56	58·88	63·6	70·3	60·2	4·4	SbW		2·6
13	29·987	67·50	60·32	66·6	75·2	62·2	3·1	SbW¾W		1·7
14					75·3	57·3			0·150	
15	30·139	65·58	56·48	56 8	70·0	58·3	2·6	S¾E		0 6
16	29·964	70·58	62·74	66·6	78·8	61·2	3·0	S¾W		0·0
17	29·833	70·04	64 08	74 4	82·0	56·5	0·4	SW¾W		4·0
18	29·914	67·34	63·24	80·2	74·0	58·2	0·6	W		3·0
19	29·949	67·32	61·90	74·0	76·0	57·5	0·6	S¾W		4·8
20	30·022	68·54	59·94	61·2	75·2	55·0	1·6	SbW¾W		0 5
21					74·0	58·8			0·014	
22	30·122	67·08	58·02	57·6	70·0	61·0	6·6	S¾W		0·1
23	30·102	69·66	61·40	62 8	73·3	62·3	5 0	S¾W		0·1
24	30·084	73·64	64·38	60·4	78·6	65·8	5·1	S		0·0
25	30·041	75·26	65.08	58 6	82 0	65·1	4·6	S¾W		0·1
26	29·865	74·52	65·50	63·6	84·4	62·6	2·6	S¾W		2·5
27	29·981	66·98	59·98	66 4	76·0	57·8	0·8	SSW	0·149	7·7
28					67·3	53·9			0·008	
29	30·286	61·38	54·08	63·0	67·8	51·7	0·8	SSW		1·9
30	30·255	67·00	57·56	55·8	71·5	56·9	2·4	SbW		0·5
31	30·182	68.52	60.08	63·4	76·5	54·2	2·2	S		0·0
Mean	30·012	68·02	60·67	66·38	74·42	58·90	2·64	SSW	0·826	2·02

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5.34	A.M. h. m 9·34	P.M. h m. 1·34	P.M. h. m 5 34	P.M. h. m. 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	30·010	30·046	30·004	29·987	30·011	30·308	29·773
Thermometer dry bulb, degrees.	60·41	70·40	75·22	69·62	64·47	86·90	53·00
,, wet bulb, ,,	56·16	61·70	64·28	61·80	59·39	70·50	49·30
Humidity of the air, per cent.	76·96	61·41	55·48	64·00	74·04	94·00	35·00

(Signed) PIERCE MORTON,

Assistant, Royal Observatory, Magnetical and Meteorological Department.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER

FOR APRIL, 1858.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation = 100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch	
1	30·121	77·10	61·34	42·2	86·0	59·0	0·6	SW½S		0 1
2	30·101	77·40	59·72	38·0	89·8	56·2	0·9	WbS½S		0·0
3	30·120	78·13	61·18	39·8	89·2	56·5	2·1	SW½W		0 8
4					75·0	61·4				
5	30·192	65·40	58·68	67·6	71·0	58·9	6·0	S½E		3·7
6	30·221	64·78	56·48	59·6	70.0	58·8	5·0	S½W		0·3
7	30·090	68·20	57·62	54·4	78·3	49·7	1·3	S½W		0·2
8	29·936	70·70	61·18	60·8	82·2	62·0	1 8	SbW		2·0
9	29·917	64·38	59·16	74·6	73·5	53·3	1·1	SWbW		4·6
10	30·029	63·30	58·98	78·2	67·0	56·0	1·4	W½N		3·6
11					66 3	56·4			0·015	
12	30·026	68·48	60·54	64·8	73·0	52·7	1·6	S½E		0·0
13	29·978	75·30	62·24	50·4	87·2	59 8	0·3	W½N		0·5
14	29·914	75·60	62·20	48·2	83·8	62 2	0·6	S		0·6
15	29·783	72·50	63·52	66 4	88·5	61·0	1·4	NW½W	0·045	5 9
16	29·904	62·26	59·32	84 4	67·3	57·3	2·9	NNW½W	0·047	7·3
17	30·115	60·44	57·16	82·6	66·3	52·8	0·1	NW		2·3
18					73·0	50·3			0·003	
19	30·107	64·22	59·50	76·8	72·0	52·7	0·0	SW½W	0·010	1·6
20	30·091	69·30	63·92	75·6	73 0	62·6	1·8	S½W		2 3
21	29·991	68·28	63·64	78 6	73·4	59·9	2·0	S½E		1·3
22	29·897	69·34	63·72	75·8	81·2	57·8	0·6	S½E		3 6
23	29·782	72·04	62·40	61·2	83·8	61·0	1·1	WNW½N		6·4
24	29·847	64.46	60·52	80·2	70·2	58·5	3·6	W½N	0·665	3·6
25					68 0	58·3			0·135	
26	30·092	61 12	54·88	67·2	68·0	55·0	1·8	SbW		1·2
27	29·910	60·72	56·28	76·8	65·2	57·0	3·0	NW½W	0·210	6·1
28	29·652	55·26	52·34	82·2	61 8	49·5	1·6	SW½S	0·927	8·8
29	29·780	55·18	50·44	72·2	57 8	50·5	2·4	SW½W	0·454	6·6
30	30·070	57·82	51·32	80·8	62·5	52·8	0 3	W½N	0.134	4 7
Mean	29·987	66.99	59·28	66.90	74·14	56·66	1·74	SWbW	2·645	3·00

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5·34	A.M. h. m. 9·35	P.M. h. m. 1·34	P.M. h. m. 5·34	P.M. h. m. 9·34	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	29·981	30·014	29·968	29·969	29·999	30·268	29·642
Thermometer, dry bulb, degrees.	58·15	68·57	75·45	68·69	63·32	91·10	51 40
,, wet bulb ,,	55·25	60·51	62·56	60·23	57·63	69·10	48·40
Humidity of the air, per cent.	83·36	65·81	51·27	63·65	72·08	95·00	17·00

(Signed) PIERCE MORTON,
Assistant, Royal Observatory, Magnetical and Meteorological Department.

SAUL SOLOMON & CO., STEAM PRINTING OFFICE, CAPE TOWN.

VOL. IV. No. 19.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1858.

CAPE TOWN:
A. S. ROBERTSON, ADDERLEY-STREET;
AND SOLD BY WILLIAM BRITTAIN, 44, ST. GEORGE'S-STREET; J. C. JUTA, WALE-STREET; W. L. SAMMONS, PLEIN-STREET.

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Notice to Correspondents.—Contributors are respectfully requested to forward, with their contributions, their names and address, in confidence, to the Editors, care of Mr. A. S. Robertson, Adderley-street.

The continuation of the "Settler's Story," and other communications have been received, too late for insertion this month.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS in the Country Districts are respectfully requested to forward their **SUBSCRIPTIONS** with as little delay as possible. So many **ARREARS** are now outstanding that no more **COPIES** of the **MAGAZINE** can be forwarded to such of the Subscribers as continue in arrears later than this Month. Without the **PROMPT PAYMENT** of **SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE**, it is impossible satisfactorily to maintain a periodical such as the **CAPE MONTHLY.**

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THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1858.

CAPE TOWN:
A. S. ROBERTSON, ADDERLEY-STREET;
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The continuation of the article on "Public Health" is in type ; but, owing to a press of other matter, is crowded out. It will appear next month.

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VOL. IV. No. 21.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

CAPE TOWN:
A. S. ROBERTSON, ADDERLEY-STREET;
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Chapter iv of "La Gitana, or the Spy," has been unavoidably omitted. It will appear next month.

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VOL. IV. No. 22.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1858.

CAPE TOWN:
A. S. ROBERTSON, ADDERLEY-STREET;
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VOL. IV. No. 23.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

CAPE TOWN:
A. S. ROBERTSON, ADDERLEY-STREET;
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Notice to Correspondents.—Contributors are respectfully requested to forward, with their contributions, their names and address, in confidence, to the Editors, care of Mr. A. S. Robertson Adderley-street.

Twilight Talk and *The Outcast's Legacy* have been received, and will appear. Mr. Hugo's communication arrived too late for this month; but will appear in our next. The article on *Gladstone's Homeric Studies*, in the present number, was in type last month; but was unavoidably omitted then for want of room. Some other articles have been received, which are now in type, but crowded out.

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VOL. IV. No. 24.

THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1858.

CAPE TOWN:
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Notice to Correspondents.—Contributors are respectfully requested to forward, with their contributions, their names and address, in confidence, to the Editors, care of Mr. A. S. Robertson Adderley-street.

An Index and Title-page to Vol. IV will be given in the number for January.

Erratum in Magazine for November, p. 309 :

For the co-ordinate $y = \log.\ \sin\ (175^\circ 46' 48'' + v)$
Read $\log.\ \sin\ (274^\circ 35' 54'' + v)$

The auxiliary angle B was inadvertently transcribed for the press.

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THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CAPE HORSES FOR INDIA.

Since the Cape became Parliamentary, it has been blessed with many blue-books. Now blue-books, however palatable to politicians, are nevertheless "caviare to the general." Though they have grown, as it were, into an "institution" of the age we live in, they are not less insufferable or incomprehensible on that account. We remember to have read in some ancient jest-book, a legend to the effect, that a certain country gentleman (probably an M.P. on the rural interest), calling on a friend, was asked to amuse himself for a short time with a book, and seizing the first at hand, he was quickly absorbed in the interesting pages of Johnson's Dictionary. The friend, by-and-by, having time to attend to his guest, asked him what he thought of the book, to which the answer was, that "no doubt it was amusing, but for the life of him he could not make out the drift of the story."

What this intelligent reader thought of Johnson's Dictionary, we firmly believe that every victim to a Parliamentary blue-book would say of his studies, unless he stopped at the preface. A bonâ fide blue-book is certainly an awful affair. We determine to master its contents, as we make up our minds to unpack a mummy, and with the same wretched conviction, that be it fish, flesh, or fowl (crocodile, priest, or ibis), whose unsavoury relics we are about to disentomb, the final revelation will be pretty much the same; and that we shall rise from that musty banquet not much the wiser, but probably sadder men.

But every rule has its exception, and two blue-books have lately come to our notice, which not only claim the attention of all interested in the agricultural welfare of the colony, but, strange to say, will actually afford to the general reader, a large fund of amusement. These two publications, entitled respectively, "*Papers relating to the purchase of Horses at the Cape of Good Hope, for Cavalry and Artillery, for service in the Colony and in India;*" and "*Additional Papers relating*

to the supply of Remount Horses, for the Army in India;" comprise a variety of official reports, and much statistical information, which ought to be in the hands of every colonial horse-breeder.

The first of these blue-books opens with a "Memorandum" from the Hon. W. Hope, Auditor-General, respecting a letter from Capt. Baker, 10th Hussars, to Lord Panmure, on the subject of Cape horses for Indian service, which letter was forwarded from the India House to this colony. Capt. Baker's letter, unfortunately, is not given, but from the references made to it by Major Hope, we gather that this officer served at one time in the 12th Lancers at the Cape, and that he wrote "under the impression that horses fit for cavalry and artillery are not easily procurable" in this part of the world. Major Hope disposes of this fallacy in a very satisfactory manner, as he does also of Capt. Baker's "anticipated difficulty in shipping horses from the eastern part of the colony, because there are no good harbors to the east of Simon's Bay," by simply showing that "the *Himalaya* took on board 257 horses without accident in one day at East London, and went to sea the same night!" The *Megæra*, *Ville de Metz*, *Granville*, and other ships have since taken horses from Algoa Bay without any detention or casualty.

Major Hope, in his preface to the "additional papers," touches upon the different methods which have been employed at different times to procure remounts for India, together with the unfortunate results thereof; and as the public documents he quotes are many of them new to us, and contain not only some remarkable facts, but also some startling disclosures, we shall now proceed to their consideration.

The first astonishment of all is, the Assistant Commissary-General at Madras, on 17th December, 1856, gravely suggesting to the head of his department, that "in consequence of the probability of an interruption of communication with Persia, from whence the best description of horse is brought, 200 may be commissioned from the Cape or Australia," and that "in order to induce the breeders at the Cape and Australia to import horses to this presidency of a proper stamp, 575 *rupees* (£57 10s.) *should be given for each horse passed by the committee at Madras.*"

Accordingly, a Government advertisement is issued, to the effect that "100 Cape horses will be received by the Madras Government every year until further notice, upon the following terms, viz.:—The horses are required to be not less than four, nor more than six years old on delivery, and not under 14-2. Each horse must be free from vice, blemish, or

any defect whatsoever which may constitute unsoundness of wind, limb, or vision; to be of good constitution, with free action, sufficient bone, general substance and symmetry, to render him in every respect fit for Horse Artillery or European Dragoons, to be judged by a committee of officers at Madras. The horses will be paid for, after being passed by the committee, at the rate of 575 rupees each." In short, a perfect animal for £57 10s., irrespective of all risks!

Yet the Commissary-General of Madras had then before him a letter from the Deputy Commissary-General, dated August 9, 1856, in which the latter states that a Government invitation, equally liberal in its provisions, which had then been in force fourteen years, had only met with one response; the result of that venture being that out of thirteen horses landed, only six were taken, whilst the importer had to bear also the loss of eight which died on the passage! With the knowledge of this, and the recollection of the treatment which the remounts purchased by Lieut.-Col. Bower, received at the hands of Madras committees, it is scarcely credible that the authorities in that presidency should have entertained hopes of their advertisement receiving any attention at the Cape. On this head Major Hope very justly remarks, that "as the Madras Government had come to the conclusion that the Cape horses, however desirable, would only be taken of parties who produced them for inspection at Madras, at their own risk and cost, it amounts to a prohibition against Cape horses for that army, although they are acknowledged to be the best that can be obtained in India."

Lieut.-Col. Bower, in his letter to the "India Sporting Review," which is incorporated with the "additional papers," alluding to the same subject, observes, that "the Cape horse-breeders, dealers, and farmers, will never submit to the freaks of India Remount committees, for the blunders of such tribunals, on all occasions of Cape horses being inspected, are too notorious. Poor Havelock's horses, sent to Bombay in 1837 or 1838, were disapproved of, yet they proved themselves hardy, kept their condition well, perhaps better than others, and took, in addition to their own work, a share with the Gulf horses, in doing the work of the Bengal studbreds, which had to be led.

"Again, the Cape horses purchased by me in 1839 were condemned by a committee in such terms as exposed me to the censure of the Court of Directors; and yet they earned for themselves a reputation in the service, which obliged the Madras Government to record a minute of consultation to the effect that 'the committee had made their remarks upon

wrong information, and that they ought not to have been hazarded, unless supported by proof.' So far as it went, this was some satisfaction to the Cape farmers and to myself, although I never could quite understand what sort of 'information or proof' a remount committee can require, beyond the use of their eyes.

"A similar comedy was enacted with the remounts I purchased in 1849, when thirteen out of a hundred were rejected and sold by auction for little more than a hundred rupees each, and within six months were doing their work well in private hands, some in harness, some in saddle, and some as hunters."

Really, it would appear as if some fatality attended all remount operations at the Cape. The best judges in India have been selected on various occasions for this work; the horses they have purchased have been always creditable to the colony (that is to say, in the estimation of colonial judges); yet when produced before Indian committees, they have been unsparingly condemned; the upshot, however, being in all such cases, that the same horses subsequently "earned for themselves a high reputation in the service," and well repaid their cost.

The late Captain Gall, 5th Madras Cavalry,* in his report to the Adjutant-General of Madras, dated January 31, 1856, shows that "out of the 44 Cape horses purchased by the late Colonel Havelock, in 1837 (which were 'disapproved of' at first sight), and distributed amongst the Dragoons, Horse Artillery, and Native Cavalry in the Bombay presidency, *no fewer than* 37 *were actually present in the ranks after having done eleven years' service;* and in that presidency, as in Madras, horses stand exposed to all weather, throughout the year."

Capt. Gall suggests, that "the question of procuring remounts from the Cape should not be allowed to turn on the opinions of any officers, merely because their appointments may make them for the time being the regular channel of communication, whether as members of the military board, or superintendents of studs," or (he might have added) of remount committees composed of any chance materials.

Surely, it is red-tapeism of the first quality when committees so formed are suffered to pass judgment on the proceedings

* This excellent officer, well known at the Cape, being in command of a cavalry regiment (Irregulars) at Lucknow, when the mutiny first broke out there, gallantly volunteered to carry despatches through a *cordon* of mutineers and rebels, to Allahabad, and was unfortunately killed in the attempt.

of officers selected for a particular duty on account of their long experience and proved ability. Yet such a case has again happened very lately, and the Cape public will learn with astonishment that the fine batch of horses sent to Calcutta by Lieut.-Col. Apperley, in the *Judith*, after having been passed at the Cape by Mr. Veterinary Surgeon Rogers (in the employ of the H. E. I. C. S.), as sound and fit for immediate service in India, were virtually condemned by a Calcutta committee. True, the horses were admitted into the service, but the committee went out of their way to report to the Bengal Government, that "many of them were not suited for military purposes, many were unsound, and the whole wanting in substance, and when brought into work, the proportion which must be cast will be very great."

Here we have the "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," croaking at us again more discordantly than ever. Now, first of all, it may be questioned whether this committee did not exceed its functions in offering the remarks just quoted. Then, when it is remembered that the horses thus criticised were but lately landed, and in bad condition, that they had been bought by an officer employed in this special service, because of his peculiar fitness for it, that though some of the horses might be blemished, they were all in hard work when purchased, and went sound, according to the professional opinion of a responsible practitioner, that they were seasoned horses, all broken in for draught, and many of them for the saddle, and therefore ready for immediate duty, that the emergency was great, and that it was a time rather to sink all differences of opinion (even if they legitimately existed), than to create them; when all these things are taken into consideration, we cannot but think that the Calcutta committee would have best consulted the interests of the public service, and their own credit for modesty as well as acumen, had they abstained from observations which apparently were beyond their sphere of duty, and which, even if correct, could not possibly lead to any practical results. To us, their remarks appear to have been uncalled for, and purely mischievous. The Bengal Government would certainly not endorse their condemnation of better judges than themselves, nor could it be imagined that Lieut.-Col. Apperley would shape his future course according to the crude ideas of a tribunal such as that. For of what materials was this committee composed? We are told that two of its members were officers of the Royal Artillery, and two more belonged to the Bengal army, and that their president was a Bengal Cavalry officer, who lately

visited the Cape, and to whom the colony is probably indebted for this agreeable lift. Since this gallant colonel has thus thrown down the gauntlet, some one at the Cape must take it up, and in default of a better champion, we shall ourselves make bold to meet him in the lists.

The officer in question, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Bengal Cavalry, came to this colony in 1856, with a commission from the Bengal Government to purchase the best Cape horses procurable, for the breeding studs of that presidency. He has been described to us as possessing a more than usual share of the well-known Indian apprehension, regarding spavins and "dirty hocks," and as passing over in his travels many horses good enough, even in his own estimation, for the purpose required, because he expected to find better as he went on. Of course, with his peculiar notions and over wide-awakeishness, he never did find them, nor, in all probability would he have done so, had he reached that *Ultima Thule* of his own,—those Utopian pastures, where all equine imperfections are supposed to be unknown. He had unlimited funds at his command, he made several expeditions into the country, he inspected vast numbers of horses; but the labor of eighteen months terminated in his purchasing only eight. One would have imagined that these eight, selected by so fastidious a judge, would have been unexceptionable; but so far from this being the case, we have excellent authority for stating that the whole were inferior to many he had previously rejected for some accidental blemish or some unsoundness, palpable only to himself; and that four of them were wholly unfit for stud purposes. This is not our individual opinion, but the verdict of every one who saw the horses. We never heard a dissentient voice, and it was a subject of universal complaint and regret that such animals should be taken to India, because, arriving under such auspices, and for such a purpose, they could not fail to be considered (as indeed they ought to have been) the best to be had at the Cape. Now it would be just as fair to accept the verdict of this gallant officer (as the president of a Calcutta committee) on Cape horses, procured by other parties, as it would be to estimate the horse-producing capabilities of the colony by the specimens he took to India himself last year. We wonder whether any committee was appointed to inspect the eight horses he bought for the Bengal studs, and if so, perhaps some Indian visitors can inform us of whom it was comprised, and what was their report. From what we know of his antecedents as a judge of horses, and his publicly expressed opinions that the colony could not furnish any

number suitable for Indian remounts, we cannot refrain from observing that this was not exactly the officer to place at the head of a committee to pass judgment on Cape horses bought by any one but himself. Had the duty, now in the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Apperley, been unfortunately delegated to *him*, instead of the 3000 horses supplied by the Cape for India since September last, possibly 300 might have been despatched; and it may be safely assumed that those 300 would not have been in any respect sounder, or more fit for service in the East, than an equal number taken at random from the additional 2700 shipped by the present remount agent.

As for the other members of the Calcutta committee, of their actual qualifications for that particular duty, we can say nothing; but we may suppose that they adopted, to some extent, the views of their president, and that their recorded opinions were more or less the echoes of his voice. In fact, with the two officers of the Royal Artillery, this must have been the case, for they had only just arrived in India, for the first time. It was most unfair, therefore, to those officers that they should be put on such a committee. Very possibly, they were good judges of horse-flesh in the abstract, but never having seen Indian artillery or cavalry, either in cantonments or in the field, they were clearly incompetent to offer any opinion whatever respecting the comparative merits of the Cape horses before them, with those of the other breeds then in the ranks of the Indian army, or of their eligibility for the same service which Arabs, Australians, stud-bred animals, or the indigenous horses of the country were then rendering. Measured by such a standard as the splendid teams in the Woolwich barracks, our little Cape horses (especially if in low condition after a sea voyage) would doubtless appear under-sized and mean-looking, and "unsuited for military purposes." So thought the officers of Her Majesty's 7th Dragoon Guards when they came to the Cape in 1843; but they very soon had reason to appreciate the stoutness and endurance of the horses assigned to that regiment, and the colonel officially reported to the Horse Guards that, "according to his belief and knowledge of the service, he considered the 7th Dragoon Guards to be at that time mounted averagely well with cavalry at home;" and that, "with regard to field service, the horses have carried the men wonderfully well, and seem, though apparently overmounted, to be equal to their weight,"—that weight being upwards of nineteen stones, in marching order! In like manner, the officers of the Royal Artillery, now in India, will soon learn to value the Cape horse, not for his

size or his looks, but for his intrinsic merits on service, and by that ordeal the Cape breeders are prepared to stand.

Reverting to the report of the Calcutta committee on the horses per *Judith*, our readers will observe that the tribunal aforesaid described them as "wanting in substance," yet they were of the same batch and quality as those sent to Calcutta in the *Himalaya*, and the Indian-built stables on board that ship had all to be taken down, and *widened from four to six inches before the Cape horse could be squeezed into them!* Now it so happened that in those very stalls had been conveyed to Calcutta the horses of a dismounted Madras cavalry regiment; and we have heard nothing of *their* condemnation by a Calcutta committee for being "wanting in substance," and therefore "unsuitable for military purposes!"

Is it not extraordinary, also, that the short-comings of the Cape horses, so wonderfully apparent in Calcutta, were never discovered at Bombay? No complaint whatever has come from that quarter; but, on the contrary, the authorities were so well pleased with the horses sent from the Cape, that they immediately commissioned more. It may be argued, perhaps, that the Bombay horses were a superior lot; but we are told it was not so, and that, if anything, the Bengal Presidency had the preference, from the evident emergency in that quarter for artillery draught. The very horses sent afterwards to Calcutta in the *Judith*, and unfavorably thought of by a committee there, were seen in the main barracks of Cape Town by many officers of H.M. Dragoon regiments on their way to the east, and those who had previously served in India highly approved of their stamp and quality; observing, one and all, that they would be too happy to get such horses for their own men.

As for the concluding sentence of the Calcutta committee's report, viz., that "when the Cape horses (per *Judith*) are brought into work, the proportion which must be cast will be very great," we believe that a more rash and unfortunate prediction was never made. The experience of the past, as detailed in the blue-books before us, leads us to very opposite conclusions on that score; and we feel satisfied that every Cape breeder, and every Cape colonist, will readily stake the reputation and character of our horses on the issue of the present campaign, and the reports of competent and impartial officers on the performances and services of the Cape horses engaged in it. We do not mean to deny the possibility of Cape horses being used up in a tolerably short space of time, if they are employed on severe duty before recovering their condition; but if they are placed on a fair

footing with any other description of horse used in the Indian army, we are confident they will maintain their ground against all comers, and show their sterling qualities in the most convincing manner.

It is impossible to anticipate what may be the results of future committees in India, if they are allowed to condemn horses for mere blemishes, instead of only for actual unsoundness. Our knee-haltered horses, apparently damaged in their fore-legs, would be cast right and left, and the effects of a sea voyage might again revive the cry of "incipient spavins," &c. Whether the suggestion of Lieut.-Colonel Bower to the Madras Government on this point has been adopted or not we are unable to say; but, thus he wrote on the 9th November, 1850:—

To Colonel A. Tulloch, Commissary-General, Madras.

Sir,—In continuation of my letter (2nd August, 1850), I have the honor to submit some further remarks, which the perusal of correspondence in your office leads me to make.

2. After reading sundry dissertations upon bone spavin, the alleged prevailing defect of the Cape horses provided by me, I can only come to the conclusion that this is a question which no amount of controversy can determine.

3. I cannot presume to question the visual faculties of so many judges as bear testimony to the existence of those defects among the Cape horses, since their arrival at Ossoor; but I hope my former letter and its accompaniments will have satisfied the Right Honorable the Governor in Council of the non-existence of any such blemishes up to the day on which the horses were shipped, from which period, my responsibility for soundness must be considered to have ceased.

4. And with regard to present appearances, I fear that, unless it were possible to have hocks cast in an improved mould, "the freaks of nature must be borne with, and those varieties of her products," which committees call "spavins," will have to be tolerated.

5. With a view, therefore, to protecting Government from loss through the extreme solicitude of remount committees for the efficiency of its cavalry, I would take the liberty of suggesting that, so far as bone spavin and ringbone are concerned, the comprehensive term "incipient" be expunged from the veterinary vocabulary, and that the powers of rejection be, for the future, restricted to cases of positive and unmistakable lameness.

This branch of the subject is interwoven in the colonial mind with many unpleasant associations, and our readers, perhaps, have had enough of it; but we must express our conviction that the course suggested by Lieut.-Colonel Bower is the only fair one towards the officers who are engaged in such responsible duties as those of a remount agency, and to the colonies where they may be employed.

There is much in the blue-books before us deserving of further notice and acknowledgment, and we propose adverting thereto on the first opportunity. In the meantime, our

readers will be gratified to learn that private letters received from Calcutta assert, in the most forcible manner, that "the Cape remounts are considered a wonderfully good batch—the very stamp for India," and that all judges of such ware are "delighted with them."

Under these circumstances, therefore, and enjoying the consciousness of duties fulfilled, the officers of the H.E.I.C.S., now executing the remount Commission at the Cape, may bear with resignation the implied censure of a haphazard Calcutta jury, and may await with perfect calmness the ultimate verdict of their Honorable masters, and of the Indian army. We, who know with what zeal and assiduity they have discharged very onerous functions for many months past, can bear testimony to the entire confidence of the colonists in their judgment and impartiality also; and as for the head of the department,—if ever "the right man was put in the right place," that phenomenon occurred when Lieut.-Colonel Apperley was selected for his present appointment. Long may he retain it!

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

NO. V.

VAN RIEBEEK'S SECOND YEAR AT THE CAPE.

1653.

We may readily conceive with what thoughts and emotions of mind he saw the dawn of the first day of the year; and we read of a "sermon" which took place on that day, and which, we may naturally conclude, was adapted to the circumstances of the times. He endeavored, by an act of clemency, to render this first new year's day here agreeably memorable to the companions of his voyage and fortune. Moved by many applications in their favor, and upon promise of amendment, he released Gerrit Dirkse, Jan Blank, and Willem Huytgens from their chains, in which, according to the sentences against them, they should have remained two years for their perfidious desertion; and also upon a like promise, he reinstated the suspended corporal, Toort Van der Lank.

His cattle trade with the Saldanhians continued to prosper, and was carried on with great spirit. Even the chaplain was employed in it, and was sent with a corporal and six musketeers to some distance from the fort, to treat with them respecting it.

The land on the eastern side of Table Bay, near the wreck of the *Haarlem*, and along the coast as far as Saldanha Bay, was covered with fires, which Harry informed him betokened the approach of more people with cattle.

In a further expedition to the Saldanhians, the chaplain, William Barentz Wijland, was very successful, and returned in the early part of the month with five cows, one ox, three heifers, three calves, and eight sheep, which he had obtained from this tribe in one day. But he, at the same time, communicated the alarming intelligence that the commander must be on his guard against them.

Van Riebeek soon afterwards found himself obliged to send again to these people, who had of late visited the fort less than formerly, which made him consider them as too indolent to bring their cattle to market, though not more than 22 or 23 miles off, or about 15 or 16 hours' walking. But their keeping at a distance, connected with other circumstances, awakened his suspicions, and induced him to place 29 armed men under the direction of that serviceable officer, the chaplain, who was sent to barter with copper and tobacco. On this occasion, the commander learnt that a chief, who had been the first to visit him, had 80 fighting men, and possessed from 5,000 to 6,000 head of cattle, and about 2,000 sheep. It was at the same time clearly perceived that his people were treated with less respect; nay, even the insults of the natives were almost insupportable. But, notwithstanding, no one had dared to act against his orders, by doing the Saldanhians harm. They had only, in the most pressing danger, fired a pistol over their heads, for the purpose of frightening them, when they all fled, leaving their cattle behind. Obedient and faithful, however, to their directions, Van Riebeek's party took no improper advantage of this circumstance, but called them back, and restored the cattle, with repeated assurances of friendship. By this judicious proceeding, he was, at the end of the month, in possession of 350 sheep, 130 cows, 25 of which gave milk, 1 bull, and several oxen and calves. The lions and jackals gave him considerable trouble; and by an immoderate use of the Hottentot fig, some of his people were attacked with a dangerous flux.

He now first thrashed wheat grown at this place; and formed the idea of having his corn sown in the low lands beyond the Salt River, where the south-east wind was not so violent as in Table Valley. He proposed to have these lands cultivated by free people. Thus, with the increase of his local knowledge, Van Riebeek extended his plan, according to the intentions of his employers. His prospects, and

the circle of his operations, became gradually more enlarged. On the return of the yacht *Good Hope*, from Saldanha Bay (having left Table Bay on the 2nd December preceding), he received some hundred seal-skins, in good preservation, and likewise a useful journal, kept by E. Verburg, of what had passed during this second voyage.

But the daily progress of his operations was now disturbed, by the news that war had broken out between Holland and England. This information was brought by the galiot *Black Fox*, which arrived here on the 18th of the month, having left the Texel on the 4th September. He assembled his council, and formally reported "that the galiot *Black Fox* had arrived express, with advice and notice of war between the States of Holland and the Commonwealth of England, with orders to forward this intelligence to Batavia, by the first opportunity." The *Good Hope* was consequently sent to that place, and it was resolved "to work at the fortifications with the greater despatch, to put them in the best possible state of defence," to which end, a reward of one month's wages was promised to the people, the moment the fort should be in such state; and it was also resolved "to send the galiot to Robben Island, *to get salt penguins and young seals for the people*, in lieu of the Dutch provisions, of which there was not more than would suffice for a fortnight's consumption, whilst the supply of bread could scarcely last longer than a month."

With the most spirited efforts every one wrought at the fortifications, which advanced rapidly. And it soon proved fortunate that the ramparts were raised sufficiently high to resist the attacks of wild beasts, for shortly afterwards the lions, one night, seemed determined to enter the fort to devour the sheep kept there. Attracted by the scent, they came on in great numbers, with loud and terrible roarings, as if to destroy everything. But the height of the walls proved an insurmountable difficulty; and he thought the English were as little to be dreaded as the lions. He believed himself so well protected by this fort, that unless attacked by a force many times superior to his own, he had nothing to fear, if he would only prevent the planting of cannon on the land side; and for this purpose, he proposed to erect with all expedition, a redoubt near the mouth of the Salt River.

The commencement of the following month (February), offered nothing extraordinary. But on the 9th, whilst walking behind the Table Mountain, Van Riebeek saw for the first time an astonishing quantity of locusts, which he describes as "similar to flakes of snow, driven so closely through

the air, that it was almost dark, and the earth could hardly be seen," and he feared if these destructive vermin were to reach his gardens near the fort, everything would be consumed, as the grass had been destroyed at the place where he then was.

On the first day of March, he was informed that five or six persons had conspired to seize the galiot, and to desert in her. At the head of this plot were the former runaways, but he prevented the execution of it; and, by great good fortune, on the evening of this anxious day, five ships were seen from the Lion's Head. For this he returned thanks to the Almighty, as in that day also, *the last ration of bread* had been distributed amongst his people.

On the following day, one of the ships, having the Vice-Admiral Zunins on board, arrived in the bay; and a few days later, all the others. Van Riebeek welcomed their Admiral, Mr. Demmer, and was visited by him and his suite on the 7th, when they inspected his work; and the Admiral having caused the General Council to be assembled, Van Riebeek produced the letters he had lately received relative to the war, and other papers (secret instructions were reserved for private communication to the principal persons in the fleet). He, at the same time, begged the assistance of two hundred men from the fleet (which was homeward bound), and then hoped to be able to put the fort in a state of defence within a fortnight, during which time the fleet was to remain here. But his application could not be complied with, for reasons stated in the records of the General Council,—of which, however, there is no entry in the record-books of the colony. Little further happened out of the ordinary routine. A solemn trial before the General Council, when some persons guilty of cattle-stealing were condemned to be dropped from the yard, and whipped, and to labor for a certain time in chains (which was considered by Van Riebeek a very lenient sentence); and the arrival of the yacht *Hare*, from Holland, with goods and provisions, comprise the whole of what occurred, deserving notice.

Neither does the commencement of the month of April offer anything particularly interesting. We only find it mentioned that four thousand one hundred and five Cape seal skins—being the first article exported—were sent to Amsterdam by this fleet. Van Riebeek had formed great expectations from this branch of trade; but it appears by a letter, dated Amsterdam, 15th December, 1653, that he was much deceived in his calculations; for in their answer on this subject, they say:—"The sealskins sent by you have been duly received according to invoice; but whether they

will prove as profitable as you imagine, we shall learn when the sale in January shall take place. In the meantime, we have had them examined by competent persons, who, however, consider them very inferior."

The yacht *Greyhound* arrived from Holland with news of the continuation of war with England, and left again a few days after, with the *Hare*, for Batavia; and on the same day, the 17th, the homeward bound fleet sailed for Europe.

Van Riebeek's relations and transactions with the aborigines gradually increased, and became more interesting. A new tribe, living further in the interior than the Saldanhians, induced by the favorable reports of the Dutch, which others of their countrymen had spread, arrived to barter their cattle for copper and tobacco. Elephant and hippopotamus tusks were sometimes changed for small pieces of tobacco, or copper wire; and *the commander, experiencing daily the advantages of the system of moderation and kindness, which had been recommended, did his utmost to cultivate the good opinion entertained by the natives.*

The occurrences in May were less remarkable. An observation of Van Riebeek, that English vessels had formerly been into the beautiful bay at the back of Table Mountain, and his account of three homeward bound ships having sailed from this place with secret instructions, are, in the commencement, the only circumstances worthy of notice. At this period, we first find, in a judicial sentence, the words *cum expensis*,—a term used in our courts of law, signifying that the persons condemned should pay the costs of suit. It is also stated that six breeding sheep were sent to Robben Island, to try if they would breed there.

He was now occupied, with his usual diligence, in cutting beams and posts in the forests behind the Table Mountain, to build a storehouse or magazine. He went there with some Hottentots, whom he wished to carry these pieces of wood to the fort. He succeeded the first day with six; but afterwards he states they would not work, and made signs of being too much fatigued from the labors of the preceding day. Meanwhile he made preparations to put oxen to a timber-wain; and this *first attempt* here *to employ the ox* for the purpose of draught succeeded extremely well. Finally, the gathering of shells and wood for the *first lime kiln* concluded the business of the month.

A singular circumstance is mentioned in the commencement of June. The captain of the galiot *Red Fox* arrived here on the 2nd, and reported to Van Riebeck that, by an *error in the pointing of the compass*, he had been for nearly

three months unable to make the port; and that, twelve days before, he had fallen off above two hundred miles to the northward. A short time previously, he had listened to the suggestions of a certain German priest, named Marthinus Martini, who had communicated many things to him; amongst others, that near the river *Os Montos d'Ouron*, between six and seven hundred miles round the Cape, on the eastern coast, in 28° 23′; at *Rios de Reyos* in 25° 30′; *Rio di Cucimo*, and *St. Torgo*, in 18° and 19° south latitude, trade might be carried on in gold, ivory, ebony, slaves, &c. Van Riebeek proposed to have this examined by the galiot during the intended voyage; and he appears to have entertained the idea that *Sofala* was the Ophir to which Solomon sent for gold. The members of Council, however, possessed resolution enough to advise him to the contrary; and this enterprise was postponed till orders should be received from the directors in Holland, to whom, on the 4th of May, he had written a long letter on the subject, containing a full description of his situation at that period.

The month of July commenced under more favorable circumstances. He had a good stock of provisions, and could treat his people with arrack and tobacco; which, at that inclement season of the year, were very beneficial and acceptable. He named the bay behind Table Mountain *Hout Bay*, and caused it to be surveyed; making the useful discovery that the galiot might lay there, sheltered from every wind, in four and a half and three fathoms, with a clear sandy bottom, and so far behind a point on the north side that the open sea could not be perceived from her. He also caused a chart to be made, that it might be used as occasion required. A few days after, he sent the vessel there to fetch firewood; and going himself, towards the end of the month, saw "as fine woods as could be found in the world, the trees being as long, thick, and straight as could be wished."

His industrious disposition did not allow him to be long inactive. In the first days of the following month, he discovered behind the Table Mountain, or rather more than six miles from the Fort, another wood more extensive and better situated; and he succeeded so well that, on the 5th, his wain had already brought two tolerable pieces of timber for beams for the new storehouse.

But on that day the course of his daily occupations was interrupted by the arrival of three ships from Holland, the crews of which, particularly the scorbutic and sick, he cheerfully supplied with vegetables and fresh meat. By

these vessels he received no letters from his employers, and merely verbal intelligence of the continuance of war with the new Government of England.

Meanwhile, he sent a few persons as far as False Bay with the view of extending his local knowledge. During this time, the ship *Phœnix* arrived with the junior merchant, Jacob Ryniersz, who, by a resolution of Council, was appointed second in command, and successor to Van Riebeek, in case of death or otherwise. The resolution on this subject gives us an idea of the progress made during the previous six months. It sets forth "that matters were already brought into good order, so that the Company's ships touching here would generally be well supplied with refreshments (the fruits of great industry); and that it would be, therefore, lamentable if the settlement were lost by the want of able persons."

We find nothing further remarkable, except renewed complaints that the *wild animals had destroyed some of the sheep, and all* the poultry. And before the end of the month the only circumstance on the records, of any interest, relates to the *first marriage* lawfully contracted and solemnized here. The resolution of Council on this subject reads as follows:—

Saturday, 30th August, in the year 1653, Adolphus ten Bengevoort, of Amsterdam, boatswain, bachelor, and Zanneken Willems, also of Amsterdam, spinster; both on board the flute *King David*, bound to India, requesting permission to enter into the holy state of matrimony, according to the promises which they had made to each other. The Council, assisted by the principal persons belonging to the said ship, asked them if they are betrothed or engaged to any other person; and, being answered in the negative, consent to their being married as soon as possible; and for that purpose allow two banns to be published to-morrow, and the third on Monday next, when the further solemnization will take place before the Council of the Fort Good Hope (as the minister had left in the *Phœnix*, this marriage was probably celebrated by the Secretary Verburg, the same as that of Jacob Ryniersz, on the 23rd November following): which is thus hastily concluded that the ship may not be detained on this account.

Thus done, &c., &c.

The month of September is the most barren of all. The departure of the lastmentioned ship, a single death, some little trade in cattle with the Saldanhians, a favorable account of the breeding of his sheep at Robben Island, where they had increased from six to nine; but more particularly the diligence with which the work at the Fort and Gardens was carried on, comprise the whole of the occurrences.

October, however, proved more interesting. On the 1st the Commander assembled the Council, when it was resolved to send the galiot *Red Fox*, with fifteen men, supplied with three months' provisions for twenty-five, to Saldanha Bay for

the purpose of commencing a *cattle trade* with the natives residing there; to *catch fish*, and cure it with *Cape salt;* and to return with samples of *sharks' skins*, to see if any profit could be made of that article. On the same day he had the satisfaction to note in the records that "as the *Fort is in a sufficient state of defence*, it shall be understood that, in conformity to the special resolution, taken on the 19th January last, the people on shore shall, for their hard labor, *receive a reward of one month's wages.*

Immediately afterwards, the interpreter having informed him that two Saldanhians had arrived, stating that a *large ship* was lying in Saldanha Bay catching seals, and trading with the natives. Being unable to ascertain if it were the Dutch ship *West Friesland*, or some other vessel, he sent Jacob Ryniersz in the galiot, with orders to inquire and to act in such a manner as he might deem most accordant with the interests of the Company, giving him at the same time the support of six able soldiers. On the 11th, he learnt it was a French ship, carrying twelve guns, and about thirty-five men; and Ryniersz, who arrived the same evening, gave him a circumstantial account of everything relating to this occurrence. By comparing the records with Van Riebeek's Diary, we find that on the 8th, Ryniersz, accompanied by eight persons, set out on foot from Saldanha Bay. When about twenty-four miles from the Fort, he was prevented by pain in his knee from proceeding farther; but a *horse* was sent to him, and he arrived the same evening. This is, however, not the first time we read of a horse at this place; as in the records of the 25th February this year, we find it mentioned that the Commander would proceed to Hout Bay either on horseback or on foot.

We may easily imagine the impression made on Van Riebeek's susceptible mind by this account of a rival in seal catching; for late the same day he held a Council, when, amongst other things, it was resolved, "not only to make every attempt to engage those who offer to quit the French service to enter that of the Company, but also to prevail upon as many more as possible to accompany the people to the Fort by land. At all events, to take the *three persons* off the small island where they have been *placed as convicts* by the commander of the French ship, and bring them hither. To which proceeding (the Council considers) no one can object, it being an act of mercy." They vindicated this conduct by the example of the English, who, in 1642, there being at that time peace between the two nations, had taken from

Robben Island some Dutch sailors, banished there from the ship *Rotterdam*, Capt Caron, and had forwarded them to Holland, before the homeward-bound fleet arrived. Which example, as the people had such bitter complaints of ill-treatment and want, Van Riebeek, *from motives of pity*, thought himself justified in following; and the necessary directions were accordingly despatched to the commander of the galiot, then in Saldanha Bay.

During this month, a circumstance occurred which grieved him exceedingly. Just after Divine service (sermoen) he was informed that the interpreter Harry, who resided near the Fort, had suddenly departed with his family; and before Van Riebeek had dined he received the distressing intelligence that the boy who, with Hendrik Wilders, had charge of the cattle, lay murdered near the Lion's Rump. The cattle were gone, and every circumstance indueed him to suspect Harry. The Commander immediately despatched a sergeant, with four or five men on horseback, behind the Lion's Hill to regain the cattle; and two corporals, with fifteen or sixteen men, through the pass between the Table and Lion Mountain (the kloof), to meet the other party. The sergeant, however, returned in the evening, after prayers, with the unwelcome report that the cattle had been already driven behind the Table Mountain, along the seashore, over rocks and stones, where he was unable to follow them on horseback; but that the two corporals, with their people on foot, might probably be more successful. The number of cattle stolen by the natives was forty-two; and Van Riebeek felt assured they were on their way to Hout Bay with the plunder. He therefore sent four more men to the wood to make the party working there acquainted with what had happened; and afterwards to take these woodcutters with them, being then ten in number, and well armed to cut off the passage of the thieves, and to assist the other people, who were still in pursuit. Several attempts were made, but in vain; and from the records of two Council meetings, held on this subject, in which the Commander makes great complaints of the ingratitude of Harry and his tribe, it appears he considered the cattle irretrievably lost. Although, in this instance, Van Riebeek was outwitted by the cunning of Harry, who was better acquainted with the country, yet his policy soon showed him to be far superior to his treacherous enemy. He immediately prohibited his people from taking any revenge on account of this theft, even if they were to meet Harry himself; as, under present circumstances, the innocent might

suffer with the guilty. From this misfortune he derived many wise lessons. He increased his precaution; divided his people into companies; pointed out to each person his place in time of danger; and doubled his guards.

Soon after some Saldanhians appeared under one of their chiefs or captains; and, moved by the treatment they had experienced, sympathised in his misfortune, and informed him that Harry was the person who had stolen the cattle, and was with them near Cape False. The chief, having nobly rejected Harry's offer to participate in the spoil, tendered Van Riebeek his assistance to retake it. The Council resolved "to despatch thither that same evening, the 23rd, a detachment of seventeen able soldiers, under the corporal, Jan van Haerwaerden, with provisions for four or five days, to retake the stolen cattle; and in the event of getting Harry or his people into his power, by fair means or foul, to bring them to the Fort." The sequel showed that Harry, being better acquainted with the country, escaped with his plunder.

Van Riebeek received information, overland, that the commander of the galiot in Saldanha Bay had engaged four French sailors for the Company's service, and would shortly return to Table Bay.

In November, the only event worthy of remark was the marriage of Jacob Ryniersz, the second in command, which, in the absence of a clergyman, was solemnized by the Secretary in open court, in presence of the Council and the people. Some drunkards also were punished for disorderly behaviour.

The last month of the year began with whipping and other punishments, inflicted upon some slanderers who had occasioned a disturbance on board the galiot. Soon after this, Van Riebeek's people met five of the Saldanhians at Salt River, when they sent him the shell of an ostrich egg as a present. They expressed their disapprobation of Harry's conduct; and stated that one of his companions, to whom the Dutch had given the name of Lubbert, was the murderer of the boy at the Lion's Rump. This was followed by several transactions, but confidence was evidently diminished on both sides. And on the 19th Van Riebeek received the disagreeable intelligence that these tribes were daily retreating farther into the interior.

P. B. B.

Wynberg.

LA GITANA; OR, THE SPY.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning of the 24th of July, 1813, broke calmly yet coldly on the mountain peaks of Roncesvalles, beneath which the bivouac of the British column had been made, to which the two officers were attached; and elevated as their position was, upwards of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, gladly did the troops, as the mist cleared away, welcome the day's returning sun-beams, after enduring the chilly night-air of those regions whose loftiest crags were clothed with eternal snows.

All were stirring once more, and especially the commanders, whose anxiety and watchfulness were commensurate with the importance of anticipated events, for it was known that the enemy had assembled in large force near St. Jean Pied de Port, although it seemed doubtful whether the French marshal's energies, whilst threatening the right of the allied position, would not be suddenly diverted to effect the relief of St. Sebastian, instead of Pamplona, and which, no doubt at this time, was the opinion of the British leader.

Amongst some of the occurrences worthy of report, which had transpired during the previous night, that regarding the two gipsy women formed one; for to them a degree of curiosity and some little importance was at first attached, as they professed to have come from the ground in front, occupied by the enemy. They were therefore summoned, and closely questioned, as to any cognizance of the position and numbers of the French force, but nothing further was elicited, beyond what they had already stated, "that the fear of falling into the hands of the French, and being maltreated, had occasioned their flight," declaring themselves to be Spaniards. Curiosity therefore soon died away; nor were they noticed in an hour after, save when some of the young officers, who accidentally saw and accosted them, passed a joke on the strange appearance of the one, or said something flattering to the good looks of the other.

There was one, nevertheless, who did not disguise his suspicious sentiments that they were not friends, as they pretended to be, but had come with some covert design, and that of all weapons, the tongue and tact of women were the most dangerous; but the fact was, the circumstance of Conyers' rebuff of the preceding night had got abroad amongst a few of his comrades (Pat Timmins' loquacity being sus-

pected);—the consequence of which was, that Conyers' unfavorable opinion was considered to have arisen from pique, and carried little weight, so that the subject and the individuals were soon overlooked in the more absorbing circumstance of the troops having been suddenly ordered to move forward two leagues in advance of their present position,—where the main body, on arriving at the summit of the Lindouz range, were halted about noon,—some portion being pushed forward on the French side of the mountains as far as Val Carlos and Orbaceita, where the usual precautionary measure was taken of posting picquets.

During that night everything remained tranquil, but scarcely had day dawned on the 25th, when, upon the mist clearing away, two dense columns of the enemy were discovered, moving up the ridges on either side of the Val Carlos,—one against the rocks of Altobiscar, the other on those of the Airola, with the evident intention of cutting off the British force which occupied the Val.

With such a force upon each flank, the comparatively small number of the allies, now vigorously assaulted, were under the necessity of retiring, yet gallantly from crag to crag did they dispute every rood of ground. But valor became unavailing against such unequal numbers, and when the remnant of this little band rejoined their division, which still crowned the Sierra Lindouz, nearly all who had composed the advanced picquets had fallen.

Amongst these gallant combatants lay Seymour Waltham, severely wounded. He was last seen inspiring the courage of his men, when a shot from the musket of a huge French grenadier, leveled over a rock not many yards distant, struck him down, and occasioned his capture as a prisoner. In fact, so closely pressed was the British force at this unfortunate moment, by two overpowering columns on each flank, and occupied in resisting their unceasing attacks, that little attention could be paid to individual succour,—the whole aim being that of retiring without dishonor.

Another, too, lay there—but numbered with the dead;—it was Charles Conyers. On him, alas, war had laid its fatal grasp; he fell, as a brave soldier, but a few yards from Waltham, who, as he gazed on the corpse of his comrade, said in a mournful tone to himself, "Too true, alas, was the gipsy's prophecy!"

The small hamlet of Val Carlos, where this desperate encounter had commenced, lay in a gorge of the mountains, which bore the same name, and which, instead of its homely rustic appearance of a few days before, now bore marks of

fire and shot, and devastation in every corner,—some of its cottages being unroofed, some stripped of doors and windows, and all deserted by their late occupants.

It was on the ensuing day after the severe skirmish just alluded to, that a French officer of rank rode through this hamlet towards the lofty hills in front, accompanied by two of his staff. He had come from the right, and was urging his horse forward at some speed, when on advancing to a sharp turn in the path, he encountered two individuals supporting and leading a wounded man along. The circumstance caused him to rein up his steed, and address one of the bearers, whom he appeared to have known and recognised.

"How now, La Tuerta, whom have you there? But I perceive he is an Englishman, and badly wounded."

"Yes, general," was the reply. For it was the elder gipsy who spoke.

"Ha,—and made prisoner. I only hope, Lefevre, that ere to-morrow we shall have many hundreds more," added the speaker, addressing one of his suite. Then turning to the woman again, he said, "The information you brought me two days ago was important, we are now reaping its advantages,—but time presses, *remerci beaucoup*; your prisoner, no doubt, is a brave soldier, and seems much hurt, so take care of him;" and off he galloped, without interrogating the wounded man, who appeared almost insensible from exhaustion.

The reader can be at no loss to guess that the two individuals who were bearing the wounded officer, were Madre Chaléea,—alias la Tuerta,—and la Nenita, whose real name was Aurilla; and that the sufferer was Seymour Waltham, who, but for their accidental and timely succour, would now have been numbered with the dead instead of the living.

One fact was clearly established by the recent interview between the French general and the gipsy woman,—*that she was a spy*, whose previous career will be detailed in the sequel,—the thread of the narrative requiring the scene just represented to be accounted for.

Well acquainted with all the localities and mountain passes around, and from her mode of life accustomed to face dangers,—an adept, moreover, in the risk she had undertaken, it had only required, in one possessing her acute power of observation, the short space of time Chaléea spent amongst the British troops, to gain intelligence regarding the amount of their numbers at the Roncesvalles Pass. This was the task assigned her: and having secured the

information pretty correctly, together with another important fact, that Lord Wellington was then at St. Sebastian, which she had learned by putting one or two adroit questions, though in a careless manner, to Pat Timmins, she and her companion (who was the decoy to disguise her intent), found means towards the afternoon of withdrawing from the encampment without observation; and taking a hidden goat path down the Val Sayra, which ran parallel to the Val Carlos, they managed to reach the village of Arnegui by nightfall, to which place Marshal Soult had moved up the greater part of his force. And it was partly in consequence of the intelligence thus obtained, that he had been induced to precipitate his attack on the following morning of the 25th, by having been made aware of his opponent's force at this point. Thus, by the concentration of his troops, and sudden movement, he obliged the Allies to retire,—thereby gaining, for a while, possession of the Lindouz range.

Moving forward, close on the track of the French column which attacked Val Carlos,—Chaléca, well known latterly as *a vivandiere*, had followed the trail of this advance, nd by the most providential accident for Waltham (though plunder, no doubt, was her object), had stumbled upon him when he was about to receive far rougher treatment than the severity of his wound would have admitted of, with any prospect of survival,—two French stragglers, supposing him to be mortally wounded, being in the act of stripping him of his clothes, when she came up to his rescue, and induced the men, by some promise, to forego their spoil.

On reaching Val Carlos, it was evident the elder gipsy was no stranger there. She directed her footsteps at once to a cottage which appeared to have suffered the least in the previous day's assault, and entering it with an air of authority, made the French soldier who lay wounded there feel she was the mistress,—for the fierce determination of her manner and countenance seldom failed to make others stand in awe of her intentions, if opposed. The man, therefore, seemed to have known her before, and said little or nothing.

Her first object now, was to procure Waltham the repose and succour he needed, and having despatched the girl to collect dry grass or fern, she endeavored, in the first place, to relieve his exhaustion from the loss of blood by administering, out of a leathern flask which she had slung round her waist, and beneath her petticoat, a small quantity of its contents, savoring very much of *eau-de-vie*, which being poured into a tin cup (produced from a pocket which depended alongside of the flask), she diluted with water from the stream

near at hand. The small quantity swallowed by Waltham had the effect of reviving him a little; he looked up, attempting to utter his thanks to her whilst engaged in washing his wound through the thigh, which she now carefully bound up. Aurilla returned shortly after with her arms full of dried grass. Her re-appearance caused his eyes to light up into an expression of thanks towards her also, and though faint from weakness, the look was sufficient to make his grateful feelings known.

Several days now passed over, during which a long roll as of distant thunder was continually heard, whilst every now and then a wounded soldier arrived, declaring that the English had been beaten and the greater part made prisoners; but as the main road through the Roncesvalles Pass to St. Jean Pied de Port lay about a league to the left, along the Altobiscar heights, down which hundreds of the French were observed hurrying to the rear, this circumstance did not corroborate what the stragglers had reported. In this manner did a week elapse, during which time, Waltham, under the medical treatment of the elder gipsy, gradually grew better; her skill as a leech, by an application of herbs to his wound, having produced a soothing as well as healing effect. Exhausted, however, as he had felt, it did not impair the power of reflection, which, as he lay enfeebled in strength, allowed his mind, nevertheless, to meditate much on his situation.

That he had inspired grateful feelings in the elder female in consequence of the scene with poor Conyers, he now felt assured,—and that she had been a camp-follower of the French armies (although acknowledging herself to be a Gitana), he became also confident of, from the circumstance of her having been immediately recognized by the French general; yet, on the other hand, what could have been the former events of her life, which had placed her in that position, confessing, as she did, to be one of that wandering race, and a native of the valley in which they were now sojourning? What, moreover, had been the circumstances which had placed the young girl Aurilla under her control?—One whom she protected with all the fierceness with which a lioness would guard her young, and who excited his interest daily by her unremitting attention to all his wants, contributing by every means in her power to his ease and relief, when Chaléca, from the necessity of procuring food for their subsistence, was obliged to absent herself frequently. Thus it was that this young creature, by her devotedness of attention to him, won upon his naturally susceptible disposition,—so

much so, as to make him forget, in the dreaminess of an imaginative sensibility, that he was a cripple in the hands of his enemies.

A further circumstance now occurred, productive of those happy opportunities, destined so often as allurements through life, when the human heart, after having thrown out its first, green buds, is aided by time in causing them to bloom into flowers of loveliness and sweet fancies.

Chaléca had appeared very unsettled for the two or three last days. Something was evidently disturbing her usually resolute spirit, and which did not escape the observation of Waltham, though he said nothing; when one morning, on her return from her search after food, her serious look had left her. She entered with a broad smile on her countenance, exclaiming, "I, have found him, I have found Chiboro,"—and following on her footsteps, the strange creature so called made his appearance.

Imagine a figure, whose height could have scarcely been more than four feet and a half, whilst his bulk, on the other hand, was equally disproportionate in size. His years seemed to have numbered about sixty; the head was unusually large, which he had ensconced in an old cocked-hat, beneath which some matted locks, very like grizzly horse-hair, hung down. His visage was as remarkable: each feature differing, through some contortion, from the human face *divine;* the skin of which seemed hardened to the consistency and color of a dried toad's, and whose wrinkles, successive layers of dirt had darkened into a duskier shade, like some species of tatooing. His broad nose exhibited large nostrils, splayed on each side; beneath which, from the wide mouth, now grinning at the sight of la Nenita, two or three brown teeth or tusks protruded, whilst the expression of the small eyes, deep sunken, yet lustrous, conveyed the idea of some creature akin to ghoul or satyr. Such was the extraordinary being who went by the name of Pepe Chiboro. A sack, well filled with food and spoil, was borne on a thick stick or cudgel, which he carried over his left shoulder, and which was at once deposited on the floor, as Aurilla went up and almost embracing him, said, "Where have you been, Pepe Chiboro? We thought you had been killed,—did we not, Madre?" turning to Chaléca.

The only reply he gave to the damsel was a still broader grin than when he entered, followed by the laconic words, "*Bestipen,—postani,** as he pointed to the sack, for at that

* "Bestipen,—postani,"—which means in the Zincali language,—"riches,—smuggled goods."

moment his attention was directed towards Waltham, whom, reclining on his rude bed in the darkest corner of the room, this dwarf Caliban had not observed before.

"Pepe has not been idle," said the gipsy, as she laid hold of the sack, and shaking out its contents, exhibited a motley mixture of things; a quantity of ripe Indian corn was the most desirable part; the rest of the articles, consisting of a French officer's coatee, two pairs of trowsers, three checked shirts, a shaving box, razor, lump of soap, some tobacco, and a piece of pipe-clay; the last item evidently from the knapsack of some British soldier.

"You will make a gallant *bragante** in that dress," said the maiden, with a titter,—turning a sly glance towards Waltham.

"Come, let us see how you look in it," added the woman, "for I shall require you to mount guard during my absence."

"Pacuaro,—pacuaro,"† was the old dwarf's reply, with a sort of chuckling grunt as he stooped,—taking up the coatee to put Chaléca's suggestion to the test, who stopped it, however, by saying, "Never mind it now, Chiboro; it will do on my departure to-morrow."

"Whither, whither, Madré?" inquired Aurilla, in a tone of great disquietude. "We shall surely not be safe under Chiboro's charge; pray, therefore, let me accompany you."

"What, Nenita,—and leave the signor without an attendant?" was the gipsy's slight reproof. "No, no, I shall not be absent more than three days. The fighting is now removed far to the right; it may shortly return to this neighborhood, which would defeat my present scheme; so trust to my foresight. No person will come to molest you during the time I shall be away; further delay or neglect may be fatal."

Waltham, who had never yet put any question to either of the females, but confined his few words to his wants, was now induced, however, upon hearing the elder one's proposition, to represent his helpless state, if called upon to aid in Aurilla's defence, in case of violence from some of the passing soldiery; but his doubts were silenced by Chaléca, who said that her judgment seldom erred,—that the two armies were then seriously engaged near Eehallar, and that now was the moment for the success of her intentions;—but what they were, she did not disclose.

* "Uno bragante,"—a nickname for some guerillas.

† "Handsome,—pretty," in gipsy language. Ugliness concealed by dress or attitude is termed "De pacuaro."

The elder gipsy's allusion to leaving the signor in his helpless state, without an attendant, called forth, when uttered, a deeper glow of crimson on Aurilla's cheek, which being observed by the young Englishman, their eyes met,—his filled with the expression of hopeful suppliance, whilst her's denoted a tenderness of feeling she could not check, yet fain would have concealed.

If Chaléca noticed this, she said nothing. She had a project to put into force, and she was one who never faltered in her purpose. It was this resolute spirit which caused her to be feared, if she was not respected; and in this vile world, the first quality is, too often, of most advantage in obtaining what is desired.

At day-break on the morrow she departed, taking the French soldier with her,—whose wound, being in the left arm, did not prevent his accompanying her upon her journey.

When Waltham awoke on that morning, he felt more cheerful than he had as yet done since his disaster, for his night's rest had been peculiarly refreshing, whilst his wound had ceased giving him the acute pain he had hitherto suffered in the limb.

The room at that early hour being darkened prevented him from observing that any one was present until a slight noise in one corner drew his attention to the old dwarf, busily engaged in examining his spoil, which enabled him to scrutinize the singular looks of this strange creature, who might most readily have been taken for a *chimpanzee*, or wild man of the woods, rather than a human being; and who, having stripped himself of his sheepskin zamarra to put on one of the checked shirts, caused Waltham to observe that he was partially afflicted with the malady of *a goitre* to increase his ugliness, and through which his speech, so hoarse and imperfect, had been affected.

Another strange circumstance took place, proving that an instinctive tendency to vanity predominates even in deformity. The lid of the soap-box, in which there was a small looking-glass, was held up, when this *lusus* of nature commenced eyeing himself as intently as if he had been an Antinous, or Acteon; and whose toilet might have lasted much longer but for the girl, who entered, bearing in her hand an earthen vessel containing food.

If nature is at times hideous, ungainly, and repulsive in the forms, and hues, and distortions with which she shapes, endues, and animates some of the moving creatures of the world,—how bright, and beautiful, and enamouring are the

features she moulds, and the fascination of soul she breathes into others. The impression of this truth presents itself the more forcibly when sudden contrasts bring such things in juxtaposition; and thus did it arise at this moment in Waltham's mind. He had been gazing on the unseemly being, scarcely invested with the appearance of humanity: he turned his glance, and beheld the young maiden, Aurilla, beaming like the morning star before him, the light of whose eyes, now soft as if the dew of heaven still lingered there,—now smiling into a warmer glow of animation as she met his gaze, was yet veiled with modesty; whilst her whole appearance was that of an innocent child with a woman's form, so delicately was she proportioned; and although not fair, her color was of that rich and sunny brown, tinged with a deeper glow where the warm blood coursed on her cheek through the transparent skin, giving her a hue of health and joyousness, and reddening her ripe and humid lips to the look of coral just lifted from the sea. Her whole appearance was, however, decidedly Oriental.

Absorbed at the moment in the interest she kindled, Waltham was silent, when she approached him, saying, "I have brought you another bowl of fresh goat's milk, signor. The one you took last night seems to have done you much good."

"I do indeed feel better to-day," was the reply. "And to whose kindness can I feel indebted, but to your's?"

"You have not to thank me for it, signor."

"How so, dear Aurilla."

"The prudence of old Chiboro, in having driven the goats into the mountain's wildest glen, on the advance of the two armies, saved them. In war's extremities, as much is to be feared from friends as from foes."

This remark caused the young man to turn a glance of kindlier expression on the goat-herd (who seemed still intent on examining his new garments), and say, "I must then feel deeply indebted to both."

"Chiboro's looks are not prepossessing," replied the maiden, in a tone of much softness,—adding, with an evident wish of lessening her claim to praise, "But he has some sense, and much feeling. Now, take the milk, signor, and here is some rye-cake the Madré made for you last night; it is simple fare for gentle-folk, but it is all the better now, with your wound."

Waltham took the proffered bowl and cake, looking with grateful tenderness into the girl's face, which only retained the same sweet expression of placid solicitude as she gave it,

—accosting the old man immediately after, and telling him it was time to drive the goats back to their hidden pasture ground and tether them for safety.

Waltham enjoyed his meal greatly, and whilst so engaged, his kind attendant brought him the usual medicaments for his wound, when she retired, leaving old Chiboro,—whose services were now required by the young man to aid him in re-bandaging the limb, and remain, whilst he made his toilet, for the first time since his disaster, by means of the shaving apparatus found amongst the old dwarf's plunder.

In about an hour after, Aurilla returned, and seating herself on a low block of wood, without speaking, drew the old man's sack towards her, and selected the two remaining shirts out of the other articles.

"Pray, what may be the purport of your occupation, Aurilla?" inquired Waltham, who had been watching her.

"Ah, I see you are curious. I thought curiosity was confined to our sex alone," she replied with a smile.

"I am indeed curious," continued Waltham,—"warmly, deeply so, at present, and regarding yourself."

"About me?" and a blush suffused her sunny cheek.

"Yes, Aurilla, and have long been anxious to know something of your history. I see before me a young creature, endued with all the purer, brighter characteristics of womankind, as beautiful in mental as in personal charms, and yet associated with one who calls you not her own child,—one whose life must have been spent amidst scenes of toil and trial, danger and deadly strife,—whilst you seem the lovely Iris, beaming around this threatening thunder-cloud. Is not such the case?"

He paused, when the maiden cast an earnest, thoughtful look on him, but remained silent.

"Aurilla, will you not confide in me as a friend? and have I not tried to prove myself one?"

"Yes, but the Madre—" when, hesitating a moment, she added, "She has told me to be silent."

"You need not fear Chaléca, as regards myself,—I feel she has an interest in me,—something tells me so. Come, dear Nenita,—pardon me for calling you so,—a knowledge of your past life will hasten my cure more than anything."

"Will it?" she exclaimed suddenly, with involuntary animation; yet relapsing as quickly, said in a mournful tone, "I must not."

These words found a painful echo in Waltham's heart, "*I must not*," as he thought to himself what could make her life a secret not to be divulged? Was it crime?—Assuredly

not in her. Was it pride?—Her present lot denied the supposition. Was it fear?—Possibly in the elder gipsy,—the desire to obliterate the past. All these reflections came rapidly across his mind in succession, and were only dispelled by that sweet young voice saying, "This raiment requires to be cleansed before you can wear it; it ought to have been thought of yesterday,—but I have now time to do so,—the hot sun will soon dry it;" and she rose to set about her task.

"Aurilla," said the young man tenderly, "I shall never be able to requite your care,—never,—although you have made another wound in my heart by refusing me the confidence of your story."

She answered him with one of her sweetest smiles, simply saying as she hastened out of the cottage, "Some day, perhaps."

This half-promise only caused Waltham to relapse into a deeper train of reflection than before,—each hour increasing the interest awakened by the Gitanilla's engaging simplicity of manner, and endearing kindliness of heart. From this absorbing reverie, he fell into a deep sleep, when the following vision appeared to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALFRED VAUGHAN AND HIS WRITINGS.*

IN MEMORIAM.

THE name, of which the volumes referred to below are the memorial, is a familiar one to all who are even moderately acquainted with the English literature of the last thirty years. Among our living writers in the several departments of history, theology, and criticism, Dr. Vaughan occupies a foremost place of honor. And the memoir, prefixed to these remains of his gifted and lamented son, adds another to our many obligations to his laborious pen. It was a beautiful fellowship, that of father and son in the toils and pleasures of Christian literature. Very touchingly does the survivor allude to the hope, cherished during many years, that hereafter instead of the father would be the son; and the natural expectation that the record of the father's life would be also the memorial of the son's pious affection. But it was otherwise appointed. In the inscrutable arrangements of Divine

* Essays and Remains of the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan. Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D. Two volumes. London. 1858.

Providence, the life, so rich in promise of noblest service to the cause of truth, has been cut off in the midst of its years; and to the father was left the mournful office of planting flowers upon the grave of his only son.

The life presented to us in these memoirs was, throughout, that of a student and a scholar—quiet therefore, and wanting in those stirring incidents which in most biographies form the main feature of interest. It was the life of a man whose heart and soul were devoted to communion with beauty, truth, and goodness, in their most exalted forms. Throughout we see the sublime ideal which he had set before him, and incessant effort to realize this ideal. With great simplicity and much tenderness, the editor has given us the outward life of circumstance and action. As regards the inward spiritual life of aspiration, conflict, and triumph, he has allowed his son to speak for himself; and our warmest thanks are due to the biographer for the extracts from Mr. Vaughan's private letters and diaries, which give us a glimpse into his inmost heart.

The story of Mr. Vaughan's life is soon told. He was born at Worcester in 1823. His early boyhood was passed at Kensington, where his father was pastor of the church, now under the care of the Rev. John Stoughton. After a careful training in the usual branches of study,—first under his father's roof, and afterwards at University College School, he entered University College, London. Here he was greatly distinguished for the extent and accuracy of his knowledge on all subjects connected with the classical languages and literature. He graduated B. A., in the University of London, in 1842, with honors in classics, his name standing second in the honor list. By this time he had fixed upon the choice of a profession. His highly poetic temperament and strong imaginative powers had inclined him to look forward to the career of an artist; and several of his efforts in that direction gave promise of no ordinary success. But, on leaving University College, his religious character and sympathies decided him in favor of the Church as his ultimate sphere of action. Accordingly he entered, in 1843, the Lancashire Independent College, over which his father had just been called to preside. On leaving that institution, he spent some time at the University of Halle, where he enjoyed the guidance of Tholuck and Julius Müller in his study of German Theological and Philosophical Speculation. Having been the companion of his father in a journey through Italy, where his poetic nature was stirred to its very depths by actual contact with the magnificent

ruins of a past civilization, he returned to England, and commenced, in earnest, the work to which he had consecrated his life. His first home was Bath. Thence he removed to Birmingham; but his delicate frame was unequal to the wear and tear of city life. Driven from Birmingham, by failing health, the rest of his life was a brief struggle against the foe which had already marked him for its prey. The medical reports told plainly that consumption—the English plague, messenger of sorrow to so many an English home—had gone far in the work of death. The sunny slopes of the Rhine, the sheltered warmth of the Hampshire coast, the soft air of Bayswater—all were tried, but in vain. The man's work in this world was done. There was need of that pure and gifted spirit elsewhere. He passed away without a struggle, October, 1857. Here are the father's words in describing the manner of his death :—

> About seven o'clock on Monday morning the difficulty of respiration, felt on Friday, returned. The pain in the chest and side did not recur. The diseased lung had now become so charged that, without relief in that quarter, the issue threatened to be serious. No such relief could be given. About two hours after this seizure had commenced, the sufferer, on being reminded of the goodness of God, which had helped him through so much, replied, with emphasis—"Yes; God is very good." These were all but his last words. He said soon afterwards, but with much calmness of manner, "this is very like dying!" The rest was silence. During the next half hour there was often a smile on his face, which spoke when the tongue could not; and the last breath passed as a gentle sigh, and all was ended. So his pure spirit came to know, according to his own words, what it is to have that last event "over;" to have "death *behind* and not *before;*" and was summoned to those regions where it becomes a matter of consciousness, and not merely of faith, that "this life is not our only sphere of action."—Memoir, p. xcviii.

So much for the outward life. But what of the inward life, underlying the outward,—related to the outward life as spirit to body? What of those principles, aims, and purposes of which the outward life is the expression and the dress? It is as revealing these that the memoir is chiefly significant and valuable. The most noteworthy portions strike us as being those which present us with the solemn view of life and its duties, with which Mr. Vaughan both prepared for, and performed his life's work. At an age when the majority of even educated men are looking only to the immediate objects of youthful ambition around them, he had already brought himself face to face with the great questions of life. He had deliberately estimated his powers in relation to a special department of service in the Kingdom of Truth. Every action of his life reveals the intenseness of his

unwearied toil in fitting himself for the high work to which he aspired. Self-culture was a leading thought of his life; not for its own sake merely—though none ever rejoiced more thoroughly in knowledge for its own pure sake—but as the means of accomplishing a noble purpose in life. The work to which he looked forward was a complete history of the development and progress of religious opinion. Of this work many of his essays are the first foreshadowings; and the *Hours with the Mystics*, published in 1856, the first, and, alas! the only instalment. *Ex pede Herculem.* From this we learn what it was in his heart to have done.*

The following extracts will illustrate what we have said of the purposes and spirit of his life:—

I have been thinking somewhat concerning the objects which, during my stay in Halle, I must keep mainly in view,—the manner and mode of the self-improvement I contemplate. If I can accomplish all I intend, it will be well. If it be possible (and why should it not?) to attain a greater relish for processes of reasoning, and the arguments of abstract speculation (which it is a great deficiency in my mind not to enjoy), without, at the same time, losing a certain enthusiasm and warmth of fancy which gives me much delight, I shall return to England with a mind of greater robustness and hardihood, and shall be more armed at every point for mutual effort. My intellect has gone out too much in one direction, namely, that most easy to me,—just whither imagination and phantasy may lead. The difficulty, I perceive, with regard to many other species of application is the very reason why I should more sedulously attempt them. Both as an author and as a preacher, it is what I require. Of course, every man must do mainly what he does *best;* but at the same time what he does best will be better done for doing other things well too. The faculties go very much together, and the cultivation of one will often direct the exercise of another. I am conscious of a sort of inverse in my intellectual character,—that which ought to be first is with me second, and the second first. A great error this, because the brilliance of fancy is quite useless without a vigorous reason, and well-disciplined judgment. There is a danger of my being more anxious to interest than to instruct; to collect a multitude of materials for adorning the edifice, and quite to forget that the carts have not yet come up with the stone which must make the strength and be the substratum of the whole. The secret of the deficiency I am willing to believe rather indolence than incapacity. To correct myself in these respects will be a foremost aim with me while abroad, seeing that fixed stars are more serviceable than comets. (Memoir, p. xxxviii.) The great thing is, that a writer should do his work, not thinking of the fame and issue mainly,—save as such success is necessary to its usefulness at all; but of the work itself, and of Him to whom he does it, to diffuse certain right thoughts and right views among men, a contributor to the good influences of his time, and as helping them in blessing all time, though himself forgotten. Reputation—consider it, soul of mine, not as the end, but as a means of sowing right thoughts and feelings among thy fellows. Strive towards power over the thoughts of men,—

* A fuller notice of this admirable work appeared in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, Vol. I, 1857.

power that may be solemnly used as in God's sight, as being a faithful steward for His glory. Have I a brain that must be busy, a will in this direction, which (with all my vacillation elsewhere) has been, and is, unconquerable? Let me pray to use it with reverent lowliness of heart, as a talent committed to me, fearing to waste or to misuse it, to allow any corner of the estate to lie waste, or any wain of its harvest to pass into the enemy's hands.

Another point of great interest in the memoir is the history of Mr. Vaughan's mental passage through the dark regions of religious doubt to the fairer land of Christian faith. Perhaps no religious character of the highest type is ever matured without a similar experience. There would seem to be for such men a turning-point in their spiritual history, and this once passed, the stream runs on smoothly enough. And the condition of spiritual peace is, resolutely to face such doubts and vanquish them. Coleridge tells us how, at one time, he skirted the howling deserts of infidelity. But he pressed on, and gained the firm land of truth. So it was with Mr. Vaughan. Some passages from his diary enable us to estimate the awfulness of the struggle :—

June, 1844. Matters cannot go on as they have done. I am now going to see whether there be any truth in the Bible or not; whether what we preach of a Saviour who intercedes and helps men against sin be a cunningly-devised fable or not. . . . Better annihilation, or never to have heard of Him, than to find that there is no help against the power of sin. Hear me now in this, oh! Supreme Friend, or it will be my lot to curse the hour of my birth. . . . Oh, Christ, Thou knowest what hell is—wilt Thou not hear me pleading against being driven thither? Help my unbelief, by showing Thou canst hear and save from sin. (Memoir, p. xxvi.)

In contrast with this, here is an extract from the diary of 1856 :—

Let me seek to come up to my *own Standard*—to what God has given—to do my best, and leave reputation and success with God. How evidently is this *use* of talent—this faithful diligence, the main thing with Him who appoints as He will the mere adjunct of applause from man, but looks to the heart Himself. Let me pursue with this faithful calmness each growing and successive ideal, as duty after duty arises, regarding myself as answerable only to God, and so living above, not only envy, but ambition too. Beloved Fénélon has perhaps more insight here than I once thought.

. . . Christ is Providence to me; the hand pierced gives me this continuance of life. My *life* gives it me. He will animate it. He will, as I pray, make me bring forth more fruit, true Vine that He is! For this he died—for this very purpose, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him. How precious is that humanity to me. How it enables me to realise Him—the wondrous, far beyond and above, yet mine, and every thirsting needy soul's. Unimaginable, inconceivable love and wisdom! (xci.)

The "Remains" consist chiefly of essays published in the *British Quarterly Review*; there are also miscellaneous

fragments of criticism, poems, and thoughts on religion. The great characteristic of Mr. Vaughan's style is an extraordinary affluence of illustration, and brilliance of imagination. Every page glitters with metaphor and fancy; and if in the earlier writings these elements are scattered about with almost extravagant profuseness, there is never a disposition on the reader's part to complain,—"it is not in poor weak human nature to resist the temptation;" while, in the maturer essays, the same brilliance of fancy is under the control of the severest taste. Doubtless, there are some prosaic natures who will affect a measure of contempt for the highly-wrought and poetic complexion of Mr. Vaughan's prose. To such we commend the reply given by Dr. South to those who complained of the unfailing flow of his wit: "You should speak thankfully," said the doctor; "God might have made you wits."

The most important of the essays are on the following subjects:—*Origen* (written at the age of 21, and founded on a better knowledge of the opinions of that father than was possessed at that time by any other man in England), *Schleiermacher, Savonarola, Hypatia, and Madame Guyon.* An intimate friend and competent critic has thus written about these essays:—

. . . . . It seems to me that they contain multitudes of passages which might be fairly compared with the blaze of Ruskin, or the magic of de Quincey, with the efforts of Jeffrey or Macaulay, but there was a subtle combination of feature that he gave to his thought that was peculiarly his own. . . . I knew him best when all the strong and beautiful things that he had gathered in his richly-stored mind were grouped into a glorious order, which gave them fresh charm,—when he seemed to realise the bright and true form of *la sainte indifférence* of the best of those mystics, whose holiness and whose mistakes he had so delicately analysed,—when he appeared much absorbed in that life which he knew to be eternal, and the depth of that love which he found to be the Father's. Much that he said and wrote to me under these circumstances, seemed like the footfall of the Messenger that has fetched him away from us.

We can find room for only one or two specimens of the poems contained in the volumes. The following is from *Antony, a Masque*, published in 1845.

TIME—MIDNIGHT.

NEMESIS *appears above the city of Alexandria.*

From your ever-falling fountains,
Where the moonbeams cannot rest,
From your emerald thrones, the mountains,
Where the storm in clouds is drest;

From your continents and islands,
By the fickle waves carest;
From your winter-haunted highlands,
From the cloud-homes of the blest;
Come, ye gods of earth and water,
Come, ye gods of wood and hill;
To the judgment, to the slaughter,
Bring the witness that shall kill.
For the weeping and the dying
Shall be many on the morrow,—
In the city that is lying
In the slumber of its sorrow.

Enter BACCHUS.

On my golden-orbed throne,
With its starry glancing eyes,
Where all earth to me is shown,
As I muse thereon alone,
I hear, and I arise.

* * * * *

Venus. Maiden, frowning, listen, listen,
Venus trembling, weeping, pleading,
See her heavy eye-lids glisten,
While her words of interceding
From her wounded heart come bleeding.
Spartan Helen, in her sheen,
Was not more beloved by me
Than this dark Egyptian queen.

One still twilight o'er the sea,
Riding on my evening star,
I arose upon the birth
Of this lovely lotus flower,
Budding on life's stormy water;
And I left my trembling car
And I slept upon the earth
And I swore, by that charmed hour,
This sweet child shall be my daughter.
In her eyes I have my shrine—
Goddess, wrong not rights divine!

In these passages, and throughout the whole masque, there is an airy sprightliness and delicacy, worthy, in all respects, of comparison with Comus itself.

The following must be our last quotation. It is the first of two exquisite sonnets on the words—"Our conversation is in Heaven:"—

As one who hears that some long-parted friend
Hath among strangers died, and left to him
Some far-away estate, doth often send
His curious fancy, and surmises dim
To that faint distant land of alien speech,
Wondering how broad his acres there may be;
Doth sail at length, and that rich island reach,
To find its wide-armed ports and flowery lea,

Its city keys, its champaign, and its towers
All—all are his, and he is hailed a king!
Thus, O my soul, in thy most heavenward hours
Thinking on Heaven, thy best imagining
Is mean and cold to what thou soon shalt see,
When Christ from thence shall say—Now rest thou here with me!

We close these volumes with a feeling of indescribable sadness. It was in his father's study that we first saw that beautiful face, which is so faithfully rendered in the portrait that accompanies the memoir. He was then in the maturity of his powers, but the hand of disease was already laid upon him. Strength, purity, love,—these were one's first impressions of his character, and there was never need to change them. The loss of such a man is incalculable. But being dead he yet speaketh. Yes, and being dead he yet liveth and worketh. And this is the source of his friends' comfort—

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, OTHERWHERE.

SWELLENDAM AND GRAAFF-REINET IN 1795.

PART II.

To return now to the dissatisfied burghers of Graaff-Reinet and Swellendam. After detailing the surrender, Sluysken refers to what he had said on 16th July, regarding the position of affairs at Swellendam. He had repeatedly noticed the unruly conduct of Delport while with the army, and to it he partly attributed the mutiny of the Hottentots. But he had afterwards heard more satisfactorily from Steyn, the substituted landdrost, who had assured him of their willingness to allow Faure to come back, and to re-assume his office. He was doomed, however, to be again disappointed. The following were documents which reached him after the English authorities had taken his place. The first is from the burghers of Graaff-Reinet:—

PER MEMORIE.—Requested by the voice of the people to bring to the notice of your honor, without reservation, as much as we know regarding the state of the burgher inhabitants of the colony.

We have first to state how the first undersigned, about an hour before the Hon'ble Mr. de Wet met the people at Graaff-Reinet, came

to the people, asking their grievances, and received for answer—"Yes, on condition that it be not declared until we wish," which he promised to do. They then exhibited to him their written, as well as oral complaints, on which he attempted, by much remonstrance, to remove some misapprehension from their minds. Among other things, he warned them that, by the course they were adopting, they not only set themselves in opposition to the Government, injured their good cause, but damaged the character of their fellow-burghers. But he received violent answers—"Speak not another word to us in favor of the landdrost, nor regarding his caballing Heemraden. We expected other things of you than that you should frighten the cowardly-disposed, or seduce our young men from their necessary duties, and destroy everything. What hinders that we shall order that no one again speaks such words as these." And while the people were being quieted by Marthinus Prinsloo, the undersigned attempted to repeat his efforts at reasoning with some of the seniors, who promised to drop some of their demands, such as repudiating the company, presenting a last memorial, &c.; but all was in vain. Others, who could not restrain themselves, gave some matters by word of mouth, in order that afterwards they might clearly be laid before your honor,—the last complaints of the people, which are unanimously thus alleged by the residents of Bruynshoogte, Boschjesman's River, Zondag's River, and Zuurveld.*

1st. That the military officers of our colony have repeatedly allowed the sword to be taken from them, whence the enemy (the Kafir nation) has retained the upper hand; and if the military officers do not take up the sword again, they cannot be recognized by us.

2nd. That the Landdrost Maynier has attempted to exercise unlimited power; and by his ambition and self-will has not only caused poverty to the inhabitants, but by ill-management has lost whole possessions to the enemy.

3rd. Hendrick Myntjes van der Berg has been made a Heemraad by the influence of the landdrost, because Myntjes will agree with him in his views, inasmuch as he, Myntjes, from hatred, took an oath against the Hon'ble Josua Joubert, which is never to be excused, which, if there were no other reasons, alone would have been cause enough to remove him from the Assembly.

4th. The Heemraad Stephanus Naude, by sacrificing himself to the friendship of the landdrost, has forgotten his duty to the citizens.

5th. Cornelis Koetzé, out of mere favor and caprice of the landdrost, although others stood higher in rank, was chosen before them,—the said Koetzé being of a very low family, and, besides, a man whose word no man believes, and who still less can be trusted with office over the people.

6th. That the Hon'ble Mr. de Wet cannot be considered a promoter of the freedom of the people, inasmuch as by always asking the company for higher offices, he has helped to swell the taxes of the country; and also, on this last commission, did not even come to see their impoverished condition, despoiled land, and burnt homesteads, but had troubled himself to show friendliness to Hottentots, Kafirs, and all who were hostile, rather than to do anything to the injured burgher inhabitants.

7th. That the honorable company is repudiated (bedankt) by them, not intending ever to obey any more company's laws, much less to pay dues, stamps, forty-penny or quitrent, to the honorable company,

* The wording of this introduction is very vague, and necessarily translated with equal vagueness.

because the land has now, for twenty-six or twenty-eight years, been defended solely by the burghers, in a constant war; and they do not think it right that for the land of which they must themselves secure the safe possession (vry vegten) they ought to pay tribute.

8th. That the burgher is, besides, forbidden to deliver the produce that his lands bring up, freely to traders by sea, much less to buy anything from them, of which the honorable company alone avails itself, while, besides, the best articles which the country yields must be sold for the lowest prices, so that it can never rise again: added to which, comes the great cheat of the paper-money, which the honorable company promised again to exchange, by which the farmer is prevented to get his only necessaries from other countries, and he must deliver his produce in exchange for this paper; and besides see his landed property sold for this paper, at a loss of so much per cent., the company thus making the land insolvent.

9th. That the burghers, as well of the capital as of the distant districts, have always allowed themselves to be employed as military, in the service of the company, while the country cannot be defended without a cavalry force,—the capital, by reason of the many ports and landing-places; the distant parts, by reason of the constant thefts, so that it would have cost the company many millions to keep a cavalry force for the purpose, if the burgher inhabitants had not borne it all themselves, and kept the company without expense.

10th. That the inhabitants of the said districts would much rather not have busied themselves with raising any disturbance, had not their burdens become too heavy to be borne, so that they could not allow their country, which they love as their own persons, to fall to a state of poverty, that famished and unclad widows and orphans should become a prey of raging heathendom, where they have to give up their property and blood.

In the last place, they propose, as an example, if the Government of this place will follow the lesson of Titus Quinctius, at whose declaration of liberty so large a multitude of the people proclaimed his praise that the birds fell from the air. Now, also, the same results would follow.

(Signed) A. V. Jaarsveld.
A. P. Burger.

Thus far Graaff-Reinet. At Swellendam, on 17th September, the ex-Landdrost Faure thus wrote to his superior, not knowing of the intermediate change in the headship of affairs. He dates from Rotterdam, the present estate of Mr. William Herman:—

Honorable Sir!—Your honor's letter of the 12th having been handed to me by Mr Theunissen, I have dutifully to answer thereto, that immediately on receipt of your's of the 8th and 9th, from the burgher adjutant, Mr. Theunissen, junior, I went to the Drostdy, and again brought your friendly remonstrance to the attention of the Heemraad Steyn, in case he would yet withdraw from his improper proceeding, and permit the affairs of the colony again to be assumed by me. When I received this answer from him,—that he was not alone willing at once to withdraw from his position; but that he would instantly proceed Capeward with his secretary Nienhoff, and deliver to your honor all the documents kept by them; and I at once resolved to call a meeting for this purpose, fixed for the 23rd instant.

While yet conversing with Steyn on the subject, there arrived the burghers Johannes Franciscus Cranse and Jacob van Eeden, who had been sent by them to your honor, and their commandant, Delport, with which two persons Steyn went into the room, and carried on a lengthy conversation. After they had been there a very long time, I asked him particularly what answer they had received from your honor. On which he answered in substance—"the honorable commissioner writes just as you told me just now, that I must give over the drostdy and secretaryship to you; but we have received a letter from Delport, who writes that we must not do so, but remain steadfast, so that I do not now know what to do or not. I shall produce both letters to the meeting, then the other Heemraaden may do what they please, but I will no longer act." On which we separated, and the day of meeting being fixed for the 23rd, I shall hereafter communicate the proceedings to your honor.

And as curiosity led me to wish to know what Delport had written to them, I have attained my object through Nieuhoff (who remains very faithful to me) by whom the contents are communicated to me. The letter is signed by P. J. Delport, J. H. Crause, and Daniel du Plessis, and contains the following:—

"That they learn with surprise the doubtful sentiments of the Landdrost Steyn, and the other nationals, according to the documents, that they are contrary to their laws and duty; and further that Bresler had described himself as representing your honor, that this was not wholly unknown to them, that Bresler had best meddle only with his own affairs, rather than with concerns with which he has nothing to do, and that the matters which they had so far carried out should be finally completed, so that he, Steyn, had nothing more to do than to act honestly and uprightly in his post, and to do his best to keep the colony in a good state, and if any weighty matter arose, to write directly to them; and if Steyn acquits himself properly of his office, they will support him in all things, for what has been done by them will not ever be recalled."

Besides, there was an oral message of Delport to Steyn, that he, Delport, would be in Swellendam within eight days, without stating the purpose of this return. God knows what I may have now to endure again, when he does come back!

From the recent correspondence of Delport with the inhabitants of this colony, which your honor's valuable commands constantly contradict, your honor can readily learn that, whatever the trouble you may take to restore peace and unity, you will not succeed therein so long as this dangerous and forbidden correspondence is allowed to continue. Wherefore, I hereby supplicate your honor to avoid the evil consequences which are sure to follow, to make provision therein.

I have, &c.,

A. A. Faure.

Repeating again how miserably he was disappointed in his hopes of the burghers, and how much of their failure in their duty was due to the presence of such mischief-makers as Delport among them in the field, Sluysken takes leave of the entire subject by applying to the British officers, on 21st October, 1795, for a transport to take him to Holland, which was immediately granted.

We pause for a moment to notice the eloquent appeals made by Elphinstone, while negotiating with Sluysken, in the proclamations which he caused to be distributed. The following is a portion of one of them :—

My Friends,—Your Government and constitution in Holland are overthrown. Holland is now a part of France ; her ships are officered and manned by Freuchmen, and the Dutch officers are dismissed ; the East India Company is bankrupt ; French assignats are the only money in circulation ; the tree of liberty is planted in Amsterdam, and the guillotine is its neighbor !

There lies before you the following choice :—A French Government on Jacobiu principles,—the tree of liberty and the guillotine. The emancipation of the slaves is already decided on in the convention, and all the terrors which accompanied that decision iu the fine islands of Domingo and Guadaloupe. Choose between these and the protection of the only power in Europe which is able to secure you the safety of your person and property, under your own present laws, or any other form of government you shall think more desirable.

These proclamations, particularly those parts of them which promised free trade and the free sale of their produce, were probably not without their effect on many minds ; probably not without an effect even on those who were very near Sluysken's counsels, and who knew how deeply the East India Company's oppressions had influenced the loyalty of the country people.

This brings us to a brief notice we shall give of the "Onderzoek" or Examination of Sluysken's Journal, by a Cape burgher, named Neethling, who was in Holland in 1797. This gentleman was a determined Jacobin ; and his charges against Sluysken are very harshly made, but without much apparent proof. Yet, he indicates a state of things which must have existed, when he mentions the sentiments of Colonel Gordon in the following passage, and implies that they were, to no slight extent, Sluysken's own :—

The commissioner communicated in all military matters with Colonel Gordon, a man who never did any part of his duty as commander while the English were before the place,—a man known as a great friend of the English nation, and who had said, long before the attack on the Cape, that it was better to be under English domination than to belong to the Batavian Republic as ally of the French. And other such men there were, enemies of the republican system, and now the most zealous of the English-minded at the Cape,—among whom also the member of the court of justice, Baumgardt,—and these had most access to Sluysken ; while the really good men, who might have been employed with most success, remained as if overwhelmed by darkness.

Neethling treats lightly the difficulties to which the commissioner was exposed on the part of the Swellendam and Graaff-Reinet burghers, and charges him with making capital

of the vexations they caused him, to excuse his own unwillingness to use his best efforts to drive the English away. He alleges that de Wet was so much hated that he ought to have been the last man to be sent to pacify the Graaff-Reinetters; and that it was idle to expect they would listen to him. He also defends the burghers, of whom he was himself one, declaring that Sluysken threw all difficultics in the way of their being of any use, and is much aggrieved at the remark in the Journal, that if the commissioner had had 1,200 infantry and artillery, instead of his 1,200 troublesome burgher cavalry, he would have been able to pursue bolder measures against the English. "He knew," he says, "and could have told it on his fingers, that Sluysken had intended the Cape 'burgery' to be the 'ambulante machine,' by which, in either case he would defend himself. Had there been a counter-revolution in Holland, he would have declared that it was the Cape burghers who prevented him from obeying the Prince of Orange's orders to admit the English; and this was true, while now he was ascribing the surrender of his government to their cowardice and desertion."

Neethling's book sings the praises of Governor van de Graaff, and condemns bitterly the administration of the company, which, after all van de Graaff's earnest labors up to 1790, in putting the colony into a splendid state of defence, in the middle of that year sent out an order to discontinue the fortifications he was building, to embark the whole Wirtemberg Regiment of 2,000 men, with another body of 400 men, to Batavia, and to resign his own government into the hands of one Rhenius, who had before been engaged in the company's tea trade. This he evidently considered one of the worst charges to be laid at the door of the East India Company. He thus himself bears unwilling testimony to the reduced means at Sluysken's disposal in 1795, for colonial defence, while the company which had thus acted offered but little provision to the inhabitants for submitting to self-sacrifice in keeping off a Government, whose internal administration would scarcely be worse, and who were able to afford them more powerful protection. Probably, the party to which Neethling belonged, detested the Company as much as any one else, but their hopes were of the Batavian Republic. They confounded the name with the reality,—the vassalage of France with that lordship of the ocean which had so long been the glory of their fatherland.

Colonel Henry, a republican in sentiment, probably in this respect differing from the greater part of the Dutch army, was at the Cape in 1794, although he had left before these

events of 1795. Writing in the cant of the day to the "citizen" Teynet, in Amsterdam, he rejoices in the approaching liberty of the Batavian nation. "When that takes place," he says, "England will certainly make an attack on the Cape. Therefore do you, my worthy friend, use all your influence with the Government, that troops may be sent hither; and if this cannot be done, then, at all events, *other commanders*, being assured that those who are now at the head of the colony will surrender the Cape to the English."

The proceedings of Sluysken and Gordon, read in the light of this prophecy, may seem to deserve suspicion. But taking in account the state of the interior districts, and the divisions existing from so many causes, among both the civil and military population, it appears almost idle to imagine that anyone could have done more than Sluysken, with the means in his hand, namely to keep General Craig at some sort of distance for three months, until the overwhelming force under General Clarke had arrived. F.

THE "REJECTED" BASKET AGAIN.

Scene: Editor's drawing-room (two empty coffee cups).
Dramatis Personæ: Editor and Mrs. Editor.

Editor (yawning): Anybody been here to day, dear?
Mrs. Editor: Only the boy, dearest.
Editor (starting): The boy! what boy?
Mrs. Editor: The boy for copy, dearest.
Editor: Copy! copy! what the deuce?
Mrs. Editor (getting more and more affectionate as Editor gets ill-tempered): He said you promised him, darling.—I mean you promised the printers, dearest, that they should have more copy to-day.
Editor (excited): More copy! They must have printed all I gave them in the largest capitals, to want more already! More copy! Where the deuce is it to come from? Tomkins is ill, and has sent none. Jenkins has got married, and has been such an ass ever since that he can't write a line fit to be read. Smith has gone—somewhere. I never can make out where people *do* go when they leave town—the fools—altogether.
Mrs. Editor (soothingly): Couldn't you write something nice yourself, dearest?

Editor (half savagely): No, I couldn't. I never *can* write when people bore me.

Mrs. Editor: And yet you know, dear one, that you *do* write so well whenever you *do* choose.

Editor (half mollified): It's of no use trying to-night. It's quite ridiculous to think of such a thing. No; hang the thing.

Mrs. Editor (insinuatingly): *May* I just take another peep in that basket, dearest?

Editor: What basket?

Mrs. Editor: The basket of "rejected contributions." You see, dearest, there *might* be something.

Editor (grumblingly, but greatly relieved at the suggestion): Well—look if you like; but I'm sure I can't imagine how any of that stuff—*(the rest of the sentence evaporates in low growls).*

There is a short pause, during which Editor reads all the advertisements in the *Mercantile Advertiser* with as much intense application as if he were absorbed in the latest intelligence from India. Mrs. Editor meanwhile dives into a capacious basket of MSS., and fishes up several, which she glances over. At length she pays particular attention to one written on gilt-edged paper and tied with pink ribbon.

Mrs. Editor: Really, dear, I think this is rather pretty. Why did you throw it away?

Editor (looking contemptuously at the MSS.): Pretty—yes—nice paper—sweet ribbon.

Mrs. Editor: May I read it out, dearest?

Editor: Pray do.

Mrs. Editor reads, in a charming voice, and with expression worthy of something with real meaning in it, the following scene from a story, entitled "Leonora."

"The hour was midnight. The chimes of the various churches had rung out the solemn hour, and gradually their tones had died away. Lorenzo paced his room in solitude—sleepless, restless, the drops of mental agony upon his brow."

Editor (sulkily): Why doesn't the fellow say perspiration at once?

Mrs. Editor: For shame, dearest—*(reads on).*

"At times he would pause, as if struck by some new thought which flashed into his mind, and seemed to bring relief; but, alas! the solace was but momentary. His face again resumed its expression of unutterable woe, and again he strode up and down on the old oak floor.

"'Yes, yes! she loves him—it must be so; I cannot be mistaken—those parting words of her's—that glance towards him. Oh fate! have mercy on me! And it is for this woman—false, fickle, heartless, cruel—that I have yielded up all hope of happiness—for her alone that I have lived—for her that I must die!'

"He flung himself on a couch ——"

Editor: By the way, I never saw anybody do that, except on the stage; and it's my firm opinion that the upholstery of the present day isn't made to stand such violent work. But then it wouldn't be fine writing to say "he lay down," though that is what he certainly ought to have done, and perhaps taken a little narcotic—say a stiffish glass of hot gin and water ——

Mrs. Editor: What a shame, dearest, to be going on in that way. Now, really, I don't believe you could write a bit better yourself.

Editor: Perhaps not; in his own style he would certainly surpass me.

Mrs. Editor: I beg to inform you, sir, that this story is written by a lady.

Editor: The deuce! Then, of course, I retract all I have said. Pray go on.

(Mrs. Editor reads on.)

"For a few minutes, Lorenzo lay motionless; but suddenly starting from his recumbent posture, he rushed to the high mantel-piece, above which were suspended various descriptions of weapons. Seizing a slender dagger, of pure Damascus steel, he drew it from its gorgeous sheath, the tiny bright blade gleamed in the air,——but his hand is arrested—a wild shriek bursts upon his ear, and then his own name, *Lorenzo!* and then he turns and beholds at his feet, with hair dishevelled and toilet all unmade—fainting and pallid—the form of Leonora!"

Editor: Written by a lady—humph!

Mrs. Editor: Isn't it interesting?

Editor: Very: but do you know I'm afraid its approaching the improper? "Toilet all unmade," means, I should say,——

Mrs. Editor: Nonsense, dear; don't be so very prosaic.

Editor: Well, just take another dip into the basket. It's fair to leave Lorenzo and Leonora alone for a little while. She'll have to blush enough as it is, I should think, for coming to a young man's room in the middle of the night in her——

Mrs. Editor (stopping him again): Nonsense. Wasn't the poor man just going to commit suicide?

Editor: Humph! Well, I think that attempts at suicide would be very frequent among young men if they were always to be interrupted in *that* way.

Mrs. Editor: As if he did it on purpose? How could she know,——

Editor: Precisely; how could she know? So I don't see how you can let her off on the attempted suicide excuse.

Mrs. Editor doesn't notice this remark; but makes another dive into the basket, and brings out—

A VILLAGE DANCE.

The village green
Bedeck'd is seen
With many a waving banner;
And the Maypole tall
Stands high o'er all
In true old English manner.

And the village fair
Are gathering there,
And the village youths assembling,
With the merry smile
Uncheck'd by guile,
Where none have learnt dissembling.

And comely dames,
Whose honest names
Are the dowries their daughters share:
And men of the plough,
Whose toil-furrowed brow *
Has never been blighted by care.

And away to the sound
Of the music they bound,
The youths and the maidens dancing,
As hand in hand
The merry band
O'er the greensward is swiftly glancing.

Editor: Stop! for mercy's sake, stop! I can't stand it. It has neither rhythm nor sense.

Mrs. Editor: Sense? I don't see that there's any want of sense, I'm sure.

Editor: Don't you? Why, of course, you can't suppose that there ever *is* such a thing as a village dance, on an English village green; or that there are such things as Maypoles; or that if ploughmen and dairy-maids assembled

* Query? Only one brow among them.—*Printer's Devil.*

together to dance, they would "seem to be glancing," or anything of the sort, instead of pounding away up and down in their hob-nailed shoes, with about as much grace as Gordon Cumming's hippopotamus must have displayed in that extraordinary waltz she performed with him down the bed of the river.

Mrs. Editor: Still, dearest, people must give way to their imagination a little, in poetry.

Editor: Yes; when there's anything worth being imaginative about; but a dance!

Mrs. Editor: And yet it *does* seem to me that there is a great deal of poetry in the idea of a dance.

Editor: But why make it on a village green, where people never do dance? Why not make it in the Commercial Exchange? You're laughing. Well—pass me the desk; and let me see what I can make of—

A CITY DANCE.

The Commercial Hall,
For the Bachelors' Ball,
With gas is gaily lighted;
(Though it seems alas!
The supply of gas
Isn't meant for the near-sighted.)
The polished floor
Is glided o'er
By guests in flocks arriving,
And through the crush
The stewards rush,
To excel each other striving;
And pretty girls
With floating curls,
Or flower-fastened tresses,
And smirks and smiles,
And charming wiles,
And *such* capacious dresses;
And staid mamas
And stout papas
To chaperon the misses,
With jealous fears
Lest the little dears
Should take too many kisses.*
And youths' bedight
With neck-ties white,
And corn-oppressing leg-props,†
And waistcoats bound
With gold cord round,
And trowsers *à la pegtops.*

* N.B: The *bon-bons*, so called. Nothing else, by the goddess Diana, we swear.—*Editor.*

† Query: High-heeled boots for small gents? Editor *is* rather imaginative,—*Printer's Devil.*

And the band of Corne,
Flute, fiddle, horn,
(We won't say pipe and tabor),
Puff, scrape, and blow
Enough to show,
There's nothing without labor.
Quadrille, polk, waltz,
It's not their faults
If people don't keep spinning
An incessant hop,
Without a stop,
To the end from the beginning.
And the meat and drink
You'd really think,
'Twould suffice to feast a nation;
But people don't care
To live on air,
After dancing and flirtation.
And oh, the sight
Of this merry night,
This twirling, whirling, flighty scene,
Who wouldn't be there
The fun to share?
Can ever prettier sight be seen?

Mrs. Editor: I don't think your verses are half as pretty as the others.

Editor: Perhaps not; but they may serve as a companion picture, just as my ugly phiz hangs up there beside your own pretty one.

Mrs. Editor smiles—Editor gives her a ——

(Scene closes).

SHERIDAN—A REMINISCENCE.

MANY of our readers will remember well the late Mr. Jardine, for twenty years the librarian of the Public Library, in Cape Town. He was, in many respects, an able and remarkable man, and one, who, before his emigration to the Cape, had the privilege of intimate friendship with several of the most distinguished of his contemporaries. The records of his life, now in existence, are few; for shortly after his death, his MSS. and voluminous memoranda and correspondence, were destroyed by his executors, in obedience to express injunctions contained in his will. This is on many accounts to be regretted, for among those documents, we know, were some that would have proved permanently interesting and valuable. Among the most intimate of Mr.

Jardine's literary friends, was Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and among the documents destroyed was a series of letters from that celebrated character, extending over several years.

We have recently, however, stumbled upon an interesting relic of Mr. Jardine, in the shape of a private journal or scrap-book, kept by him while on his voyage from England to the Cape, in 1823. Throughout it there are several curious scraps and sketches, some original and some selected; and among the rest, is a biographical sketch of Sheridan, with illustrative anecdotes annexed. Prefaced to this memoir, however, is a reminiscence of personal history, detailing the circumstances of Mr. Jardine's first acquaintance with Sheridan. It presents an interesting, though very common, episode of the time when George IV was the first gentleman in Europe, and Percival was his minister. We print it *verbatim* in the following:—

Unable, by this temporary confinement on board ship, to look into the world through the loop-holes of retreat by the daily press and passing events of the Babel world, my mind finds much opportunity in dwelling on the retrospective; and this morning I am giving vent to the rushing of many thoughts relative to that great departed genius by whom I had the singular felicity to be addressed for a series of years as his "dear friend." I have been often astonished at the means of my original acquaintance with him; and as I wish to amuse my . . . . . as well as to testify of my little industry, I shall try to recollect a few anecdotes of poor Sheridan, and give them a place in my book of reminiscences. . . . . .

In 181–, I became, through a very extraordinary and almost marvelous circumstance, acquainted with the melancholy fate of a youth of sundry good qualities, who was under sentence of death at Horsemonger-lane. Accident carried me to the prison on a Friday evening, in the month of April, and the poor fellow's execution was to take place on the Monday. . . At 11 o'clock on the same night, I found myself knocking up the inhabitants of a country village, twenty miles from the prison, in order to get their signatures and XX's to a petition to the Prince Regent, in favor of a respite for poor Will Cobby. The next day, at 12 o'clock, I was full gallop for London, with my paper filled up, and as well in my pocket a few lines of introduction to R. B. Sheridan. My speed was suspended by the recognition of a country magistrate, walking in the churchyard of the parish, during the baiting of his horses at the inn. Circumstances induced me to solicit his countenance to the errand before me. It was granted, with this important addition,—a letter of introduction to the Premier, Mr. S. Percival. With hope buoyant, I was soon in Downing-street, conflicting for admittance at the Chancellor's. The liveried menials, with looks

askance and hesitating manners, seemed inclined to dispute my entrance or even to receive my letter. My boots had lost their polish of Day & Martin; my garments were beclouded and bedizened all over with dust, and unquestionably a strange wildness of extreme anxiety showed itself on my visage; and then I had arrived on foot—no servant thundered my arrival on the knocker; and my plain country appearance produced for me no marks of external recommendation in the estimation of Mr. John and Mr. Thomas. There was, at the same time, a considerable bustle within doors; the Minister was in extatics, with ravished ears he was busily engaged in receiving the congratulations of the frequenters of his levee, on account of some great victory in Spain. After much intercession, I was shown into a small room; and at length, after being nearly exhausted by anxiety, entered Mr. (now Sir J.) Becket, the secretary of Mr. Percival. He shook his head at the case, and took the letter to his employer. His return was immediate, and there was a rejection of the petition on some variously-alleged reasons, but a strong recommendation to go to Mr. Secretary Ryder. On reaching the banqueting-house, crowds had blocked up every avenue; the guns were firing, and jocund mirth played festive games in the countenances of the busy courtiers, posting in breathless impatience to pay their homage. I saw there was no apparent possible way of edging in among this vast group; but, steady to my purpose, I resolved to maintain my ground, and wait the current of circumstances. One turned up in the shape of Mr. H. S——, member for S——, and with all the dexterity of one who throws at the dolphin, I made a rush at his coat-tail, and brought him to with a secure grapple. He was all politeness; and on learning, in a well-bred whisper, all my object, he bade me follow on to the Minister. It was elbowing work, and ofttimes a wordy war arose at our expense, till at length I was brought before Ryder, Sidmouth, Harrowby, &c. The petition was rejected, but there was a proposition that I should carry it to Judge Heath. It was now 7 o'clock on Saturday night, and on arriving at his residence, in Great George-street, the answer to my inquiry was—"Not at home." As Mr. Ryder had begged me to tell him the result of the call upon the Judge, I was bound to look in upon him. The second reception was a complete damper to my hopes. He assured me there was no chance for my petition, and that justice must take its course. With youthful impatience I loudly exclaimed there was *no justice* in the case. I was called to order, when, recollecting the note to Sheridan, I pulled it out of my bosom (with as much anxiety as did John Bunyan's pilgrim the key which was to release him from Giant Despair's castle), and told Mr. Ryder the spark of hope I had yet remaining, and which I had almost forgotten. He was angry, and begged me to retire, assuring me that if His Majesty's confidential advisers could do nothing, it was very unlikely that one not in office, and now scarcely known to the Regent, as it respected the terms of intimacy, could do any good.

I left this *great man's* door; and late in the evening, found myself at that of Mr. Sheridan, at the west end of the town. The man paused ere he bade me welcome; but, on learning my object, he ushered me into the best room, and took my note. He soon returned, and garnished the table with comfortable refreshments and a lively flagon. Soon after, entered the room, Sheridan. He shook me with both hands, and said—"My dear creature, be of good heart, the case is important, but not desperate Time only is our enemy; we have some ground to go over; but I confidently assure you I'll refuse to these eyes of mine all farther sleep, till I shall have gained our point." I can never forget his deeply impressive manner, and the interest which he took in the case, and which he identified as his own. A carriage was now announced, into which we both entered, and making the most furious haste, we arrived at 10 o'clock at night at Carlton House. The Regent was declared to be from home. Mr. Sheridan spoke in loudest key to the men in waiting, and doubted the information, but *their honor* was pledged as to their correctness. We now drove to the Regent's secretary, Colonel McMahon. He *was out.* Now to Lord Keith's, Earl of Jersey's, Marquis of Hertford's, &c., &c., &c. At length, much jaded in body and mind, we arrived at Whitbread's, in Dover-street. It was now very late at night, and approaching morning; and although there was a rout at Whitbread's, Mr. Sheridan's message brought before us the master of the house. It was requested that I might become a lodger till his return, as it was necessary for him (Mr. Sheridan) to go to some private walk of the Regent. Mr. Sheridan drove off alone, and the next morning I was woke from the ottoman on which I had slept, by the voice of Sheridan, who, with eye-beaming satisfaction, threw down on the table a respite for Cobby, and said—"There, my boy, our good and gracious Prince, bless his heart, hath done the good deed; but there is much for us to do in the morning, to get this paper through the routine offices, and also to make out a case for a final reprieve."

The Sunday morning found me very early at the door of Colonel McMahon, who was in readiness to receive me. Here was another generous-hearted Irishman, who evinced profound attention to this case. The whole morning was occupied in seeing the respite safely through the wards of office: and at 6 o'clock in the evening I enjoyed the satisfaction of riding to the prison with the act of grace. The condemned sermon had been preached, the coffin built, Jack Ketch arrived, the gallows erected. The governors and keepers were astonished, but there was one universal burst of delight throughout the gloomy pile. Out of this singular adventure various important results arose, but my object is, to introduce them further, only as they relate to Mr. Sheridan. On the evening of the same day, I was at his house, and having prepared the case, containing fourteen reasons why a reprieve should be granted, he was much pleased with it, and eagerly testified his desire to see me

frequently, as I had leisure. The *reasons* were received by Judge Heath, and approved, and the respite ended in a complete reprieve.

I was now often visiting Mr. Sheridan in town and country; and for many years of the latter part of his life, I was favored with his regard and confidence, and only a few days before his decease, I received his last letter, as written by his faithful attendant and friend, Bob Fairbrother, and dictated by himself.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

It is an extraordinary, as well as a melancholy subject of investigation —the superstition, or, to call it by a more gentle epithet, the ignorance of nations—to see a great and numerous people bowing down to the object of their worship, whatever it may be, to avert a plague or sickness brought on by themselves, by their utter contempt of the plain and easily read laws of their Maker. We, at the Cape of Good Hope, have not had the personal experience of this, hitherto, but we have read of it—of mighty and intelligent, and what ought to be, scientific nations, with one accord prostrating themselves, from the prince to the peasant, for the avowed object of mitigating or removing a plague or epidemic, which every one of the supplicants knew, or ought to have known, was more or less the result of a breach of natural laws perfectly within the reach of their own ability to avert in some measure.

This serious prologue I intend to illustrate a little, for the benefit of the colony in general, and of Cape Town in particular; although I believe that my sermon will do no good until a more severe teacher comes.

The natural senses of all men lead them to avoid putrid effluvium when very strong; but if that effluvium can only be perceived by a close application of the olfactory nerves nothing is thought of it, and it is disregarded. The odour of a gutter or stagnant puddle is avoided or passed by as quickly as possible, for there is an evident destroyer there. It is not the immediate effects of such things, however, which are alone to be avoided, but the continued and insensible effects which, in the long run, are the most dangerous. The visitor to the fens of Lincolnshire or the marshes of Holland, feels no alteration in the atmosphere; but ague is in every breath he inhales, and when sufficient of the poison has been accumulated in his system, the intermittent fever follows. The snipe-shooter in India pursues his sport in the rice fields and marshes, and the same results ensue; but in a greater degree. Who has not heard of the jungle fever of India? It is another of the deeds of that destroying angel, generated in his utmost strength, where vegetable or animal remains are in a state of decomposition.

What is the cause of all those sore-throats and feverish symptoms in grown men among ourselves? What the cause of those low intermittents among children? Nothing but bad drainage or want of ventilation.

Most people believe that no harm can come from excluding every breath of free air from their habitations, and particularly from their sleeping rooms. But the destroying angel is there notwithstanding. They do provide for ventilation in the stables of their horses; but, as it does not feel so hot in their own bedrooms as in the stable, of course no harm can come of it. The imp is there for all that, and his doings are manifested in a severe cold, of which the usual account is, "I cannot conceive how I caught it!" "A sore throat, which plagues me a good deal, and I am afraid it is ulcerating," is a second phase of the same miasmatic imp conjured up by ignorance and indifference.

If the seniors are not affected, but the children have got feverish, "it is something they have eaten, which disagrees with them;" and the doctor prescribes, and, if unsuccessfully, there is nothing for it but resignation. Don't look to your drains, your stagnant filthy gutters, to your unventilated bedrooms. It is Providence, and Providence gets the blame of it, and your consciences are free!

Most of my readers have heard of the city of Rio de Janeiro—all those who drink coffee have. But few of them know that, until the last few years, no epidemic sickness was known in that place; it was a place renowned for its salubrity, and many went there to recover the strength they had lost in other climes. The inhabitants having, as they imagined, an unlimited guarantee of impunity from epidemic disease, neglected the commonest precautions of cleanliness and drainage. But the miasmatic agent came—the grain of fermenting matter in the tun of beer, if I may so call it—and set the ærial poison to work; and now that previously healthy place is as a plague-stricken city every year. We, in Cape Town, have been acting on the same reasoning as the Rio people. We believe that the south-easter is the doctor. Will any medical man say that there is less sickness during the season of the south-easters than at other times? Quite the contrary; that is the very time when the medical profession have the most severe work of the year. It is true that the south-easter dries up putrid matter, and thereby renders it, for the time, innocuous. But as soon as moisture comes in contact with it, the exhalations begin to be given forth again.

There could not be a more ingenious plan devised for economising malaria, and making every particle of it perform its asphyxiating mission than the so-called street-cleaning system in Cape Town. A number of laborers go forth, armed with shovel and broom, and sweep the channels and gutters; and when they have accumulated what appears a sufficiency of semi-fluid abomination, they shovel or sweep it out of the gutters into the roadway, and leave it to dry where it is. When it is sufficiently consolidated, carts come round, and it is taken

up and transported away. Sometimes it is many hours before it undergoes this last process, and the delighted inhabitants have the full benefit of the odours from a series of such heaps, extending like a string of Brobdignag beads, perhaps for forty or fifty yards, on each side of their doors. But mark the beautiful ingenuity of the economising principle, so that nothing may be lost. If the sewerage-mud were taken away as soon as collected, nothing could be said but that it was well out of the way; but on the consolidation principle, the fluid parts of the abomination are absorbed by the gravel of the street; and, long subsequent to the removal of the heaps, the perfume (*not* of the roses) will cling to them still.

After the heaps of filth are allowed to remain a few hours they become more consistent, and are much less troublesome in shoveling up. Acting on experience, they are allowed to remain until a barrow-full is evaporated and absorbed by the soil, so that it can be thrown into the cart in two or three shovels full. After the removal of the solid matter, the absorbed portion gives off the whole of its poison, until it is perfectly dry, and in that state innocuous. Why is there not a committee, or whatever it may be called, for the conservation of the public health? If the deeds which are done in Cape Town were done in any city on the continent of Europe, there would be an outcry which would compel the most despotic Government to interfere! But here we trust to the south-easter.

I shall, in your next number, advert to the sale, openly, of damaged provisions,—rice, flour, &c., unfit for food,—without let or hindrance from Government, medical committee, or whoever else may be the parties charged with the conservation of the public health. If any place wants a sanitary commission—Cape Town does.

J. G.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The accessions to the Public Library by the last month's mail have been—"Ursula," a novel; "Violet Bank and its Inmates;" "God's Acre;" Hogg's "Life of Shelley;" "Hayward's Essays," reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review;* Louis Blanc's "Historical Revelations;" Guizot's "Memoirs of his own Times;" Alfred Vaughan's "Essays;" "A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow;" and three volumes of the "Transactions of the Philological Society." Of these, we have commented elsewhere, at some length, on the admirable *Essays* and *Remains* of Vaughan. And of the rest, the most important are Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, Guizot's *Memoirs*, and Louis Blanc's *Revelations.* Mr. Hogg had abundant opportunity of knowing and studying the character of Shelley; and he had a soul capable of appreciating the mystic glories

of Shelley's genius. He has, therefore, in these volumes done all in his power to show forth the praises of the poet, and to gloss over his melancholy defects. The material of the work had been communicated, many years ago, to the *New Monthly*, when Bulwer held the editorship.

Guizot's autobiographic *Memoir* is deeply interesting, because it is marked by the sombre dignity and profound thoughtfulness so characteristic of the author's earlier writings. The *Memoir* begins with "the hundred days" and last fitful ebullition of the first Napoleon's empire; and the work will be brought down to the present time. Guizot was ever more the man of thought than of action; his *History of Civilization* will be remembered with admiration when posterity will have long forgotten that he was at any time the vacillating, subservient minister of a weak, incompetent king.

Louis Blanc's work, again, is a mere historical sketch of the French Revolution in 1848. It is, of course, a vindication of the republican party with whom M. Blanc was identified.

The volumes of the *Philological Transactions* received, we observe, are a gift to the Library from that Society. Is it to the credit of the Library that no similar transactions of the other learned societies are now received? We have again and again directed attention to this crying want, though without avail. *Neither the Philosophical Transactions nor Geological Transactions, nor even the Reports of the British Association, have been received at the Cape Library for several years back.* And we again repeat what we asserted some months ago, that there is no one work, among all the thirty-three thousand volumes in the institution, by which the Cape student can keep himself in any way acquainted with the progressive discoveries of the time!

Another valuable series of accessions has been made to the Public Library in the gifts lately presented by Sir George Grey. Of these, the most important is the collection of publications in the various native languages of South Africa, invaluable to the future student of philology and history. What this collection consists of we indicated, in general terms, in our article on South African Languages and Books, last month. It is of nearly equal completeness with His Excellency's own private collection; and the whole, as now bound, makes up some eighteen thick volumes octavo. Sir George Grey, first in procuring so rich a collection, and then in presenting it to a public colonial institution as the South African Library, has done honor to his own reputation as a lover of learning and research, and has conferred a benefit on the country, which will not readily be forgotten. The other gifts of His Excellency to the Public Library are rare, and chiefly valuable because they are so rare and of such ancient date. The first is the earliest edition of *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*; *by Ed. Spencer;* annexed to which is *Astrophel: a Pastoral Elegy on the death of our most noble and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sydney; dedicated to*

the most beautiful and vertuous ladie the Countesse of Essex. It was printed at London in 1595, four years before the poet's death. *Colin Clouts Come Home Again* is dedicated "to the Right worthy and noble Knight, Sir VValter Raleigh, Captaine of her Maiesties Guard, Lordwarden of the Stanneries. From my house at Kilcolman, the 27th December, 1591." The whole work in this edition is so scarce that probably not more than one other copy of it is extant in England.

The second of these books is also an exceedingly valuable one—Hardyng's *Chronicle in Metre of England from the Firste begynnyn unto the reign of Edward IV.* The "firste begynnyn" of the Chronicle dates from the days of the mythical Brute and descends through the various ages and myths of Cassybalayn, Lucius, and Arthur. This edition of it was published in 1543, and was "imprinted, in black letter, by Richarde Grafton," who continued the Chronicle to the reign of Henry VIII.

The third of the Governor's antiquarian gifts, is a magnificent folio black-letter volume, containing Bochas' (Boccaccio's) Tragedies of Princes, translated by John Lydgate, Monk of Bury, and imprinted by John Wayland, either in 1494, or in 1527. The first edition of the work was issued in the original language, in 1472. It is certainly as splendid a specimen of early black-letter printing as we have seen, and is altogether a most valuable contribution.

This notice of recent accessions reminds us that the Public Library of Cape Town is much richer in old and scarce publications than is generally supposed. Among the rest, is the *Eikon Basilike* of Charles I. or the *Portraicture of His Sacred Maiestie in His Solitudes and Sufferings.* This was printed at London, in 1648, and is one of the very first editions published. Another work of the same period, is the *Defensio Regia pro Carolo Primo* by Salmasius; which called forth the celebrated reply of Milton. The library copy of it dates from 1649, and is also one of the very earliest extant.

Another equally celebrated production of the same age, is Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy—what it is, with all the kinds, causes, symptomes, prognostiches, and subsections, philosophically, medicinally, historically, opened and cut up.* The copy of it now in the library is one of the Oxford University edition, published in 1632.

Another still scarcer work is Collier's *Clavis Universalis,* printed in 1713, but never published. It developes, in most ingenious fashion, the same philosophical argument on the non-existence of matter, or the impossibility of an external world, which Bishop Berkely became so celebrated for long afterwards.

There are many other similar, rare, curious, and valuable editions of important works, which our cramped space prevents us from alluding to now. On future occasions, we shall devote a series of papers to some gossiping comments on these relics of the olden time.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

Among the accessions to the Public Library this month is a "Supplemental Return of the Banks trading in Her Majesty's Colonies," which contains the names of those established at the Cape of Good Hope. The information is meagre, but is calculated to awaken the attention of all those who are interested in the welfare of this country. By it we learn simply that we at present possess nineteen banking institutions, all of them unincorporate, and of unlimited liability for the shareholders. We have taken some trouble to compile the actual position of this interest from the last published statements, and other sources, a summary of which we now lay before our readers.

In Cape Town there are five public banks, with a total paid up capital of £306,000, besides reserve funds to the extent of £43,800 additional. Their circulation is £155,679, whilst their cash balances stand at £119,542, and their deposits, fixed and floating, £640,067. Their assets, in addition to the bills discounted by them, which amount to £1,090,469, are stated to be £15,309, consisting in some part, we presume, in premises and furniture. The first bank was established in Cape Town in 1837; and the shareholders, besides having had the advantage of having one-fifth of their capital paid out of their reserve fund, can place their shares in the market at an advance of 73 per cent. The last, which commenced business in 1854, finds purchasers for its shares at an increase of over 50 per cent. The others are not quoted at a proportionate advance.

At Port Elizabeth the two banks have a capital of £75,000; their circulation is £72,923, and the amount of cash in hand is £52,037; fixed and floating deposits appear as £159,014, whilst the bills under discount are stated to be £282,250, in addition to other assets, estimated at £4,675. The shares in one of these institutions, established in 1846, has increased in value 50 per cent., while those in the other, established seven years later, exhibit an advance in value of about 35 per cent.

We now come to the returns from Graham's Town, and find that the capital of the two banks there is £70,000, and their joint circulation £122,629; the cash in hand is £93,174, the deposits £243,344, and the amount of bills under discount £436,969. Although the establishment of one of these banks preceded that of the other by about nine years, they seem to enjoy an equal share of public confidence, the increased value of both being about 32 per cent.

The Graaff-Reinet banks have a capital of £37,500; and one of them, established in 1848, a reserve of £3,716. The circulation of these two institutions is £35,715, whilst their cash in hand is estimated at £17,649; the amount of deposits is £60,049, and of the bills discounted, in their possession, £121,279; additional assets may be put down at £3,104. The increased value in the shares of one is 60 per cent.; those of the other are by no means proportionate.

At the village of the Paarl, the capital stock of the two companies amounts to £50,000, in addition to which there is a reserve fund of £11,525. Their issue of notes appears to be £33,789, whilst the cash in hand is £35,013; deposits of both kinds are £48,554, and the bills discounted figure at £113,691; additional assets are put down at £941. The oldest establishment of the two has an increased market value of 50 per cent., the other of 20 per cent. Of the other banks, established at Worcester, Beaufort, Stellenbosch, and Swellendam, it is unnecessary to say much, except that their cash balances appear, in every case, to exceed the amount of the notes issued by them respectively. No returns have been made by the Cradock and Wellington banks, the former of which was established last year, and the latter is now in course of formation. We much fear that we have wearied our readers by this dry detail; and, therefore, for the benefit of those who would see the general results, without entering into the particulars, appeud a statement of the seventeen banks now in full operation in the colony :—

Capital,.....	£584,840	
Reserve Fund,.....	61,563	
		£646,403
Circulation, ...		440,585
Deposits—fixed and current, ...		1,204,494
Bills under discount, ...		2,142,822
Cash in hand, ...		344,378
Other assets, ...		25,137

In looking at these figures, it would appear that, if the assets of all these banks are good, there can be no doubt of the success of their operations; but we must point out one or two faults, which, in the event of a panic, would cause serious inconvenience and loss, and probably precipitate a national bankruptcy. We allude more particularly to the large issue of bank notes, which exceed the cash balances alone by nearly £100,000. No restriction at present exists but in the good sense of the directors of these institutions; and it too often happens that, in the anxiety to do business, prudential considerations are, for the moment, overlooked, and the evil increased, until it is sometimes impolitic, if not impossible, to grapple with it at once. It is the duty of the Legislature to bring in a Bill to prevent the continuance of a system which will ultimately, if allowed its own way, bring ruin on the colony. Every member of a community cannot fail to feel, in some degree, the mischief which ensues from any error with regard to the principles or practice which should govern the trade of banking.

We are glad to see that the Fire Assurance offices of this city are about taking steps for the introduction of proper fire-engines, and that an efficient fire-brigade will be established by the aid of the Volunteer Corps. The present system is by no means creditable to the metropolis of South Africa; and the apparatus intended for extinguishing fires is antiquated and totally inadequate for the purpose.

Business has been generally very dull, and is hardly expected to revive before the end of August, when the spring trade commences. Manufactures have arrived in some quantities, and we note that a cargo of coffee per *Flibberty* has come in. This will probably meet a ready sale, the market being almost bare of the article. In rice there has been more animation. Sugar is scarce, and saleable at good rates. The transactions in tea have been limited, and very little *direct* is in first hands. Importers of coals maintain their prices, owing in some measure to the rate of freight, which does not appear to have been affected by the general freights at home. The return steam transports, however, eschew Table Bay at this season of the year, and are being supplied by H. M.'s dockyard at Simon's Town.

The rates obtainable for fish and guano at Mauritius have tended to reduce the prices of those articles in this market. Other productions have undergone very little alteration. Bills of exchange have been in demand, and rates rather higher. Discounts are somewhat difficult to obtain at some of the banks, but at others there appears to be a want of good discountable bills. Freights seem destined not to rally, and ships are plentiful

We much regret to hear that the Home Government will not sanction the expenditure in British Kaffraria, which has enabled His Excellency the Governor to carry out his policy hitherto with such success, and the more so, as the removal of the troops from that part of the country has already much affected the commercial interests there.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE S. A. MUSEUM.

Severe illness, just at the period when I should have made my report for last month, prevented me from acknowledging the donations then received. I shall therefore include them under the present month.

Through Mr. Cairncross, of Swellendam, we have received a rare and beautiful hawk, *Gymnogenys Madagascariensis*, Lesson. This bird was for some time in the possession of Mr. Chamberlain ; but made its escape, and was shot by Mr. C. Southey, and sent to Mr. Cairncross, for preservation for the Museum. Our best thanks are due to these gentlemen for this valuable addition to our collection.

Mr. Auret, the acting Civil Commissioner of Namaqualand, has, after great trouble, at length procured us a gemsbok, properly skinned, and I trust, with Mr. Verreaux's assistance, we shall now add this striking buck to the cases. Mr. Auret has also sent us a springbok skin, which will be mounted in due course.

It may be premature; but I cannot refrain from congratulating our subscribers and the public, on the acquisition of a splendid bull buffalo, for the Museum. Mr. Harrison, the Conservator of Crown Forests, writes word that he has killed a noble animal (said by old

hunters to be as fine a specimen as they ever saw), and that it has been skinned, and that the next steamer will bring the spoils!!

It is not out of place to mention here that the trustees have accepted the tender from Messrs. Crampton & Lamb, for the erection of a case 80 feet long, in four compartments,—the major part of the expense will be covered by the Smith statue fund, which was always intended to be devoted, as a whole, to some particular object. The case has been designed by Mr. Köhler, the architect of the new buildings, and is in keeping with the style of the proposed room.

Dr. Ebden, who has recently returned to this country, from a sojourn in India, has brought us a most valuable and interesting present, a suit of armor, or chain shirt and cap, taken from the body of a Chohaan Rajpoot horseman, by a serjeant of H.M.'s 95th Regiment, at Awah, near Paalie, in Marwar, Rajputana, on the 10th February last.

This is a very interesting addition to our collection, and leads me to notice the rapidly increasing series of weapons which have also been contributed by the liberality of a spirited tradesman of this city, Mr. Rawbone, the gun-maker, of Burg-street, who has presented a series of various kinds of rifles and projectiles; but these I shall notice presently.

The most simple and primitive projectile, is the throwing spear. Of these we possess specimens from South Africa—assegais. An advance on this is found in the obsidian tipped spear of Australia, thrown by the help of the throwing stick, of which we have examples presented by * * * * .

Next to this comes a remarkable projectile, the boomerang,—a curved stick, used by the aborigines of Australia. Its peculiarity consists in the curve which it makes on being thrown from the hand, and which, if unchecked, brings it again to the feet, or far behind, or on one side, at the will of the person throwing. For this specimen, we are also indebted to Mr. * * * .

We now come to a more complicated weapon, an instrument for projecting a small spear or arrow—of course I allude to the bow. Of these we have specimens from India, made from the horns of the buffalo; from Tartary, made from the ribs of a deer; from various parts of Africa, made of single branches of trees; from the New Caledonia Islands, of the same material; and from the Esquimaux, at the north pole. These are the most remarkable of any of the kind, being formed of small fragments of wood, bound together by sinews of animals and strengthened by longitudinal bands of the same.

Among the arrows themselves, the variety is still greater, the Esquimaux have them tipped with native copper, for conflicts with wild animals and procuring large game; barbed, for shooting fish; knobbed with bone, for killing birds, &c. The New Caledonian arrows are featherless, and principally used for shooting fish under water; they

are long, and made of reeds, and tipped with whalebone, barbed; then we have the Bushman arrow, pointed with meteoric iron or sharpened ivory, and poisoned with the deadly juice of the Euphorbia; and, lastly, the heavy, barbed, steel-pointed weapon of the eastern tribes of this country.

Again we advance a step, and we find, a tube invented to project an arrow or a ball,—I mean the "sumpitan" or "blow pipe" of the Asiatic Archipelago, with its tiny, though deadly arrow, dipt in the juice of the Upas tree and the fang of the adder, and capped with cotton, or the pith of the aloe.

And now we must leave the savage, and come to man civilized, inventing and perfecting the most fearful instruments for the destruction of his fellow-men, and for his defence against, or capture of, the beasts of the forest. And the lowest in the scale which we possess is the clumsy Chinese matchlock, a straight-stocked affair, ignited by a piece of rope steeped in saltpetre; then comes a Turkish gun, with queer fashioned flint-lock, certainly a great advance on the first-named; then comes a flint pistol of more modern construction, said to have been used at the storming of Seringapatam, by Sir R. Baird, who led the forlorn hope. These two last were presented by T. F. Keeve, Esq. Then a piece of a Sikh rifle, from Mr. Rawbone. This is a beautiful specimen of the celebrated Damascus steel barrels, so much prized by Orientals; the twisting of the metal is marvelously beautiful, and shows an amount of labor that fully accounts for the high prices asked for these weapons. The surface has been corroded into a pattern, by the application of acids—the same agency shows the twist; this specimen, was cut from a gun procured in Affghanistan by an English officer. A far less costly affair hangs on the wall at the head of the second flight of stairs, in the guise of a Russian musket from the field of Inkermann. This, though far inferior to our English Enfield rifle, is still a very good weapon. The contrivance for keeping the cap dry in wet weather may be recommended to the notice of our sportsmen.

And now I must notice the examples of the most recent improvements in firearms that Mr. Rawbone has got out for his own instruction, and which, at my request, he has most liberally placed in the Museum, and which I recommend to the inspection of all who take an interest in the noble science of rifle-shooting. Pre-eminent among these, stands the Whitworth rifle. The power of this arm is said to exceed all hitherto invented; it throws a long thin plug of lead, six-sided, and fitting tightly to the barrel, which is bored six-sided. Mr. Rawbone, has for some years been at work, perfecting a weapon on a somewhat similar plan, three-sided—he calls it his "tricentrical bore." I am not at liberty to reveal the calculations upon which he has designed this weapon; but if he successfully carries out a few alterations that have been suggested by some of the most skillful riflemen in the colony, I cannot help

thinking that the angles of his projectile will offer less resistance to the air than those of the Whitworth, thereby causing greater accuracy, and his barrels may be made much lighter, without affecting the penetration in any way. A double Whitworth would be a load of itself; but a double tricentrical does not weigh more than an ordinary rifle.

Mr. Rawbone has our best wishes for his success; his perseverance and care certainly deserve it.

The next pattern is a new four-grooved rifle, of which, as yet, I know nothing beyond that it is fitted with the "rifle-shell," a missive that lies beside it. It is a winged cone of lead, fitted with a copper tube filled with percussion powder, and projected beyond the apex. This is fired at tumbrils and ammunition wagons, and striking against the timbers penetrates them and explodes in the inside, of course blowing up the contents.

I have not space to enumerate the other projectiles that, little by little, have accumulated—from the slingers bullet from the plains of Marathon to the brass balls for elephant-shooting. But, again, I say to the curious in such matters, "Come and see for yourself," and if you can help us to specimens, either of arms or projectiles, pray do so; they will be carefully preserved, and add to the interest of the public Museum.* E. L. Layard, Curator.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

REPLY.

Your correspondent "Barnacle," in his query regarding the caves on the Cape peninsula, has put himself to a great deal of unnecessary trouble by submerging the mountains for the purpose of filling the caves with recent shells, and again elevating them to their present altitude, after filling the said caves "choke-a-block," as sailors say, with shells and bones. Can "Barnacle" conceive the possibility of an horizontal opening being filled in the manner he describes? I think he must see the necessity of twisting the strata a little more, and putting the caves fairly mouth up, like sacks, to pack them in the manner he describes.

The whole affair is very easily accounted for. It is an historical fact that a great number of natives were located in the Cape peninsula at the period of its first colonization, and there is little doubt that their habits were similar or identical with those natives now existing. Out of the influence of civilization, many tribes of Namaqua Bushmen live at the

* The latest novelty in firearms in the colony is, I believe, in my possession—Harris' patent circular trigger. This trigger combines the safety of the hardest going lock with the easy action of the "hair" trigger. The rifle fitted with this improvement was got out for me by Mr. Rawbone, and may be seen, on application, at his shop, during the whole of the next month.

present time from such shell-fish as they can procure from the sea-shore, and carry them to their dens, caves, or bush, as the case may be.

There they cook and eat them; and, in accordance with their careless and lazy habits, the shells are thrown on any side which, for the moment, may be least troublesome. The innermost part of the cave would therefore be the very place, and more particularly as the shells would not injure the naked feet of the inmates in passing out and in. As for the bones, they would naturally be thrown away after being well stamped and picked, and thus become mingled with the shells. As far as regards the human remains, they have, no doubt, been inhumed there, as the easiest mode of getting rid of them. I have seen the skeleton of a Bushwoman dug out of a heap of shells placed on a flat shelf of rock on the side of a hill, fully a mile and a half from the sea; and I have now in my possession some of the ostrich egg beads found on that occasion. I may mention that the body had been placed in a sitting position, exactly facing the rising sun, and propped up with large stones before being covered with shells. The Bushmen are well aware that neither hyena nor jackal will attempt scraping among shells, and get their feet cut to pieces for their pains. J. G.

FINE ARTS EXHIBITION.

We are glad to understand that there is some prospect of this exhibition being got up, notwithstanding the unfortunate misunderstanding which has prevailed in connection with it hitherto. The former Committee, it is clear, cannot or will not work harmoniously together; but there is no reason why a fresh Committee should not be appointed and the project be carried out successfully; and it is satisfactory to learn that there is considerable probability of this being done. If so, and if all co-operate heartily, we may expect within a month or two to see an Arts Exhibition such as the colony may be proud of. The specimens of painting, sculpture, and architecture, of exotic origin, available for the collection are numerous, and many of them of a superior order; and we happen to know that many colonial students and amateurs have been working assiduously in preparation for the exhibition for several months back. We cannot yet set up in Africa an exhibition like the memorable one of Manchester, twelve months ago. But however humble our position and aspirings may be, "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever" as truly here as in England; and Art should be cultivated by the lovers of it in the colonies, even with more earnest zeal than in the mother country.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER

FOR MAY, 1858.

Deduced from five observations daily, Sundays excepted.

Hours of observation, $1^h\ 34^m$, $5^h\ 34^m$, $9^h\ 34^m$, $17^h\ 34^m$, $21^h\ 34^m$, Cape Mean Time.—Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation=100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch	
1	30·098	58·58	55·62	83·6	63·5	48·8	0·8	WbS½S		5·2
2					65·9	51·9			0·110	
3	30·240	60·18	54·58	69·8	65·2	54·8	3·9	S½W		0·4
4	30·163	62·14	56·54	71·8	69·3	50·7	0·8	SbW		0·0
5	30·054	62·90	58·76	78·8	68·0	54·6	3·0	S½W		0·0
6	30·075	63·00	59·46	81·6	67 0	58·8	4 6	S½W		1 7
7	30·105	61·96	58·74	82 6	66 3	54·2	2·5	S		2·0
8	29·942	62·12	59·54	86 4	68·5	56·1	2·1	SWbW		4·7
9					62·8	57·2			0·165	
10	30·011	53·12	48·12	69·2	61·5	45·8	2·6	SWbS	0·225	5·7
11	30·403	51·54	48·10	77 8	55·0	46·0	0·8	SSE	0·035	2·0
12	30·490	53·76	49·20	72·8	59·8	42·4	1·3	SbE		0·5
13	30·304	56·14	50·56	68·4	65·0	45·3	0·4	S		0 6
14	30·130	60·82	52·14	55·8	70·5	52·0	1·3	NWbN		1·4
15	30·094	56·44	54·38	90·0	63·4	50·7	0·8	NWbN	0·017	6·8
16					61·5	48·0			0·005	
17	30·086	58·52	56·72	89·6	64·0	53·4	0·6	NNW		5 2
18	30·128	59·26	56·98	87·6	64·5	52·4	1·0	NW	0.015	3·4
19	30·056	58·22	56·46	90·0	63·3	53·2	0·7	NWbN	0·015	4·9
20	30·027	56·64	55·10	91 0	62·5	49·2	0·7	NNW	0·030	2·0
21	30·088	53·44	57·00	86·6	63·7	48·8	1·1	S½W	0·022	3·5
22	30·078	60·36	55·56	74·2	62·8	55·0	4 4	S½W		5·5
23					66·3	56·9				
24	30·053	61·26	56·92	78·0	72·8	54·9	1·2	NW		5·2
25	30·058	56·14	54·40	89·8	61·5	48 6	0·6	W	0·014	4·1
26	29·987	56·90	55·24	90·4	64·8	52·0	0·6	NNW	0·010	7·2
27	30·105	57·80	55·42	86 0	60·3	52·0	1·7	WbN		6 5
28	30·131	61·10	58·76	87·0	65·6	58 4	0·3	SbW	0·091	8·3
29	30·114	61·12	58·76	86 4	66·4	55·5	3·3	S½W		5·1
30					64·7	57·2				
31	30·200	57·12	52·06	71·0	60·2	52·2	5·3	S½E		1 9
Mean	30·124	58·71	55·21	80.62	64·41	52·10	1·78	SWbW	0·754	3·61

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5·34	A.M. h. m. 9·35	P.M. h. m. 1·34	P.M. h. m. 5·34	P.M. h. m. 9·34	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	30·108	30·153	30·104	30·114	30·140	30·542	29·782
Thermometer, dry bulb, degrees.	54·02	59·63	64·17	59·36	56·39	71·90	44·40
,, wet bulb ,,	51·15	56·20	58·48	55·80	53·71	63·40	42·40
Humidity of the air, per cent.	86·62	81·12	71·62	79·88	83·88	98·00	38·00

(Signed) PIERCE MORTON,
Assistant, Royal Observatory, Magnetical and Meteorological Department.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

COMMUNITY OF PROPERTY AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Probably the words addressed by the intended husband to his bride in the marriage service of the Church of England, and which in one view is the law of England,—"with all my worldly goods I thee endow,"—originally had a meaning, which may be traceable to some long-forgotten custom, though now no tradition of such a custom exists. At present, however, in England, in all cases where the wife's property is not protected from the grasp of her lord, by the cumbrous machinery of a settlement cautiously prepared to defeat the injustice of the actual law, she indeed endows him with all her "worldly goods," with all her personal property absolutely, with her real estate* during the subsistence of the marriage; he seizes all her wealth, in virtue of the rapacious rights with which, as husband, he is clothed, endows her with nothing whatever, and dying without a testamentary devise, by the operation of the law, where her property has been personal, leaves her penniless. Her all has passed away, legally and irrevocably, possibly, to some stranger, the representative of him who, at the altar, had repeated after the priest, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." Whether or not this solemn asseveration, as some learned writers have assumed, affords evidence of the influence of Teutonic customs, and of the prevalence at some remote period of the German principle of community of property, need not be here discussed. But while we know that by the law of England, as explained by its acknowledged sages, "marriage is an absolute gift to the husband of the goods, personal chattels, and effects, of which the wife was actually and beneficially possessed at the time of marriage in her own right, and of such other goods and chattels as come to her during the marriage," the reten-

* The fact that the real estate does not become the husband's absolutely, is due not to any regard for the wife's protection, but to the respect shown to that species of property by the feudal principles of the law.

tion of the words in question appears to be not a mockery, only because habit has blunted their meaning, and no man uttering, or woman hearing, them attaches the slightest credence to the assertion. If the phrase is still supposed to have any signification, it would be difficult to find a more complete illustration of the saying generally attributed to Talleyrand, but used by very many before him, and thus versified by Young—

> "Here nature's end of language is declined,
> And men talk only to conceal their mind;"

nothing being further from the bridegroom's intention, under the English law, than the performance of this portion of the sacred compact.

Of late years, great efforts have been made to extend protection over the property of married women, as well as to improve their position in other respects. The earnest attention of some of the most eminent of living statesmen and lawyers has been directed to the attainment of this object. Endeavors have been in progress to mitigate the glaring injustice of legal rules to a greater extent than has been possible by the growth of the system of equity, which, diametrically opposed to the law, has indeed, by ingeniously defeating its severity through many devices, placed the wealthy in a comparatively favorable position, but has done little for the poor. Although some justice was effected by its means, while, to the discredit of jurisprudence in a civilized country, the anomaly of two sets of courts, guided by totally different principles, was created,—the large mass of the people, unable to pay for the security which courts of equity afford, has continued in most respects subject to the law in all its hardship. And if the efforts of the reformers have been to some degree successful,—for among other alterations in the course of the last year, the law was amended, to the effect that a wife deserted by her husband is now allowed to retain her own earnings, instead of being, in accordance with law, liable to be plundered of them by the profligate owner of her industry,—the general position of husband and wife, as to property, has not yet been changed. An utter destruction of the most indefensible system, if it has existed for many years, is necessarily accompanied by much difficulty.

In the opinion, however, of men most competent to give an opinion on such subjects, a change is imperatively needed, and community or complete separation must supersede the present assignment of all property to the husband in England. The Law Amendment Society, of which Lord Brougham is president, in 1856 published a report, written by Sir Erskine

Perry, in which, after the gross hardships of the present state of the law are exposed, the question is discussed, to which of the two reforms just named the present system ought to give place. The conclusion is in favor of the separation of the property of the spouses, according to the pure Roman law, in preference to the Teutonic community. This preference is not so much on account of the greater wisdom or justice of the former principle, but because it was doubtful whether it would be practicable to introduce the system of community into England. It is remarked with truth in the report, that in the countries where community prevails, much greater equality of fortune exists between men and women than in England; and the writer adds, that a bill which should propose to an English House of Commons to give to a wife a half share in her husband's personal property would probably have very little chance of becoming an act of Parliament. Some other inconveniences specially applicable to England are noticed, but the superiority in principle, and preference wherever applicable, of the doctrine of community, appears to be admitted. In Sir E. Perry's words, "The community of goods between man and wife, the administration being left in the hands of the husband, with equal rights of succession to the survivor, is deemed by many to agree more with the ideal of a happy marriage than any other that can be devised. We may probably assume that, in the greater number of marriages, there is only one interest in common, and that law would appear to be the wisest which should be in accordance with such a state of things." "In France, where the two principles come into competition, the tendency of society is unquestionably in favor of the community of goods." From these remarks it is plain that only the practicability of the introduction of community into England is doubted; the wisdom of the principle is conceded.

The result of the inquiry is, as has been above stated, that separation of property is recommended in the report, as being free from some of the practical objections which would attach in England to the application of the doctrine of community, and as having the advantage of being already recognized by the English courts of equity, "so that if it were laid down by the legislature, as the law of the land, that a married woman who had married without a settlement, should retain and possess property as if she were a single woman, on every difficulty or disputed point that might arise, a satisfactory solution will be found in the course adopted by equity." Both community and separation of goods are in any case preferred to the English doctrine of marital appropriation.

While the tendency of law reformers in England is decidedly to repudiate the common law doctrine regarding the property of husband and wife, and refuge is sought in the more equitable principles adopted by other nations, some men here are earnest to secure what is, in England, felt as a serious grievance. It is admitted almost universally to be most just that when man and woman become united by marriage, the interest of each merging into a common interest, —each aiding the other in a manner not to be arithmetically calculated in the acquisition of the property which shall conduce to the comfort of their age, and afterwards devolve on the offspring of the union,—the doctrine of community should be adopted as that of the law, wherever practicable; and yet this same doctrine, which is engrafted in our colonial society and cherished by the large mass of the inhabitants at once as a right and a blessing, is decried by persons who have seen that it occasionally works hardships, as a grave evil requiring instant remedy,—a doctrine legalising the plunder of the industrious in their old age, redolent of barbarism, and wholly unsuited to the requirements of civilized society. Hopes are from time to time expressed by a section of the people, and the legislature is occasionally invoked to bring us to that delectable state from which its law reformers in England are struggling to be freed. This is not done in precise terms. The claim is in the form of a revision of the law of inheritance, but the change to be effected is the destruction of the partition which in general results on the dissolution of marriage by death. Women never complain of the operation of the law. Do men complain because, while the colonial law, by virtue of the marital rights, allows enormous power to husbands, women possess some protection by means of the community? Is the law reprehended because, more just than individuals, it does not in all cases permit the male sex, when desirous of possessing property, to retain that which is not their own? Complaint is never heard when the husband has acquired wealth through his wife; the injustice is intolerable when the wife has acquired anything by law through her husband.

Community, it must be borne in mind, when unsuited to the circumstances of those about to be married, is not obligatory. Individuals may create such division of property as they prefer, for themselves. Only when the future spouses have not determined for themselves a rule differing from that which ordinarily prevails, a principle which will in general operate justly in favor of husband and wife, and which is not for the benefit of one of these persons only,

should be fixed by the law and govern their property. Such a principle exists in the community of the Dutch and continental jurisprudence, but would be in vain sought in the appropriation system of England.

The accepted definition of marriage, in its effect on property by English law, has been above given. A brief statement of the effect of marriage on property in this colony may be welcome to those as well who approve as to those who condemn the present provisions.

Marriage at the Cape of Good Hope, where the future spouses have not declared otherwise by antenuptial contract, effects a joint ownership of all property moveable and immoveable of the husband and of the wife, whether in possession at the time of the marriage or subsequently acquired during its continuance. The property thus owned by the common estate is liable to the debts of the parties existing at the time of the marriage,—to the debts contracted by the husband during the community, or by the wife during the community, with the husband's consent,—and to debts contracted for the necessary charges of the marriage. The husband alone has the administration of the property in community,—he has the right of alienation, and of mortgage even of the immoveable property brought into the estate by the wife, without her consent.

The dissolution of the community takes place by death, divorce *à vinculo*, or separation *à mensâ et thoro*. In certain cases of divorce, the courts possess power to decree forfeiture of the share possessed by the guilty sponse, either fully or partially. In decrees of separation *à mensâ et thoro*, a clause respecting the mode of partition of the property of the joint estate is usually inserted.

At the ordinary dissolution of this "nuptial partnership," as Story fitly calls it, by death of either of the partners, the necessary effect of a dissolution of partnership takes place; the property belongs equally to the survivor and to the heirs of the deceased, in equal moieties, after a due adjustment of all debts, and the payment of all charges fitly borne by the community.

It may be added that the wife can do nothing in law without the authority of her husband; he is the sole person legally representing the estate. She has power to do, however, what married women cannot do in England,—she may make a will without her husband's consent, and possesses the same power of disposing of her half of the estate enjoyed by both which he possesses; this power of disposition being limited, as regards both husband and wife, in favor of children,

and, in default of children, of surviving parents, though not nearly to the extent generally supposed.

In a word, the colonial doctrine of community is perfect equality between the spouses, with full right of administration by the husband. From this administration the wife's interests can be secure only in the very rare cases in which courts could be called on to interfere for her protection on account of reckless prodigality, endangering the dissipation of the entire estate. The marital authority is such, that only the grossest instances of its abuse can meet with a remedy. The question may be fairly put, whether husbands should have so much power; but far from this, husbands complain that the operation of the law is, that they are injured, brought into difficulty, ruined, because wives are allowed by law to possess any rights at all. It must not for a moment be forgotten, in considering the question, that in this colony, whenever professedly, the law of inheritance is attacked, the law of community is really aimed at. The doctrine of legitimate portions, or the compulsory necessity of providing to a limited extent for children, has its objectors; but the cordial detestation of surviving husbands, who alone are the supposed sufferers, is reserved for the law of community. It follows hence, that all the instances which have been offered from time to time as illustrations of the hardships of the law of inheritance, are, in truth, objections to the partition resulting in the dissolution of the community; and would exist, whatever were the law relating to the disposition of property by will.

This was fully shown in the unanswerable speech of the Attorney-General, on the motion of Mr. Harries, for the revision of the law of inheritance, in 1848. Every instance adduced as an example of the evils of the law of inheritance, in truth displayed certain inconveniences to a surviving husband, caused by the death of his partner, and the consequent dissolution of the partnership. If A, the husband, and B, the wife, married in community, possess £1,000, then, on the death of B, the half of the joint estate, £500, coming to B's representatives or heirs, is equally withdrawn from A, whether B was bound to leave portion of the £500 to certain persons indicated by the law, or left the whole of the £500 to persons freely selected by herself. Not the law of inheritance, but that of partnership, has effected the partition. And such, in principle, though differing in detail, have been all the cases which have been paraded as exemplifying the hardships of the law restraining the freedom of disposition. The fact that testators have far greater power of disposition than is generally

assumed in discussions on this subject will be shown in a future paper. Here we confine ourselves as much as possible to the legal effects on property of marriage without an ante-nuptial contract.

The case of greatest hardship that can take place under the law of community would be of the following nature. Of course husbands always provide against the chance of its occurrence, by the marriage settlement; but it may happen. A, with £50,000, marries B, a penniless girl, who dies within a few months, and has bequeathed by will, or, dying without a will, has left £25,000, her half of the common estate, to her own relatives. Certainly, this is a most severe infliction on the husband, though if the lady had had the wealth, and the husband had died immediately after the marriage, few voices would be raised to exclaim on the hardship of the diminution of her estate, compared to the many that would expatiate on the extreme injustice, when the husband's property was so diminished. According to English law, it will be remembered that, in the latter case, the lady's £50,000 would wholly have become the husband's, and so utterly withdrawn from the control of the original owner, that on her husband's death, she would be entitled to nothing at all. The Dutch law occasionally works injustice; the English law is always, and in principle, unjust.

A careful study of the Attorney-General's speech, to which reference has already been made, is recommended to all who are anxious really to understand this important subject. This very able and eloquent composition ought to be republished. Its arguments were not answered at the date of its delivery, and cannot be answered now. The equity of the principle of the "*communio bonorum*," especially in cases—the majority of cases in this colony—where husband and wife, at the date of their marriage, possessed nothing beyond industry and economy, is pointed out with great force. As the speech is out of print, we extract this portion:—

"When both parties possess property (I do not pause to compare amounts), the natural equity of community is tolerably apparent. Why should the law give all absolutely to the husband? Suppose a law which would give all absolutely to the wife, what would you say to it? You would call it monstrous. When we speak of giving all absolutely to the husband, we are by no means so strongly affected,—'indeed,' says the lawyer, 'that alters the case.' But had I the honor now of addressing an assembly of ladies, they would perhaps view the case very differently. The case in which one party possesses property is open to more doubt. When the property is the man's—the colonial law seems bountiful,—perhaps too bountiful—to the woman, by communicating to her a half of the husband's property. When the property belongs to the woman, the

law of England, viewed as carrying all property over to the husband, seems terribly unjust to the original owner, and, in my opinion, the principle of community between two spouses, no matter which of them brings in the property, is a fairer principle than the principle of keeping everything to the husband, where everything was the wife's. What, then, shall we say to the case in which neither man nor woman possesses property? Out of this sort of case have all our difficulties arisen. Settlers come here without anything, save a desire to marry,—they marry and make no antenuptial contract. An antenuptial contract, to be of much use, must be notarially executed, and as it costs some shillings, and shillings are scarce, the parties marry without it, little dreaming, perhaps, that they are ever to have as much wealth as will make the matter one of much consequence. But time wears on, and they find that they have accumulated property: then comes the tug of war. The wife chances to die,—the children step in as claimants of their maternal inheritance, and the widower feels aggrieved that his children should curtail his means of usefulness, that is, his means of continuing his business or pursuits. It cannot be denied that this sort of case is the real one with which we have to grapple; and to lay down just principles for regulating it, is by no means easy. Shall we at once proclaim that, in such a case, the wife shall have no interest whatever in the property accumulated? There are, I think, considerations which will require to be weighed before we legislate to this effect. True it is that, in general, the husband is the more active agent in earning their money. But I have heard a very rich man say that every married man who wishes to be rich must ask his wife's permission, and it is in cases where a couple begin the world with nothing that the wife commonly contributes most to the common stock. And when we reflect how much the wife has probably co-operated,—how, by rising early and lying down late, and eating the bread of carefulness, she has added to the joint store-house by housewifery and thrift, she has enabled the husband to acquire means which, be his genius in speculation what it may, he could not otherwise have collected,—I must be allowed to doubt whether that law is founded upon right reason or right feeling, which would make her a mere servant without wages,—which would leave her without any claim upon the property she had contributed to earn,—which would enable the husband, dying before her, to bequeath, perhaps to strangers, all she had helped to make, and leave her in her old age destitute. I am not insensible to the difficulties which attend the principle of community as applied to these cases. I am not ignorant of the effect of natural affection and public opinion in protecting the interest of wives who have no other protection. But I desire for them, if possible, some further protection. I desire that a husband, whose dinner is not cooked to his liking, shall not be at liberty, leaving a large fortune, to leave his wife nothing. It were to shut our eyes upon the truth, to deceive ourselves, and to give human nature more credit than it deserves, were we to say that the interests of married women may be wholly and unhesitatingly committed to their husbands."

The justice of the closing remark of the extract is strongly exemplified in the second of the two cases which are subjoined, and which are copied here, because it is better to state actual cases which have occurred than to reiterate possible instances of hardship under any law. The colonists here are urged to introduce English law generally, as to the

effects of marriage on property. What do our readers think of the following well-authenticated examples of its operation:

"Mrs. ——— inherited from her father a comfortable property before she was married, and had never known any necessity to economize. She married, and having great confidence in her husband, and having never been used to think about money matters, omitted to have her property settled upon herself. The husband died very suddenly shortly after their marriage, without having made a will, and all her property is gone to a nephew of her husband, a man almost a stranger to her. She is now very much reduced in circumstances, and living, for the first time in her life, under the pressure of narrow means."

"A gentleman in one of the northern counties failed in business; his wife, with praiseworthy spirit, turned her talents to account, by setting up a fashionable millinery establishment, with the assistance of her friends, which proved so successful, that she not only maintained herself and husband, but realized a considerable fortune, sufficient to enable her to leave business and live comfortably on the proceeds of her savings. The husband during all this time did nothing to bring in any income, and was supported by his wife. After a time he died, and left a will, by which he bequeathed his wife's property to his own illegitimate children. She was left in poverty, and is now a milliner again."*

While under the colonial law such injustice is impossible, and under the English law, unhappily, too frequent, it is well to pause, ere rash and ill-considered changes are made,—even if it were possible, which it is not, to apply the English law as to the effect of marriage on property in this colony, without a complete change of other portions of the law, especially that relating to immoveable property.

LA GITANA; OR, THE SPY.

CHAPTER III.

In his dream, Waltham thought the war was ended, and that he was borne joyfully across the blue and burnished ocean to some far country so luxuriant and inviting from its beauty and brilliancy that he and his companions were induced to land, even with the idea of making it their home. It seemed the Elysium represented in fable, or one of those Hesperian isles filled with flowers of every hue and fragrance, with fruits of every variety and flavor. Intoxicated with the spell of its loveliness and luxury, onward he went; wandering through enchanting groves, where the rich foliage of the trees formed a refreshing trelliswork above, whilst the balmy incense from the odorous shrubs and plants around,

* Vide *Westminster Review* for October, 1856, p. 343.

and the soft green carpeting of nature's handiwork beneath, invited to repose,—the consequence was a long and refreshing sleep.

How long he could have slumbered he knew not,—but on awakening he observed the sunset to be near at hand, from its slanting rays of light gleaming through the boughs above; and hastening his steps, by a path-way which he conceived had led him into the enticing labyrinth (during which the beams of the god of day grew fainter and fainter), found night closing around him as he reached the sea-shore, the boat gone, his comrades too departed, and himself an isolated wanderer, alas, in an unknown land.

Loudly now did he call, conceiving that some one else might be as unfortunate as himself, but it was all in vain,—the echo of the woods alone returned his plaint. Intently did he gaze, endeavoring to pierce the shades of darkness around, for there was no friendly moon to aid his sight,—the clustering stars of heaven were the only bright spirits with whom he could hold silent communion, except his own bitter thoughts.

Previous slumber had unfortunately chased the soothing spirit of sleep from his frame, so that he was doomed to sit down on the solitary beach, to watch the shining wavelets, dancing one after another on the sands, as if in mockery of his misfortune, and ponder on his position as an emblem of the destinies of that human heart which pursues pleasure without reflection, and is borne blindly through the world's giddy vortex of allurements until the surging cataract of fate is discerned beyond, towards which it is hurried irresistibly, and from whose "hell of waters" it is alone saved by seizing one providential green bough which hangs near the dark abyss, even like hope springing up amidst despair, when Omnipotent grace and mercy comes to the rescue. Night now passed on, still there he sat, cheerless and sleepless, until the chariot of day rose again over the broad ocean, rolling upwards amidst another sea of splendor, like a monarch's car of gold, emblazoned with topaz and rubies, floating through a firmament of pale azure; but being desolate in mind, the richness and beauty of the prospect only increased his unhappiness. But the isle might be peopled, and grasping at the idea, again his footsteps threaded the lovely labyrinth, listening to the notes of the wild birds cooing tenderly to their mates; and impelled by hunger and thirst he seized on the delicious fruit which hung so temptingly around.

This relief alleviated for a moment or two the pangs of

sorrow, whilst hope continued to sing a soothing strain to his soul, her sister-syren anticipation joining her melodious tones. But it was to no purpose;—not one trace of a human being could be seen,—vain was his search;—blistered and weary were his feet, and becoming utterly despondent he laid himself down on his mother-earth, hoping that his eyes, which were closing once more under the weight of lethargic grief, might never re-open.

At length he slumbered again in imagination; the spirit of his dream became changed,—for, amidst the outpourings of his woe, when death seemed preferable to the doom of a hopeless solitude, and the luxuriance and beauty of inanimate nature appeared only to mock at his forlorn state, suddenly a soft sweet voice, like an angel's, whispered tones of joy and peace to his disconsolate heart, which gradually became more distinct, and as the sound of a voice heard before,—when the unexpected happiness caused him to start,—to awake,—and looking up he beheld the sweet face of Aurilla before him.

She was standing near, with a wooden bowl in her hand, and as he aroused, said to him,—"I brought your noon-day meal before, but you appeared to be in such a calm, deep sleep, that I would not disturb you."

"I have been dreaming, Nenita. It was a bright, enchanting dream at first, something like youth's flowers of hope and happiness, when blossoming, but like too many of them when brought to full bloom, whose incense savours of bitter odours;—thus did the spirit of it turn into anguish and gloom, until its spell changed again suddenly into tones breathing sweet and soothing balm,—yes,—into a voice of melody and mirth,—that voice was yours!"

"Mine?"—and the vessel she held nearly dropped from her delicately formed hand.

"Yes, yours.—Are you, too, a fortune-teller, Aurilla? an interpreter of dreams?"—As Waltham said so, he looked into her face, which had put on a more serious cast, as she turned it thoughtfully to the ground. Her silence made him continue, "Pardon me if I have offended, but your race has been ever famed for second sight,—for cheiromancy."

"My race? and why call it my race?" she asked abruptly with a degree of pride—even of sternness—he had never seen before in her countenance.

"Indeed, I meant not to offend, dear Aurilla,"—and the young man raising his head from the pillow, and in a sitting posture, held out his hand to her, adding,—"had you confided your story to me, what clime, what parentage could

boast of so amiable, nay, so lovely a daughter—my unintentional error, my mind's impression—"

"Say no more, signor, I am not vexed. The world judges from appearances, and I feel that mine is against me. But why should I interest you? We met as strangers,—we will soon part and become strangers again (her agitation at this moment could not suppress a sigh), and what will *you* remember hereafter of the poor Aurilla? the *gipsy*-girl, as you will term her?"

"You judge me harshly, indeed, in your turn," was Waltham's reply. "What, not recollect one whose attentive care, whose anxiety, nay, whose affectionate solicitude has been more than a sister's? Confide then in me. Your denial of the origin of your birth has added tenfold to my desire to know your secret;—oh! you may trust me;" and his tone and look expressed the sincere interest of his heart.

The urgent entreaty however only drew forth the same answer: "*I must not*, I have given Chaléca my solemn promise," and placing down the platter by his couch she withdrew.

The food brought consisted of kid's flesh dressed in a savoury manner, which Waltham, nevertheless, allowed to remain for some time untouched: such was the effect on him which the mystery of the maiden's earlier life produced. The loveliness yet modesty of her looks,—the perfection of her sylph-like form,—the pure principles of her heart,—and the tender yet delicate sensibility of her feelings, astonished whilst they interested him still more profoundly, especially the two last, maintained as they must have been in the midst of an antagonism of everything opposed to the protection of female purity, or regard for mental perfection. It was one of those enigmas in life which he could not solve.

Bound doubtlessly by some pledge to Chaléca, the character of Aurilla shone forth, nevertheless, as vividly by her resistance of Waltham's importunities to learn the history of her former career, as in the rest of her superior qualities.

But did it cost her nothing to deny the request of one whose interference in protecting her at Roncesvalles had raised him so highly in her estimation? Gratitude is the rarest of human virtues, yet did she possess it sensibly amongst other noble attributes;—in short, her whole nature proved she had sprung from no common stock, as the scion does the perfection of its graft.

On the third day subsequent to this occurrence, some of the peasants of Val Carlos returned to their homesteads from their hiding places, although the number at any time only consisted of a very few families. This circumstance engaged

much of the damsel's time, two or three being connections of Chaléca. There was so much to recount and grieve at; so much had been lost or left in ruins, which the little group stood long lamenting and weeping over,—and as they continued nearly all the day seeking her aid and advice, or loitering about through curiosity to look at and learn something of the wounded young Englishman, the hour of sunset came round, marked only by these occurrences since noon, and the same undeviating attentions by Aurilla to Waltham's wants, not overlooking the herding and milking of the goats by old Chiboro.

One other circumstance, although trivial in itself, yet worthy of notice regarding this old man, testified that much as his outward and misshapen form differed from the rest of his species,—he possessed, nevertheless, a nature in common with mankind, nay, a sagacity most reflective in observation and ingenious also. On returning with his flock at nightfall, he handed something to Aurilla, accompanied by no words, but followed with the usual grin. It was done in Waltham's presence, and proved to be a not unworthy attempt in making a crutch out of the crooked elbow and bough of a tree, designed for the latter's use and support. Nothing could have been more acceptable, and it was with sincere acknowledgments that Waltham praised his workmanship and thanked him for his solicitude.

At length the third morning's sun arose since the gipsy's departure. She had stated that her return would take place on this day. It was with no inconsiderable anticipation, therefore, that the thought of it dwelt on the minds of these two young beings; for Aurilla knew that it must have been some important project which had caused Chaléca to absent herself, whilst Waltham had seen in the short time sufficient of the gipsy's character to be impressed with its activity and resolution. Both conjectured that his life and liberation were the purport of her journey, and yet each hesitated to touch on the subject. Was it that the idea of parting had already rung a knell of sorrow in their hearts?

The day chanced to be one of those delicious pauses in the ruder march of the elements when the balmy and refreshing air gives health to the system, beauty to the scene, and enjoyment to the sense. It was a season, also, when the wild flowers had not finished carpeting the hill-side with their bright hues, whilst the first delicate touch of autumn had just tinted the forest leaves and verdure around with diversified brilliancy. The nearer prospect presented a succession of wild shrubs and emerald knolls, whose graceful heads

glowed with the orange beams of an afternoon sun, receding gradually into deeper ravines, which faded into darkness beneath the purple shadows of departing day; beyond which, steep acclivities of the mountains rose in formidable crags and gorgeous masses, now shaped into castellated forms of grandeur, now pointing upwards in spiral pinnacles; whilst farther still in the heavens, and radiant with beauty, the snow-crowned peak of the central range appeared, borne triumphantly on high, as the bride of some fabled god on the shoulders of her vassaled Titans.

Delighted to go forth once more beyond the door of the cot, and enabled now to do so with the aid of the crutch and a swathing band to the limb, Waltham had crept out some yards from the dwelling, carefully escorted by Aurilla, and seating himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, begged his hand-maiden to do the same.

The scene around breathed the very spirit of romance; it must not therefore be wondered at if the same soft spell communicated itself to the heart.

There are times, also, when nature smiles forth in so mild, so friendly an aspect that we are impelled to exclaim, "Can strife and slaughter, revenge and rapine, have ever reigned here?" Such must have been Waltham's reflections as he surveyed the enchanting landscape before him, and said, "This is very beautiful, and how calm and soothing. Who would imagine that men's evil propensities were ever at work in marring the blessings so bounteously designed for them?"

He paused awhile, meditating and admiring the scene when on looking round he perceived Aurilla's dark, hazel eyes fixed on him with a deep gaze of contemplation.

Gorgeous and lovely as the Creator's works around appeared to him, his thoughts immediately turned on her. She seemed to have studied her dress with more than ordinary care. No kerchief now confined those glossy, jet tresses which fell luxuriantly upon her shoulders, amidst which a pair of golden ear-rings in the shape of a crescent, and worn for the first time, were conspicuous. The delicacy of those sunny features,—the symmetry of the fairy form,—the party-colored *saya*, embroidered with eastern hieroglyphics scarcely touching the ankles which terminated in the sandaled feet "so small and sylph-like;"—all these personal charms were sufficient to captivate the mind of youth, but there was something even beyond this in her whole deportment more attractively yet *chastely* fascinating.

Rare are the examples amongst mankind where an instinctive perception and power of reason in *right-doing* baffle

the sceptic or the spoiler in his attempts to divert the heart in some measure from its true and safe course, and yet, this child of nature—the gipsy-girl, to all appearance—was one of these. Not that insidious principles in Waltham were endeavoring to undermine the ideal of such loveliness, yet whatever it was,—Nature, Beauty, Grace, Gratitude, Sympathy, or Soul, the talisman existed there.

And let not the stoic censure the softer, nor the sensualist sneer at the purer, impressions wrought in the heart of youth and dawning manhood by the bright, though perhaps visionary, spell of Love's young dream! Who can say that he has never been influenced by its spirit? Who can account for that tender impulse to the feelings which has caused one fair being more than another to be the guiding star of their destiny?

> Wouldst thou deny it? Curious fool be still;
> Is human love the growth of human will?

From whatever clime or race the maiden had sprung, she was no doubt of gentle birth. Her dislike at being taken for one of the Gitana race struck Waltham forcibly, and now that he had had the opportunity of conversing with her for a length of time, the force of her conceptions and good sense, yet simplicity of manners, her knowledge of the world, yet abnegation of all praise regarding herself, astonished him. Thus did two hours unconsciously glide away, when, after some little silence, he said, rather abruptly, "Have you never loved, Aurilla?"

The words had scarcely risen involuntarily to his lips, when he almost regretted their utterance, on perceiving the surprise and slight emotion they had momentarily produced. Her reply, however, was expressed with smiling *naïveté*,—"And what may you call love, signor?"

This question puzzled Waltham far more than his own had discomposed her; he repeated the word, "Love, love?" then said, "Oh, a woman is its only interpreter; but will you not answer my question first, Cara Nenita?"

"And wherefore?"—looking at him with bewitching sweetness, yet an intent to puzzle, as she continued, "True love, you know, never discloses its secret. The rarest jewels lie deepest buried."

"Ha, ha, I see it now, you have never yet loved,"—evidently said to induce some decided reply, when she answered with teazing animation, "Oh, yes, but I have," seeing Waltham was more in earnest than she wished him to be.

Waltham looked inquiringly at her, but was silent, when at this moment old Chiboro emerged from the thicket, driving

his goats and kids before him, for sunset was drawing nigh, and perceiving an expression of curiosity still dwelling in the young man's look, she continued, with a musical laugh, "Dios Gracias! how fortunate, for here he comes."

Her playful humor had intended this allusion to be jestingly made towards the goat-herd, but it so happened that the words had scarcely passed her lips, when another party, consisting of three persons, came into sight at the very moment, approaching nearly in the same direction,—the bush having screened them from view until very near. The form of the gipsy was at once recognized, mounted on a mule. The other two individuals who rode by her side, were apparently a French officer and a private dragoon.

Waltham was suddenly startled. Had Aurilla's quick eye caught a sight of them sooner than he had done? and did her last remark apply to the officer who accompanied Chaléca? A strange feeling of suspicion and pain rushed to his heart. Oh, weak and inconsistent man! How easily is thy disquietude roused even by the shadow of thine own dark thoughts; for the distance of scarcely a hundred yards had enabled Waltham to perceive that the French officer was a handsome young man; could he be a former friend and admirer?

The gipsy, however, had now ridden up, exclaiming as she dismounted, "You see, I am true to my word, signor; Chaléca never yet failed in it, whether for good or for evil."

The meeting between the two females was most affectionate, making it evident that some strong bond of attachment united them.

Chaléca now addressed Waltham again, producing a paper at the same time, which she placed in his hand, telling him it was an order authorizing his exchange with some French prisoner of the same rank, signed by the chief of Marshal Soult's staff, which on perusal he found to be the case. She then informed him that the officer and his attendant had come to escort him safely to the British head-quarters, and that the mule, furnished with an *albardi*, or pack-saddle, was one upon which he could ride, so as to enable him to ease the wounded limb on the journey.

It is difficult in life to prejudge at times of what may affect our joy or sorrow. It is even said that the caged bird, on receiving its liberty, has been known to fly back shortly to its former prison cell, and flutter round the door for entrance. Is human reason wiser in this respect than animal instinct? whilst how often does sadness mingle itself with the smiles of fortune, where duty and inclination run counter

to each other, even as when adverse wind and tide cause an eddying fret on the waters of the deep.

Waltham soon discovered that Aurilla and the young Frenchman were perfect strangers, which not only removed at once the jealous pang accidental circumstances had caused, but left his mind free, still to indulge in that sweet dream of sentiment, an over-susceptibility of heart had inspired and thus it was when he found his departure irremediable and a point of duty, that the soft spell which had exorcised a vision of bright fancies around, caused him painful regrets at the thought of the approaching "Farewell."

Yet surely there was much to excuse in him. Imagination had been so constantly filled with the one interesting object who had administered to all his wants in suffering and seclusion, and who possessed, moreover, all the mental qualities to affect, and the personal charms to allure into that sweet labyrinth from which the heart, having once entered, finds it difficult to escape. Even reason is induced to spread the mantle of pity and forgiveness over each tender feeling he may have cherished, knowing that the heart rose unsullied, if not quite untrammeled, from the spell.

During the whole of this evening, the constant presence of several individuals deprived Waltham of any opportunity of being alone with Aurilla. Had one occurred, he might have been beguiled into the expression of some more tender sentiment than he had hitherto avowed; but this was averted, and when he bade her *farewell* on the morrow, the only softer disclosure of his feelings was a parting kiss fervently imprinted on her cheeks, and a warm expression of the hope that they might some day meet again.

EPIGRAMS FROM "MARTIAL."

VIII.—35.

In pessimos conjuges.

Cum sitis similes paresque vitâ
Uxor pessima:—pessimus maritus,
Miror, non bene convenire vobis.

On a very bad couple.

Since so well-matched you seem to be,
You, worst of wives,—worst husband he,—
'Tis very odd you don't agree.

IX.—6.

Im Paullam.

Nubere vis Prisco: non miror, Paulla, sapisti.
Ducere te non vult Priscus: et ille sapit.

On a Lady.

You'd take Sir James? You're wise,—'tis very true.
He won't propose? He is as wise as you.

XI.—67.

Nil mihi das vivus: dicis post fata daturum.
Si non es stultus scis, Maro, quid cupiam.

You give me nought—"wait till I'm dead," you say:
If you're no fool, you know for what I pray.

I.—11.

De Gemello et Maronillâ.

Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillæ,
Et cupit et instat et precatur et donat—
Adeone pulchra est? immo fædius nil est
Quid ergo in illâ petitur et placet? Tussit.

On an Heiress.

John is most warmly wooing Netty,
She's very far indeed from pretty,—
But has one feature most alluring,
Her cough is bad, beyond all curing!

X.—8.

Nubere Paulla cupit nobis: ego ducere Paullam
Nolo: anus est: vellem si magis esset anus.

Paulla would wed me: I would not, I told her;
She is too old: I would if she were older.

VIII.—27.

Ad Gaurum.

Munera qui tibi dat locupleti, Gaure, senique,
Si sapis et sentis, hic tibi ait "Morere."

To a rich old man.

Good rich old Giles,—they send you presents—why?
Don't you perceive, they mean—"Do, prithee, die!"

III.—8.

In Cinnam.

Versiculos in me narratur scribere Cinna:
Non scribit, cujus carmina nemo legit.

On Cinna.

Cinna writes satires on me, it is said:
Pooh! no man writes, whose writings are not read.

VIII.—4.

Ad Pontilianum.

Cur non mitto meos tibi, Pontiliane, libellos?
Ne mihi tu mittas, Pontiliane, tuos.

To a Brother Author.

Why my last poem I forgot to send?
For fear you'd send me your's,—respected friend!

REMINISCENCES FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE CAPT. PILKINGTON,

CIVIL ENGINEER AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Captain Pilkington was born in Ireland on the 25th of March, 1785, as appears by the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin—being by his father's side a descendant of the Pilkingtons of Bolton, in Lancashire. His father, of the same name, held honorary rank in the University for his scholastic attainments; his mother was Irish. His education was completed in Trinity College, Dublin, after he had spent nine years at a large grammar school of that city. Among his class-fellows in College were Judge Lytton, now or lately on the Irish bench, and the son of Curran; he was also contemporary with Moore, the poet. His attention was directed at that time to the legal profession. He quitted the University in 1804, for the purpose of accepting a commission in the corps of Royal Engineers, which was tendered to him by Government through his uncle, the late General Cunningham, of that department of the military service,—there being at that period a greater demand for scientific men than the Military College could supply.

He entered the military service in 1804, was captain in 1811, and left the service in 1814, his services having been "dispensed with" by the Duke of York for bringing a general officer to a court-martial, notwithstanding that he had established a charge of peculation against him, and for which he was sentenced to be reprimanded and *to refund the money.* This act was rendered obligatory on Captain Pilkington, as the crimes specified in some of the charges had been com-

mitted through his department, and as he himself had been moreover insulted by the general on a previous remonstrance.

To show that no shadow of disgrace attached to Captain Pilkington, notwithstanding the arbitrary decision of the commander-in-chief, we place in juxtaposition a letter on this subject from Major-General Johnstone, of the Royal Engineers, (who was a member of the court-martial,) to General Mann, then inspector-general of fortifications:—

Barbadoes, March 1st, 1814.

Sir,—Having, on the 11th of February, the day after I received your communication, put into the hands of Captain Pilkington the letter containing the commands of the Prince Regent, and Master-General of the Ordnance, I feel powerfully impelled to lend the aid of my testimony to the merits and unfortunate situation in which that gentleman now finds himself placed, who *most unexpectedly* now stands far from his native country, and, without fortune or friends, except such as the character of a gentleman and an officer unimpeached may have attached to him. I, sir, have known Mr. Pilkington intimately since his arrival in this country seven years ago, in all the situations of duty in which he has been placed; and it is not too much for me to say, that in all and every one, whether on service or in the more retired situation of a stationary officer of the corps, he has evinced zeal and abilities of the very first promise.

That Mr. Pilkington has an impetuosity of temper, which sometimes places a young man, whose sense of honor or injury is above control, in critical situations, I have not even inclination to controvert; most dearly has he in the present instance suffered by it.

My having been a member of the court-martial, on which Captain Pilkington was the prosecutor, prevents me from saying much which I should be prompted to urge under any other circumstances; yet, I cannot but deeply lament his untimely fate, and the real loss the service sustains in a young man than whom I know none that promised —in ability, zeal, and intelligence more to uphold the honor and credit of the corps.

I have, &c., William Johnstone,
Major-General Royal Engineers.

To Lieut.-General Mann, Inspector-General, &c.

Apart from the effect which his earnest views of Christianity might have exercised upon him in after life, Captain Pilkington should, humanly speaking, have stood in the army-list, at the time of his death, close to Sir Chas. Felix Smith, K.C.B., having seen all the service he had done, excepting India, until the late Russian war. His case was then, to say the least of it, a hard one, seeing he had previously on the invitation of Government, left a profession where high honors were open to him,—his class-fellow Lytton, always behind him in college preferment, having been raised to the bench.

He was engaged at the taking of Martinique and Guadaloupe; for which he recently received his medal: and in both of these actions he distinguished himself by engineering skill, and by deeds of personal bravery. He was one of two selected by the French to report for their satisfaction on the state of the fortress of Martinique at the time of its surrender. His report was forwarded to the Emperor Napoleon, and is still among the papers of the corps.

At St. Kitts he was commanding engineer when that island was attacked by the French fleet, consisting of six line of battle ships and three frigates. The height of the citadel on Brimstone Hill, above the level of the sea, affords a very distant horizon. On the alarm being given early in the morning, the English convoy, about fifty sail, was sent away in the opposite direction to that from which the enemy were approaching, the only vessel remaining being an English 50-gun, and Sir Chas. Napier's 18-gun brig. After forming into line of battle, a smart action took place, in which they received the benefit of red-hot shot, previously made ready. Finding the bay too warm a berth, the fleet again made sail; the English frigate and brig going in pursuit, looking for stragglers. The bull-dog pluck of Napier ended in the capture of a seventy-four, which might otherwise have escaped. For this he received his post rank, and Captain Pilkington for his services the thanks of George the Third, which were read at the head of the garrison.

During the campaign he was for six weeks prisoner of war. Having been ordered to join General Beckwith at Antigua; and the only opportunity being a Dutch merchant sloop, at that time a neutral flag, he shipped on board in plain clothes, under promise of good faith on the part of the master.

On the voyage the vessel was unfortunately dismasted; strange to say, in this exigency there was not a seaman among her small crew willing to attach a rope to the mast then floating at some distance, with a heavy sea on at the time. In this emergency Captain Pilkington offered his services, took the line and jumped over; he succeeded in reaching the mast, and, on making fast as he thought, gave the appointed signal for hauling in; at this critical point his knot gave way, and he had then to make the best of his way back to the vessel. A slip knot, tied by the men on board, was then taken by him and placed over the mast head. This was successful, and the sloop in jury rig was thus compelled to put in to a neighboring French island for repairs. These

were refused, as the sloop, then in ballast, was supposed to be engaged in the English trade. At this juncture the master of the sloop proposed in part payment to give up an English officer of engineers, bound for Antigua, until then in disguise. This offer was accepted, and Captain Pilkington was handed unceremoniously over to the French authorities. His singular adventures during the six weeks he remained a prisoner might fill a chapter; suffice it to say, that for being asked to wait in the hall of the commander of the forces, whilst calling on business when on parole of honor, he left the house, sending a note saying that so soon as an exchange should be made for him, previous to his leaving the island he should expect satisfaction for the insult offered him. In answer to this he was marched on board the prison ship, and placed in the forehold among the common prisoners, about 200 in number. He describes his situation as truly disgusting; never having smoked before, he took a half-smoked cigar from an unseen mouth, if possible to subdue the smell. Within two days he nearly succeeded in the capture of the ship, a want of unanimity being the only cause of failure. He was not kept here long; his position being made known to the English admiral, every French prisoner was put in similar confinement, and a message sent, stating the number so treated, saying that when Captain Pilkington was treated like a gentleman these should be so also. In six weeks an exchange was made,—a French colonel and two lieutenants being given in his stead. Arriving at Antigua he remained after the peace, until the court-martial before referred to, the offence being committed by the major-general on this island. We find that the court was assembled contrary to the rule of the service at Barbadoes, 350 miles distant by sea. The injustice of this was admitted in England, and a sum of £351 10s. was paid to him in liquidation of his expenses, receipts for which are now in the pay-office in the service. He had resided in the West Indies from 1805 to 1814. On his services as an officer being "dispensed with" he returned to England; and after various ineffectual efforts to procure his restoration to the service, he was unexpectedly offered by the late Earl Mulgrave the unsolicited appointment of chief civil engineer on the western coast of Africa, which he accepted; and accordingly in the month of March, 1817, he proceeded to Sierra Leone with his wife, Charlotte Clara, youngest daughter of the late Thomas William Jollie, Esq., of Vanbrugh Fields, Blackheath, to whom he had the happiness of being united in the year 1816.

He remained two years and a half in this settlement, during which period he was engaged in the erection of many public buildings in its various towns—the church at Sierra Leone being among the number.

Owing to the insalubrity of the climate, its seriously injurious effects on his wife's health as well as his own, and the loss of two of his brothers-in-law, he, in 1819 determined on relinquishing his civil employment, particularly as one of his deceased relatives, who had embarked in mercantile pursuits, had left him in possession of a quantity of merchandize. He therefore resolved to purchase a prize vessel then in the harbor, and undertake a trading voyage on the coast. Having effected the purchase, he accordingly proceeded up the Rio Pongas, visiting the Simini and Susoo nations. In the course of this expedition he also visited several provinces of the Mandingo nation. He speaks highly of the rectitude of principle of these simple-minded people. They are chiefly Mahomedans, and had attained a remarkable degree of civilization, under the influence of a law that no "bookman" should be sold as a slave; the natural tendency of which may be easily imagined. Yet the only book they read in was the Koran, which the "bookmen" constantly carried about their person as a triumphant token of their learning, dignity, and privilege.

Leaving these nations he sailed southward and touched at the "Kroo country," where he found a very hardy, active, and intelligent race of men, devoted to labor and agricultural pursuits. Speaking of them he says, "I have known instances of the same Krooman speaking English, French, and Dutch. I was nine years in the West Indies previous to this period, and afterwards nine more, from 1821 to 1830, but I never once saw a Kroo slave."

In the course of his commercial voyage he says:—

"I called at the Cape Coast Castle. The Civil Governor had heard of my intention, and was most anxiously waiting my arrival, as the Ashantees were then threatening an incursion. As soon as I had cast anchor, his secretary came on board to invite me to dine with him at the castle. His table was attended also by all his officers, in the costume of the military rank they held; for the settlement being at that time the property of a company, everything was conducted in military style by their civil officers, who held from the Governor local military rank. His Excellency left the company at nine o'clock, after requesting me to lodge in the fort, and to breakfast with him at his country-house on the following morning; in the course of which I examined the neighboring country, for the purpose of pointing out the best site for a martello tower; which being decided on, I was requested to make the necessary plans and lay out the foundation. To this I cheerfully consented, and remained there three weeks. It was completed long

before the dreaded enemy actually came down upon the settlement, and is the same Phipp's tower that was mentioned in the public papers as being pre-eminently useful in saving the castle and town, when, at a later period, the ferocious Ashantees made their formidable descent."

Sailing thence to Lagos, he hired a canoe with sixteen paddle men and a pilot to carry him across the river bar; he describes the dangers of this bar in a way elegantly descriptive, but too lengthy for our purpose in this paper. Suffice it to say that it was crossed without accident, and after a pull of two hours on still water he arrived at the wharf at Lagos, where he was accosted by an official interpreter, who informed him that (agreeably to custom in every part of Africa) he must be immediately conducted to the King.

His description of the King, his palace, and the ceremonies of his court, are strikingly interesting. He says :—

The King, who was full six feet high and very stout, was clothed only in a silk kilt and a pair of sandals ; the upper part of his body a glossy jet, and set off in rich relief by a large red coral chain, suspended from his neck and reaching to his waist. He moved with diguity and grace towards the throne, beside which he placed a chair for me, and we seated ourselves, the interpreter resuming an erect attitude, but remaining still upon his knees. Not a word was spoken for some time. At length a young woman (who I afterwards understood was one of his Majesty's three hundred wives) entered by a door on the opposite side of the square, and having advanced within a short distance she placed her back against the wall, and with a modest downcast look moved along it sideways, turned the angle, and in a similar manner passed on until she reached the throne, when having accomplished her ceremonious circuit she knelt down beside the King. On receiving from him a bunch of keys, she retired, and soon returned with a liqueur case. This he opened, and for the first time broke silence. The interpreter turning to me said : Sir, King says, will you drink gin, brandy, noyeau, or wine.

Having signified my choice, the monarch took a wine-glass from the case, filled it and presented a bumper to the female still kneeling at his feet. She drank it glibly off, his Majesty closely eyeing her to see that she did not leave a single drop. He then took a glass himself, and replenishing the same finally handed it to me, which I had no sooner drunk than he locked up the fragrant case, dismissed his wife with it, and asked me through the interpreter the following questions.

These related to Capt. Pilkington, and his business there. The queries were quaint, and the answers laconic—the object of the King being to induce him to embark a cargo of slaves for the Brazils. Unsuccessful in this, he concluded by remarking, " Well come to me in the morning, I will sell you plenty of ivory and gold dust."

Rising to take leave, he asked permission to buy fowls for an evening meal, upon which the King promised to send his supper, and desired the interpreter meanwhile to conduct

him to the residence he had allotted him. The droll supper scene occurs here, which we give, describing his abode in his own words:—

"The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and there being no twilight in tropical climates, it shortly became so dark that I was obliged to procure a light for the purpose of examining my dwelling. It was a square apartment, enclosed by high walls, having a gallery on one side only, which was open and exposed to the air, except at one end, in the corner of which was a narrow bed-place, the head and one side whereof were fenced by the mud wall, the foot and the remaining side of basket work, with a small opening like a door, the bottom was also of basket work, and about four feet from the earthen floor. At the other end of the gallery were placed a chair and table, which, from the thick covering of dust that mantled them, had obviously not been used for a long time. My servant James observing this, proceeded to cleanse them as effectually as he could, and we placed our solitary candle on the table, which, however, being in the open air, served for little more than to make the darkness visible, and patiently waited for the promised entertainment.

"'Well!' exclaimed James, rather indignantly, 'if eber me see massa in place like a dis before; he be dirty, dirty place for true massa!'

"He was proceeding fervently in this strain, when the gate was opened, and we perceived in the depth of the darkness what seemed a white apparition, six feet or so above the ground, moving towards us. As it approached nearer we discovered a jet black man, carrying something on his head, which he solemnly placed upon the table. It proved to be the promised supper, in a tray covered with a white cloth, which had obviously been just unfolded. This fair promise of cleanliness prepared my mind for a well served supper, which, after my long journey in the canoe, was no ungrateful anticipation.

"When uncovered by the bearer, a delicious looking fish presented itself to view, which I eagerly surveyed from side to side; but had scarcely expressed my entire willingness to accept it, ere the cook resumed possession of the dish, stooped his head, and put out his huge tongue, with the too evident intention of licking it from head to tail. I interposed, of course, in great alarm, and, seizing the dish with one hand, and his woolly head with the other, I struggled hard to prevent the execution of his foul design, which he, on the other hand, seemed equally resolved to accomplish.

"The interpreter, who had followed him, interposed at length, saying, imploringly, which heightened not a little the comedy of the whole scene:

"'Pray, Massa, let he lick the fish!'

"'O, no!' I exclaimed: 'I really will not.'

"'If you do not, Massa, he no leave de fish!'

"'Why so?' said I, in undisguised astonishment.

"'Cause, Massa, if you go dead, King will kill he, suppose he no lick um, Massa.'

"'O,' replied I, 'I am not at all afraid; I know it is not poisoned.'

"'No, no, Massa; cook won't trust a dat, for you can get sick in the night, may be you can catch one cold, and you die. Den King ask me, if cook lick de fish. Suppose I say, 'No King;' den King cut de cook's head off.'

"Seeing, therefore, no alternative, I let go my hold, consoling myself with the reflection that the other side of the fish would be, at all events, free from this ungainly process; but Sir Cook had no sooner carefully finished that side of the fish than he immediately proceeded to operate upon the other. In great dismay I turned from this exhibition; the strangers took their leave; and when the gate had closed upon them, I proceeded, with the help of James, to strip the skin from the devoted fish, and, after making the best meal I was able, retired to my basket bed, leaving the sailors to sleep upon the ground, and James (who could not, for a long while, forget the singular ceremonies that attended a Lagos supper) to make his couch upon the table that had witnessed so memorable a repast.

"This same operation is performed upon every article of food prepared for the King. The whole suspicious process is the result of that tyranny which authorises the odious traffic in slaves; and the monarch who thus, instead of being the protector of his subjects, betrays them to the agony of expatriation and a servitude more terrible than death, finds the system in some degree recoil upon himself, being himself the slave of his own fears, and living in perpetual dread of poison or assassination."

Leaving Lagos, he sailed for Princes Island, a Portuguese settlement, and there remained some weeks to dispose of the remainder of his cargo, purposing to return immediately to Sierra Leone.

Meanwhile a British vessel arrived in distress, and at the request of the captain was sold by the authorities, and as there was but little competition, he purchased a cargo of palm oil at a penny a gallon, which, by the terms of sale was to be delivered either on board his own or other vessels, free of all further charge.

"I calculated (says he) that I should now clear £10,000, as I was informed that the oil would fetch eight shillings per gallon in the Brazils. I wrote to my wife at Sierra Leone to embrace the first opportunity of joining me, that I might be spared the trouble of crossing the Atlantic, and go direct with her to England from that part of South America. My project being known to the Governor of the island, he begged I would allow his secretary to accompany me, whom he was desirous of sending to the Brazils with despatches for the Emperor. To this I readily assented, and as I declined receiving any passage money, much good provision and wine were sent on board as a present to me for the voyage."

Three days after their departure, when about fifteen miles south of the equator, the vessel struck upon a sand bank; they endeavored in vain to get her off, she had struck at high water, and at low turned upon her side. In the first boat that came from land the secretary left, seeming dreadfully alarmed. The next morning about fifty canoes approached from the African coast; the first that came near had on board the King of Lopez, who inquired if they wanted help. On a reply being made in the affirmative, he imme-

diately came on board, and soon after all the rest; when finding it impossible to float the vessel, he declared it a wreck, and commenced plundering the cargo.

"When some progress (he says) had been made in this, by himself and his black myrmidons, the King directed me to go on shore. I accordingly embarked with my captain in the royal boat; others took off my men, whilst his majesty and the residue industriously employed themselves in taking possession of my property. As I pushed off from my noble bark, and saw her copper bottom above water, a tear dropped from my eye at the consideration of my blighted prospects. But it was not the first reverse of fortune I had met with; I summoned up all the fortitude I could muster; and before I reached the coast I had ceased to heave a sigh over the ruin.

"On our arrival at the town, three hundred women belonging to the King came down to the wharf, and taking each a portion of the spoil to carry, led the procession to the palace, which was a large well-built house, two stories and a half high, with galleries all around, the framework of wood and the walls of reeds, neatly and compactly arranged. Quarters were assigned us in the back gallery, at the end of which a comfortable bed was prepared for me. I procured something for supper, and being now informed that half the late seized cargo was still considered as my own, and that I was perfectly at liberty to purchase what I pleased with it whilst I remained, I sank to sleep with a somewhat lighter heart than had attended me upon my landing.

"In the morning, as I was descending the gallery facing the entrance gate, whom should I observe entering the portal, but my friend the Portuguese secretary! With a heart full of gladness to meet him once more, I was about to advance towards him, but the important personage was himself again. He had recovered from his late alarm, and having less of the glow of friendship in his bosom than the policy of worldly wisdom, he contented himself merely with giving me a condescending bow, and hastily passed on. I followed the course he took, and soon perceived the cause of that haste, which led him to slight the dear friend for whom, but a few hours since, he had professed so grateful an attachment. It was to the King he was hurrying, before whom his trunks lay open, and who in right of his seignorial claim to the same *wreccum maris*, which even British lords of manors bordering on the sea, were wont to exercise in earlier times by royal charter, was about to divide his baggage as summarily as he had done my cargo. The King's servant first separated the shirts into two parcels, 'that is for you'—said the King, with admirable coolness,—'this for me.' The next article that presented itself was a blue military coat, thickly embroidered with silver lace.

"'This is for me,' said the King.

"'I have but one!' said the secretary.

"'I am sorry for that,' said the King; 'if you had another, it would have been for you.'

"Next came a cocked hat, then a sword, with silver scabbard and waist-belt.

"'These are for me,' said his Majesty, with great composure; and thus he appropriated to himself every single article; but where there happened to be two or more of a kind, the secretary had his share. At the bottom of all was a layer of something in bags, which, when hauled out, proved to be dollars.

"'What are these?' said the King.

"'The Emperor's money,' was the polite reply. His majesty at first gave the secretary permission to take all, for brass and iron are the only valuable metals in his eye; but at length he thought it better to ask a price for them. He finally agreed to give up the royal share for the price, in cloth, of three slaves. This being paid, the court of award closed, and the people, with all duty, carried the secretary's share to his lodgings. I followed him to the gateway, from a feeling of sincere commiseration, and, notwithstanding the loss he had sustained, he so far recovered his usual composure, as to exclaim, on our reaching the gate together, 'pardon, monsieur! sans cérémonie.' For myself, as I followed him with my eye, I could not help thinking that he, poor fellow, had been literally taken at his word, and had been indeed treated most unceremoniously.

"I remained on the coast seven weeks, fitting up my long boat, as the only apparent alternative to expedite my departure. During this period I lived in the palace; for the King, finding that I was myself the owner of the ship that had been wrecked, and seeing my captain with me, concluded, as I afterwards discovered, that I was a very great man, with plenty of ships and merchandize, so that by paying me attention he expected he should again attract me to his coast for purposes of commerce.

"The King of Lopez spoke several European languages, which proved his extensive dealings with different mercantile nations. He was a Pagan, and had three hundred wives. These women I saw on one occasion assembled in presence of the King; and I then took occasion to ask him if I had been rightly informed as to their number. He replied 'Yes, there were three hundred of them.'

"I remarked that the King of Lagos had exactly the same number.

"'What!' exclaimed his sable majesty: 'then I will have fifty more! no man shall have so many wives as the King of Lopez.'

"Meanwhile progress had been made with the boat. No sooner was it ready for sea than I embarked, with a captain and twelve men, and steered for Prince Edward's Island, which was about one hundred leagues distant."

On the way they were picked up by a slaver, on board of which he found his friend the secretary. The captain kindly landing them all on St. Thomas', a neighboring island. After remaining seven weeks at St. Thomas', during which time the Governor of Princes Island came to visit this part of his delegated domains, which caused a grand reunion of governor, secretary, and himself, at an entertainment given by the inhabitants, and of which he gives an amusing account, he took his departure on board a British man-of-war, bound for Sierra Leone. To his great distress he found that his wife had already followed his previous instructions, and had sailed in a man-of-war for the Brazils.

With but £150 in pocket, he was deeply perplexed. It occurred, however, under the direction of a kind Providence, that the ship, previously to crossing the Atlantic, was bound to visit Goree, Senegal, and the English settlement of St. Mary's, in the river Gambia, to the northward of Sierra Leone. This occupied some time; and returning south,

whilst crossing the latitude ot Sierra Leone, they were becalmed for several days; when, finding themselves short of water, the captain determined to put into the port, and thus to the mutual surprise and joy of both, he and his wife suddenly rejoined each other, and in recounting the incidents and dangers they had undergone, all pecuniary loss was disregarded or forgotten.

Our scene now changes. The commodore, whose ship was bound for England viâ the West Indies, kindly gives up his cabin, and lands him, wife, and all, on the island of Barbadoes, whence he proceeds to Antigua, and thence to Trinidad, where he arrived in the month of October, 1821:—

"Here," Capt. Pilkington remarks, "finding that my professional services were in much request, the door to this world's riches once more appeared open to me. I accordingly labored with great assiduity in my profession, and shortly after my arrival was appointed to the quarter-master-general's department of the governor's staff, with the rank of captain, which I formerly held in the regular military service.

"It formed part of my duty, as a staff officer, to attend the governor on all military reviews and state occasions; and I was accordingly, in this capacity, required on the 1st of January, 1825, to follow, in his excellency's train, a procession to the Roman Catholic chapel, which was an annual custom observed in compliance with the terms of the capitulation, made at the conquest of the colony in 1798, by which the Spanish laws and usages were still to be followed and respected."

His attendance upon this occasion resulted in his complete conversion to Christianity, he having previously entertained deistical opinions. The service was conducted by the Roman Catholic bishop; the sermon was logical, eloquent, and fervent, the principal argument arresting the judgment, being the fulfilment of the Saviour's prophesy in the present condition of the Jews.

After a mention of some minor incidents, he remarks:—

"On the 22nd of September, 1828, I was appointed major, commanding a corps of light cavalry, in addition to my staff situation; and on the 24th of September, 1829, was confirmed in the appointment of town surveyor, by which I obtained a considerable addition to my appointment of colonial engineer."

He had now commenced his Christian life, and the accounts of his experience are lengthy and interesting; of these we must quote the following, as it leads to another crisis in his eventful career:—

"The habit of constantly appealing to principle had this further use: it preserved me in a state of preparation for the trial of my Christian fortitude, in opposing the prejudices of the community in which I lived; for the order of the King in Council, directing that the free colored people should have equal rights, civil and military, having been published in the colony, applications for advancement were made by several of the former class to their respective commanding officers,

and, among others, to me, as commanding the light cavalry. I lost no time in laying this application before the Lord, and in the meditations of my closet determined to follow the clear line of my duty. I accordingly resolved to appoint the applicant a cadet, which, by local regulation, was the leading step to a cornet, and to do it in the most effectual manner possible."

He accordingly appointed Mr. Le B—— acting cadet, until the governor's approval should confirm the appointment.

"If (says he) I had applied a match to the powder magazine of the citadel, I could not have created a greater sensation in the colony. The result to my private prospects was sufficiently disastrous. The colored people, finding they could not obtain commissions elsewhere, flocked to my standard; and as this was likely to end in the entire dissolution of one of the other corps, in which they could not obtain promotion, I was made a victim to the political expediency of the moment, and on the 10th June, 1830, received direction to confine myself to my staff duties as quartermaster-general, and the command of this corps was given to another."

"At this juncture the office of town surveyor was ordered to be suppressed, and the pay attached to the office of colonial engineer to be reduced from £800 per annum to £300 sterling; a sum altogether inadequate to the support of my family in that expensive colony; and as I had *now* no friends among the white civilians, I could not possibly engage in the private practice of my profession. I therefore came to the resolution of embarking for England, in order to obtain (which I never for a moment imagined I could fail to procure) an order from the colonial secretary for the balance of salary, amounting to £1,146 18s., which was justly due to me, but which the Trinidad government refused to pay."

The above balance occurred through query and temporary suspension in England of authority to pay £800 in place of £300, formerly given by the secretary for the colonies, with a percentage; this would amount to more than the £800, and entitle the holder to private practice, both of which Captain Pilkington gave up on accepting office. In consequence of a misconception on the part of Mr. Huskisson, the £500 had been withheld *ad interim*, and this they now had permission to pay; but the local council, taking advantage of the delay, now refused to confirm it.

As soon as it became generally known that he was about to depart from the island, he received an address from the colored inhabitants, written by one of themselves, given below, which for elevation of sentiment and eloquence of diction is rarely excelled:

"Sir,—When the suffering sons of Africa discover an individual amongst their white fellow-subjects in this colony, whose philanthropy

leads him openly and fearlessly to favour the moral and political advancement of an oppressed and degraded race of men; whose soul, soaring above the influence of a narrow-minded policy, selfishness, and long cherished prejudices of his white brethren, rejects the principles of their system, as warring against the will of Providence: when they behold that genuine British subject, who from practical conviction, and a due sense of obedience to the mandates of a gracious King, and in furtherance of the views of the wise counsels of his government, laying aside all personal interest, and disregarding the frowns or displeasure of men, conscientiously stand foremost against the conflict of local opinions and the pressure of combination: when they see this true patriot aiding and encouraging that great work of charity—the amelioration of his species—to which the finger of the Almighty manifestly points all true lovers of Christianity: we say, Sir, when such rare and novel characteristics appear in a white colonist in this hemisphere, gratitude on their part to that individual, as well as justice to human virtues, demand a mark of admiration as distinguishing as the phenomenon is extraordinary.

"In you, Sir, we have found all these virtues, to us truly estimable. We bear testimony, that in your public conduct and character, as an officer commanding a militia corps of cavalry, although at the time a dependent of the colonial government, and holding office at *will* of the municipal corporation, you disinterestedly and frankly afforded to the applicants of color in your corps, every *fair* opportunity of preferment to militia rank, to which the King has been graciously pleased to admit them. You were the only commanding officer who dared to *lead* the example of breaking the barrier of prejudice: and who, displaying a high sense of public justice, ventured to dissent from a system of combination adopted to prevent the access of colored people to militia honors in the island of Trinidad. The result of your *temerity* is on record in the colonial proceedings of the day. We would not shock the world, or insult the judgment of good men, by a detail of the injury and persecution you have suffered on that account. As a gentleman and father of an infant family, we most deeply and keenly feel the sacrifices you have endured; your case is indeed a lamentable instance of the tremendous influence wielded by the white oligarchy of this colony, ruthless in its effects, when directed to crush even its own members, if found dissentient or converts. The rectitude of your motives, and the solaces of an approving conscience, are rewards above the gift of men. The cause you have espoused, you need not be ashamed of. We address you, therefore, as a true and genuine friend, and on behalf of a class of your fellow-subjects, who respect and admire your noble patriotism and exalted merit. We beg leave to present to you this feeble testimony of their gratitude, and the offering of hearts unfeignedly thankful, duly sensible of that friendship and sympathy which you have on all occasions manifested, particularly in our late endeavors to obtain from the whites of this colony, a reasonable acquiescence in the late orders of the King in our favor.

"We beg your acceptance of our sincere wishes for your health, prosperity, and happiness through life, and with the greatest respect we subscribe ourselves your very faithful friends and loyal fellow-subjects."
(Signed by 400 persons, among whom were 24 proprietors of plantations.)

Capt. Pilkington now reaches England once more, and here commences what may be termed his religious career. After fruitless applications to the British government for redress,

he commenced his labors for his newly-found Master. From this time he held, as a Christian, varied opinions, chiefly arising from an effort to prove all things, and to hold fast that which was good. He took up many crosses, some perhaps self-imposed, thinking no sacrifice or reproach too great. He undertook the advocacy of nearly every good cause that came within his scope and sphere; amongst others —of peace. But he was *no* apostle of the Peace Society, as has been asserted; his views and opinions were thoroughly different from and incompatible with theirs. They think that nations ought not to fight: he that Christians ought not, simply. They would put tracts into the hands of recruits, headed "Don't enlist:" he considered this treason against the State. They were for putting down a standing army: he for Christians putting down their swords. They were for peace at any price, as a question of political economy: he for peace, as the individual exercise of Christian faith. Here is a grave distinction, and a difference. It is not our intention to enlarge on the merits or demerits of either, but, as historians, to place the man in his proper niche.

Had he accepted the offers of the Peace Society, he might have lived without a care; a large sum having been subscribed, but he refused.

Among other objects which he labored to promote, were the causes of anti-slavery and temperance; for these he appeared on the same platform with the Buxtons, the Clarksons, and the O'Connells of his day. He was also a most powerful and popular opponent of chartism; on this subject he has addressed as many as 1,500 at a time, in Birmingham. He was not singular in being an ardent admirer of the constitution of his country—the union of the three estates; conservative in most things, he was dissentient in one, the union of Church and State. He thought that Christianity should have no share in government, as such; but that its reign should be in the individual heart; nothing to do with the world as a great integer *now*, but with man only by adoption as an integral part. He looked upon this as the moving cause of persecution since the dawn of Christianity, and not to the inherent errors of its particular phases. He was, in short, a decided "voluntary." He was a living expression of it. He had tried it in his own case, and in his experience it was a vital, an active, an abiding principle.

In the year 1839 he left England for the Brazils, returning again in 1841. He travelled 2,000 miles in that empire, to discover the state of slavery there, and to mitigate, if possible, its woes. He visited the gold mines of the interior,

speaking words of comfort to suffering captive men, and testifying his principles.

He was assisted in accomplishing his purpose, but the task was none the less arduous, difficult, and dangerous. To oppose a working source of wealth among the unprincipled, where assassination could be procured, as it frequently was, for seven and sixpence; and where monumental crosses dotted the country round, in memory of such, and in shuddering nearness, might make even the stout-hearted hesitate.

With such an issue as a possibility, with native resolution and firm faith he started upon his journey. As far as Rio his wife accompanied him, intending to go further, but was prevented by indisposition.

A description of his travels was partly prepared for the press, but laid aside. We select the following from his papers, as illustrative of his work:—

"When I closed my last at Parahaibuna, I was in some perplexity about my mules, for two of them had then been two days unfairly missing, and I could not make up my mind as to what was best to be done, whether to go forward and abandon them, to purchase others, or remain and offer a reward. I arrived in that place on the 8th instant, and purposed to depart on the 9th, but for the afore-mentioned circumstance. In the evening of the 9th, a Brazilian traveler, who occupied the next room to mine, asked permission to come in, and as I thought him an intruder, I deemed the best way to turn him out was to read the Portuguese testament to him. I accordingly commenced at 1st chap. 1st epistle of Paul to Timothy, and read to 10th verse, when I stopped, and asked him what men-stealers meant? He looked pensive. I then turned to the 1st Acts and read it, but he seemed only riveted to the spot, and to my agreeable surprise asked for more. I read the 2nd chap. to the 21st verse: 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' He took my hand, said, '*Multo obrigado*,' and retired. On the 12th again, we spent the whole afternoon reading and expounding Scripture. On leaving our retirement for a walk, two runaway slaves were brought to the door. Their arms were bound one to the other with iron manacles. They were tall, well-looking men. They were directed to sit down, which they accordingly did on the earth, with their backs against the wall of the venda (inn). Shortly afterwards their master arrived, on a well-caparisoned horse. He entered the venda and engaged the other end opposite to mine, so that I had no communication with him, the space of the venda, generally open, being between us. He had scarcely retired, when a bystander asked the negroes a question, which one of them answered by sounds: 'Bow, wow, wow,' intimating that they were taken by dogs. I now learned that these poor creatures were new negroes, who could not speak Portuguese. Alas! torn from their homes and relatives to a country in which, by the law of 1831, they are virtually free, but now cheated out of that freedom by perjury, forgery, and fraud.

"My new acquaintance walked with me from this scene, and our conversation turning on what we had just witnessed, I was happily enabled to argue the wickedness of slavery, and to prove that free labor would be more profitable. In all he acquiesced and expressed

his abhorrence feelingly and decidedly. We parted; I returned to the venda. It was now six o'clock; the runaways were ordered to stand up, which they obeyed. Their blankets or rugs, as full of dust and dirt as if they had been used for wiping the road, were now thrown over them. These covered their heads and hung down to their knees. Such a picture of misery was never surpassed, particularly when the owner, well and comfortably dressed, was seen to retire to a good dinner, whilst these poor creatures were led to the stable to sleep for the night under charge of two keepers.

"My mules were brought home at this crisis. At night I resolved to ask pardon for the captives. I accordingly arose on hearing the keeper open the door of the stable, which was close under my window. I opened the window, and asked him if he thought I could procure their pardon. He replied: 'Nao, senhor.' I, however, wrote the following note:—

"Illustrissimo Senhor (the ordinary mode of address in Brazils.)

"Eu supplico perdao para os dous captivos, no nome de nosso senhor Jesu Christo; que disse 'sede pois misericordioso como tambem nosso Pai no ceo hé misericordioso.' Eu espero que se o senhor concedera esta suplicaçao que nosso pai no ceo abençoarée, o, senhor, e toda a seu familia.

"Ficou senhor, seu servidor e humilde supplicant,

"G. P.

"I now heard the keeper preparing to move his prisoners, and I opened my window; it was a cloudy, misty, cold morniug. I called to the keeper and offered to give him money if he would deliver my note to his master. He replied, 'Can you not deliver it yourself, sir?' 'How?' said I; 'he is in bed.' 'No, sir, he is up, preparing to accompany us.' I threw my cloke over me, and went through the rain, and entered his parlor, where he was sitting at the table (one of the keepers and the landlord being present). I handed him my card, which he read. I then told him the object of my visit, but explaining to him that I could write Portuguese better than I could speak the language, I requested that he would read the note which I presented. He read it over, paused,—he read it again. His countenance seemed to indicate that his conscience required more than he was willing to graut; he read it a third time, and paused,—at length he said, 'Senhor, eu nao os to carés'—*I will not touch them.* I thanked him, and retired again to my bed, where sweet sleep, the result of duty done, closed my eyes until eight o'clock, when the master and his captives were miles away.

"I now prepared for my departure, was soon ready, and once more on my jouruey; in the course of which I again fell iu with that one of the keepers who was in the breakfast-room when I presented my petition for the pardon of the captives. I moved towards him, and anxiously desiring to know how the poor creatures were treated, extended my hand as offering to shake his, but he advanced, saying, 'Nao, nao, nao, senhor,' and stooping down took my foot and kissed it. I was much affected at this, but my anxiety for the slaves prevented any demonstration of feeling until I inquired if they were really pardoned. He replied, 'Yes, they were not touched.' I sent a kind message of thanks, and moved forward. Oh! love, love, surely thy power is omnipotent that thus thou couldst make a human being offer such a mark of homage as to cause him voluntarily to kiss my feet. All the whips in the Brazilian empire could not effect this.

"I have now brought to a close a train of interesting occurrences (others are omitted as not bearing on the subject of the notice) brought

about by the temporary deprivation of my mules; and not these only, but also an exercise of that resignation to the will of the Creator which preserved me from exhibiting the least irritability or even uneasiness which could dishonor our holy religion,—'Let your light so shine,' &c. Yes, I trust it did shine; but it was with Christ, for without Him I know, experimentally, I can do nothing."

While in the Brazils, he wrote several papers in English and Portuguese, addresses to the residents, one in reply to a Roman Catholic priest, who, finding him catholic in his views, sent him a copy of Wiseman's Lectures. From this last, to show the fearless style of writing adopted by him in dealing with slavery, we quote the following:—

"Would you, my friend, make many converts to Roman Catholic views,—exhibit such consistency as they did, whom we have just called to remembrance. Now that the Pope's bull requires that you should testify against the sin of the Brazilian church, in holding a portion of its congregation as goods and chattels,—do this even unto martyrdom. 'Fear not him that can kill the body, and after that hath no more than he can do.' And as my friend has, in his letter to me, made reference to the Roman Catholic and Protestant creeds, saying, that, as when two clocks point to a different hour, both cannot be right as to time, so when two religions teach contrary doctrines, both cannot be right as to truth, may he not very appropriately tell the Brazilian Church that it resembles neither of these, since it, like the clock which points to one hour and strikes another, with one hand points to the supremacy of the Pope, and with the other strikes that Pontiff in the very teeth! ! !

* * * * * * * *

"What, then, is the penance to be imposed on him or her who smuggles free Africans into Brazils and sells them as slaves?—on him also who purchases such stolen men, and thus covertly enslaves free Brazilian subjects (in allusion to the law of 1831, then unheeded)? Shall such persons merely walk round the church on their bare knees?—No. Shall they scourge themselves?—No. Make long and many prayers? —No. Fast much, and pay money to the church?—No. Or do all these put together, and return to their home, still to hold Brazilian freemen in slavery, and flog them, and fraudulently retain their hire? —No, no, no,—says the real Roman Catholic, says common sense, says genuine loyalty, says *amor patriæ*, says every principle of truth and equity.

"The gospel penance for such an offence is, that they should liberate these slaves; pay them all arrears of wages, and so supplicate them, their injured brethren, for pardon, that they be reconciled, and thus liberate their pretended owners, to return in peace to the altar of our common Father.

"What, my friend, would be the consequence if this evangelical repentance had been carried out by the Brazilian church? Surely many thousand Brazilian freemen would long since have been restored to their lawful rights, or many of their fraudulent keepers publicly excommunicated! But, as no such fruit of the labor of the Brazilian church is to be seen, we find that 800,000 of, by law adopted, Brazilian subjects and their descendants are now either pining under the boudage of men-stealers, or are lying in the silent tomb, till the trumpet of the judgment-day summon their spirits to accuse these two-fold rebels against God and their country, and all accessories, and the acquiescing

Brazilian church, of stealing them; and, to obtain possession of their bodies, of hunting, shooting, goading to death, butchering, suffocating, and drowning, not less than 1,600,000 of their relatives and friends, whose bones, picked by the vultures, blanch the plains of the land where the Creator placed them, or lie scattered o'er the ocean's bed.

"Whatever may be said in justification of slavery and the slave trade, by those who would silence the inquiring conscience, and shut its ear to truth, is best known to the murderer of souls; but neither he, nor all his infernal host put together, can forge a lie to deceive the soul with reference to this contraband trade in our fellow-man, in which alone 800,000 have been enslaved, and 1,600,000 murdered since 1831!!! As it is written: 'He that is not with me is against me.' What will the Brazilian church say when charged with the awful offence of not warning the wicked from his wicked way?"

His principal letters were bound in one volume, and presented to the then young emperor. During his stay in the Brazils (nearly two years) 240 slave cargoes were landed on the coast, as, although their importation was nominally suppressed at Rio itself, the smuggling on the coast was winked at by the authorities. Now their importation is everywhere rigidly suppressed.

Having completed his labors here, a singular oversight seems to have favored his safe departure; his passage had been taken by his agents, without the usual notice of three weeks, as required by law, having been previously given. This was discovered only the day before the vessel was to sail. On security being given by two British merchants through the consulate, the notice was waived. The vessel was not out of sight of the harbor when an order was presented at the house he had left, for his arrest. There being nothing to pay, his sureties considered it only a ruse to procure his identification for assassins, which could, as beforementioned, be hired for seven and sixpence.

That he was instrumental in giving an impulse to anti-slavery feeling in the Brazils, cannot be denied. Since then, the emperor has done all in his power to secure eventually the complete emancipation of the colored races in his dominions; and a society for promoting this object has now a local habitation and a name in Rio itself.

To promote the interests of a rising family he now resumed professional employment in England, in Germany, in the Spanish Peninsula, and finally at the Cape of Good Hope —in this last, to the entire satisfaction of Government, and with credit to himself.

In conclusion, all must admit that he was a man of great abilities and capabilities. He was an accomplished scholar: he could speak and write in four living languages; he was intimately acquainted with Latin and Greek, and had a know-

ledge of Hebrew, the study of which, in connection with the Scriptures, he kept up to near the time of his death. To the genius of the orator he united the pen of the poet. As a skillful engineer, his monuments are on both sides of the Atlantic.

Further, let us add, that with great bodily strength, his energy was indomitable, possessing courage, moral and physical, to as great an extent as was almost possible for man; always acting independently, fearing but one Master, whom he ever sought to serve in public as in private life: doing everything as before and unto Him, confessing at the same time his natural sinfulness and frailty, and magnifying the grace which first brought him a lost and ruined sinner to the Cross of Christ,—the truth he held first, the truth he held last, the truth he sought to live by, and the truth he sought to die with. His end know all: its result is contained in nearly his last words, "*for ever with the Lord.*"

MR. PUMPKIN FRITTER'S PARLIAMENTARY REQUISITION.

EVERY one of the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* is, of course, aware that the colony of the Cape of Good Hope is the exact centre of the universe: he does not need to look at the celestial or terrestrial globe, or at any map or chart ever fabricated, to learn this undoubted fact. His own consciousness assures him of it: he feels perfectly certain that the spot on which he stands is the pivot-point of creation, just as he feels convinced that he, the individual reader, is the most important of created beings, without whom on the face of the earth it seems impossible to believe that the earth itself could continue to exist.

All this being as self-evident as the axioms we learnt at school in Euclid (and which we thought so exceedingly true as to be positively stupid on paper), it is clearly unnecessary to state that the Government of this pivot-point of the universe is of the most vital importance to the rest of the creation. According to our infantile notions (which we are not sure that the third ode of the Third Book of Horace did not tend to confirm in after years), the sky was by no means too strongly secured over our heads, and it seemed that if a few of those bright-headed nails called stars should happen to tumble out, the blue canopy would topple down upon us without further warning. Some such dire calamity to the

rest of the universe might, we opine, ensue, if the wisdom of a Cape Parliament were to slumber even for a session. The key-stone of the arch being removed, down goes the arch: the sustaining power of a Cape Government being withdrawn, *fractus illabatur orbis.**

These being, as I before observed, the convictions of every sensible and right-minded man (I believe I said "every reader of this magazine," which means the same thing), it may easily be imagined with what mingled feelings of awe, terror, delight, pride, and satisfaction, I received the other day the following letter, addressed to myself:

Donder-en-blitzendorp, July, 1858.

To Pumpkin Fritter, Esq., Cape Town.

Sir,—We, the undersigned, inhabitants and voters of this important commercial and highly progressive town, feeling the deepest respect for your perfectly unblemished private character, the profoundest esteem for your mercantile enterprise and energy, the most unfeigned admiration for your transcendent abilities, and the most unbounded confidence in your experience, urgently request that you will allow yourself to be put in nomination for a seat in the House of Assembly, at the forthcoming general election. In such case, we pledge ourselves to exert all our influence to secure the return of a member so highly creditable to our town and district, and who must become so distinguished an ornament of the legislature of this country.

We have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servants,
Abraham Bumble,
Dirk Dopper,
And 133 others.

Do you ask me how I felt when I received this beautiful and touching tribute to my poor merits? Sir,—reader, I mean to say, for you may be of the gentler sex,—I blushed. Yes, I blushed for the first time these six-and-twenty years, the last occasion being when I was caught with my arm round the waist of the present Mrs. Pumpkin Fritter, while her curls were ticklishly near my own whiskers, at a picnic, by her mama, who was a very dragon of virtue, and who insisted on an instantaneous explanation of my intentions. Heigho! six-and-twenty years! The waist is a trifle less slender now, and in the curls are a few threads of sil—. But what am I writing? If Mrs. P. F. should happen to peep over my shoulder, what would be my fate?—cold meat and weak tea for a fortnight, at the very least. I shudder to think of it. But thank fate, Mrs. P. F. is not literary in

* These Latin words are not in Mr. Pumpkin Fritter's own handwriting. We strongly suspect that they were supplied by Master Fritter, of the South African College.—Eds.

her tastes, and so there is no chance of her ever reading this confession. But I am wandering from my theme.

When first I read that letter I blushed: next I began to reflect on it, and my reflections were as follows:

"Pumpkin, my dear boy," I thought to myself, "there can of course be no doubt about the importance of the town of Donder-en-blitzendorp,—so you need not trouble your head about that part of the letter; but are you equally sure that you yourself merit all the eulogies bestowed on you? Let us take it by instalments, Pumpkin. 'Your unblemished private character.' Well, as you love Mrs. Pumpkin and your nine children, pay your household bills, and don't frequent taverns or masonic clubs, we will let those words pass as not so very much overstrained,—in short, Pumpkin, my boy, between ourselves, I think you deserve them. 'Your mercantile enterprise and energy.' There is something a little less tangible in those words; they may mean so much, or so little, or nothing at all. Now in the case of yourself, my dear Pumpkin, I fear they must come into the last category. It is quite true that you have bought and sold wherever you thought that you could turn a penny. You have imported and exported to the advantage of your country—and yourself; you have increased your own importance and your own capital together; you have made all the money you can out of all sorts of individuals, civilized and uncivilized—white and black, with the most enterprising and orthodox mercantile disregard of all consequences save pecuniary ones: it being a matter of perfect indifference to you whether the bad, cheap brandy you import and sell at a low price is fit only to produce headaches and diseases, or whether the gunpowder you sold by the barrel was intended for Basutus or blesboks,—so long as you turned the penny on the one or the other, and so long as you did not represent the one to be the purest cognac, and the other to be the finest 'Curtis and Harvey's sporting.' You don't cheat, Pumpkin; you would scorn to do such a thing: but is your enterprise anything beyond safe speculation, and your energy directed to anything but putting money in your pocket? And are these qualities for which you are to secure the 'profoundest esteem' of the Donder-en-blitzen dorpers? I think not, Pumpkin: and yet you *have* that esteem: for men will worship mammon in spite of Divine teachings,—and in spite of weekly sermons from gentlemen in black, who never think of looking out for the best 'living' for themselves. 'Your transcendent abilities'—humph! Well, we must not blush again, Pumpkin, my boy: but what *do* you think of

that? Do you feel yourself to be a Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli? Or are you conscious of possessing just so much learning as a very conscientious schoolmaster could cane into you up to the age of thirteen?—of being just able to write a letter without misspelling a word; perhaps now and then shirking a hard one, or writing it indistinctly, so that no one could swear to a mistake in it?—of having some general ideas on the subject of geography, such as knowing that New York is a long way from Calcutta, and that Nova Zembla is not the Latin name for New Zealand (though you *did* once ask if it was, Pumpkin, and then pretended it was 'only in fun')?—of having read a very abridged History of England, which was so compressed that you always got confused in your ideas on the Conquest and the Revolution, and cannot properly remember whether Oliver Cromwell took part in the former or the latter: or whether it was Wat Tyler who was forced to sign Magna Charta, or Charles the First?—of never having read anything but a newspaper since you left school?—and of not knowing the precise difference, or of being positively certain that there is any, between Political Economy and the Differential Calculus? Yes, Pumpkin, you *are* conscious of all this, and you confess it.

"Shall we go any further, or do you feel that you would not be precisely the 'distinguished ornament of the legislature' which the letter prophesies?—or that something more than 'experience,' which every booby who has lived as long in the country has equally with yourself, is wanting to bring you within a thousand miles of the standard fixed for you by the Donder-en-blitzen-dorpers?"

When I had got so far in my reflections, I roused myself with an effort, seized pen and paper, and wrote the following

REPLY.

Cape Town, July, 1858.

To Abraham Bumble, Esq., Dirk Dopper, Esq., &c., &c, &c.

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for the letter you have sent me, because I suppose you meant it to give me pleasure. At the same time, as I entirely differ from you on almost every point of it, and know myself to be perfectly unlike all that you have described me to be, I beg respectfully to decline your invitation.

Your obedient servant,
PUMPKIN FRITTER.

Now, I have looked into all the newspapers, but I have not yet seen my Requisition and Reply published. I, therefore, give the whole history of them to the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, in the hope that some other folks may follow the example I have set them. A. W. C.

KAFIRS AND KAFIRLAND.—A SETTLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER X.

QUI VIVE.

It will easily be imagined that I, knowing what I did, lost little time indulging in recreative rest. After half an hour spent, as already described, I proceeded to the commandant, to apprise him of the information with which I had become possessed in so unpleasant a manner.

The commandant, Major Burton, was a thorough soldier, looking at everything through the "service" medium, and doing nothing that was not strictly á la militaire. A pleasant man withal, especially when unbent. A man with a keen relish for a joke, when it did not interfere with "duty" or "discipline," and the pungency of whose puns had become celebrated among his confrères.

"Ah, Mr. Evanson," said he to me, after I had briefly told him my adventures, and the contemplated attack on the fort that night by the Kafirs, "I must congratulate you on your safe return. So these fellows are going to test our metal; well, they'll find us true steel. Upon my word, sir, the mettle of British soldiers is tremendous."

I listened attentively, as in duty bound, and immediately afterwards orders were given to "prepare for action." It may be well, perhaps, briefly to describe the locale and construction of the fort. The buildings were, as usual, formed into a quadrangle. At opposite corners were two small so-called batteries, mounting two or three guns each. The outer fence of three of the sides was pierced only with loop-holes, which in the fourth, however, expanded into apertures of respectable dimensions. This side was occupied with the officers' quarters, and here it was that we had our temporary domicile. As it overlooked a deep marsh, but little defence was here thought necessary.

I had determined, as much as possible, to remain passive during the anticipated conflict. Indeed, in a measure I should be necessitated to do so, seeing that as everything was 'prepared,' there would be little requirement on the part of the military for other extraneous assistance.

Besides my wife there was another young lady in the fort, Mary Burton, the major's daughter, a girl of remarkably high spirits and passionate impetuosity; she was as wild as the winds, and moreover looked so, with her long brown hair picturesquely flying about her face, and eyes in such a

ceaseless flutter and twinkle that the wonder was she ever kept them in their sockets. She was the "engaged" of Capt. Wycroft, and a nice time he would have of it when he became her lawful guardian.

This interesting creature and my wife were to be together, during the night, in our room. I had seen them comfortably established in a safe position, and was just entering the "square," when a female form rushed, or rather rolled, upon me. This phenomenon proved to be the fat washerwoman, with whose native eloquence my readers have been already edified. Molly was evidently in a state of great excitement, twitching her apron down, twitching it up, twitching it to one side, till I thought it must surely be twitched off.

"Well, Molly," said I, mildly and suggestively,—

"Lawk a mursy, Mister Ivinson, be it trew what the serjint says, that them black critturs are a coomin to coot our throots when we're a sleepin."

"It's far from improbable," I answered gravely but mischievously.

"Mursy on us, sur, but yer doant say so,—why, yer honor, the serjint says, how that they grab the women an tuk thim to theer hooams an mak the poor critters theer woives, no matter if theer a married or no. An wuss thin that, he says they've got a scooar more a like thimselves a waitin at theer hooams, the darty wretches; ef theier woives wur all like me, they'd goo to Jirrikke afore they got anothir. I'd teear theer eyes out, that I wud."

Molly was evidently getting discursive, and as the polygamy question is rather a broad one, I drew in the rampant steeds of her eloquence, by saying,—

"Well, Molly, have you anything else to say,—I am in a hurry?"

"To be shure, yer honner; I jist thooat the missus woud be a wanten soomebody to be a sittin with her to-night."

Seeing very well that the poor creature wanted some one to sit with herself, I humored her fears, respected her gregarious disposition, and guided her back into the room.

No sooner did Mary Burton see by whom I was accompanied than she sprung from her seat, seized my companion by the shoulders, and finally deposited her in a luxurious arm-chair, in the soft cushions of which Molly sunk with an air of ineffable repose. Her mad captor thus addressed her,—

"There, you stupid old thing, sit there all night. I wheeled that chair just there, that I and Annie might get behind it when the Kafirs come through that window. Look, look, I believe they're there now."

Up started Molly like a shot, or rather like a spent cannon ball, shouting, "Oh, mursy, yer doant say so,—what'll become of us? We sh'll all be tuk by thim Kafirs to their hooams, and hav to dig in wild beeast skins loike to others. Oh, ——"

I was here seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and left the room, leaving the distressed Molly to the tender mercies of her tormentor.

I shall now exercise the license of the narrator,—I refer to scenes in which I was not immediately an actor.

Every preparation had been made for the attack; the men were all at their posts; the guns in complete readiness; the scouts out in various directions, and the night rapidly advancing, without any sign of the enemy's approach having been discovered. This was for us so much the better as the moon would shortly rise, and by her friendly light be the means, perhaps, of saving much confusion that in the darkness might possibly occur. The night was cloudless, and the clear star-light cast a faint glimmering around, sufficient to enable the eye, when it had become accustomed to the darkness, to discern objects of considerable size at some little distance.

The moon would rise between one and two. About midnight, then, there were standing on the bastion, further from the officers' quarters, two officers,—Capt. Wycroft and Lieut. Casson. The former was a particularly pleasant man; and he possessed various little peculiarities which rather heightened than decreased his pleasantness. By his men he was much liked, being not over strict in his discipline;—he was a man who went systematically by the rule of contrary, and had scarcely ever been known to express his agreement with any proposition put forth by another person;—he was a man, too, who had the gift of generalisation, and never missed an opportunity for exerting it. This characteristic gave an appearance somewhat of dreaminess to his character, and led strangers to infer that he was a man devoid of vigor and energy. This trait was, however, only surface deep; for when aroused by any emergency he could display an amount of fire and action unequaled by any ordinary man. His companion differed in nothing from the generality of his class, except that he was a martinet in discipline, and regarded the duties of the service as paramount to all other considerations. The two were standing on the brink of the wall, talking on indifferent topics, when Wycroft, looking keenly before him, said:

"What a very remarkable circumstance: some of the men have been taking some balls to the top of the old trench there,"—referring to a ditch that had been thrown up within thirty or forty yards from the fort.

"So they have," said Casson, "what shameful impertinence."

"I quite disagree with you there, Casson. It seems to me that the men have put those there for some good reason; nothing is done without a reason, by soldiers especially. The human mind is so constituted, and has such an influence upon the physical system, that no action can be performed without a certain mental process having been previously undergone, involving the consideration of cause and effect, combining a train of thought and reasoning, and affected perhaps by pressure from outer sources, forming, in the whole, so intricate yet harmonious a piece of mental mechanism as to strike ——"

"Confound mental mechanism," almost shouted Casson, seizing hold of Wyeroft's arm; "look there, those 'shells' are moving."

"Extraordinary," rejoined Wyeroft, "what agency."

This seemed to exasperate the other, who broke in with, "Confound your agencies, Wyeroft; do be sensible for once. Those are no more shells than we are; *they are Kafirs.*"

"What a ridiculous idea; I'm astonished any man of ordinary sense can apply so thorough an Arabic term to these fellows. Look through my night-glass, Casson, and you'll find those heads belong to natives, most probably to Gaikas."

This certainly was drawing a distinction without a difference, but it answered Wyeroft's purpose,—the consistency of his rule. Having once, however, become certain that the enemy was really at hand, he banished altogether for the nonce his philosophical speculations, and merged into the prompt, energetic soldier. He and Casson immediately proceeded to Major Burton, and informed him of the fact. The news was received by this individual with some degree of relish.

"Ah," said he, "so these scoundrels have come at last. Well, if they are genuine 'natives,' they ought to be fond of 'shells,' and I think we can treat them to something in that line."

Having thus relieved himself of this weighty witticism, the major gave orders for a Kafir scout to be sent out to reconnoitre the enemy, and one of the native hangers-on was brought for the purpose. He was by no means a fair

speeimen of his raee, so far as his physique was eoneerned; but there being no other immediately available, the major was forced to send him on his errand of espionage. Meanwhile, all further operations were deferred till his return.

Ten or fifteen anxious minutes had passed before the Kafir returned, panting and running, to report his sueeess.

"Well," the major inquired, "how many of them are there?"

"Me see four, ten, and five," replied the Kafir, eounting the numbers on his fingers.

"And are those all? Did you see none in the bush?"

"No, me see no more; dere is no Kafirs in de bush."

As the Kafir persisted in the eorreetness of this statement, he was dismissed, and Wyeroft ordered to take fifty men, and by getting between the rendezvous of the Kafirs in the ditch, to intereept their retreat, and either take them prisoners, or, if resistanee was offered, to resort to more summary measures.

Preparations were forthwith made for this expedition. The men were soon mustered, armed, and in readiness for departure. The order was given, and they were marehing out of the fort, when a female figure glided up to Wyeroft, gave him a kind of half kiss, and a kind of playful slap, and then, with the injunetion that he was to take eare of himself, vanished into the darkness with as mueh mystery and rapidity as had marked its appearanee. The subjeet of these refleetions strained his eyes for a moment after the apparition, and then turned on his heel, muttering "most extraordinary development of mental hallueination." And yet the while, something that bore the strongest resemblanee to a tear glittered in his manly eye. It was Mary Burton, who, by some means, had beeome aequainted with the faet of her lover's departure, and, being a peeuliar girl, had shown in this peeuliar way her appreeiation of the eireumstanee.

Many of the offieers now went to the battery, whenee they watehed for a short distance the progress of the little party, as it wound its way swiftly, but in silenee, through the long grass and serub, till lost in the darkness, where for awhile we must leave them.

A very few minutes after the departure of Wyeroft, another seout eame running in to say that a number of Kafirs were hovering about, within a little distanee of the fort, but in a different direetion. On hearing this, the major ordered out a seeond party of fifty men, under the eommand of Casson, and the duty seeming so very trivial I determined to go with it, eonsidering that I should thereby be seareely breaking my very exemplary resolution.

In a quarter of an hour, and with very little bustle, we had started. When a few yards from the fort, the order ran along the ranks, to "take cover," and with quick obedience the men stretched themselves out, crouching beneath every clump of tall grass, scrub, bush, or whatever seemed to afford the required shelter. In this manner the force advanced considerably further.

Suddenly, at one end of the line, a slight commotion was observed, and "the Kafirs!" passed from mouth to mouth, while each man grasped his gun tighter, and looked out keenly into the dim obscurity. A few moments thus passed, during which a kind of scuffle was felt, rather than seen, to be going on at the other end. Then all was stillness; till the whispered command to "close" and "halt," compressed the men again into a compact but stationary body.

It turned out that the enemy consisted of but three Kafirs, upon whom the foremost rank had stumbled quite unexpectedly. To all interrogations they replied with a stolid silence; and as it was of importance that they should not escape, three of our men were sent to the fort in charge of them,—bound and disarmed.

The question now was, whether the three prisoners might not be looked upon as indications of the near presence of a larger force. Having arrived at this conclusion, our party continued to advance, though without seeing any sign or vestige of the expected enemy.

This continued for about ten minutes, when Casson began to think that the alarm had, after all, been a false one, and that the best course would be now to return fort-ward. Acting on this conviction, the detachment wheeled round, and had advanced a few paces, when there was borne to our ears the indistinct sound of voices and shouts. With breathless interest we halted and listened—again it came, louder than before, and more decided in its distinctness. Another pause ensued, and then a volley of musketry re-echoed through the midnight stillness.

All doubt, if there ever had been any, was now at an end. It was very evident the fort was being attacked, and that, too, by a very large number of Kafirs. Those cries could never issue from a mere handful. But in what direction? Certainly not from the side whence we had so lately emerged. Equally certain was it that it could not be in the direction Wycroft had taken.

All at once the truth burst upon me, so dreadful and overwhelming, that I was for a few moments well nigh stupefied; on Casson also, and indeed on all the rest, the

scathing certainty flashed. It was on the *fourth* side, overlooking the marsh; the side, which from the largeness of the windows, offered such peculiar facilities for assault, but which, through a blind confidence, had been left comparatively unprotected. It was that which contained the room wherein were at that moment my wife and child, all that I held dearest on earth. I shuddered at the thought. And then, there flashed across me the recollection of that mysterious man, who dogged my steps and life with such a vengeful animosity, and almost intuitively came the conviction that he was the cunning contriver of this cleverly planned assault,—clever beyond the comprehension of a savage mind.

But it was no time for speculation. Casson understanding my feelings, pressed my hand with a soldier's sympathy, and we hurriedly consulted as to the course of action, which, under these altered circumstances, it might be best to pursue. All idea of a return to the fort we at once dismissed, there being sufficient men left, to answer every purpose of defence, if the Kafirs had not gained too ready an ingress before the alarm had been given. We therefore determined to advance round to the scene of action, and endeavor, by harrassing the enemy in his rear, to draw off his attention from the main object.

With a rapid and a stealthy step we moved onward, taking especial care to conceal our men as much as possible. Meanwhile, the shouts and cries continued as loud as ever, and the volleys more frequent, and so vivid were the fears entertained, that I almost fancied there were mingled with the yells of the savages, the shrieks of dying women.

The moon had only just risen, and we had to traverse a distance of about a quarter of a mile before a clear view could be obtained of the conflict. This was passed in a few minutes, and a sudden turn brought us abruptly within sight of the deadly struggle which the *coup de main* of the enemy had apparently excited.

Immediately in front of us stretched the marsh, which reaching up almost to the very building itself, had been overweeningly regarded as so sufficient a natural defence. It was covered with a thick growth of long marsh grass, and tough, stubborn reeds, beneath which favorable cover the Kafirs had probably effectually concealed their persons and design. On the further side of this, near the walls, might be discerned a huge mass of black figures, waving aloft their spear-fraught arms, and pressing onward against the devoted building. Most of the long line of windows were illuminated, surely indicating that in those rooms, at least, the

dusky foe had not yet gained a footing. With anxious eyes I sought for the window belonging to our room, but found only a black blank, while, so far as we could perceive, the whole force of the enemy appeared to be concentrating and converging to that dark point. As we looked, another volley of small arms issued from the windows, on which the cries and yells became more vociferous than ever. How strangely that scene of strife and bloodshed contrasted with the peacefulness of the mild, still heavens; how the sanctity of the night seemed desecrated by the "revelry" of that savage warfare.

Casson was averse to venturing through the marsh; he therefore took his men along its edge, towards the fort, to a spot where the enemy would be completely within gunshot. On arriving at this spot the force then divided into two ranks, which "took distance" behind each other. By this movement, the real paucity of our numbers was concealed, and the detachment made to appear a formidable force.

Having taken cover, the front rank fired. The shots rang out with a startling sharpness, succeeded by a momentary silence. The enemy were probably bewildered by the appearance of a new foe in such an unpleasant quarter. There is nothing a Kafir dislikes so much as to be attacked in the rear; and in this case their mortification was soon evinced by the clamor which arose on their discovering the fact.

We continued firing, and had sent three rounds into the enemy's midst, with apparently similar results, when a movement became perceptible among the Kafirs, as though a considerable body was being detached and approaching towards our position. A vivid flash suddenly darted from the far corner of the fort, followed by the report of one of the guns stationed there. We could almost feel the shell's explosion, and in any case could imagine the devastation it would scatter amongst the enemy's force. The shouts, after this, became deafening, and the struggle seemed to be waging with a hotter desperation. Seeing this, we recommenced firing, while the stern defender at the corner sent forth two more of its terrible missives. After the last of these, the courage of the Kafirs perceptibly evaporated. They wavered and heaved. The vast mass seemed to be rolling back as though retreat had commenced; and at last, after a still heavier fire from all quarters, a precipitate flight took place.

It was now considered advisable to concentrate our force, and accordingly the men fell back into their former places. The old ground was still maintained; it being just possible

that we might thus intercept the flight of some of our black foes; nor were we disappointed. From the long grass there soon emerged a party of perhaps twenty or thirty Kafirs passing along at considerable speed. Nearer and nearer they came, our men the while remaining *in petto,* so far as motion or noise could discover our vicinity. I was looking fixedly at the approaching party, the moon now casting a considerable light, when I saw an object which for the instant almost petrified me. The foremost Kafirs had got a prisoner;—not a sinewy, athletic soldier, not a renegade of their own skin and color, but there, half dragged, half carried, was a white woman. No need to look again; that one glance was sufficient; my fears had then been realized to the letter. The fiend-like enemy that pursued me and mine with such relentless animosity had thus at last achieved his purpose. But no, I had still a life, an arm, a weapon. Mad with fury, blind with passion and indignation, I rushed forward, and in an instant was among the Kafirs. With a demoniac satisfaction I saw one fall, shot through the breast. Then came a fierce and deadly struggle with one of the captors; it was a fight for death; but the end came. Other hands than those of my opponents held assegais, and with these I could feel myself repeatedly stabbed. At last came a thrust more deadly than its predecessors; the stars above seemed to dilate into so many burning suns, the whole air seemed to ring with the most terrible tumult, and then the torpors of insensibility obscured all objects, all perception, and, for the time, all life.

THE CAPE LAND MEASURE UNIT.

As the Government has appointed a Commission to investigate this question, we propose to touch upon the leading points that have rendered it necessary.

Beginning with the occupation of the Cape by Van Riebeek, on the part of Holland, there was no very urgent reason why that gentleman should trouble himself about a standard of land measure, for the dominant spirit in Table Valley was commercial, and the local property centered in the Honorable Company. That the value of land in the then foreign regions of Claremont and Wynberg should ever be reckoned by the foot, was never perhaps dreamt of by him or by his masters. Moreover, it was not the business of that worthy pioneer to calculate the probable expansion of a

tuft of the European family, under the genial and prolific climate of the Cape: sufficient for the day was the evil thereof; indeed such matters as the negotiations for cattle, through Herry and his accomplished female coadjutor, were sufficient, in the arena of Table Valley, to exercise the diplomatic talents of a Metternich. Yet in process of time the expansive movement became a fact, and with it the jostling for elbow-room and snuggeries; the Liesbeek barricades were broken down, grants of land followed,—for good service,—grants through interest and influence,—permission to locate on loan-places (places lent) on payment of 'opgaaf,' —thus establishing the *meum* and *tuum*, and barnacle-like fixation to the soil, while each successive wave exhibited the unmistakable development of colonization.

That the Rhineland scale, which was in general use for land measure in Holland, was meant to be employed in the parceling out at the Cape there cannot be a shadow of doubt; but theory and practice are widely different affairs in land-surveying: and for the simple reason, that a geometric representation per diagram and numbers may be accomplished by means of any unit of length and be called by any name, without being identical with what is meant by the given name. But if antagonistic interests are satisfied, and conventional landmarks be set up, no great harm will follow,—until mortality or some other disturber of earthly tenures steps in, or landmarks disappear, or a brush arises about a water-place near a boundary, or the cutting up into erven, severally requiring the surveyor; then if the old unit is not available, or the surveyor employs a more correct one, the Rhineland, or any other borrowed term, turns up a fiction.

Those who are more at home in the ancient lore of the Cape than we lay claim to may be able, perhaps, to describe the first representative of the Rhineland, and in whose guardianship it was placed; our information goes no further back than the year 1813, when neither that nor any other Rhineland was possessed by the Colonial Government. Therefore if the Dutch executive were remiss in this particular, their successors were equally so. In that year the rather startling discovery was made, that the grants and surveys in Cape Town had been made in terms of a measure which was longer by 4 inches on 60 feet than the supposed correct Rhineland, and that Surveyor Wernnick had always attended to this circumstance in the re-surveys in Cape Town.

Since this liberal allowance was confined to Cape Town, —the seven bulls' hides area of the first establishment,—we

infer that the first unit employed at the Cape was, to the unit which immediately followed it, in the ratio of 1,000 to 1,005·5. The descent of 5½ feet per thousand towards the true Rhineland was sharp practice, yet even that quantity did not reach by another quantity (the Rhineland), which is left for the commission to determine.

On the above discovery being made, the old Court of Justice wisely recommended the course that should be adopted to prevent further grave errors in the survey department, viz.,—that a legal standard should be deposited, either in the Colonial Secretary's Office, or any other public office the Governor might deem best adapted for the purpose, in order that recourse might be always had thereto; and the rods and chains of the respective surveyors compared therewith, and, if necessary, corrected by the same!

It is due to the memory of the old Court of Justice to record this sound advice; it would be fruitless to search for the reason why that advice was not followed. But the example set by the Government was not overlooked by a gentleman whose heart was in his profession, and who knew well the value of a standard for reference, and the importance of preserving the individual unit that is believed to represent the greater part of the surveys throughout the colony. This gentleman is the present Mr. Ruysch, who purchased at the sale of the effects of the Government Surveyor, Mr. Thibault, two rods, each of which was formerly supposed to represent six Rhineland feet, and has carefully preserved them to the present time. It is of no importance how far they deviate from Rhineland measure, since they are convertible to any standard by direct comparison; their value consists in the fact, that upon the whole they guide to a direct knowledge of the Cape land measure, viz., to the areas of the surveys within the old boundary of the colony. Through their agency that measure becomes known in terms of the imperial standard and its deviation from the Rhineland, and to the foresight and care of Mr. Ruysch the colony is indebted for this boon, the real value of which perhaps few of the land proprietors have any conception.

M.

[The pleasant conclusion to which our contributor's statements lead us is that our colonial survey department has existed through at least the last half century without any definite unit of measurement whatever!]—Eds.

JOHNSON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

THE system adopted by the Cape Town Mechanics' Institute of arranging systematic courses of lectures from session to session, seems to us a happy and excellent one. Last year, the course referred exclusively to English history, and among the lectures delivered were several of an exceedingly interesting and instructive character. The course for the present session comprises the principal periods and characters of English literature. Of the lectures already delivered, one of the ablest and most eloquent was that by the Rev. James Cameron, senior, on "Dr. Samuel Johnson and his Contemporaries." In the following pages, we present the reader with a mere fragment of it. The portion we have selected, though specially graphic, and genial and interesting throughout, is by no means the best specimen that might have been given of the discourse, as a whole.—EDS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, in the year 1709, only two years after the union of England and Scotland,—a most happy event for both countries, as the result has shown. Queen Anne, a kind of automaton sovereign, who is not known to have read a volume through in her whole life, was then on the British throne; and Marlborough, "the most talented scoundrel that ever lived," was by turns negotiating peace and carrying on war with a nation long our sworn foe and now said to be our firm ally,—a fact, which must be left to the verification of time and circumstances. The whole continent of Europe was agitated, the British Cabinet was full of intrigue, the royal household was a scene of disgraceful squabbling, the English people had but partially begun to reap the fruit of the Revolution, and Addison, Steele, Swift, Prior, and Pope, were giving law to the literary world; when Johnson made his entry upon the arena of time, partly opened his eyes,—which, by-the-bye, were never fully opened,—to see the light of the sun, and commenced a career which has engaged the attention of his countrymen ever since. He was hereditarily diseased, being afflicted with king's evil. Other means failing, superstition was enlisted on his behalf, and he must needs be subjected to the touch of the reigning potentate, as if some hidden virtue resided in the fingers of royalty, though guided by a mind of the lowest description. It has been said, "intellect cannot associate with ignorance;" but when the cranium of this embryo mammoth of literature was brought into contact with the fingers of the most stupid of England's queens, there was a momentary junction of intellect and ignorance, of which, though neither the toucher nor the touched had any conception, spiritual beings might take note as a remarkable event. The elements of future greatness were soon manifest in Johnson, for he had not been long at school 'til his school-mates acknowledged his superiority, paid him assiduous court, submitted to his leadership, and even

thought it a privilege to be allowed to carry him, ovation-wise, to school. It is really a sight worth contemplating: that big, uncouth, awkward, scrofulous, sand-blind boy, being transported on the shoulders of his school-fellows, from the bookseller's shop to the seat of juvenile learning. What a spontaneous act of homage to the majesty of mind! a thing of which there are many examples in the history of mankind. There was much precocity in young Johnson, rendering but little effort necessary in the acquirement of knowledge, and consequently he soon became conspicuous for the amount of his attainments; though it would appear that either his indolence or the versatility of his pursuits often interfered with his formal application to prescribed tasks, and subjected him to the ferule of his instructor, for which, in after years, he felt himself indebted, declaring that Latin had been beaten into him, —a mode of stimulating learners which he much preferred to that of competition or reward. His school attendance having been so productive, it was deemed highly desirable that he should enjoy the advantages of a college training, which, accordingly, his father, poor as he was, resolved to secure for him. So to Oxford he repaired, and, for form's sake, was placed under a tutor in Pembroke College, to whom, perhaps, he was but little inferior in his knowledge of Latin authors, and from whom he did not derive much benefit, except in the way of encouragement to exercise his own talents, which issued in an excellent translation into Latin verse, of Pope's Messiah; a performance which gave so much satisfaction to Pope himself that he declared it would be difficult for posterity to decide whether the English or the Latin was the original. Here, too, as at school, Johnson stood prominently forward among his compeers, and gained their confidence as a young man of superior ability. Often did he minister to their delight, by the charms of his conversation, or of his more studied harangues. Ethics, theology, classic literature, and general philology, were his favorite studies, which he pursued in a manner peculiarly his own, rather dipping into books than reading them, and yet by some wonderful mental process mastering their contents. His mind was intuitive, comprehensive, logical, and retentive, so that the substance of other men's works was speedily seized, appreciated, classified, and placed amongst his own mental stores. Hence, his affluence of knowledge at a time when ordinary men are but beginning to acquire it. Three years terminated his College life, and brought him back to his native town, doubtless a better scholar than when he left it; but without a degree, which was then, more than now, an indispensable passport to offices of trust and emolument. Still, his genius and acquirements gained for him admission into the society of the literati of Lichfield, including some distinguished ladies, which in some measure made up for the mortifications and privations to which his poverty subjected him. School-keeping was his next resource, in which he met but with small success. A removal to Birmingham succeeded, where he trans-

lated from the Freneh, Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia; exhilarated himself with wine, sometimes to intoxieation; fell in love with and married Mrs. Porter, a widow lady twice his own age, whose faded bloom was substituted by rouge, half an ineh thiek, if Maeaulay may be credited. By-and-by, we find him at the head of an educational establishment near his native eity, to which he gave the high-sounding title of an academy, furnishing ground for the ill-natured remark of the elder Boswell, many years afterwards, when he described Johnson as "An auld dominie wha keepit a schule, and ca'ed it an aeawdemy." Even this proved a failure. So bidding farewell, for a season, to the rouged object of his affection, he made his way to London, in eompany with David Garriek, one of his quondam pupils, where he passed through an ordeal of toil, privation, and enduranee, to a state of ease, honor, and enjoyment, whieh was lasting as the term of his earthly existenee.

It would serve little pnrpose to expatiate further on the details of this great man's personal history; for, to use his own words, "The life that is elevated to knowledge, passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events. To talk in publie, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire and to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar,—he wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself." London was Johnson's world, beyond which he had but little desire to go; and the incidents of his London life were but few, comprisiug removals from one house to another, dining now here and now there; making this aequaintance, and that, as opportunity offered; for some years writing industriously, and for as many more, talking incessantly; at one time, death invades his domieile, laying Tetty low, and at another time he finds a suceedaneum for eonnubial bliss, in the joys of friendship under the roof of the honest and kind-hearted Thrale. Two or three exeursions to Liehfield, one to his Alma Mater, where literary honors were heaped upon him, a journey to the Western Isles of Scotland, and a visit to France, made up the sum of his divergence from England's metropolis, whieh was indeed the arena of his greatness, where he drew around him that famed cirele of literary men, through which he diffused his own ardor in the pursuit of general knowledge, as well as his love for conversational discussion, the fruit of which has been given to the world in the "Table Talk," a work of inestimable value, more valuable, perhaps, in its separate form, than as ineorporated in the life of Johnson, because it enables the reader to direct his attention more continuously and intensely to the important subjeets whieh are diseussed.

In the literary eircle abovementioned, we find Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, all strongly marked by both national and individual characteristics, and forming a kind of mental museum riehly stored with the rarest speeimens of human intelleet. Amongst those, we may mention Edmund Burke, a man of mighty genius, of rare scholarship, of

profound thought, and of splendid eloquence, whose works on the "Sublime and Beautiful," and on the "Revolution in France," not to speak of his parliamentary speeches, will carry down his name with honor to future generations. It was of him that Johnson said, "If a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed, to shun a shower, he would say 'This is an extraordinary man.' And if Burke were to go into a stable to see his horse dressed, the ostler would say, 'we have an extraordinary man here.'" On whom does our eye now rest? On no less a personage than Dr. Goldsmith, with that low projecting forehead, that pock-pitted face, that large half-open mouth, and that grotesque dress. He was the worst talker and the best writer of the whole company. His common conversation was a strange mixture of absurdity and silliness; and yet he was a genius of no mean rank, whose poetry and prose are alike beautiful. He was the author of the "Traveler," and the "Deserted Village," the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Citizen of the World." To his abridgements of Grecian, Roman, and English History, thousands have owed all the knowledge of that kind which they ever possessed. Johnson said of him, "as a writer he was of the most distinguished class. Whatever he composed, he did it better than any other man could. And whether we regard him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class." After reading the "Traveler," Miss Reynolds declared—"I shall never more think Goldsmith ugly." Another of this distinguished group is Arthur Murphy, to whom we are indebted for the "Annals of Tacitus," in an elegant English dress, not unworthy of the original, and a beautiful "Essay on the Life and Genius of Johnson," as well as several dramas not destitute of merit in that kind of composition. "I don't know," said Johnson, "that Arthur can be classed with the very first dramatic writers, yet at the present I doubt much whether we have anything superior to Arthur." Our attention is next arrested by one of the greatest prodigies of human learning that ever existed, or of whom any nation can boast—the celebrated Sir William Jones. At the age of twenty-four, this extraordinary man might be ranked among the most accomplished and the most learned of his time. Of languages, he knew eight critically, eight more or less critically, and an additional twelve in a still lower degree, making twenty-eight in all. His attainments in oriental literature surpassed those of all other Occidentalists, if not of Orientalists themselves. And, best of all, he was a good man, whose admiration of the Scriptures was unbounded, having found in them "more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence," than in all other books beside. Sir Joshua Reynolds now comes into view, the acknowledged prince of portrait painters, and an ardent lover of general knowledge, who seems to have been a special favorite with all the other members of the club, as well as with Johnson himself, principally

because of the sweetness and amiability of his disposition, which made him a centre of attraction to all who enjoyed his acquaintance. Sir Joshua was the son of an English clergyman. From his earliest years he discovered a taste for painting. He traveled to Italy for the purpose of studying the great masters of his art in that classic country, returned to England, where he devoted his whole life to his profession, with the most satisfactory results, and at last finished his course, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends, who admired him, not only as an accomplished artist, but as a man of large attainment and generous feeling, whose delight was to make all about him happy. Associated with these lettered notables is David Garrick, the pupil, the companion, and the friend of Johnson, with versatility of talent beyond example in the history of the stage. He was a kind of Proteus, who could assume any character, or rather transform himself into the person of any one he chose to represent. "His performances were received, not only with approbation, but astonishment. Those who had seen the most esteemed actors—the Booths, the Wilkeses, the Cibbers—of former times, confessed that he had exceeded all of them in the variety of his exhibitions, and equaled the ablest of them in the most appropriate of their parts." If it be possible to make the stage respectable, David Garrick must be allowed to have done something considerable towards it. In private life he is said to have been an estimable man. Johnson thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table, a sentiment in which Mrs. Montagu and Dr. Beattie entirely concurred. The following anecdote will show his domestic pleasantry, though as a parody of the fall it is objectionable. Having once put away an apple for his own use, it was found by Mrs. Garrick and appropriated to *her* use. Finding the apple gone, and suspecting who had abstracted it, he penned the succeeding stanzas in a note to the delinquent:—

"Your mother Eve an apple stole,
But ate it not alone;
She gave a part to that dear soul,
Of whom she was the bone.
I'd have my Eve at least as kind,
I therefore pray, dear madam,
You will another apple find,
And send it to your Adam."

Time would fail me to talk of Edward Gibbon, who wrote the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," of Dr. Adam Smith, the author of the "Wealth of Nations," and the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," of Dr Nugent, Beauclerk, and many others, who all belonged to the literary club. But I must not omit to notice Bennet Langton, who surpassed all his compeers in the gravity of his deportment, the amiability of his disposition, and the depth of his piety. He ardently loved Johnson, and was ardently loved by Johnson in return. When but fifteen years of age he read the Rambler with admiration, and traveled to London chiefly for the purpose of becoming acquainted with its author. The

friendship then formed was lasting as Johnson's life, to the utmost limit of which he was accompanied by Langton, who acted as his ministering angel, both in temporal and spiritual things. Langton belonged to an ancient family in Lancashire, studied at Oxford, attained to eminence in learning, possessed high conversational powers, by which he was fitted to take part in the discussions of the club, and to contribute his quota to the instruction and entertainment of its members.

An association composed of such elements could not fail to interest a man like Johnson, and to call forth his vast colloquial talents. This was an atmosphere in which he could breathe unobstructedly.

> "Here freely could respire, dilate, extend,
> In full proportion let loose all his powers."

To him no society could be more congenial, no exercise more delightful. Here he had the opportunity of delivering his most mature thoughts on a great variety of subjects, and thereby influencing the public mind to an incalculable extent. In this truly dignified position Johnson spent his latter days, wearing off his youthful asperities, and acquiring those amenities which made him an object of attraction to all around him.

It was on his death-bed, however, that Johnson shone most resplendently in the graces which compose and adorn the Christian character; for it was not till he lay there that all the mists of selfishness, pride of intellect, and prejudice of various kinds, were fully dissipated by the power of evangelical truth, and that he consented as a little child to receive the saving doctrines of the gospel. It was then that he passed from a speculative to an experimental and practical faith, so believing in Jesus Christ as to realise peace of mind, and a complete deliverance from the fear of death, by which he had all through life been held in bondage. He would now see that the morality taught in his "Rambler," however beautiful and perfect as a structure, was built upon the sand, inasmuch as it did not rest on union to Christ as its foundation. Hence, renouncing himself and his doings, he took refuge in Christ, who was "made of God" unto him, "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." "For some time before his death," says Dr. Brockleby, "all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Christ. He often talked to me about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever, for the salvation of mankind." In humble reliance on the atonement of the Saviour, this great man finished his course on the 13th December, 1784, aged seventy-five years. His monument, consisting of a colossal figure, leaning against a column, stands in St. Paul's Cathedral, in proof that Englishmen know how to estimate literary merit, and to perpetuate the remembrance of those who, by their writings, have benefited their country.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The following is the list of accessions to the Public Library last month :—

Ellis' Friends at their Fireside; Biography of Hugh Miller; Forster's Essays; Country Life in Piedmont; The Cruelest Wrong of All; Sir Guy d'Esterre; The Web of Life; Oxford Essays, 1858; Rawlinson's History of Herodotus, vol. 2; Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland; Gladstone's Studies of Homer; Jardine's Memoirs of Strickland; Miller's Cruise of the "Betsey;" Free Church Essays; and Hansard's Debates.

The most noteworthy of these are the three volumes of Mr. Gladstone's *Critical Studies of Homer*. They are at once profoundly learned and genial; and present a marvelous illustration of the facility with which an intellect like Mr. Gladstone's can retain all its ancient passion for scholarly pursuits amid the confusion and din of the fiercest party and political conflict. The British legislature, in behalf of many of its members, can certainly lay claim to the title of a *parliamentum doctum*. Mr. Gladstone, from the excitement of his philippics against Lord Cranworth's divorce bill, has retired to his midnight oil and these disquisitions on Homer; Sir George Cornwall Lewis has emerged from the mazes of a financial budget to speculate on the mythical ages of Roman history; and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, with all the weight of England's fifty colonies on his shoulders, can find time for sage reflections on human life and social habits in his Blackwood novel. We shall take an early opportunity of presenting our readers with a more specific notice of the admirable Homeric studies of Mr. Gladstone.

The greater and more interesting portion of the other books received this month are of Scottish origin, and referring to subjects of peculiarly Scottish interest. There is, first, a biographical sketch of Hugh Miller, by Thomas N. Brown, apparently a Glasgow man. The most valuable and enduring memoir of Hugh Miller is his own autobiography in *My Schools and Schoolmasters;* but there are still some interesting touches in the book now before us. We are told in it of the overtures made to Miller by the *Times*, to lend his splendid powers as a writer to that omnipotent journal, and his refusal of the offer. We are told how, widely different from other great litterateurs of his time, he never once could stoop to the level of a tuft hunter; and how, even "in the zenith of his fame, no persuasion could induce him to go, even for a single day, though often invited, to the mansions of nobility." And we have exquisite specimens presented to us of his writings in the *Witness* newspaper, which indicate at once the classic purity of his style, and the stern, though genial, independence of his character. One passage of them we cannot forbear extracting. A few years ago, a grand Burns festival was celebrated at the poet's birth-place; and peers of high degree strove to excel each other in the enthusiasm of their hero-

worship. Miller was not one of the throng; and, in his paper at Edinburgh, he published the following:—

"Despite the authority of high names, we are no admirers of hero-worship. We are not insensible to what we may term the natural claims of Burns on the admiration of his country, both as a writer and as a character of great bulk and power. It would be hypocrisy in us to say that we were. Were his writings to be annihilated to-morrow, we could restore from memory some of the best of them entire, and not a few of the more striking passages in many of the others. Nor are we unimpressioned by the massiveness of his character as a man. We bear about with us an adequate idea of it, as developed in that deeply-mournful tragedy—his life. But we would not choose to go and worship at his festival. There was a hollowness about the ceremony, independently of the falseness of the principles on which its ritual was framed. Of the thousands who attended, how many, does the reader think, would have sympathized, had they seen the light some fifty years earlier, with the *man* Robert Burns? How many of them grappled in idea at his festival with other than a mere phantom of the imagination—a large but intangible shade, obscure and indefinable as that conjured up, by the uninformed Londoner, of Cromwell or of Johnson? Rather more than fifty years ago, the sinking sun shone brightly one fine afternoon on the stately tenements of Dumfries, and threw its slant rule of light athwart the principal street of the town. The shadows of the houses on the western side were stretched half-way across the pavement, while on the side opposite, the red beam seemed as if sleeping on jutting irregular fronts and tall gables. There was a world of well-dressed company that evening in Dumfries; for the aristocracy of the adjacent country for twenty miles round had poured in to attend a county ball, and were fluttering in groups along the sunny side of the street, gay as butterflies. On the other side, in the shade, a solitary individual paced slowly along the pavement. Of the hundreds who fluttered past, no one took notice of him—no one seemed to recognise him. He was known to them all as the exciseman and poet, Robert Burns; but he had offended the stately Toryism of the district, by the freedom of his political creed; and so—tainted by the plague of Liberalism—he lay under strict quarantine. He was shunned and neglected; for it was with the *man* Burns that these his contemporaries had to deal."

And, towards the close of his article, he adds:—

"*Robert Burns was the man who first taught the Scottish people to stand erect.* Let us not be blind to the great national faults, and only lynx-eyed to the faults of the great national poet. A mean and creeping subserviency to the great,—a getting up 'to be hanged in order to please the laird,'—was the master fault of the Scotch people; and a century of persecution had failed to wean them of it. That part of the General Epistle of James which speaks of 'respect of persons,' and the undue partiality shown to men with 'gold rings and goodly apparel,' might have been more appropriately addressed to the Scotch, even after the rich had 'oppressed' and 'drawn' them 'before judgment-seats,' and 'blasphemed the Holy Name,' than to almost any other people of Europe. But the independent peasant, who, in the most trying circumstances, never bent himself before the worthless wealthy or the little great, and who in his ever-living strains asserted the dignity of manhood, taught them another lesson; and they have learned it. Yes!

the Scottish people have lost the habitual stoop, and now stand erect; and all honor, say we, to the *reformer* who, more than any other, effected the change."

Another of the month's accessions is a posthumous work of Hugh Miller, entitled the *Cruise of the* "*Betsey*," in which he records his observations and impressions as a geologist, a moralist, and a poet, during a rapid autumn cruise through the Hebrides and the Orkneys. We had marked, for extract, many passages of surpassing interest and beauty, but our limited space forbids.

Another Scotch book of mark received this month is the *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, from the Reformation to the Revolution, by Robert Chambers, one of the distingnished brothers who, in Edinburgh, have already done so much for Scotland and for literature. The work is mainly of an antiquarian character; but the sketches it presents, both of life and character, are of deep human intcrest, as well as of historical value. We must limit our notice of the book to one or two extracts. The first presents the original groundwork on which Sir Walter Scott constructed his exquisite fiction of the *Bride of Lammermoor*:—

"A.D. 1669.—The marriage-day of the unfortunate *Bride of Baldoon*. The story of this lady has been related with all the graces of fiction in the tale of the *Bride of Lammermuir*; but in its actual circumstances it is sufficiently impressive. She was the Honorable Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, so distinguished as a lawyer and by the part he took in the politics of his day. While still in girlish years, the young lady contracted a passionate attachment to Lord Rutherford, the distant relative and heir of that noble champion, Andrew Rutherford, Earl of Teviot, who is alluded to so respectfully in this chronicle under 1663. The young nobleman returned this affection, and the pair plighted their troth in the usual manner, by parting a coin between them, and imprecating dismal evils upon whoever should withdraw from or violate the compact. But this alliance did not suit the views of the parents,—whether from deficient fortune in the young lord or from contrarious politics, does not appear. They favored a new suitor, who appeared in the person of David Dunbar, younger of Baldoou, in Wigtonshire.

"On learning that Dunbar was advancing in his suit, Lord Rutherford wrote to his mistress to remind her of her engagement, but received an answer from her mother, to the effect that she was now sensible of the error she had committed in entering into an engagement unsanctioned by the parental authority; and this engagement it was not her intention to fulfil. The lover refused to take an answer which did not come directly from his mistress, and insisted on an interview. It took place, but in presence of the mother, a woman whom public report represented as master of her husband and whole family, and indebted for this influence to witchcraft, though for no reason that can be discerned beyond her uncommon talents and force of character. It may readily be supposed that even the resources of love would be of poor avail against the skill and resolution of such a person. When Rutherford was introduced, he found her ready to meet his arguments with what was then an unanswerable defence, a text of Scripture (Numbers xxx, 2, 3, 4, 5),

clearly absolving a woman from a bond entered into in her youth, if her father shall disallow her fulfilment of it, and promising that, in that case, 'the Lord shall forgive her.' The poor girl herself sat mute and overwhelmed, while the lover vainly pleaded against the application of this text; and the scene ended with her surrender of her portion of the broken coin, and his flying distracted from the house, after telling her that she would be a world's wonder from what she had done and was yet to do.

"The union with young Baldoon went on, but entirely under the management of the mother, for it is inconceivable that the young man could have pressed his suit, if he had known the extent to which the bride was under constraint. The wedding was celebrated, as was customary in those days, in the presence of the relatives of both parties, and with great festivity; but the bride remained like one lost in a reverie, and who only moves and acts mechanically. A younger brother lived long enough to state to a lady who communicated the fact to Sir Walter Scott, that he had the duty of carrying her on horseback behind him to church, and he remembered that the hand with which she clasped his waist was 'cold and damp as marble.' 'Full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.'

"In the evening, the newly-wedded pair retired to their chamber, while the merry-making still proceeded in the hall. The room had been locked, and the key taken possession of by the brideman, to prevent any of the unseemly frolics which, it would seem, were sometimes played off on such occasions. But, suddenly there was heard to proceed from the bridal-chamber a loud and piercing outcry, followed by dismal groans. On its being opened, the alarmed company found the bridegroom weltering in his blood on the threshold, and the bride cowering in a corner of the chimney, with no covering but her shift, and that dabbled in gore. She told them 'to take up their bonny bridegroom.' It was evident she was insane, and the general belief was that she had frantically stabbed her husband. From that moment, she made no other rational communications, but pined away and died in less than three weeks. Young Baldoon recovered, but would never enter into explanations regarding the tragic occurrence. Perhaps it is this mystery alone which has given rise to the favorite belief of the many descendants of Lord Stair,* that the wound was not inflicted by their unhappy relative, but by Lord Rutherford, who, they say, secreted himself in the chamber beforehand, and escaped afterwards by a window. This notion seems to us contrary to all probability, not merely because the conception of such an act was too gross for a man of rank, even in that day, but because, had it been acted on, something must have come of it, either in the way of private revenge or of procedure before a criminal court. The idea was prevalent at the time; but it may be classed we think, with another recorded by the credulous law, that the poor bride was taken from her bed and *harled* through the house by spirits."

The next extract is of a simpler, though quainter character. We commend it to the attention of educational committees in the country districts about to act on the Education Bill, passed in the last session of the Colonial Parliament:—

"A.D. 1640.—The orders for the discipline of the school at the kirk of

* See a letter from Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone to Sir James Stewart Denham, inserted in the Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels.

Dundonald, in Ayrshire, in this year, have been preserved, and exhibit arrangements and rules surprisingly little different from what might now be found in a good Scotch parish school. There were to be prayers morning and evening, and a lesson each day on the Lord's Prayer, Belief, Commands, Graces, or Catechism. Somewhat unexpectedly, we find it enjoined on the master, that he teach his scholars good manners, 'how to carry themselves fashionably towards all . . . . the forms of courtesy to be used towards himself in the schule, their parents at hame, gentlemen, eldermen, and others of honest fashion, abroad.' One arrangement seems of questionable tendency, and certainly has not taken root amongst us—namely, 'for the mair perfyte understanding of the children's behaviour, there shall be a *clandestine censor*, of whom nane shall know but the master, that he may secretly acquaint the master with all things, and according to the quality of the faults, the master shall inflict punishment, striking some on the lufe with a birk wand or pair of taws, others on the hips, as their faults deserve, but none at ony time or in any case on the head or cheeks.' The conclusion conveys an impression of good sense in the deviser of the rules. 'Especially is the master to kythe [show] his prudence in taking up the several inclinations of his scholars, and applying himself thereunto, commendations, allurements, fair words, drawing from vice, and provoking to virtue, such as may be won thereby, and others by moderate severity, if that be fund maist convenient for their stubborness. And *let the wise master rather by a grave and an authoritative countenance repress insolence, and gain everyone to his duty, than by strokes, yet not neglecting the rod when it is needful.*' "

Friends at their Firesides is from the well-known and favorite pen of Mrs. Ellis. Its purpose is to present the public with a faithful portraiture of the social and domestic peculiarities and characteristics of the Quaker community.

Forster's Essays are the production of the veteran reviewer and the accomplished biographer of Goldsmith. The most important of them is that devoted to the celebrated Remonstrance of 1641. It throws much new light on the history of the Great Rebellion, and especially on the conduct of its historian, Clarendon.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

We have not, since the establishment of this periodical, had to record so great and universal a dullness as appears at this moment to pervade every branch of trade; it would certainly be unusual that the business of the winter season should be brisk, but we may safely affirm that the stagnation of the present is without parallel. We hear general complaints of the want of buyers, and shall not be surprised to find a large accumulation of stocks of winter goods at the close of the season.

The importations of manufactures have been about the average. Sugars are a somewhat quiet, but by no means heavy stock. For coffee there has been a rather increased demand, but the prices offered, not being remunerative to the importer, we have heard of few sales; we expect a slight advance in this article. Rice is still abundant, and the quantity consumed seems to be less than heretofore; but there is little fear of any arrivals from India, which can compete in price with the grain now in the market, for it is remarkable that notwithstanding the low rates which all East Indian produce has been realizing in England, its value has increased materially in Calcutta. Of good direct teas the market is almost bare, and in the present unsettled state of trade in China, it is uncertain when regular supplies will again come forward.

Our staple article of export—wool—has again receded in price in the London market, and the loss to shippers will be enormous. It is to be hoped that the high rates obtained in former years will enable them to bear their present loss with equanimity, and still show a balance of profits in the aggregate, on their shipments of this article. The series of sales which would be held in London during the present month, seem to hold forth very little prospect of advantage, as the stocks would probably exceed the average of the same period in former years by at least 20,000 bales; besides, skins, and in fact all other produce, are low. From the Mauritius we receive accounts of the price of guano being reduced for every description. Peruvian offered at £20 per ton, which price precludes its sale, whilst other manures are not looked at. For salt-fish there is a slightly increased demand, and prices have advanced.

Our markets for freights are without alteration, and the shipping interest has never, within our recollection, had so long continued a depression. As reactions have always hitherto followed after depressions, we do not despair of this natural course of events obtaining before long. An accident having occurred to a large vessel in Simon's Bay, tenders were issued for the conveyance of her cargo to England, which has been taken, we understand, at 32s. 6d. per ton.

Exchange has had rather an upward tendency, owing in some measure, we opine, to the remittances made in produce from the colony having by the low prices obtained in England fallen far short of what was expected at the time it was shipped. Money has been and continues very easy, and the general opinion seems to be that it will be still more plentiful during the ensuing month; the absence of all speculation and the reduction of business matters into a genuine and more circumscribed shape will account for this. The statements of the banks for the half-year ending 30th June are encouraging, and their circulation, as far as we can ascertain cursorily, does not exceed their cash-balances by nearly as much as when last published.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE S. A. MUSEUM.

Among the earliest contributions to the Colonial Museum this month, I have to record the receipt of the shell and animal, in spirits, of the small paper nautilus *(argonauta hians)*, taken at sea, by Mr Robert Trotter. This is a valuable addition; and I am happy to say the institution now possesses the animals of three species of argonaut, *A. Hians*, *A. Argo*, and *A. Rugosa*, together with their shells and eggs.

Sir John Bowring, Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China, has forwarded from there two volumes of Chinese paintings, and specimens of block-printing, consisting of portraits of Chinese celebrities. His Excellency writes that they are very ancient and curious. I regret that the letter-press cannot be read by any gentleman connected with the Museum, as information respecting the individuals portrayed would much enhance the value of the works.

Mr. C. L. Stretch has been good enough to present a beautiful water-color painting of the "Compassberg," which will first be exhibited at the ensuing Art Exhibition, and then grace the walls of the Museum.

Mr. Woodford Pilkington has likewise promised a cast from his beautiful bust of the late Captain Pilkington. These very acceptable additions will find an appropriate place in the vestibule of the new edifice which is rapidly rising in the Gardens.

Mr. Elton, of the Civil Engineer's department, has presented a fine skin of a klipspringer, which will be reserved for exchange; and Mr. John McKichan, of Ceres, has contributed a very good specimen of the Nadroo jackal *(Proteles Lalandii)*, which has been mounted.

The Marquis of Huntly has kindly supplied an hiatus in the zoological portion of our Museum, which I pointed out to him, by the presentation of a pair (male and female) of the English roe deer. These elegant animals, belonging to the family of the true deer, differ from the antelopes of this country in having deciduous branching horns. I trust that they will both be mounted, and in the Museum in the course of a fortnight.

I have, lastly, to report the addition of a hundred or a hundred and fifty species of shells to our cabinets of Mollusca. These were sent to myself from a friend in America; and I have great pleasure in contributing them to the Museum. They will much augment our series of terrestrial species; in fact, I anticipate will nearly double them: but, as yet, I have not had time to look them over.

I must here notify to the subscribers and the public that, in consequence of projected alterations in the Museum, the rooms will be closed for a fortnight, during the ensuing or succeeding month. Due notice will, however, be given, to prevent disappointment.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CAPE HORSES FOR INDIAN REMOUNTS.

BY T. B. BAYLEY.

THE editors of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* having done me the honor to request that I would take in hand a review of the blue-book lately published on the subject of Cape horses for the Indian army, I accept the duty with pleasure. I venture upon it, not with any idea of constituting myself an authority, but because, having had some years of personal experience in colonial horse-breeding, and knowing something of India also, I ought to be, if I am not, tolerably familiar with the subject of which the blue-book treats.

There is no branch of our colonial agriculture more deserving our encouragement, or more requiring a fresh impulse, than horse-breeding; for none, during my residence of eighteen years in South Africa, has suffered so much from the unpleasant contiguity of the cold shoulder. I do not mean to assert that our horses, generally speaking, are inferior to what they were eighteen years ago. On the contrary, I am happy to express my conviction that, in the aggregate, they are better; and it could scarcely be otherwise, unless a large proportion of the many English horses imported during the intermediate years have been turned to no account. Since 1840, between eighty and ninety thorough-bred horses have been brought from England for stud purposes in the Western Province alone. Of these a considerable number were adapted in every way to improve our colonial breed; and unquestionably they have done so. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that unless the breeders come out in more force than they have done lately, the numerical supply of horses must soon decrease very perceptibly. The districts of Swellendam, George, and Caledon, which formerly swarmed off annually large troops of excellent horses, are now unable to do so. They are, so to speak, almost denuded of brood mares showing any quality,

—and some of the finest pastures in the Western districts are abandoned to sheep and mules. This state of things may be attributed, in some measure, to the last horse-sickness, but more, perhaps, to the increasing partiality for sheep and mules, on account of their earlier profits. So the natural consequences are already visible, though we have not yet come to the fifth act of the drama. We have a probationary period of some peril to pass through, before we can ascertain how some tracts of country, excellently adapted for horses and horned cattle, will carry fine-wooled sheep to advantage; and whether first-rate horse farms have not been sacrificed to a mania for stock unsuitable to their peculiarities of herbage and climate. We now hear of diseases amongst the sheep in some parts of the country which never appeared before in any, and have yet to learn whether the overstocking of farms with these animals, and the use of pasturage foreign to the taste and adverse to the health of delicate merinos, have not had something to do with the recent heavy losses amongst the flocks in certain localities. I am not one of those who regret that the universal breeding of horses on starvation farms has given way, in some degree, to that of mules, for the latter are more easily reared and are more saleable (because they are more useful), than the miserable stunted colts formerly seen about the country.

But what cannot fail to be a source of discomfort and anxiety to all interested in this matter, is the knowledge that a number of large studs which flourished before the last horse-sickness came out of that year of trial in such shattered guise that they have not yet been, and most likely never will be, restored to their former dimensions, or regain their previous lustre. In many instances, indeed, their owners have lost heart altogether, and either relinquished horse-breeding for sheep, or taken to mules. With the prospect of a large and certain demand from India for Cape horses of a superior description, this is a very serious consideration; and Colonel Apperley's letter on the subject, so clear and earnest as it is, claims particular attention at this time, not only from the soundness of the principles which it enunciates, but from the personal antecedents and qualifications of the officer who wrote it.*

It may not be generally known to the Cape reader that, in the Bengal Presidency, the East India Company have several horse-breeding establishments for the supply of artillery and

* This letter has been translated into the Dutch language, and circulated throughout the country, both by the Government and the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society.

cavalry remounts. These studs are conducted on a very large scale, and are under the management of officers drawn from regimental employ. Fortunately for the efficiency of its public service, India has not yet enjoyed the full luxury of electric wires throbbing with Horse Guards' solicitude for a "Dowb," or quivering under the elephantine furor of a despotic Minister in Cannon-row. There (that is, in India), strange to say, merit is sometimes appreciated, and aptitude for any particular duty is substantially recognized. This was felt pre-eminently to be the case when Colonel Apperley was made superintendent of the largest stud in Bengal, after the usual preliminary service in that department. At one time, he had charge of no less than 4,000 mares, and his long experience in stud management, added to his well-known knowledge of horses, and the interest he takes in the subject (colonially considered), entitle his opinions to great deference and respect. Most fortunate was it for the colony that he was selected as remount agent on the present occasion, and none but those who have witnessed his daily labors have any conception of their severity, or how much the successful issue of the present commission is due to his unceasing vigilance and personal activity. His principal difficulty has been the equipment of the ships chartered to convey the horses to India; for they had to be packed very close, and a long voyage was before them, through stormy seas and tropical latitudes. Had the casualties on board been great, the Cape would have lost this market at once: and that they would have been enormous, but for Colonel Apperley's forethought and watchfulness, the following circumstances will clearly show.

One ship, sent from Calcutta for 200 horses, brought water-casks supposed to hold 170 gallons each, but they were fortunately examined and ganged by the remount agent here, and proved to be casks of 120 gallons capacity! But for this discovery, therefore, the ship would have gone to sea with nearly one third less water than those 200 horses required, and the consequences would have been disastrous. Another ship, fitted (by contract) in Calcutta, had her horse-stalls apparently strong and good; but when Colonel Apperley overhauled them, he found that the pretended spike nails were only two-inch nails, *with spike heads*, and that the entire fabric was so rickety and delusive that the mere weight of the horses leaning against their stalls in a sea-way would have brought the whole of them down A casualty of this kind, occurring in a gale of wind, would have been fatal to half the horses on board. Other vessels, taken up in Calcutta, had certainly standing room for the number of horses they were chartered to carry, but Colonel Apperley

soon satisfied himself that they had not stowage for more than two thirds of the forage and water required for the consumption of their expected freights! The number of horses shipped in each was reduced accordingly, and they arrived safely!

One steamer came down for horses, and was pronounced by a committee of survey (called at Colonel Apperley's request) to be wholly unfit for the purpose required, in consequence of her defective ventilation, which, on account of her peculiar build and fittings below, could not be remedied! So she was given up, but afterwards chartered for troops, after incurring heavy demurrage. These are a few of the instances in which the certainty of great disasters was obviated only by the circumspection and firmness of the remount agent. Had there not been a master eye, to detect the blunders committed elsewhere, and a master spirit prepared to assume, without hesitation, the responsibility of correcting them, the loss of horses at sea from sickness and accident must have been fearful; whereas it has only amounted to about two per cent. out of the 1,500 sent in the first ten ships.*

The importance to this colony of initiating favorably a commission of this kind extends far beyond the mere amount of money which has been spent in the first purchase of the horses, though *that* may be estimated at not less than £120,000 up to the present time. The farmers feel its grateful glow in the extraordinary demand for their forage, whilst a species of influence the most persuasive is brought to bear upon the breeders in remote districts, showing them that their young stock, if good for anything, are not beyond the reach of a profitable market.

As there is every reason to believe that a large number of Cape horses will be required annually for the Indian army, it is to be hoped that this branch of our colonial agriculture will again come into favor, and that due attention will be paid to quality as well as quantity. On this point Colonel Apperley's remarks are very suggestive, and deserve close attention. He says, in his letter recently published:—

I have a very high opinion of the present Cape horses, particularly with reference to their fitness for the ranks of the Indian army; but

* Intelligence has lately been received that the *Lightning*, a ship fitted in Calcutta for 250 horses, though only 200 were put on board, had 15 casualties, which were accounted for by the excessive heat of the weather at the close of the voyage. A ship from Buenos Ayres, which arrived in Calcutta at the same time, *lost* 200 *out of the* 300 *embarked in her*, and one from Sydney landed only 27 out of 95. One vessel, the *Chesterholme*, from Australia to Bombay, with 90 remount horses on board, was wrecked in Torres Straits, and every horse lost, though the crew were saved.

there is much for the breeders to consider with reference to the parent stock, and I strongly deprecate the use of Arab stallions. I have rejected great numbers of horses said to be half-Arabs, that were too slight and weedy for any purpose. Poverty, in any shape, is the death-blow to Arab stock. Its tendency, under the best care, is to run light. Arab blood will never rectify defective forelegs. I have found it fail in Indian studs, and witnessed the weedy, under-sized, under-limbed produce of Arab horses in England, France, Germany, and Prussia. If the Cape gentlemen will accept my humble advice, I hope they will breed from as much good English blood and bone as their money will procure, and cross their mares that have Arab blood with the best description of Norfolk trotter or Cleveland stallion procurable. No other cross will restore size and substance from that description of mare until the Arab blood becomes absorbed in many successive generations. By paying a little more attention to the feeding of their horse-stock, the breeders will find a ready market, and remuneration unsurpassed by any other speculation that the colony is capable of.

This entirely coincides with my own experience as to the unsuitableness of the Arab cross for this colony. Like most other Indians, I had a strong partiality for Arabs, and, when I commenced horse-breeding at the Cape, I collected a few half-bred Arab mares; but their produce from English horses, of great size and power, was, even in the third generation, still comparatively slight and small; whilst no corresponding advantage in constitution counterbalanced these deficiencies. The mares of Arab blood, generally speaking, did not rear their foals so well as the others; and it was rather remarkable that not one of them survived the horse-sickness of 1855, though they were taken up and treated in exactly the same way as those which escaped. Certainly, I would never attempt that cross again if I wished to breed horses above 14-2, equal to any weight on the turf or road; and the result quoted by Colonel Apperley from the books of the Central Stud in Bengal, where, in a nine years' trial, the Arab blood, under every advantage of care and high feeding, failed so egregiously, is not to be set aside. Here and there a phenomenon like the Arab "Dreadnought" may arise in judgment against us; but he was quite a *rara avis*,—a pony in height, with the bone and substance, length, symmetry, and general proportions of a large horse. Moreover, he was one of the old high-caste Arabs, the pure desert blood, now so seldom seen, even in India.

But another breed of horses has been introduced into the colony of late years, which is still more objectionable than the Arab, and this is, the coarse, clumsy, and remarkably plain Dutch cart-horse. For a time they were all the rage, and some of our oldest breeders have injured their studs most materially by yielding to a popular prejudice in favor of these mis-shapen brutes. The late Captain Gall, of the

Madras Cavalry, who visited the Cape a few years ago, and whose interesting report to his own Government on the subject of Cape horses for the Indian army is given in the blue-book lately published here, thus alludes to one of the most celebrated Cape breeders of the present day: "As a general rule, his stock is too slight, and I have strong doubts whether he will succeed in improving it by crossing with a Dutch stallion lately purchased. He may get more substance (though I even doubt that), *but it will only be gained at the sacrifice of every other good quality.*"

Captain Gall himself took to India a colt by that very Dutch horse (from a well-bred mare), as an experiment, and just to see how he would turn out, and he wrote to me afterwards, that of all the horses he had ever possessed, this identical animal was the ugliest and the worst!*

For service in a hot climate like India there is no question that blood is necessary; but it does not follow that blood is everything, or that a thorough-bred weed, as narrow as a knife, and with legs like tobacco-pipes, can carry a dragoon of eighteen stone satisfactorily throughout a campaign. There is no occasion, therefore, for our breeders to perpetuate the mistake which so many of them have already made, by looking merely to the pedigree of their stallions, instead of their points. As Colonel Bower says, the colony has already been sufficiently "inundated with the weedy sweepings of Tattersall's;" and it is lamentable to find studs, once of great celebrity, now rapidly falling into disrepute, through the inevitable effects of these destructive importations. The short-sighted economy which has encouraged such speculations is much to be regretted; but the absurd fancies of some of our colonial horse-breeders are yet much in their own way, and unfortunately tell also against any rapid or simultaneous advance in this branch of agriculture. Certainly, as a friend

* We have to thank Holland, also, for that elegant consignment of bulls which brought the "lung sickness" into the colony. Sold, probably, out of a diseased herd, who doubts that *some one* got them a bargain? A pretty bargain they have been to the Cape! In England, since the establishment of what is called "Free-trade," the importation of live-stock for consumption has been the cause of much loss to the English farmer, by bringing into the country some new and many malignant diseases amongst sheep and cattle. Accordingly, veterinary boards have been established, to examine all live animals brought across the sea, and to deal with them as they thought fit. Some commission of this kind appears to be desirable here; and it might be a hindrance to the importation, especially, of entire horses exhibiting any hereditary disease or malformation, or of such as were likely to lower the character of our present colonial breed, if an *ad valorem* duty could be imposed on such obnoxious animals, in *inverse ratio* to their actual worth. Thus the worst horse should pay the heaviest tax, and the fines thus obtained might be converted into a premium for the best.

of mine (who knew the colony pretty well) once wrote to me from England, "Never were people so cursed with prejudices as the horse-breeders of the Cape;" and as long as they confine their attention principally to such trifles as color, ears, and white marks, so long will they find people ready to supply them with the "sweepings of Tattersall's," and thus to ensure the deterioration of our colonial breed. The length to which many Cape horse-breeders carry their prejudices aforesaid, if revealed elsewhere, would scarcely be credited. They will not look at a chesnut horse, let him be ever so pure in blood and perfect in shape; and yet a large proportion of the most celebrated racers and sires in England have been chesnuts, and it is quite a favorite color in Europe. Cape breeders have been known to reject horses of the first quality merely because they had one white foot, or a white mark down the face, or ears not sufficiently upright: and they have taken in preference some miserable, under-limbed weed, because he had none of these so-called blemishes; whereby, in that line, they fell, like Lucifer, to rise no more. The head is the chief consideration with most Cape breeders, and no doubt much of a horse's character can be found in it; but an inch or two longer or shorter, broader or narrower, cannot make much difference in the *essential qualities* of his stock. The better a horse is bred, the more elegant his head and forehead are supposed to be. This, however, is rather a mistake, for some of the most highly-prized strains of English blood—"Voltaire," "Blacklock," "Muley," &c.—are quite distinguishable by their plain heads, Roman noses, and thick necks. But they are known also by their bone and muscle, and their lasting powers on the race-course; and, after all, as the Yorkshire dealer explained, in Addisonian language, to a fastidious customer, "A horse don't go on his head, do he? If he do, he didn't ought to!"

But our country dealers have learnt of late, and through them the country breeders will soon learn, that horses sound in wind and limb, of good size and substance, with free action, are bought as freely for India whether they have large heads or small; whether they have one white leg or four; whether their ears are upright or drooping; whether they have a blaze on the face or none; and, in short, that *use and not ornament* must be the breeder's care. The good which the Remount Agency has done in this way, by opening the eyes of our country friends to such little failings as curbs, spavins, ring-bones, &c., in their rejected horses, will be felt in years to come. Unsoundness of the kind just mentioned was never before brought home so effectively to the perception of the breeders and dealers, and they have had a

lesson which is not likely to be soon forgotten. Let the breeders now pay some attention to *material* points, and sustain the former credit of their stock and of the colony. But they must recollect that thorough-bred horses of any quality are not procurable in England now at their former prices. There is a great demand for them from America, France, Germany, Russia, and more particularly, of late years, from Australia. That colony is our most formidable rival in the Indian market, and, if we are to hold our own with her, our horse-breeders must be on the alert. The Australian horses (called "Walers" in India) are both larger and better-looking than ours, taken as a class, and obtain a ready sale in Calcutta. On the turf they have highly distinguished themselves, and they are much sought after for harness; but all Indian officers agree that they are not able to bear hard work in the hot weather, like the Cape horses. This advantage on our side is doubtless owing, in a great measure, to *the superior blood of our horses.* No coarse-bred animal can undergo severe labor in a hot climate without soon betraying his ignoble origin. He refuses to feed, loses heart, knocks up, and becomes useless. Not so the well-bred one. He always "shows a stout heart to a steep brae," and never thinks of giving in under any circumstances. In that finest of Indian sports, hunting the wild boar with the spear, the Arabs and Cape horses have seldom failed to face most gallantly the charge of a hog at bay; but the "Walers" (more plebeian, perhaps, in my day than they are now) used to fight very shy of that ugly customer. If we are to furnish remounts in future years for the Indian cavalry, we must keep their credit unimpaired; and we can only do so by inducing the breeders to follow Colonel Apperley's advice, and to "*send for as much good English blood and bone as their money will procure.*" The South African Turf Club does this in some measure; but the races are not supported as they ought to be, considering the object they have in view, and the paucity of our public amusements, and the very harmless nature of our "Isthmian games." It is a mistake to suppose that the Turf Club is kept up for gambling purposes, and that racing is its only object. Racing is promoted by the Turf Club as the means to an end, and that end is the encouragement of the breeders, and the improvement of our colonial horses, by rewarding with sufficient liberality the most meritorious produce of each year. This the Agricultural Society cannot do, for the funds are not available; and even if they were, it is sufficiently obvious to all practically acquainted with the subject, that the actual worth, that is to say, the

endurance, and speed, and weight-carrying powers of a thorough-bred, in short, all the higher attributes of a horse destined for stud purposes, can only be tested thoroughly, conclusively, and satisfactorily, on the race-course. The majority of these racers, as soon as their turf career is over, fall into the hands of the country breeders, and thus the colonial stock is kept up to a sufficiently high standard.

And with respect to the feeding and condition of these horses, the breeders and the farmers would do well to carry into practice what Colonel Apperley says on that subject, viz.:

Another circumstance connected with the success of any remount agency that may ever be established at the Cape of Good Hope is the miserable condition the farmers keep their horses in during many months of the year. No remount agent is justified in buying a single horse if he is not in proper condition for immediate shipment. Although I have done so, consequent upon the urgency of the present demand, I shall never do so again. This is the great drawback to the success of horse-dealing in this country. An old and true English saying is, "The value of a horse goes down his throat," hence the superiority of the English horse over any other. If the Cape farmers could be induced to feed their stock liberally, their horses would be much larger and stronger, and their returns certain. I am obliged at this moment to suspend operations, because all the horses in the country are out of condition, and as thin as hurdles. I trust, as immigration increases, more acres may fall under the plough. If each farmer sowed an acre of oats, over and above what is intended for sale, for each horse he had to dispose of, it would ensure good condition at a very trifling cost, all the year round, and enable the remount agent to give him a liberal price for his colt, when required for immediate shipment, which is rendered impossible if the expenses of a depôt for a couple of months are to be thrown upon the horses before they can be shipped.

Now, unhappily, it is a notorious fact that some of our oldest and most distinguished horse-breeders have fallen into the habit of selling their forage, and starving their stock. This may pay them for a year or two, when horse provender is very high in price, but, in the meantime, their colts are stunted in growth and diminished in value, and the former high reputation of the stud they come from is lost, perhaps, for ever. In localities where the veld is good, and there is sufficient natural protection in kloofs and bush for the young stock from the inclemency of winter weather, they can run out night and day; but if the pasturage fails at any season, the foals that have been weaned, and the yearlings, should be fed in the stables—by day during the summer, and by night during the winter. There is no economy more short-sighted than stopping the growth of young horses by starvation. They never recover from the effects of it. No amount of food afterwards will enable them to recover their lost ground. And what is the extra cost of raising a few additional muids of oats, or

storing up a few hundreds of oatsheaves in excess of the usual harvest? What, also, is the little extra trouble of bringing in the colts night or morning? They will find their own way to the stable-door at the proper hour, after a short acquaintance with the forage inside it, and soon become quiet to handle. I found it a good plan to have all my foals, fillies as well as colts, weaned at seven or eight months old,—some, perhaps, at six months, according to the condition of their dams. They were then easily reconciled to the halter, and in four or five weeks might be turned out again, their mothers being dry by that time. The foals so treated never forgot their early lessons, and could be caught and led about without difficulty at any future time, if they wanted dressing for mange, or ticks, or required medical treatment of any kind. The benefit of this system I found very great during the horse-sickness, for my mares were all so quiet in the stable that they could be tied up and fed, and physicked, if necessary, without any alarm or uproar; and this is of no slight consequence when mares are heavy in foal. There is no reason why young mares should not be worked on the farm. They would be all the better for it, if fed accordingly; and it is the general practice in England, except with racing stock.

Those who are inclined to breed horses suitable for the Indian army have a great pull in their favor now, since geldings are preferred to entire horses. In many parts of the country they can be kept till four years old without costing anything beyond the run of their teeth at grass; though it is desirable that they should be handled, and, if possible, broken in either to saddle or harness before they are offered to the remount agent. The breeders and dealers, however, must not expect, in future years, the prices which have been given lately for horses to send to India. A sudden emergency compelled the remount agent to offer a liberal remuneration for an immediate supply of horses. Without such inducements so large a number of good animals could never have been procured in so short a time. But, as Colonel Apperley observes, "War prices must now cease, and the continuation of the demand from India for horses will become a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence."

In other words, if we are to find in India a regular market for our horses, we must lower our prices so as not to exceed those of the Australians, or Arabs, or other horses elsewhere procurable for the same service. Our breeders, therefore, will do wisely to be satisfied with a fixed demand and moderate profits, and to avail themselves of the opening before them as quickly and energetically as possible.

COMMUNITY OF PROPERTY.*

(To the Editors of the *Cape Monthly Magazine.*)

Sirs,—Like many others of your readers, I have been pleased to see an exposition of this branch of Cape Law in the pages of your magazine, written by one who is evidently master of the subject. Perhaps, however, I should have been better pleased, and the author would have better accomplished his task, had he contented himself with the character of an expositor only, without assuming that of an advocate and eulogist also. His exposition is, as far as it goes, correct and fair; but his attempts to make Englishmen admire the law he expounds as warmly as he appears to do himself, will, I fear, be a failure. As a little discussion on this subject may be acceptable to your readers, allow me to offer a few remarks on it.

I am by no means prepared to maintain that the law of England, as regards the effects of marriage on property, or the English law of inheritance, is perfect; but on the whole I think the Dutch law of this colony is still farther from perfection. In fact, while the law of England has grown out of barbarous and feudal ages, has been gradually improving, and is still progressing, the law of this colony has been founded on one of the most perfect systems ever invented,—the Roman—but has so cruelly mutilated that system, as to become itself a very monster of the ugliest kind. Moreover, it has the misfortune to be an obsolete law—that is, a law obsolete in every civilised state, and, consequently, unimproving and unprogressive. Englishmen may, and do, respect laws based on the great principles of Roman jurisprudence; but they do not like, and will not long submit to, decisions affecting their interests and their property, founded on placaats of Charles V., or judgments of some petty court of Vriesland (perchance), three or four hundred years old. They object to hearing judges of the Supreme Court deciding cases of mercantile and marine usage according to text-books three hundred and fifty years old, being strongly of opinion that laws should progress and keep pace with the circumstances of the country that is to be governed by them.

* We as a rule, have declined the admission of controversial correspondence. The law on Community of Property and Inheritance, however, is so important to the interests of the colony generally that every opportunity should be afforded for a full and fair discussion of its merits from every point of view. We therefore readily give insertion to the letter of our correspondent, "An English Lawyer."—Eds.

Perhaps I appear to be wandering from the point now immediately before me; but I merely desire, at starting, to point out that Englishmen do not object to the *principles* of Roman law if properly modified to suit the present age: but to arbitrary foreign codes, like the Dutch law of this colony, which is *not* Roman, though it assumes that title, much as a parvenu with a plebeian name sticks an aristocratic one before it, in order to pass for a man of good birth.

Now, let us see what is the actual, and not merely the nominal, difference in the position of a woman married in this country, and one married in England—in each case without antenuptial contract. The Cape woman is entitled, nominally, to half her husband's property; the Englishwoman to nothing of his. But, as the Cape husband has full and entire control over his wife's property, may spend it, speculate with it, and lose it, or throw it into the sea, the Cape woman's half share in it is really only nominal, and I am at a loss to see how she is better off than her English sister during the continuance of the marriage. In fact, the partnership is but a name and a sham; and your contributor must be a very clever lawyer, indeed, if he could draw up a deed of partnership between two sane men, framed on the same principles, and get them both to sign it. So far, then, the married Cape woman and Englishwoman appear to be almost on the same terms, but not altogether so; for, while the Cape husband can get rid of the property as fast as he pleases, the English husband can do nothing of the kind, if he be possessed of freehold estate. Without any antenuptial contract, and by the mere operation of marriage itself, the Englishwoman, in such case, becomes entitled to her dower of one third of her husband's property for her life; and that not merely in a nominal sense, like the Cape woman with her community, but *absolutely*, so that her husband cannot dispose of, or convey, a single acre of his land without her joining in the deed. In short, unlike the Cape husband, he cannot rob his wife of the right she has acquired.

Then, as regards property which may have been the woman's before marriage. At the Cape, this goes into the community—that is, the husband is entitled absolutely to half of it, and may, as administrator, spend or dissipate the whole of it. In England, a woman's personal property passes to her husband, but her freehold estate remains her own, and cannot be alienated by her husband, though he has the administration of its proceeds during the marriage. Thus far, then, the English law is kinder and more just than the Cape law; for, in the instance of landed property, it secures to the wife her own.

I have as yet noticed only their relative positions during the continuance of the marriage. But, after the death of the husband, it is true that the Cape wife is better off than the English one, supposing the husband in each case to have possessed property, and in neither case to have made a will. The Cape wife then takes her half of the joint estate—the English wife her thirds, if the property be freehold, or nothing, if the property be personal. But let it be borne in mind that the husband may die insolvent, in which case, while the English wife's position is none the worse, the Cape wife is liable for one half of what we English should call her husband's debts. She can be sued for that half, and civil imprisonment be demanded of her in default of payment. It may be replied that this is never granted, perhaps never sought for. The thanks, in that case, are due to the creditors, and not to the law. Let us at least give the English law credit for this—that it protects the wife from all responsibility for the effects of her husband's misconduct or misfortunes; and, though it may give her no property, it cannot, like the Dutch law, bequeath to her a debtor's prison, or an insolvent petition.

It may suit your contributor's views as an advocate of his favorite system, to say that complaints are only heard against it when a woman, and not a man, acquires an undue advantage from it; but really this is unworthy of a grave expositor of the law. I could give him a case where a woman, possessed of large landed property in this colony, married an almost penniless widower, with a family by a former wife. The husband, with spare justice, bequeathed the use of the whole property, which had thus come into community, to the wife for her life, and, after her death, to the children by the first marriage, as there were none by the second. He died, and these children disputed the will, claimed the half of the estate in right of their father, and thus robbed the woman of half her property under the sanction of Cape law. There is this difference between the English and the Dutch law of inheritance (under which term I include the marriage law of property)—that, whereas the latter, in many cases, necessarily works injustice by disposing arbitrarily of people's property, whether in accordance with their wishes, or their sense of justice or not, the English law, by allowing every man to do as he pleases with his possessions, leaves him at full liberty to do ample justice, and to make dispositions exactly suited to the peculiar circumstances of his own family. The Dutch law says "we will grant you no such liberty, because you may abuse it," which is the apology for despo-

tism and tyranny all over the world. The English law says, "in this, as in everything else, we grant you perfect freedom; for, though you *may* abuse that freedom, it is better that such an event should occasionally happen than that you should be deprived of the power of exercising your own discretion, and disposing of your property in the manner best adapted to meet your peculiar circumstances, of which you must surely be the best judge."

The English law is better and sounder in principle, because it is based on a clearer apprehension of human nature, and the principles which guide human actions; and to tell us that those principles are occasionally set at naught, and that we should legislate solely for such exceptional cases, would be about as sensible as to bid us frame our social and commercial laws on the *primâ facie* supposition that all men are murderers and thieves. English law is more nearly allied to English freedom than your contributor seems to comprehend. It is for this reason we ask for it here, and also for the other great reason I have pointed out, that we should then benefit by the improvements which the wisdom of the mother country is constantly striving to introduce to meet the requirements of a progressive age and people.

One word more, sirs, on the justice of the Dutch marriage law. It is not very long since a case was argued in the Supreme Court, of which the following is a brief summary: A mercantile gentleman, in thoroughly prosperous circumstances, married a young lady. Before the marriage, a settlement was drawn up, in which he secured *(as he thought)* to her a sum so small and so modest that it would scarcely have been sufficient to save her from actual want, if misfortune fell upon her husband. Years rolled on, children were born, the merchant increased in wealth and credit. At last came a reverse. Speculation, or whatever else it may have been, brought diminished means, failing credit, and eventual insolvency. And now the modest sum secured in bygone years of prosperity, set aside to save wife and children from penury, seemed the sole hope left to them. But the settlement was disputed. The Supreme Court decided that it was bad (of course under a placaat of Charles V.), and held that this beautiful and belauded law of community of property must condemn the wife and children to community of insolvency and penury, in spite of a solemn compact—*without* which it may be that the lady thus defrauded would never have been that man's wife, and *by* which no human being, at the time of its making, was, in the remotest degree, injured. What do your readers think of this?

I reverse your contributor's words and say, "Under the *English* law such injustice is impossible; and under the colonial law, I greatly fear, you will find it unhappily too frequent in the future."

I trust you and your readers will forgive me for the length to which I have unwittingly extended these remarks, incomplete as I find them still to be.

I remain, &c.,

AN ENGLISH LAWYER.

KAFIRS AND KAFIRLAND.—A SETTLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

A WOMAN'S OPINIONS AND A WOMAN'S TERRORS.

WHILE events outside the fort had partaken of this exciting character, occurrences within its walls had been not less interesting. It will be remembered that my wife, Mary Burton, and Mrs. Molly Stubbs had agreed to share the horrors of the night together, in the former's room Accordingly, we shall there find them, about half an hour after Wycroft's departure. Molly had not been able to withstand the temptations offered by the luxurious chair before mentioned, and still remained embosomed in its grateful softness. The other two were sitting near.

I should mention that all the outer windows were guarded by strong Venetian shutters, which the major had given the strictest orders should be shut and fastened during the night in question. The night, however, being uncomfortably close, the sociable inmates of this room had left the casement windows open, so as to admit the air.

As is the custom with the other sex, when in circumstances of peril, the trio had begun to tell each other the most horrible stories they had ever heard about the enemy they so much dreaded. Molly, particularly, was in her element. All the tremendous fictions which she had heard among the common soldiers were now retailed with an unction peculiarly her own, and with embellishments suggested by her own imaginative mind. On one subject she was especially eloquent.

Said she, "The sarjint sez how wot he calls a peurality of woives is pollygarny, though whoy thee guv sich grand names to sich dorty tricks is mooar nor I can tell."

"But what's your objection?" said Mary Burton.

"Hobjecthin, miss! sureley, but a mon's got plenty wid one woife, widout a botherin' of hisself wid more. Whoy, the sarjint sez how thot the black rapscallions, lazy writches, lie a doin' nothin' all day, but a-drinkin', an' a-smokin', an' sleepin', while thur woives ur a-slavin' in thur gardings, an' a-droivin' ov thur coos, an' a building ov thur huts. Whoy, wot huv the mon critters got their strong harms, an thur thick legs, an thur big booans fur, ef it isn't to wuruk, an to show what t'Almighty intinded."

"But don't you see, Molly," Mary Burton continued, "that the more wives, the less there must be for each to do."

"Noa, miss, tuk me wurud fur't, it's jist the contrairy. The mooar a mon gits, the mooar he wants. If he's got one pund he'll be a wantin' to mak it twinty; an' if he's got one woife he'll mak her wuruk wusser thit he may git another. It's only sich poor critters as we wumen at ——"

"Stop, Molly, do you hear anything?" interrupted Mary Burton.

"Mussy on us, it's not thim Kafirs?"

"No, it's gone now. It must have been some of the soldiers talking in the square."

The topic of conversation here changed and soon turned to that on which, above all others, the female mind is prone to linger—matrimony.

"Were you ever married, Molly?" inquired inquisitive Mary, "or are you an old maid?"

"Lor, miss, an' what a questshin to ax. Surely, an' I was married to Stubbs whin I was a young gal. He was a good hoosband, Stubbs, he was, only theer was too little ov im."

"Oh, he was a little man, was he?" asked Mary.

"Bless yer sowl, no, he was six fut three. I was a meanin' that he didn't live long enoof. He was a right gud un, Stubbs was. I shall nivir git anoother loike im."

"Oh, you fat old flirt," burst out Mary; "you fickle thing, you heartless widow."

"Lor bless us, Miss Mary, doant say that. I only ——" Here Molly stopped; her lower jaw fell downwards; her face became like a washed-out pink gown, that is, as white as it could: her whole aspect bespoke speechless fright and dismay.

"What are you looking at?" asked my wife and Mary, simultaneously.

Still no answer—still the same fixed, spell-bound look, towards the window. In that direction the other two looked, and looked again, till they saw, protruding between the

obliquely-placed bars of the shutter, a long row of fingers. They were black!

Mary saw the truth in an instant, and, with great presence of mind, rushed towards the window, to shut it before giving the alarm. But she was too late. The fingers could be seen clenching the wooden bar—then a wrench; another, and then a crash, as of breaking woodwork: all the work of an instant. The shutters flew open, and there appeared a mass of dark figures and faces, savage and scowling, bearing sticks, spears, shields, and dressed in all the wild-looking adjuncts of barbarous warfare. Far behind they could be seen stretching, pressing on and on towards the fated window, in which the form of Mary must have appeared like some framed picture of celestial beauty before a horde of cannibals.

Meanwhile, my wife, with a mother's instinct, had rushed to the bed where slept our boy, and, buried amidst its pillows, was temporarily hid from sight. Molly had found her voice, and was using it to some purpose. Crouching behind her chair, longing to leave the room, yet not liking to leave Mary, she was shouting, "Murder, help, oh the writches! Lord huv mussy on us! Miss Mary, Miss Mary, coom away! Oh!" Such was the evanescent nature of the courage Molly had previously, by her words, been exalting so highly.

Almost simultaneously with the opening of the shutters, a sound of trampling and shouting had been heard in the other side of the room, and almost immediately the inner door was thrown open and the soldiers of the fort began pouring in. The alarm had been brought there by one of the scouts, and the enemy had also just before been seen by one of the sentries.

The Kafirs were not long looking in at the peaceful domestic scene which met their eyes. With savage shouts they burst into the room—in, in, absorbing Mary, as it were, with them, and hiding her from sight. They were, however, speedily met by the incomers from the opposite side. A desperate struggle then ensued, a struggle of man to man, life or death hanging on the issue. Suddenly, above the din of the fight, there rose a stentorian voice, shouting in mediocre Kafir, "Seize the woman." Quickly was the command obeyed, for, lifted above the heads of the yelling intruders, a woman's form was borne out through the window, while a shriek, loud and piercing, penetrated like a sword into every white man's heart. Poor Mary, her courage had availed her nought, but to secure her own capture, her own perpetual misery.

On seeing this, the besieged fought with a deadlier energy. The Kafirs continued to press in, but made little progress.

Every window on that side now sent forth its messengers of death. Every man was engaged in the eventful *mêlèe.* Then came the ringing volleys of our party in the rear; then the sullen but deafening din of the twelve-pounder at the corner; then the fierce grapple, the invincible onslaught, the victorious repulse; then the slow, but gradually accelerating retreat of the invading multitude; and then, after the thrilling cheers of our own men, came the reactive stillness, the prostrate weariness, the hushed breath—the death.

A few minutes after I was borne in, nearly insensible, with a broken arm and a wounded body, to spend three weeks in a tiring confinement, but rendered pleasant by the cheerful company, the tender nursing, of a loving wife. Ah, when I think of the awful events which soon followed, how doubly delightful seem those few, too few, "sick" days.

The party of Kafirs among whom I had so madly thrown myself had been dispersed by our men; their fair prisoner, who was none other than Mary Burton, not my wife, rescued and restored to her father and friends.

Wycroft's fate I must reserve for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

WYCROFT.

It will be remembered that, when we last saw Wycroft, he had just left the fort in charge of a small force, sent out to disperse or intercept a number of Kafirs who had been discovered skulking behind an abandoned outwork which was a short distance from the walls.

With slow and cautious strides the party moved onward, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. On nearing the trench supposed to be occupied by the enemy, the men were doubly on the alert, straining their eyes in vain endeavors to discern the dark figures of the expected enemy. None such appeared. The gloomy outline of the bank became visible, without any sign or token of the Kafirs' presence. The fort was now hidden amid the darkness, and the bank in front, with the dense background of bush, formed the only discernible objects. At last, through the dim night, two or three human forms were observed gliding past. The word of command was passed along the ranks, and the men fired. Their shots resulted in a manner very different to that which had been anticipated.

No sooner had the echo of the reports died away, than up, on every side, sprang a host of Kafirs, who had been lying

waiting, *in petto*, till the eventful moment. From under and behind the bank, from the bush, from every clump of long grass or scrub, there jumped forth armed foes, who closely surrounded, on every hand, the little band of fifty, who, nothing daunted, fell into position, and prepared for the deadliest hand-to-hand conflict.

Wycroft seemed in his element, and for the time to be quite a changed man. The men heard, with some astonishment, the firm, clear tones with which he literally rang out his determined and peremptory commands. Hitherto they had seen only the quiescent side of his character; when troubled by no other cares than those of the garrison and parade, he had seemed to them an indolent, indifferent, but good-natured military amateur. Now, however, all was promptness and vigor; and the men, feeling they were directed by a really superior mind, obeyed implicitly the orders of their captain.

The enemy did not remain long looking at the little compact phalanx they had surrounded. A shower of assegais, mingled with which were a few stray shots, speedily proved their offensive intentions. To this the soldiers replied with a deliberate volley, every man singling out, as well as he could, his victim from the phantom-like multitudes around. After this, no further firing of a regular description took place. The enemy closed in; the ranks of the assailed became broken; their numbers gradually decreased; still they fought and struggled with a stubborn valor, the characteristic only of the British soldier. Finally, Wycroft reluctantly determined on a retreat. The men accordingly fell back, steadily, slowly,—determined, at any rate, to be defeated, though by such overwhelming odds, in a way honorable to themselves. Seeing the backward movement, the Kafirs pressed them still more furiously. Another struggle took place, in which Wycroft, by some means, got detached from his party, and mixed up among the natives. Perceiving his situation, with a true soldier's spirit, he resolved not to attempt regaining his proper position, hoping thereby to distract the enemy's attention from the main force. His object was gained. The men, unconscious of their loss, maintained their position, and retired in order, the natives busying themselves the while with their prisoner. The force finally reached the fort, with the loss of their captain and twelve men.

Wycroft was now truly in the "hands of the Philistines." During the conflict he had not escaped sundry assegai stabs; and now, encompassed by hundreds of athletic savages, it

was not to be supposed that he could escape either capture or death. The former was his fate. Desperately, however, he fought for freedom: constitutionally fond of "arguing the point" intellectually, he now combated in another sense, though with no less obstinacy, the home-thrusts of his adversaries. At last he was overpowered, his strength was spent, his body wounded, his whole frame exhausted, and his black foes bore him off a valiant though vanquished captive.

The Kafirs, having in part accomplished their purpose, dived again into the bush, half dragging, half carrying Wycroft with them. What course they were taking he could not tell; the tall, gaunt stems, with their black, cloud-like masses of foliage, amid which the stars occasionally appeared, and the constant contact with low, obtruding branches, showed him that they were proceeding through the forest-bush. They might have proceeded, perhaps, in this way for about an hour, now ascending, then descending, and once passing over a small spruit, when they reached a spot which, apparently, was surrounded on three sides by high, precipitous mountain walls, and seemingly full, to a great extent, of bush. Here Wycroft's captors halted, while their movements indicated that this was to be their rendezvous for the rest of the night. Fires were lighted, meat was produced, and all the customary processes of a Kafir bivouac were gone through.

For Wycroft, however, there was, that night, no feasting. Roughly bound by bark thongs, he was thrown on the ground not far from the fire, while the Kafirs that kept watch over him were in such numbers that any attempt to escape, even if it had been possible, must have inevitably proved futile.

And so he was left through the remainder of that terrible night, to watch and wait. Death, fearful and certain, awaited him in the coming morning. What awful hours those would be! How overwhelming must have been those waves of thought, that, rolling up from the caverns of recollection, would dash themselves against his tortured mind; thoughts of the widowed mother, who, with such tearful and tender pride, had bade her soldier-son God speed, as he left the shores of the old country; thoughts of his childhood's sister, who, on that memorable parting, had clung round his manly frame with all the tenacity which hallows that holiest thing—a sister's love; thoughts of the green young days, when, unreeking of care and sorrow, he gamboled amidst the flowers of youth and the joys of budding life; and thoughts of her, the best loved-one, whose burning kiss, given but so short a time before, still left its fragrance on his lips and its dew upon his heart. Let us hope that, in

those sad moments, the changeless stars, as he looked on them, became messengers of peace and hope; that, soaring upward, he looked beyond their radiant bounds into the better land—infinity itself; and that those shining specks seemed to him as angel eyes looking down from the battlements of the celestial city. Perhaps, at a time when the mind must have undergone a complete revolution, perhaps, in those few hours, the giant struggle was fought, the great victory gained, and the everlasting anthem of the freed uttered forth in his dying ear. Who shall say?

The morning came at last, and Wycroft, with his untended wounds, had little strength left either for resistance or expostulation. A listless apathy had seized him, an apparent indifference to an inevitable fate.

The mode of his death was quickly decided on, and every preparation made. The natives, with characteristic joy, exulted over their victim. Their dreadful purpose they then proceeded to carry out. What and how the reader need not be informed. Human anguish can or ought never to please a refined mind, and such recitals can only give pain. Allow me, then, O sympathetic friend, to draw the curtain over this "last sad scene."

So busily had the natives been engaged in their fiendish occupation that the tramp of approaching footsteps had been unnoticed, and it was only when a volley from the outskirts of the bush caused many of them to bite the dust that they perceived themselves to be partially surrounded by a party of "rooi batjes."

I should here explain that the men of Wycroft's party had only discovered their captain's absence on reaching the fort. Not finding his body, the following morning, among the killed, they immediately concluded that he had been taken prisoner, and, having received information of this rendezvous from a Kafir scout, an expedition was forthwith organised, with the double object of retrieving what the men considered to be their fallen honor, and of rescuing a very efficient and favorite officer.

The natives, on being so unpleasantly interrupted in their hellish work, naturally imagined that they were attacked by an irresistible force. A panic seized upon them, and, amidst a scene of inextricable confusion, they all fled precipitately; their movements being materially hastened by the reception of another round of "leaden compliments" from their revengeful visitors.

The invading party advanced simultaneously towards the centre of the plateau, where were smoking the embers of

the fires round which the natives had spent the later hours of the night in savage revelry. Near one of these fires lay the mutilated and hardly-recognisable form of poor Wycroft. The men immediately gathered round the sad spectacle. Casson, who headed the party, knelt down and raised the disfigured head of the victim on his knee. Though the vital cord was all but broken, yet a faint spark of life still glimmered in the shattered frame. He cast a lingering glance around and then opened his lips, as though to murmur something. Casson bent forward to catch the sounds, and could just distinguish the one word "Mary." He bent his ear yet closer, but the lips were still. He looked at the face, and saw the eyes were closed. It was past; the brave soldier had died; died as British soldiers always do, faithful and true,—faithful to his country's cause and honor, true to his love.

The men looked on, silent and sorrowful, till Casson gently laid the body on the ground; they then made a rough litter, and, covering the burden with their jackets, proceeded to the fort.

CHAPTER XIII, AND LAST.

"A BLANK, SIR."

A DISAGREEABLE task is a thing the performance of which every one wishes to defer to as late a period as possible—whether it be the "taking" of a dose of castor-oil, or the reception of a merited castigation in the case of a juvenile; the payment of a debt by "Dunnup," or "popping" *the* question by some "disconsolate but devoted lover;" all being equally distasteful, will undoubtedly be postponed to as distant a period as possible.

And so in my case. Fain would I here pause, and leave the inevitable "end" to the imaginative reader; but alas, poetic completeness is imperatively called for, and, as an undeniable necessity, must be accorded. The dark shroud in which has been enveloped the second great epoch of my existence must be torn aside, and the naked and cankering part laid bare to the public eye.

After the night of the attack I was laid up for about a month with the illness arising from the wounds then received, and was consequently unable to take part in the one or two bloody scenes of which the vicinity of the fort was the theatre. These, however, became rapidly fewer in number, until at last they ceased altogether. In about three

weeks from the night in question the tide of war had finally rolled past that part of the country, and hostilities were only now heard of in a few of the remotest districts. Between the fort and Graham's Town communication had been resumed, and wagons were constantly passing unconvoyed between the two places. In four weeks, therefore, my wounds being healed, and all danger at an end, I resolved to start on our last stage homewards. My wife was just as eager as myself to leave a district which was inseparably connected with so many unpleasant associations.

We accordingly trekked. Our departure was viewed as a calamity by all in the fort, for, in such a limited and isolated community, the bonds of friendship are drawn closer than in the busy haunts of civilization. In some respects, we, too, regretted the move. We had found many kind friends within those walls, with whom, probably, we should never again have intercourse. Mary Burton, especially, we should like to have taken with us, so that possibly a change of scene might restore to her shattered mind its wonted vivacity. Poor girl, the death of her lover and the terrible excitement of that night had prostrated altogether her mental energies; and though we never, after leaving the fort, met her again, yet I heard that it was many years before she recovered even the semblance of her former light-hearted liveliness.

"Good-byes" are proverbially disagreeable, and therefore, with the reader's permission, I shall pass by the various affecting scenes which occurred at our final leave-taking,—how the major cracked melancholy puns; how Mary tried in vain to smile cheerfully; how the officers, by way of consolation, promised us a "call;" how Molly saturated her apron with something more briny than her own soapsuds, and declared convulsively that "Lor bliss yer, the foort'll be just like a graav withoot yer;" and how the soldiers muttered stifled "God bless you's" as we moved past; and so we left them. Kind friends, hospitable entertainers, where are ye now? Alas, some are lying buried beneath a pall of Crimean snow, the staunch defenders of northern liberty; some are rotting beneath an Indian sun, the equally stern avengers of outraged purity; while the others are scattered hither and thither, sojourners in all climes and in many countries.

The journey from the fort to Graham's Town generally occupied about four days. We had accomplished half the distance without the occurrence of any event requiring notice, when, on the evening of the second day, just before sunset, we drew up our wagons in a suitable spot for the night's outspan.

The place selected was the crest of a rather elevated rise, the upper side of which was comparatively clear of bush, while below forests of almost interminable extent stretched downward and beyond.

The wagons accordingly drew up, and the oxen were unloosed for an hour or two, and driven away by the drivers down the other and grassy side of the hill. The other attendants went to fetch water, and engaged themselves about the many little et ceteras which wagon life necessitates.

The evening was a glorious one; the beauties of a brighter have surely never been sung by poet or painted by artist. The west was glowing with those rich gold and violet tints on which the eye seems especially intuitively to feast itself. Long, sweeping hills of voluptuous outline stretched away into blue obscurity. The greensward was studded with dew-tipped flowers, while their sisters of heavenly birth were here and there making their appearance above. It was, in fact, a night of peace and dreamy enchantment.

I was on the wagon-box; Annie, with the boy, was half sitting, half reclining on the grass below.

"Well, Annie," I said, "we're nearly at our journey's end now. Are you not glad?"

"I don't know," she replied, "if it had been always like this I shouldn't have disliked it."

"But then, you see, it has *not*."

"No," she dreamily rejoined, "but let us forget all that; 'let the dead past bury its dead.' After all, Owen, this wagon traveling *is* delightful. It's so pleasant to be able to do what one likes, and say what one likes, without any one else to remark or criticise, and then we're so much to ourselves."

"Yes," I said, "it's a fine, free life, and, what's more, Africa's a fine country, notwithstanding all that's said against it. Just think, Annie, of the absurdity of people in England calling this a wilderness and a desert. Why, I defy any one to show me a country where you'll find a more beautiful scene and night than this is."

And thus, in those few precious moments, we continued, listlessly talking, in the light of that gorgeous sunset.

"Annie," at last I said, "sing me 'The Spirit of Night.'" This was a little melody which, at her special request, I had written for an American tune, which was a special favorite of hers.

She complied, and, in her own pure and bird-like tones, proceeded to sing the following lines :—

Spirit of night, arise,
Thy twilight wings be spreading ;
O'er all the sunset skies,
Their star-dust radiance shedding.

Spirit of night, unfold
Thy moonlit scroll of beauty,
And let each pure beam mould
The heart to deeds of duty.

Spirit of night, come forth,
For many hearts are bleeding
With day-time's toil and wrath,
Thy soothing solace needing.

Spirit of night, look down
On those poor souls, unshriven,
For whom nor cross, nor crown,
Are treasured up in heaven.

Spirit of night, befriend
The weeping ones of earth ;
Bright visions to them lend,
Bright hopes in them give birth.

Spirit of night, oh shed
Thy balmiest sleep upon me.
Shield with thy wings my head
When dark death creepeth on me.

The last notes of the song, sung with a plaintive heart-intensity that invested the music with a double charm, for long lingered lovingly in my ear, keeping me spell-bound, as it were, for many minutes. When I looked up, Annie had moved to a little distance from the wagons, and was still sitting on the grass, dallying, in motherly playfulness, with her boy, who had twined round her head a wreath of the snowy " evening flowers," which, as usual, were to be found in large clusters around. Long and earnestly I gazed on the picture thus formed,—one so striking in its beauty and completeness. There was the young mother, in a light dress, with the rich folds of golden hair that enclosed her womanly features, made doubly beautiful by the white wreath,—significantly emblematic of the pure being it crowned so befittingly ; and there was the boy, a sturdy, noble little fellow, nestling by her, playing with the flower-wealth that he had heaped in her lap, while full upon them shone the last rays of the sinking sun, playing about as though loth to leave scenes of so much beauty and goodness.

After a look of a few moments at the group thus formed, I retired into the wagon, and, throwing myself down on the cartel, took up a book and commenced reading. The volume

consisted of poems—one of Moore's; and the forms of beauty which were therein described and delineated with all the genius of the poet's pencil became irresistibly associated in my mind with the forms I had been so lately looking upon, and which, in my eyes, required no meretricious adornment of language to set forth their beauties. I might have been so engaged for about fifteen minutes, and, as is usual in such cases, had fallen off into a state of drowsiness, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of stamping feet and stifled shouts, followed almost instantaneously by a shriek, shrill and piercing as ever issued from the mouth of woman,—such a shriek as fixes itself in the memory for ever, that stops the heart, congeals the blood, and turns the unhappy hearer into a transfixed monument of livid horror; the wild shriek of desperation, the prelude to the dirge of death.

Without waiting for thought or reflection, I snatched up the gun, which was hanging, loaded, loosely slung to the side of the wagon, and darted out. With a rapid glance I comprehended everything. The centre of the space between our wagons and the forest was covered by a small number of armed and yelling natives. Conspicuous among them appeared the form of a white man. A glance sufficed to show it was *he*—the unknown and implacable enemy, who followed us with a ghost-like pertinacity, resolved apparently on our destruction. Though his face had never been fully seen by me, yet our frequent rencontres had made me fully acquainted with the contour of his general physique. It was no other than he, who was now at the head of these Kafirs, engaged in a work, the object of which I could but too easily divine.

Among the natives I could see the frequent flutter of a female dress, while the shrieks of its wearer increased fearfully in intensity and despair. All this was, however, seen in a moment, and before I had taken a third glance the contents of both barrels of my gun were scattered among the intruders. After this, I rushed forward, in a perfect fire of passion and distress. Before I reached the Kafirs, two shots from behind, one after the other, brought down two of them, and another shot quickly followed, from the same quarter, with a similar result. These I *felt* to be from Scarface, who had accompanied us. Without waiting to see the effect, I threw myself upon the natives; those that were rudely grasping the form of my wife, whose stifled shrieks well nigh maddened me. The natives, instead of offering resistance, seemed to slink off. I heard a din of shouts and expostulations, but, giving no heed to them, pressed on, on towards the

dear one. All at once, how or why I knew and cared not, the natives rushed back, retreated, fled; not, however, till I had seen one black arm, wielding a murderous assegai, raised high in the air, and darted downwards with a ferocious vigor that told of a death-stroke. I darted towards the assassin, but he, too, turned and fled, leaving his victim bleeding on the ground.

On her, now, was all my attention concentrated. Kneeling down, I lifted her head on my arm. What a terrible sight presented itself! Her kindly face had received a horrible gash, which bathed its delicate features in her own life-blood. The dress was crushed, bloody, and torn. I staunched the wound, and wiped the crimson stains from her face; the eyes were still open, the lips still parted. Thank God, I should still, at least, get the last look, perhaps the last word.

Bending down, I kissed her, kissed her again and again, in the hope of obtaining some perceptible sign of recognition, but none such came. I addressed her by all the endearing and familiar epithets which I had ever applied to her, but still in vain. Frantically I waited. At last her eyes opened wider, and shone forth a radiant flash of love and peace, but it was like the last flicker of the expiring lamp, that heralds only the denser darkness; for, turning her head slightly on one side, the good, the faithful and tender wife "fell asleep."

And there I remained through that long night, with her head resting softly in my lap,—remained, with feelings such as no tongue can tell raging in my bosom. The dews of night began to fall, and the cold chill of evening to float around, but both passed unnoticed; the meek stars, those pale watchers of the night, one by one came out from their blue home, and looked pityingly downwards, but for once their glances shone unheeded. The past and the present, the present and the past, reigned absolute and supreme. O heart of man, where is thy boasted bravery? O human fortitude, what a base recreant art thou!

And through all that night, on that lonely spot in Kafirland, the solitary watcher might have been seen, brooding over the stiff, pale figure beside him.

It would now be unseemly to linger longer over the present chapter—yet a little more remains to be told. In the excess of excitement consequent on the tragic catastrophe that had just taken place, I had forgotten everything about my boy. When a calmer state of mind returned, I was again made frantic by finding that the little one was not to be found, nor could any trace of him be discovered. It was evident that my unknown enemy had laid his plans with the

most refined malignity. There could not be a doubt as to his having abducted the child. After laying the precious remains of the wife I had lost in "their last abode" at Graham's Town, I spent many months in wandering about Kafirland looking for my boy. But the search was in vain, and I finally returned once more to the haunts of civilization, not only wifeless, but childless; a double loss, a double burden, to bear through life. The foreshadowings had been truly accomplished; the cloud had indeed rolled round its denuded victim.

But courage, O heart; the cloud may have a silver lining; the foreshadowings may assume a brighter hue. See! already the darkness is breaking, already there shoot, in the far future, gleams of a brighter dawn.

And now the view is dissolving—the hills, and forests, and rivers of Kafirland are fading into indistinctness; the shouts and yells of conflicting savages are dying away in the distance; and the round circle of events presents but a vacant blank. A little while, O reader, and the space will be again occupied, for a short time, with two or three concluding views. But the scenes and circumstances will be different; applied to them the title of the present series would be a misnomer, an anomaly. Till that period, therefore, considerate friend, be patient, and judge not too harshly the tragic nature of my conclusions. What is the narrative to represent but life? and what is life, in Kafirland, but too frequently the repetition of such scenes as those I have, perchance, feebly described. *L'Envoi.*

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN OVAMPOLAND.

In the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for April, we published some interesting information regarding the movements, explorations, and adventures of Mr. Frederick Green and Mr. Charles J. Andersson in South-western Africa. Within the last month we have received, by the courtesy of Chevalier Duprat, additional correspondence from both those travelers, and to a later date.

Our readers are already aware that Andersson had determined to push resolutely forward through Ovampoland, beyond Ondonga, and on to the Cunenè river, on the borders of Benguela. He knew well the perils of the enterprise. He had made full proof of them before, in his journey with Galton to Nangoro, the old, obese, and savage potentate of

Ondonga. But he was still bent on the accomplishment of his work, and resolved to reach the Cunenè at all hazards. We are now informed of the mishaps which have unfortunately befallen him, and the hardships and trials he was fated to endure. But we shall let him tell his story in his own modest and graphic language :—

On the Omaruru River (lat. 21° 20′).
July 3, 1858.

Le Chevalier Du Prat.

Dear Sir,—A few months ago I addressed you a letter acquainting you with my intention of proceeding into the interior in search of the Cuneuè river, requesting you, at the same time, to have the goodness to write to the Portuguese authorities on the west coast on my behalf, thinking I might possibly reach some of their settlements in that quarter. I was sanguine of being successful ; but, alas ! instead of such being the case, I have now to announce to you the failure of my expedition—at least as regards the Cunenè, for, having accomplished between 200 and 300 miles north of Otjimbingue (my starting-point), I was suddenly compelled to retrace my steps. The want of guides and water were the two chief causes of this unforeseen result. In my two last and consecutive attempts to push northward, I was, on the first occasion, *five days, and, on the second, more than six days, without water for my cattle, and part of this time for my people ; being, moreover, on the move during a great portion of the periods in question.* It nearly brought ruin on my whole party. The sufferings and anxiety sustained on these occasions were truly terrible. But, indeed, it has proved a desperate journey throughout. You would scarcely credit my statement were I to give you a faithful account of all my trials and difficulties. Suffice it to say that, for two months, I worked day and night like the meanest slave—now clearing away trees and bushes; now digging into a hill with pick and crowbar, or removing huge stones and boulders, not unfrequently tons in weight ; now slaving to provide meat for my people ; now repairing my wagon, some part or another of which always required repair ; now searching for water ; now hunting up and securing native guides; now ascending hills and mountains to obtain bearings ; now observing at night or under a broiling sun, and a host of other equally harassing duties. Sometimes, when calling to mind all that I have gone through on this journey, I cannot help thinking it a little hard that all my exertions should have proved so abortive. It is true, however, that though the principal object of the expedition has miscarried, the journey will not prove altogether useless—in a geographical point of view, at least, for I have collected ample and excellent materials for a good map of a considerable extent of country, hitherto a perfect blank in the charts.

After the indifferent success that has thus attended my late endeavors, you will probably imagine that I have given up all idea of further explorations. But not so. *He is but half a man who gives up all for lost because a spoke has chanced to start in his fortune's wheel.* I am beaten, no doubt, but only in part, for I have still a chance left of reaching the river in question, and the practicability of that chance I am already about testing. In short, without returning to civilization, I am once more bending my steps for the distant interior, but this time by a more easterly and circuitous route, and it will go hard if I cannot one day greet you from the banks of the Cunenè. Anyhow, I will persevere until every means within *my reach* are exhausted. Whether I fail or succeed, I mean to be found with "harness on."

I have had little or no sport; game being, on the whole, scarce in these parts. Moreover, I have been unlucky with some of my best guns. Once or twice I have passed by spots frequented by elephants, but always, from some cause or another, I have been prevented from following them up.

It may interest you to know that the Portuguese, though established but little to the southward of Mossamedos, are in indirect trading relations with the natives as far south as the 20° of latitude. Even the western Damaras are collecting ivory for their markets. At present, the Portuguese are also masters of the trade in the lake regions, on the Sesheke and Chobe rivers, &c., but I am sorry to say that they are ruining it by the enormous prices they pay. Thus, on the Sesheke river the Portuguese give no less than 50 lbs. of gunpowder and twice this weight of lead for a single elephant tooth! I can only account for this sudden extravagance in the following manner: Slaves are, of course, their chief object, ivory a mere secondary speculation. Consequently, they probably argue that, by outbidding foreigners in the ivory market (and as yet there is scarcely any other article worth the colonial traders' consideration), they will soon drive all strangers out of the country, and thus, at a trifling and temporary sacrifice, they will eventually have the whole trade to themselves. It both annoys and amuses me to see how the Cape people are ruining their own interest. They prohibit the sale of gunpowder to the natives, and yet the Portuguese supply them with thousands and tens of thousands of lbs. of this, to the hunter, so indispensable commodity. To the southward, again, the Boers (Transvaal) dispose of ammunition most liberally to their colored neighbors. Thus the colonists are wilfully depriving themselves of a profitable trade, and, what is worse, making many an honest man a rogue and a blackguard. Bravo, true type of world-wise John Bull!

You once kindly offered (of your own accord) to send me some papers, but I never received any. I suppose the "solitary traveler" is quite forgotten in the presence of your more interesting and important acquaintances.

Pray remember me most kindly to friends and acquaintances, more especially Mr. and Mrs. M——, under whose roof I have spent some very agreeable days, and experienced much kindness. When I find myself more fortunate in my plans, I will do myself the pleasure of writing to Mr. M——.

Where is Doctor Livingstone at present? are his future plans known? I long to see his work, which has now been published a long time. I have written for it over and over again, and friends tell me that they have forwarded me copies of the publication, and yet no copy is forthcoming. But perhaps the work may be waiting for me at Walwich Bay.

And now, my dear Mr. Du Prat, I must bid you farewell. In all probability, a considerable period may elapse before I again shall have an opportunity of addressing you. In the meantime, pray accept my warmest wishes for your health and prosperity, &c,

I remain, ever yours very sincerely,

CHARLES J. ANDERSSON.

Any remarks of ours upon a letter like this would be superfluous. It speaks for itself in language the most striking and expressive. Just imagine this "solitary traveler," as he calls himself, far removed from the stimulating converse of friends and the aids of civilization; already the subject of misfortunes and sufferings sufficient to baffle the bravest and most enduring; and, notwithstanding all, as courageous and resolute as ever. "He is but half a man who gives up all for lost because a spoke has chanced to start in his fortune's wheel. I am beaten, no doubt, but only in part, for I have still a chance left of reaching the Cunenè, and the practicability of that chance I am already about testing." Here we have the true spirit of a traveler and explorer, and an exemplification of bravery more genuine, perhaps, than his who seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. He is now again on his route northward; and we are sure that there is no one who hears his story that will not wish him the most complete success, and bid him God speed in his daring enterprise.

There is one subject alluded to both by Mr. Andersson and Mr. Green, to which we shall refer only briefly. It is the system of inland slave-trade, with which Livingstone's book has already made the world familiar. The Portuguese, or rather the half-castes who inhabit the interior frontiers of the Portuguese possessions, are driving their slaving trade with the native potentates to a melancholy extent. It is pleasing, however, to learn that the Portuguese Government in Lisbon lend it no countenance, directly or indirectly; and

the Chevalier Duprat has informed us that he has, by the last mail, received despatches from Europe, instructing the Portuguese authorities in Africa, on the east coast and the west, to give all assistance in their power to Mr. Andersson in all his explorations. This is quite in keeping with the liberal measures of the young Portuguese King, generally. The aid he has rendered to the Livingstone expedition is already well known.

We shall now present our readers with the letter of Mr. Frederick Green. It is of considerably older date than Mr. Andersson's, but it contains much information of an interesting and valuable character:—

Walwich Bay, 18th April, 1858.

Chevalier Duprat, &c., &c.

My Dear Sir,—I trust that my neglecting to answer the receipt of the passport which you were so kind as to send me, and which I received subsequent to my return from Ovampoland, has not led you to suppose that I am ungrateful; far from it. I feel sincerely thankful for your kindness in furnishing me with so valuable a document, as also for the many kind wishes you evinced for my prosperity in my late journey to the north.

I much regret that, owing to the unfortunate results of the expedition, I am unable to furnish you with any interesting information regarding the territories in possession of the Portuguese in that quarter; but, from what I could glean from the natives during my short detention at Ondonga, it seems very certain that the Portuguese [borderers] have an extensive trading depôt about 100 miles to the north of that place, situate on the banks of a large river, doubtless the Cuneuè. Here they deal very largely with the surrounding tribes, the latter finding a ready market for ivory, for which they receive beads of various kinds in exchange, as also cloths and other articles of merchandize; and, if we are to credit the evidence of the natives, slavery is carried on to an unlimited extent. The Ovampo with whom we conversed whilst at Ondonga stated, upon being asked if they had any guns, that their chief (Nangoro) was the only one who did not dispose of his subjects, pleading this as a reason why they were not in possession of fire-arms; but, says our informant, "The tribes to the north, who sell their people, have numbers of guns, which they obtain in exchange from the Ovabundja" (so called by the Ovampo, and reported to be a white nation wearing clothes similar to ourselves). This leads me to the belief that the Ovabundja and Portuguese are identical, or that the tribe are of Portuguese origin. It is at least evident that they have formed here one of their principal stations, from whence they send caravans to the far interior. I may here remark, that, in the year 1855, when traveling to the north-

west of Lake Ngami, I met with natives who informed me that a caravan had just taken its departure from the same town which I visited on my return to the west coast. The party comprising this caravan were called Mambari, and had purchased both slaves and ivory, and were doubtless from the same quarter—viz., the Ovabundja, as a Damara servant of the late Mr. Wahlberg had conversed with one of the party in the Ovampo language. As I was within so short a distance of the Cunenè, or at least a branch of that river, I very much regret that I was prevented from extending my expedition thus far before leaving Ovampoland. I had a very ardent desire to visit the Cuneuè, as much for the purpose of hunting as an endeavor to solve the mystery which at present prevails regarding this river, whether the *Nomse* and it are identical, or form two distinct rivers. However, my friend Mr. Andersson has taken his departure from these regions to prosecute further explorations to the north, and I have every reason to believe he will make some important discoveries.

Regarding any *mineral* advantages to be gained in any parts of the country through which I passed, I am sorry to say that, if such did exist to any extent, I question much, at the present crisis of affairs, especially in respect to copper, whether parties could be found in the Cape sufficiently enterprising to risk an adventure; but that copper, and valuable ore too, is to be found between Damara and Ovampoland there is little doubt, but I fear the locality of mines is situate too far inland to benefit any speculators so disposed in that line.

The Ovampo tribe form large caravans, which proceed to the southward for the express purpose of procuring copper ore. On our journey, we met with several, and those on their return were laden with ore, which appeared very rich. It is truly surprising the weight that these Ovampo carriers will sustain on their shoulders, traveling at the rate of twenty or thirty miles per diem, some of the baskets containing ore weighing nearly 100 lbs., and the distance traversed I believe to be nearly 200 miles.

The Portuguese are certainly in possession of a fine hunting ground; elephants abounding in the neighborhood of the Cunenè river. They, the Ovabundja, are said to be the only tribe which hunt the elephant, destroying many with the aid of firearms, and collecting a deal of ivory in that way. That they use guns for the destruction of elephants is a further proof that the tribe is of Portuguese origin, as the Ovampo themselves have not the slightest knowledge of the use of firearms, nor do they attempt to hunt the elephant; moreover, we were informed by one of the Ovampo (a man who professed to be a great linguist and traveler) that the language spoken by the Ovabundja was the only one which he could neither converse in nor understand.

As a field for sportsmen, or parties fond of *elephant-shooting* in particular, I doubt whether a better now exists in more explored portions of

Africa. I mention this circumstance because the question respecting a good hunting-ground has been so often put to me by men of the sporting world. I should therefore recommend any parties bent on a hunting excursion to make a trip up the west coast, in preference to following the old route generally selected by huntsmen. Any party wishing to start from the Cape might charter a vessel from thence, with a view of landing at some port on this coast as near to the Cunenè river as may be practicable. Of course, wagons would be dispensed with, a substitute for which donkeys and mules might be taken; horses would also be required. I doubt whether such an expedition would be attended with any greater expense than by the common mode of traveling with Cape wagons, and I must admit, if combined with exploration, it would be by far the most practicable and advisable course to adopt to insure both success to the hunter and explorer, as well as avoiding the jealousies and suspicion attached to any travelers passing to the north from Damaraland.

On my late journey to the Ovampo, I followed a more northerly route than that previously traveled by Messrs. Galton and Andersson, which led to the discovery of the existence of a small fresh-water lake, called by the natives Onondova. It is situate in about 19° latitude. It is not of much note, being of small dimensions, the circumference of water, at a rough calculation, not exceeding thirty miles. There is a river falling in at the eastern extremity, called the Onmramba U'Ovambo. It appears only a periodical stream, as we found on our journey out that it contained water in pools, whereas it was a running stream about six weeks previous. The course of this river we followed about seventy miles, running in a westerly direction, until it joined Lake Onondova. It is reported to continue its course towards the great river, or Cunenè. At the point where we first struck this river it was coming from the north-eastward, so that it may not unlikely be a branch of the Cunenè; but whether it joins that river again, or finds its way to the coast, remains doubtful. About ten miles from Ondonga, we crossed a similar river, which I imagined to be the same, which finds its way out of the lake at its western extremity; it was here running to the north-westward. There is not much to be seen about this lake; fish are said to abound in its waters. Water-fowl, such as pelicans, flamingoes, wild ducks, &c., are also found here,—those of the former being very numerous. The lake itself appears shallow on the southern side, but it is stated that the water is of considerable depth on its northern shores. The country, also, on this side is slightly elevated and covered with bush, whereas the general appearance of the country in the immediate neighborhood of the lake, especially at the southern and western extremity, is a dreary and open waste. Game, such as gnus, zebras, and springbucks, are to be met with, and occasionally the mighty elephant resorts to its waters to enjoy a bath, or quench its thirst; but it is only on rare occasions

that he will venture so far from his haunts in the forest to such exposed parts so unsuited to his habits. It is affirmed that *hippopotami* formerly existed in the lake; but whether this be the case it is difficult to answer, as at present there remain no traces to corroborate the fact.

I am now preparing for a journey to the Lake Ngami, and only await the arrival of the vessel now expected in this bay from the Cape to allow of my taking my departure from Damaraland. It is my intention to proceed to the north-eastward, where I shall doubtless meet with some of the Portuguese caravans, so that the passport you kindly sent may yet afford me valuable service. I should like much to accompany one of the caravans to either the east or west coast, but I should prefer the latter route. It would certainly be objectionable to any of the Portuguese traders having in their company any foreigner, especially if they should be dealers in slaves; and though I could as well undertake such a journey independent of their company, still I could procure no servants in this or the lake country who would accompany me, much less any natives I could place any faith in. If I cannot carry out this design, I purposeproc eedingto the country of the Matabele (Moselekatse's). The country between them and the east coast is as yet unexplored; but I doubt whether any travelers would be permitted to pass the Matabele, they being of an extremely jealous and suspicious character

I must now beg of you to excuse the brevity of my letter, regretting much that my late journey has not afforded me more material which might be of interest to you; but any information that I may hereafter glean during my wanderings I shall not fail in communicating to you.

Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK J. GREEN.

KAFIR GOVERNMENT.*

NATIONS, like individuals, have their circumscribed terms of existence. They spring forth, often, from some obscure or unknown origin; they act their part for a few brief centuries, and then pass away, as much forgotten as the individuals of whom their strength consisted. What know we now even of the ancient Egyptians, notwithstanding all the researches of Champollion and Wilkinson? Are not the Etruscans myths to us, scarcely less mysterious than the Asiatic dominions of Prester John? And though the Caciques and Incas of

* A Compendium of Kafir Laws and Customs, including Genealogical Tables of Kafir Chiefs, and various Tribal Census Returns. Compiled by direction of Colonel Maclean, C.B., Chief Commissioner of British Kaffraria. Printed for the Government of British Kaffraria. Mount Coke: Wesleyan Mission Press, 1858.

mediæval America have disappeared only some 300 years ago, we have but the most imperfect records of their history and character, as handed down to us with the memories of Cortez and Pizarro. The Kafir tribes of South Africa are likewise fast disappearing, and are evidently doomed to extermination, or absorption into the general system of European colonization. Their leading chieftains, Macomo, Pato, and Seyolo are now in ignoble exile on Robben Island; Sandilli has become a "peeler" under the Kaffrarian Government, and displays all the zeal and energy of any Dogberry or Verges; and the once powerful paramount chief Kreli is now a helpless fugitive beyond the Bashee. A glance at Mr. Hall's map of South Africa is sufficient to indicate the destinies of Kafirland. Already it is closed up within the narrowest bounds. With the sea to the east, Natal to the north, the Free State to the west, British Kaffraria to the south, and the Umzimvooboo in the centre, now shortly to be colonized, under the auspices of some Byrne the Second, it is manifest that Kaffraria Proper must soon be "chawed up," "annexed," "appropriated," or whatever else the right Americanism for the thing may be. It is satisfactory to observe, however, that though these swarthy Kafir races must evidently disappear as distinct and integral bodies, the preserved records of their character, customs, languages, and laws will be exceedingly interesting and complete. Their language will be handed down in the elaborate lexicons of Dohne and the grammar of Appleyard, as well as in the rich collection of native publications preserved and catalogued in the library of Sir George Grey. Their system of government, their general laws and social customs, are admirably recorded in the work referred to at the head of this article. It has been compiled for the Government of British Kaffraria, under the direction of Col. Maclean, C.B., and consists of carefully-prepared reports and memoranda, by the Rev. Mr. Dugmore, Mr. Warner, Mr. Brownlee, and Mr. Ayliff. The most elaborate of these is from the pen of Mr. Dugmore; and it does him great credit in all respects. He is evidently a man of keen observation and philosophical reflection; and he expresses his thoughts in a style peculiarly lucid and pleasant. At the outset of his paper he presents a series of graphic sketches of the geography of the country; he classifies the various tribes, and traces the genealogies of their chiefs as far as Kafir pedigrees can be followed up; he descants on their system of government and its practical operation; expounds their laws and legal processes; and finishes with an amusing sketch of their marriage customs.

In our present number we must limit ourselves to one of these subjects; and we select, as the most important, Mr Dugmore's exposition of Kafir government. His account may be relied on as in no way exaggerated; for, from the tone of his remarks throughout, his prepossessions are evidently rather against the Kafir system than in favor of it.

Our first extract will illustrate the real character of Kafir government, and the natural limits which prevent its degenerating into an absolute despotism:

It is common to talk of the *despotism* of Kafir chiefs. If by the use of this term it is intended to be implied that the will of the chief is the sole law of the nation, it is incorrect. The government amongst the tribes on this side of the Bashee is not a despotism. Such a term may be applicable to the rule of Mosheshe, the Basutu chief, who boasted that when he spoke the mountains moved; or to the tyranny of Tshaka, the head of the Amazulu, who would order a number of his people unarmed to catch a hippopotamus alive, *and be obeyed*, too, so far at least as the attempt was concerned, although it involved the certain and wanton sacrifice of many lives. The government of the Amaxosa and Abatembu tribes is a sort of mixture of patriarchism and feudalism. Age gives great weight and influence to the will of a chief, and most chiefs of rank can generally find means to accomplish their wishes; but if these wishes involve the death or the spoliation of any of their subjects, they are usually obliged to resort to some form of law to give color to their procedure. In the case of a Kafir chief, the principal checks to the despotic inclinations which the possession of power alway induces, are, first, the division of the tribes, and, secondly, the existence of a very influential council.

The operation of succession to the chieftainship has led to the formation of various tribes nearly equal in power to each other. It is very common for persons who have exposed themselves to the ire of their own chiefs, to take refuge amongst some tribe adjoining; and on doing so, they become so far safe as to be within the protection of a custom which forbids their arbitrary seizure by their own chief, and places them on the same footing (until investigation take place) as the subjects of the chief amongst whose people they have taken refuge. Any attempt to interfere with them by violence, when once they are within the territory of another tribe, would be resented by an instant rising of the clans nearest them in their defence, and that without any inquiry as to the merits of the case. The desire of each chief to increase the number of his retainers, often induces him to throw obstacles in the way of any investigation that would be likely to lead to the surrender of any man who had placed himself under his authority and protection from another tribe. It is therefore very common for all further prosecution of a chief's quarrel with his delinquent subject to be abandoned, on the culprit once gaining the "city of refuge" which another tribe affords him. The practical limitation of the power of the chiefs, arising from the above circumstances, is easily perceived.

The existence of a council, in which all matters of importance are discussed at length, is another check upon the power of the chiefs. This council, the members of which are called *Amapakati* (literally, "middle ones"), is composed of commoners, who, by their courage in war, or their skill in debate on public questions, or in unraveling intricate law suits, have acquired great popular influence, and are thus

qualified either to sustain or control the power of the chiefs. They generally reside in different parts of the country, and have a sort of civil jurisdiction over their respective neighborhoods. A few of them are mostly to be found at the chief's residence, but on the occurrence of any matter of public importance, the arrival of a message of consequence from the chief of another tribe, or the proposition of any particular measure on the part of their own chief, they are all summoned to the *umzi wakwomkulu*, and no decision is come to till the matter has been thoroughly discussed in all its bearings. As every one of these Amapakati has his own partizans and favorites in the tribe, so the shield of the *patron* is often interposed between his *client* and his chief.

We have next some amusing sketches, reminding one of the matrimonial alliances which, in former times, plunged England herself into the sanguinary wars of the Roses; and which have been so jealously guarded against ever since:

The operation of the influence of the Amapakati in modifying the power of the chiefs is remarkable, as it has its periodical revolutions, its waxings and wanings. Some idea of the nature of these alterations may be acquired by tracing the operation of a custom, which exists amongst the principal chiefs, of making one of the youngest of their wives the "great wife." The ground of this custom will be best understood from a view of the usual career of a chief in relation to his matrimonial alliances.

The first wife of a Kafir chief, "the wife of his youth," is not unfrequently taken from amongst the families of his own councilors. He is as yet "unknown to fame;" his wealth is not so considerable as it *is* to be. After a while his alliance becomes more worthy the attention of those of other tribes, whose daughters demand a higher dowry than was required by the humbler parents of his first wife. Another and another are sent to him; for it must be borne in mind that a Kafir chief does not choose his own wives. He is surprised from time to time by the arrival of a bridal party, bringing with them as his offered bride some chief's daughter whom he has never seen before. The danger of refusing her is according to the rank and power of the family to which she belongs, for to decline such an alliance is to offer a public insult to the whole tribe. The usual order of things, then, is, that as a chief grows older and richer, wives of higher rank are sent to him, and the reasons which operate against their refusal, operate also against their having an inferior rank allotted to them in the successional distribution. The mother of him who is to be the "great son" may thus be the last wife the chief has taken, which is in fact sometimes the case.

And in connection with this we have, at times, the same condition of political arrangements which involved the Jewish youth Rehoboam in disastrous difficulties, and led Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, to sin; but which leads the Kafir sons of Ham, wiser in their generation, to a more temperate and a safer course of action:

The result of this process is, that a chief, dying in his old age, leaves a minor, often a mere child, to succeed him. What then is the position of the young chief? He finds himself surrounded by a number of grey-headed veteran associates of his father, who are strong in the

possession of long-continued popular influence, and insolent from their consciousness of possessing it. If he will yield himself to their sway, his course is smoothened for him; if he manifests much self-will, they do not scruple to remind him that they were the councilors and companions of his father before he was born; that his mother owed her appointment, and consequently her son his rank, to their advice and influence; and they will sometimes hint that they can *un*make as well as make chiefs; and threaten him with the elevation of a brother as a rival.

The rule of a young chief is thus in reality the rule of the old councilors of the tribe. The relative position of the two parties, however, gradually changes. While the young chief is advancing towards the vigor and resolution of manhood, the course of nature is carrying the most venerable of his haughty mentors to the grave, and thus removing some of the most formidable obstacles to his own exercise of power. On the other hand, his own party, formed of the young and active spirits of the tribe, is growing in strength. By degrees he ventures on bolder measures. One after another of the old Amapakati falls a victim to an accusation of witchcraft, the Kafir state engine for the removal of the obnoxious; and by the time the young chief has grown old in his turn, he has surrounded himself with another set of councilors, who, enriched by the spoils of their predecessors, and inheritors of their influence, are prepared to do for the successor of their master what their own forerunners and victims did for himself, to be in their turn the victims of a system perpetuated from generation to generation.

We have next exemplified the influence of tax-paying. The Chancellor of the Exchequer of a Kafir potentate finds it as difficult to produce a satisfactory budget, in his own small way, as Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli does for the English queen; and it becomes as necessary to propitiate the favor of a Kafir community as to secure a ministerial majority in the British House of Commons:

A view of the *constitutional* sources of a Kafir chief's revenue, and its expenditure, will throw a little more light on this subject.

As cattle constitute the sole wealth of the people, so they are their only medium of such transactions as involve exchange, payment, or reward. The retainers of a chief serve him for cattle; nor is it expected that he could maintain his influence, or indeed secure any number of followers, if unable to provide them with what at once constitutes their money, food, and clothing. He requires, then, a constant fund from which to satisfy his dependents; and the amount of the fund required may be judged of from the character of the demand made upon him. His retinue, court, or whatever it is to be called, consists of men from all parts of the tribe, the young, the clever, and the brave, who come to *busa* (do court service), for a time, that they may obtain cattle to furnish them with the means of procuring wives, arms, or other objects of desire. On obtaining these they return to their homes and give place to others. Thus the immediate retinue of the chief is continually changing, and constitutes a permanent drain upon his resources. To meet this he has—

1. The inherited cattle of his father. Not that he inherits the whole of his father's cattle. A prospective division of these is made at the time of the successional division of the chieftainship. The portion

allotted to the "great" house, the cattle of the *Umzi wakwomkulu*, constitute the inheritance of the "great" son. This previous division of his father's property thus obliges every chief to begin his "reign" with less wealth than his father possessed.

2. The *Amawakhe*, or inauguration offerings. These consist of cattle, made on the day the chief completes his novitiate after circumcision. It having been previously announced to all the chiefs of rank in the nation, a grand meeting of the principal men of the tribe takes place on the day appointed; the young chief is presented to the councilors of his father, who lecture him, in terms not the most courteous or respectful, on his future conduct; the offerings and presents of the chiefs of other tribes are received, and constitute a formal recognition of their young compeer, and an acknowledgment of his rank, which accordingly dates from that ceremony.

3. The *Ukuqola*. This is a sort of occasional tribute or "benevolence," as our old English sovereigns would term it, and consists of cattle furnished by the rich *commoners* of the chief's own tribe, to assist him in some special emergency.

4. Fines and confiscations. The universal punishment for crime is fining; cases of supposed witchcraft excepted, which usually involve the torture and cruel death of the party accused, and the seizure of all he possesses. In levying fines, however, a distinction is made between cases involving personal injury, and those which affect property merely. *Persons* are considered the property of the chief. Fines imposed for acts of violence committed on the person—cases of "blood"—are accordingly claimed by him, and the person or family, whose blood has been shed, receives no part of it. In what may be termed the *civil* cases, *i.e.*, those infringing on the rights of individual property, the party aggrieved claims the fine levied; but is nevertheless expected to fee the chief and his officials pretty liberally out of it; supposing the case to have been brought before him for legal investigation, which, however, is generally speaking, only when the "lower courts" have been unable to settle it.

The above may be termed the *regular* sources of a Kafir chief's revenue. Presents extorted by personal importunity during *visits of friendship*, and the results of predatory excursions, belong to the "unfixed contingencies."

In the following extract we have a sort of dim foreshadowing of the federalism which has now become so suddenly popular among the European colonists of South Africa:

The foregoing observations chiefly respect the administration of the tribes separately considered. There is, however, a sort of general government, centering in the chief and council of the tribe first in hereditary rank, which extends to all the other tribes. It is, indeed, of rather a loose character, and interferes with the internal affairs of individual tribes only in cases of appeal, or when, as sometimes occurs, the chief of the tribe himself refers the case to the "great chief" for decision. Its general sphere of exercise is in such matters as affect the relations of the tribes with each other. In any case of this nature which may arise, the decision is supposed to rest with the *ukumkani*, as the paramount chief is designated. It is accordingly expected that the parties concerned will send their respective representations on the merits of the case to the council of the *ukumkani*, to be tried there. The sickness or death of any secondary or subordinate chief; disputes with

regard to "the succession" in any of the secondary tribes; insults or injuries deemed to afford cause for an attack by one tribe on another; are among the cases of which the general government takes cognizance: and any subordinate tribe which should neglect to send a formal report of such matters to the "great place," and abide by the decision there pronounced, would be considered as having contemned the authority of the supreme government, and would be amenable accordingly.

Mr. Dugmore has been so fair and candid in his exposition of Kafir government, and so ingenuous in setting forth all the merits which it possesses, that he is certainly entitled to a hearing when he speaks of its defects and shortcomings:

With the exception of the principle of hereditary succession, it recognizes no fixed constitution or system of legislation. The appointment of the primary chieftainship is frequently the subject of caprice or intrigue, as might be expected where a plurality of wives obtains, and rival family interests present their clashing claims. There is at present a case in point, in the circumstances of the Imidushane, one of the principal tribes on the frontier; where, a fit of personal disgust having led Dushane to the informal supersession of his "great wife" by another, two rival candidates for *ubukulu* (greatness) have arisen in the two sons whose mothers have thus at different times been claimants of the rank so much coveted. Nor was the disputed succession settled when the present war broke out.

And then, with regard to the principles of administration—some regard is paid to the decision of such chiefs of former days as were of note for sagacity and wisdom; and appeals are often made to them in the council debates, as furnishing general grounds upon which to decide existing cases. These are, however, forgotten in the course of a generation or two; and thus cease to influence after the lapse of a few years. Besides which, a chief of the present generation may equal or surpass his forefathers in wisdom, and thus his decisions, although differing in many respects from theirs, may come to be the oracles of his children in preference to those of an earlier date. The government is thus liable in this respect to incessant fluctuation, being destitute of the solid basis for regular action, which fixed principles alone can afford.

It confounds the legislative, judicial, and executive departments. The laws originate in the decisions of the chief and his council; but the same council forms the great law-court of the tribe, in which the chief sits as judge, and afterwards enforces the execution of his own sentences, or perhaps inflicts the awarded punishment with his own hand. It is needless to enlarge on the practical effect of this. It is universally admitted to be dangerous to the claims of justice, when the same party that is to administer the law is entrusted to make it.

It affords no guarantee for the uniform administration of justice. There is no "*letter* of the law" to appeal to, and thus there is much scope for the exercise of favoritism; of which, doubtless, from the powerful influence of the principal councilors, very much exists. The facility of escape to another tribe, already noticed, is farther obstructive of the impartial administration of justice, even in cases where the law is clear, and thus greatly checks the repression of crime by the impunity which it offers to delinquents in affording them a place of refuge.

On the other hand, lawless and predatory habits are greatly fostered by the peculiar position and privileges of the *untitled* members of the

chiefs' families. In the numberless ramifications of these which exist, there is provided an exhaustless supply of leaders for any enterprise which promises booty, and there are always numbers of young men of a restless, roving disposition, ready for any career of adventure that holds out the prospect of obtaining cattle. Disputes and quarrels furnish frequent excuses for petty expeditions of this kind, in which cattle are swept off as a speedy mode of settling what the regular process of law might take some time to decide. These give occasion for others of a similar character by way of reprisal; and as opportunities for displaying courage and address are afforded by such forays, and as there is little to lose in them for those who have nothing, and at least the *prospect* of gain to stimulate them, in addition to the pride of distinction, such enterprises are very popular, although they often lead to feuds of a serious character, and of course oppose a formidable obstacle to social advancement.

In reply to all this, it would be interesting to hear the pleadings of a Kafir chief like Macomo, or some privy councilor of the court of Pato. There are many points on which he might wield a *tu quoque* argument against an English antagonist with telling effect. For example, the charge of confounding the legislative, judicial, and executive departments. The English House of Lords is one of the three legislative estates of the realm; and yet it is the highest judicial court in the empire. The English Crown, too, is constitutionally a legislative authority; it is also the source and centre of all executive power. And, if we refer to the colonies as they were ruled some thirty years ago, the confusion of legislative, judicial, and executive authority becomes only still worse confounded. The judges were then the mere servile creatures of the Government; and all the legislative authority was centered directly in the Governor. Things are happily altered for the better now. We boast, in South Africa, as free a constitution as any country was ever blessed with. But even still there is some confusion of the departments. The *ex officio* President of the Legislative Council is the first judicial authority of the Supreme Court. We are trespassing now, however, on forbidden ground. We have long since resolved that in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* all local politics should be tabooed; and we have to apologise for having infringed on our rule as far as we have done.

One more extract on Kafir Government, and the mode of enforcing its decrees, we select from the notes of Mr. Warner, the well-known political agent in Tambookieland:

When an individual obstinately refuses to obey the orders of his chief, the kraal to which he belongs is held responsible for his conduct; and the headman thereof is expected to punish him; the fine going, of course, to the chief. When a kraal, or clan, is rebellious, the custom of "eating up" is resorted to; which consists in collecting secretly an

armed party, sufficiently strong, and proceeding in as stealthy a manner as possible to such kraal or clan, and seizing all their cattle, &c. If they resist, they are fired upon or assegaied without ceremony; and should any other kraals attempt to assist the rebels, they also would be "eaten up."

"Eating up" is the only physical force which a chief has at his command to keep his people in order; and although often abused for political purposes, it is absolutely necessary, as being the only means he has of commanding obedience to the laws.

To maintain his popularity, and cause his people willingly to assist him on such occasions, the booty is always divided among the party engaged on such service, the chief reserving only a very small portion for himself. Hence the system of "eating up" is very popular among the Kafirs; and they are always ready to turn out and assist their chief in plundering their fellow-subjects, without ever thinking of inquiring into the merits of the case.

In our next number we shall present our readers with further extracts from the most interesting volume before us, and for the possession of which we are indebted to the courtesy of His Excellency the High Commissioner.

AFRICA—IMAGINARY AND REAL.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this."—*Hamlet.*

The difficulty of getting rid of early associations of thought is proverbial. Now, one of our own earliest associations of idea on Africa is connected with a picture of a palm tree with a negro under it, a sandy desert all round, a dreadfully vertical sun overhead, and a lion of evil aspect in the distance—the whole rendered still more attractive by an impossible kind of snake of innumerable folds creeping from under the palm tree, with open mouth and forked tongue, in painful propinquity to the unfortunate negro before mentioned, who, however, appeared to be unconscious of the serpent's companionship, or thoroughly indifferent to it. Altogether, the picture was not such to inspire any lively desire to take up one's residence in Africa: it left a disagreeable impression of the probability of our being roasted alive by the sun, eaten by the Negro or the lion, poisoned by the bite of the snake, or starved in the arid desert. Yet Fate decided that, in spite of our repugnance (not unnatural, perhaps, with such a picture for ever before our mind's eye), we should actually become a denizen of this dreadful quarter of the globe.

The result has not at all been equal to our anticipations. It is true that we have narrowly escaped being roasted by the sun more than once, we have been almost starved in Cape Town for want of any meat, into which it was possible to thrust our grinders, and we have seen a few deserts, or arid bits of ground, and a few snakes; but no lion has ever yet laid wait for us, and cannibals have not reached so far south as Cape Colony. Having a constitutional aversion to extreme cold, we meanwhile consoled ourselves with the idea that we were safe from anything more than a sharp breeze, and a cool shower. But here again we have been utterly mistaken, and our infantile notions of Africa cruelly subverted. We have found cold in it that must have come express from Siberia, though how it crossed the line and Sahara we cannot imagine.

A few months ago—a very few months—we were making snowballs in the wilderness, until our horses turned their unhappy tails to the pitiless storm, and our servant pathetically inquired whether it was not hopeless to expect ever to behold home again. And this in Africa! we thought—this the land of burning suns, arid deserts, careless cannibals, devouring lions, and venomous serpents! We positively felt that the picture of our early youth was a cruel imposition, and that we were most unfairly dealt with in having none of the luxuries it represented. A field preacher on a bitterly cold day described to his shivering hearers a certain place (generally supposed to be of the very highest temperature) as being ten thousand times more intensely cold than the spot on which they stood. The effect was exactly such as he wished—that he inspired his audience with the utmost horror of the regions he depicted, and showed his knowledge of human nature. A picture of the Arctic regions' scenery, with icebergs and white bears, would have horrified us on the day we are referring to, but we thought of the palm tree, blazing sun, and arid desert with envious delight, and felt that we could put up with the inconvenience of the lion, serpent, and cannibal, if we could only be comfortably warm.

Another of our early ideas, difficult to be eradicated, was that a guinea was worth almost two guineas in every country out of England. It is quite true that we tried the experiment once or twice on the continent of Europe, and somehow or other the result always contradicted our belief in the most unmistakeable manner. But faith is strong, and won't give way to such weak arguments as facts. The Hindoo has seen Vishnu insulted, and his images trampled on, without his godship interfering, or showing the slightest

resentment; and yet he believes as firmly as ever in the omnipotence of his ugly idol. And so, to this very day, we contemplate the fancied economy of a residence in France with the most perfect confidence in its reality, though our guineas slipped away from us when we were there as fast as in our native land. But a colony! A colony is always so cheap. Land is about a fiftieth part of the price of land at home; therefore, we reason, what is grown upon the land will be extraordinarily cheaper. And then new countries and new soil are so fertile. Throw in the grain, and up springs the harvest as fast as What's-his-name's soldiers jumped out of the earth from the dragon's teeth he had planted; or as Douglas Jerrold said of Australia, "Tickle it with a harrow, and it laughs with a harvest." There cannot be a doubt on the subject. A colony *must* be cheap. And there are no taxes! Import dues merely nominal! Rates (church or otherwise) unknown. Decidedly, we shall live on something infinitesimally small in a colony.

Again, we were cruelly disappointed. Land was cheap, but nothing was grown on it. Population was scanty, but food was scantier. Taxes were low, but rents were high; and a fair-sized dog-kennel as dear as a decent villa in the old country. As for the products of the earth, it was difficult to get them at all; they were not worth having when got, and they cost more in a week than in a month in expensive Great Britain. There was flesh of some kind in the land—it reminded us strongly of the peculiar specimens commonly sold in London by the peripatetic purveyor called "the cats'-meat man," and believed to be the remains of defunct cab-horses. In this country, however (so strong, again, is faith), it is swallowed by human beings under the delusion that it is beef and mutton; and, such is the force of early education, that we are convinced we have met people who really fancy that it is genuine and wholesome meat. They confess it is a little stringy, rather tough, and very lean: but what can you expect of oxen who labor hard for their own livelihood, or of sheep who carry all their fat in their tails? Considering, further, that servants get treble wages and do no work; that shopkeepers think fifty per cent. only a moderate profit, and that no one goes without anything he fancies as long as he can beg, borrow, or—never mind—*get* it, the country is about the dearest it has ever been our unfortunate lot to live in.

But, at least, we shall be free from the stupid jealousies and squabbles, social and political, of England, in our colonial home. All are equal there: no aristocracy or plebeians; no

high-born, no parvenus; no place-hunters, no patrons; no demagogues, and no mob.

Alas, alas! another disappointment, more tremendous and more complete than all the others. No aristocracy, certainly, but the most absurd and impertinent of all pretensions, that of empty heads and full purses. No really high-born, but some whose fathers and grandfathers have been Government clerks, and who question the rights of an honest merchant to mingle his blood with theirs. No place-hunters! no patrons! The saints protect us! No demagogues and no mob! The papers are filled with requisitions *to* aspiring candidates, and addresses *from* would-be members. One gentleman deserves eternal gratitude because he votes for something which puts something into his own pocket; and another gentleman is not to be trusted for precisely the same reason. One talks about the Church and the other about the Califa; one about railways and the other about Voluntaryism—which does *not* mean that he wishes every one to do exactly as he pleases as regards his vote, but only on the less important matter of his religion. One vows that railways are the grand panacea for all African ills, and another screams in opposition, like a policeman at the pit-door of a theatre, "Take care of your pockets, gentlemen, take care of your pockets." And thus the whole country is in a state of commotion: we are dunned for our votes, and dunned for our names to requisitions more often than we used to be for our autographs to the back of our Irish friends' bills. We have cards thrust under our noses, hurled into our public vehicles, stuck on our gate-posts, entreating us to vote for "Stumps," or poll for "Blazer." Alas, alas! we really feel so intensely disgusted that we almost long for the desert and the palm tree, the lion and the cannibal, and the impossible snake. At all events, *that* would be Africa; but this is a hideous mongrel, a counterfeit Europe, an electro-plate England, a Kafir in court dress, a Hottentot Venus dressed *à la* Pompadour.

THE WEATHER AND ITS EFFECTS.

As all, from the luxurious subject of rheumatic gout to the athletic ploughman and woodcutter, are interested in that which is denominated "The Weather," in its effects upon the soil, the atmosphere, and the constitution, allow me to submit to the notice of your readers the following observations of the work of Nature in her meteorological laboratory during the month of August, as well as in the months preceding.

From January till July, the weather was exeeedingly fine for the seasons. In January, February, and March, at Wynberg, 3·31 inches of rain fell against 0·75 of the former year; during the ensuing quarter of 1858, 12·89 inches fell against 20·64 in 1857, and up till this date—26th August—(making in all eight months) 36·370 inches have fallen against 33·22 last year. The following may be stated as the fall for the present year in Cape Town, Wynberg, and at the Observatory: Cape Town, about 24, Wynberg, 36, Observatory, 19 inches. The reason for this is apparent when the positions of these points are considered, with reference to the mountain and forest influences of the adjoining country, in conjunction with the direction of the wind. It is known that the difference of temperature between the summit and base of Table Mountain is about 13°, or upwards. Then, supposing that, on the 8th and 9th August, the maximum temperature at the base to be 61°, with a difference of 3° between the wet and dry-bulb thermometers, a cloud will be formed 1,400 feet above the base, and at 3,700 feet the air will be thoroughly saturated; for, although the atmosphere at the base is capable of sustaining $\frac{1}{6\cdot6}$ of its weight of moisture, yet it must part with $\frac{1}{3}$ of that moisture with which it is charged on its arrival from the ocean, when reaching the higher elevation, which it does in about three minutes during a north-wester. In the course of its progress, a portion of the condensed moisture is precipitated over Cape Town, more over the upper portion of the Gardens, but the most on the summit and over the country immediately beyond, whither it is hurried by the wind, which, while blowing with a force of 1·968 lb. on the square foot over Cape Town, at the same time has a force of 5·067 lbs. at Wynberg. The same is the case in an inverse direction, when the south-east blows,—its pressure being 1 lb. at Wynberg, against 6, 7, 8, and even 9 lbs. in Cape Town.

Therefore, when the atmosphere first precipitates its moisture at the high elevation of 3,700 feet, with a north-west wind, it has left but a small portion of moisture behind; but, when it reaches the country to leeward, it pours forth its superabundant moisture, which causes the great disproportion between the Cape Town and Wynberg falls. The influence of this elevation extends from west by north to north by west at Wynberg; whilst in Cape Town, a similar influence is felt only when the south-west wind blows, when the moistened air is thrown to the summit of the Lion's Head, which does not subtend an horizontal angle above $\frac{1}{10}$ of that subtended by the Table range from Wynberg.

The Observatory, being still further removed from these influences, receives less rain, and the plains beyond receive the residue, increased by the moisture attracted from the surrounding atmosphere.

The heaviest fall was on the 9th and 10th August, when, during 24 hours, I had 4·498 inches. This was the heaviest fall that we have had during the last three years. It was preceded by fair weather on the 1st; light rains, accompanied with fresh breezes from the north-west, from the 2nd till the 5th; during which the mountains to the east were covered with snow. Snow fell, also, at Worcester on the 2nd and 3rd. On the 3rd, the mountains near that place were covered to their base. On the 5th and 6th, the sky was overcast with cirro-stratus clouds, whilst the barometer fell $\frac{5}{10}$ in 48 hours, with no wind, and an ordinarily dry atmosphere. On the morning of the 7th, the wind was blowing gently east by north, with clear atmosphere over False Bay. On the 7th, the barometer fell $\frac{1}{10}$, the sky became overcast, the wind veered to north by west, north-west, and west by north; and on the night of the 9th blew furiously, preceded by a thunderstorm, driving the rain before it, deluging the whole country, penetrating all walls facing it, destroying many, and injuring embankments, roads, bridges, and causing the Salt River to overflow the causeway and bridge. The low land between the lower road and beach was covered for two miles with water. About 650 millions of gallons of water were thrown, in about 20 hours, into the Liesbeek and its tributaries. The weather cleared on the 10th, and has been seasonable since. On the 18th, it rained heavily at Worcester, rendering the rivers impassable, damaging the Hex River and Darling Bridges. Mr. Hugo writes me that the rivers were never so full before. The weather has cleared up, and spring is opening the new meteorological year. On the 14th, at 5 P.M., there were 15° difference between the wet and dry bulb thermometers; and on the same day, the thermometer ranged from 47° to 72° in 11 hours. On the 2nd, I had 5 feet of water in my well, 45 feet deep. There are now 25 feet. The crops appear stunted, but strong, and with a little fine weather, will progress favorably. The wild flowers are appearing.

I subjoin a weather-table for Cape Town, which is framed to suit the ranges of the instruments at the Port-office, Library, and Exchange. This table has been tested for eight months, and has not failed once in its prognostications.

W. L. Blore.

Wynberg, 26th August.

BAROMETRICAL SCALE FOR THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE, CAPE TOWN.

Week from	Average Range of Therm.	Week from	Average Range of Therm.	Stormy.	Rain.	Change.	Fair.
February	o	January	o				
1 — 5	62	24 — 31	63	29·38 to 29·58	29·58 to 29·78	29·78 to 29·98	29·98 to 30·18
5 — 12	to	17 — 24	to	29·39 — 29·59	29·59 — 29·79	29·79 — 29·99	29·99 — 30·19
12 — 19		10 — 17		29·40 — 29·60	29·60 — 29·80	29·80 — 30·00	30·00 — 30·20
19 — 26	74	3 — 10	74	29·41 — 29·61	29·61 — 29·81	29·81 — 30·01	30·01 — 30·21
Feb. Mar.		Dec. Jan					
26 — 1		27 — 3		29·42 — 29·62	29·62 — 29·82	29·82 — 30·02	30·02 — 30·22
March		December					
1 — 8	59	20 — 27	62	29·43 — 29·63	29·63 — 29·83	29·83 — 30·03	30·03 — 30·23
8 — 15		13 — 20	to	29·44 — 29·64	29·64 — 29·84	29·84 — 30·04	30·04 — 30·24
15 — 22	to	6 — 13	74	29·45 — 29·65	29·65 — 29·85	29·85 — 30·05	30·05 — 30·25
		Nov. Dec.					
22 — 29	72	29 — 6		29·46 — 29·66	29·66 — 29·86	29·86 — 30·06	30·06 — 30.26
Mar. Apr.		November					
29 — 5		22 — 29	59	29·47 — 29·67	29·67 — 29·87	29·87 — 30·07	30·07 — 30·27
April							
5 — 12	57	15 — 22	to	29·48 — 29·68	29·68 — 29·88	29·88 — 30·08	30·08 — 30·28
12 — 19	to	8 — 15		29·49 — 29·69	29·69 — 29·89	29·89 — 30·09	30·09 — 30·29
19 — 26	69	1 — 8	72	29·50 — 29·70	29·70 — 29·90	29·90 — 30·10	30·10 — 30·30
Apr. May		October					
26 — 1		24 — 31	57	29·51 — 29·71	29·71 — 29·91	29·91 — 30·11	30·11 — 30·31
May							
1 — 8	52	17 — 24	to	29·52 — 29·72	29·72 — 29·92	29·92 — 30·12	30·12 — 30·32
8 — 15		10 — 17		29·53 — 29·73	29·73 — 29·93	29·93 — 30·13	30·13 — 30·33
15 — 22	to	3 — 10	69	29·54 — 29·74	29·74 — 29·94	29·94 — 30·14	30·14 — 30·34
		Sept. Oct.					
22 — 29	62	26 — 3		29·55 — 29·75	29·75 — 29·95	29·95 — 30·15	30·15 — 30·35
May June		September					
29 — 5		19 — 26	52	29·56 — 29·76	29·76 — 29·96	29·96 — 30·16	30·16 — 30·36
June			to				
5 — 12	51	12 — 19		29·57 — 29·77	29·77 — 29·97	29·97 — 30·17	30·17 — 30·37
12 — 19		5 — 12	62	29·58 — 29·78	29·78 — 29·98	29·98 — 30·18	30·18 — 30·38
	to	Aug. Sept.					
19 — 26	60	29 — 5		29·59 — 29·79	29·79 — 29·99	29·99 — 30·19	30·19 — 30·39
June July		August					
26 — 3		22 — 29	51	29·60 — 29·80	29·80 — 30·00	30·00 — 30·20	30·20 — 30·40
July							
3 — 10	50	15 — 22	to	29·61 — 29·81	29·81 — 30·01	30·01 — 30·21	30·21 — 30·41
10 — 17	to	8 — 15		29·62 — 29·82	29·82 — 30·02	30·02 — 30·22	30·22 — 30·42
17 — 24		1 — 8	60	29·63 — 29·83	29·83 — 30·03	30·03 — 30·23	30·23 — 30·43
24 — 31	59			29·64 — 29·84	29·84 — 30·04	30·04 — 30·24	30·24 — 30·44

This table is made to suit the barometers at the Exchange, Library, and Port Office, which are not standard barometers.

Ex.—If the barometer stands at 29·98 on the 31st January it indicates fair weather; but on the 31st July, it indicates rain.

Wynberg.

W. L. BLORE.

SMALL-POX.

The dangerous contagious disease of small-pox having appeared in Cape Town and some of the neighboring towns and villages, it is well that the public generally should have some accurate information supplied them regarding the predisposing causes, the symptoms, treatment, and best preventives of the malady. This we find ready to our hand in a government notice to the public, issued by the Colonial Medical Committee, when small-pox last visited the Cape, in 1840. We have the authority of Dr. Laing, the present President of the Medical Committee, for re-publishing the following, as in all respects trustworthy and correct:—

"The disease usually commences by an attack of fever, accompanied with redness of the eyes, drowsiness, pain in the back and loins, sickness at the stomach and vomiting: and in infants is not unfrequently ushered in by convulsions. About the third day, an eruption of pimples, resembling flea-bites, appears on the face and head, which gradually extends over the whole body. These increase in size, and about the sixth day of disease, or the second after the eruption has appeared, a small vesicle containing colorless lymph is observed on the top of each, which change is accompanied by a remission of fever. The vesicles continue to enlarge, and their contents to become more decidedly purulent, until the eleventh or twelfth day from the commencement of the disease, when they have reached their full size and assumed a spherical form. At this stage of the disease, the face is often swelled and the eyes are occasionally quite closed. The pustules now give out a little yellow matter, begin to shrink, and are succeeded by scabs, which in a few days fall off, leaving a discoloration of the skin, and sometimes, if the disease has been severe, indentations.

"Such is the mild and most common form of the disease. In what is called the confluent form, or when the pocks run together or coalesce, the disease is ushered in by similar symptoms, but in a more severe degree: and the fever, which in the first species is usually of an inflammatory nature, has a tendency in the latter to assume the typhoid form, or a fever accompanied with great debility.

"With regard to the *treatment*.—In the mild form it is exceedingly simple, and consists chiefly in the use of mild aperients, cool air, and spare diet. In order to unload the intestines fully, a dose of jalap or rhubarb, with a few grains of calomel, should be administered at the commencement of the disease, and the bowels afterwards kept gently open, by a small dose of Epsom or Glauber salts daily, or every second day, according to the degree of fever. For the relief of vomiting, if severe, seidlitz or soda powders may be given with advantage: and for purging, though when moderate not to be interfered with, a dose of Dover's Powder, say, for an adult ten grains, or twenty drops of

laudanum. Should the inflammation of the eyes be great, accompanied with severe headache and drowsiness, a few leeches should be applied to the temples, and a small blister behind each ear.

"Care should be taken, above all things, to avoid covering the patient warmly, or keeping him in a confined or close room, as nothing will prove more injurious. On the contrary, his apartment must be kept well ventilated, the windows being left open, and, unless the weather be cold or damp, there is no objection to his walking out a little in the open air. His dress should be light, and composed of linen or cotton, his bed-clothes few, and he should lie on a mattress in preference to a feather bed. There is no necessity, however, for his being kept in bed, unless the fever be such as to render it absolutely necessary.

"The diet should be light, and consist chiefly of sago, arrowroot, tapioca, bread, &c., and the drink—toast-water, barley-water, and lemonade.

"Externally, ablution with tepid water may be used morning and evening, as well to remove the matter given out, as to promote the patient's own comfort.

"In the confluent form of the disease, the same treatment should be adopted as in the mild. But should the fever become typhoid, and great debility be apparent, strengthening medicines, such as any of the mineral acids, bark, camphor, and even wine must be administered."

"As Preventive Means.—Vaccination, where the same has been neglected, should be had recourse to immediately; and as it is the result of experience, that after a considerable lapse of time the constitution ceases, more or less, to be under the influence of the virus, revaccination is also recommended wherever practicable."*

* The efficacy of vaccination as a preventive in the case of small-pox is attested by the following statistics given in an excellent letter from *Mr. Punch* to Mr. Thomas Duncombe, M.P., on the occasion of the latter gentleman opposing the erection of the Jenner monument in Trafalgar-square a few months ago:

"Let me inform you then, my dear Tommy, that, thanks to Jenner's discovery, the small-pox mortality in countries where the records of deaths are complete for corresponding periods before and after the introduction of vaccination, has been reduced in Sweden to one thirteenth of what it was; in Austria to one twentieth; in Westphalia to one twenty-fifth. Your old turf experience must have familiarized you with figures. I need scarcely, therefore, point out to you that this last fact may be put in a more striking way by saying that, where small-pox swept away a hundred Westphalians before Jenner promulgated cow-pox, Variola now numbers four victims only. The ninety-six lives that remain over we must carry to the credit of Dr. Jenner.

"So in London it appears from the bills of mortality that whereas the small-pox death-rate for the eighteenth century ranged from 3,000 to 5,000, during the ten years 1846—55 it was under 340.

"In all England, instead of a small-pox death-rate of about 3,000, thanks to Jenner, we count one in 1855 of 132. And, if vaccination was as perfect as it might be made, there is every reason to believe that these rates might

"To prevent, at the same time, the extension of the disease, wherever it may appear, as well as to render it as mild as possible in its course, the committee strongly recommend the sick to be removed immediately to separate apartments, and unless where the rooms are particularly large, not more than three or four patients to be accommodated in one. The rooms should likewise be sprinkled with the chloride of lime or vinegar, and the same means recommended in the ordinary treatment—free ventilation, cool air, &c.—strictly observed as precautionary measures.

"As a preparation for the disease in a mild form, temperance, both as it respects eating and drinking, should be strictly observed, great care paid to cleanliness, and some mild saline aperient taken once or twice a week."

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

(CONTINUED.)

ANOTHER great evil in this colony, is the unrestricted sale of provisions in a damaged state. Flour, rice, and various provisions, animal and vegetable, are openly sold on the Parade, in a state perfectly unfit for human food.

It is not generally known that flour and rice in some conditions of decay are not only deleterious, but absolutely poisonous. I have seen numerous cases of diarrhœa brought on by the use of bread baked from damaged flour, and there can be little doubt that the diarrhœa which so frequently infests Cape Town might be traced to the damaged bread-stuff so openly sold on the Parade. It may be said that it is not used for human food; but where does it go to? It is mixed up and eaten by us unsuspecting Africans. There are no starch manufactories or distilleries at the Cape where such things could be otherwise used; so we pay a good price for them, and eat them, to the great profit of our bakers,—honest men!

Rice in a decaying state is also poisonous, or at least gives off poisonous matter. The Chinese are aware of this, and when they wish to incommode an enemy, they throw rice into the wells, thereby rendering these waters dangerous to those who use them. Poultry fanciers know the effect of feeding the stock on mouldy rice: such of them as do not know it may make the experiment, and the result will be patent to the

be reduced to zero—in other words, that this loathsome disease might be utterly annihilated."

Similar testimony is borne by a writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, who says that the mortality among unvaccinated persons seized with small-pox is one in four, while the mortality among vaccinated persons, who have been seized with the same disease, does not amount to one in 450.—EDS. C.M.M.

meanest capacity. To prove that the above statement is not chimerical, it is well known in Europe, and has been recorded from very early times, that when unfavorable seasons occur, and grain-crops are damaged before or during the harvest, frightful epidemics have nearly invariably occurred; and many of our earlier historians have recorded both cause and effect. In 1788 this occurred in many parts of the north of Europe.

Before taking leave of the cereals, I may as well call attention to the ergot in rye, which occurs freqnently in this colony. The ergot is a long black or purple spar or spike, occupying the place of the seed in the ear of the rye in certain seasons. This ergot or spurred rye possesses tremendous poisonous properties. In Prussia, a plague raged, in several districts, which almost realized the accounts we have of the plague in the east—gangrene of extremities, and a gradual sinkiug of the powers of life. This was traced by a government commission to ergotized rye.

This ergot, as I said before, is not uncommon at the Cape, and it is just possible that some of those anomalous diseases heard of among the farmers may be produced by it, as rye is pretty extensively used as a bread-stuff. Another plant very common, and growing among corn here, is the Lolium Temulentum, Bearded Darnel, colonially known as Drabok. This is the only one of the grasses, as far as is known, which is poisonous in itself. It produces stupor, and a species of paralysis of the legs, which gradually passes to ulceration in the limbs, and death. Whole families have been poisoned from eating bread made from wheat containing a quantity of the seeds of this grass, and it appears that its action is increased by the fermentiug of the bread. There are many minutely reported cases in medical works, both English and French, too long for my limits. I think it is likely that some diseases may be produced, more particularly in the country districts, by the continued use of bread containing even a very small portion of this energetic poison.

The Municipality of Cape Town did right in taking precautions during the prevalence of the lung-sickness for preventing the sale of diseased meat, but I have never heard that they had attempted to cleanse that Augean stable, the Shambles, which are a standiug reproach to a city like this.

People surely are not aware that meat recently killed has an unerring tendency to absorb and condense into itself whatever gaseous substances it may come in contact with, and meat exposed to the vile atmosphere of the Shambles and the abominable exhalations of the beach, cannot improve much in its value as an aliment. Fresh milk has also a great absorbing power. If any member of the Municipal body doubts this, let him have the beef-steak intended for his breakfast to-morrow morning and the milk for his coffee put for an hour before using into a freshly-painted cupboard, and he will be entirely convinced of its truth

Smoked provisions, and cheese, under certain conditions, not as yet well known, partial decay however being a necessary one, generate a morbid poison, which has deadly power on the human system.

This deleterious matter was first distinctly traced in smoked Bologna sausages, but has since been found in decaying cheese, hams, &c.

I shall say very little of fish, as most people know the effects frequently produced by dried fish on some individuals. J. G.

LITERARY REVIEW

Our literary notices this month, as usual, must, from want of space, be restricted within very narrow limits. Of the new books received by the *Dane*, one of the most interesting which we have yet perused is a volume of *Essays by the late George Brimley, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge*. The work is inscribed to the author's friend, the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice. The first of the essays, and the most elaborate one, on Tennyson's Poems, appeared before, in the Cambridge Essays for 1855; and the rest are gathered from *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Spectator* newspaper, for which last periodical Mr. Brimley was the literary reviewer for a long term of years. We regret that we can only present a few very brief extracts—mere bricks from Babylon—as specimens of the author's exquisitely genial, as well as devout and earnest, utterances. As one of these we give the following from the Essay on Tennyson. Mr. Brimley has been descanting on the exquisitely touching and profoundly meditative poem of *In Memoriam*—one of the "*suspiria de profundis* of great minds, which give articulate expression to and interpret the sorrows of lesser minds, which else would darken life with 'clouds of nameless trouble,' and perhaps never find a 'peaceful solution.'" He thus concludes:—

"And Mr. Tennyson, finding himself in a world where sorrow alternates with joy, and in a nation whose humor, even, has been supposed to have a serious and Saturnine cast,—having heard, too, we may presume, of a text in a certain book which says, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,'—and having himself lost a friend who was as the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart, has not thought it an unworthy employment of his poetic gifts to bestow them in erecting a monument to his friend, upon which he has carved bas-reliefs of exceeding grace and beauty, and has worked delicate flowers into the cornices, and adorned the capitals of the columns with emblematic devices; and upon the summit he has set the statue of his friend, and about the base run the sweetest words of love with the mournfulest accents of grief—the darkest doubts with the sublimest hopes. The groans of despair are there, with the triumphant songs of faith, and over all, in letters of gold, surmounting the mingled posies which tell of all the moods of the human mind through its years of mourning, is the scroll on which one reads from afar, '*I am the resurrection and the life.*' '*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.*'"

A noble and thoroughly appreciative essay on Wordsworth we must now pass by unnoticed; and present only one bold, earnest extract from his critique on Carlyle's "Life of Sterling." Of Carlyle and his writings Mr. Brimley speaks thus:—

"For good or evil, Mr. Carlyle is a power in the country; and those who watch eagerly the signs of the times have their eyes fixed upon him. What he would have us leave is plain enough, and that, too, with all haste, as a sinking ship that will else carry us—state, church, and sacred property—down along with it. But whither would he have us fly? Is there firm land, be it ever so distant? or is the wild waste of

waters, seething, warring round as far as eye can reach, our only hope? —the pilot-stars, shining fitfully through the parting of the storm-clouds, our only guidance? There are hearts in this land almost broken, whose old traditional beliefs, serving them at least as moral supports, Mr. Carlyle and teachers like him have undermined. Some betake themselves to literature, as Sterling did; some fill up the void with the excitement of politics; others feebly bemoan their irreparable loss, and wear an outward seeming of universal irony and sarcasm. Mr. Carlyle has no right, no man has any right, to weaken or destroy a faith which he cannot or will not replace with a loftier. We have no hesitation in saying that the language which Mr. Carlyle is in the habit of employing towards the religion of England and of Europe is unjustifiable. He ought to have said nothing, or he ought to have said more. Scraps of verse from Goethe, and declamations, however brilliantly they may be phrased, are but a poor compensation for the slightest obscuring of 'the hope of immortality brought to light by the Gospel,' and by it conveyed to the hut of the poorest man, to awaken his crushed intelligence, and lighten the load of his misery. Mr. Carlyle slights, after his contemptuous fashion, the poetry of his contemporaries: one of them has uttered in song some practical wisdom which he would do well to heed—

"O thou that after toil and storm
May'st seem to have reached a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

"Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

"Her faith through form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good.
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

"See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And even for want of such a type."

Last month we referred briefly to the volume of Essays by John Forster, the author of the genial biography of Oliver Goldsmith. We had intended, in the present number, to have presented some copious extracts from the delightful papers on Defoe, Steele, Churchill, and Foote. We must confine ourselves to a few brief tit-bits from the Memoir on Samuel Foote—a man whose name long served as the very type of eccentricity, humor, and satire. Of Foote's humor, Mr. Forster says that its strength and predominance lay in its readiness. Whatever the call that might be made upon it, there it was. Other men were humorous, as the occasion rose to them, but to him the occasion was never wanting. Others might be foiled or disabled by the lucky stroke of an adversary, but he took only the quicker rebound from what

would have laid them prostrate. And then we have the following series of brilliant illustrations :—

"He was taken one day into White's Club, by a friend who wanted to write a note. Standing in a room among strangers, and men he had no agreement with in politics, he appeared to feel not quite at ease: when Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up to speak to him; but, himself feeling rather shy, merely said, 'Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket.' Whereupon Foote, looking round suspiciously, and hurriedly thrusting the handkerchief back into his pocket, replied, 'Thank you, my Lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do.'—At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin when a buzz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laugher off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question, in his most severe and pompous manner : 'Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say, now?' 'No, sir,' at once replied Foote; '*pray, do you?*'—One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. 'Why, what would you have?' exclaimed Foote, good-humoredly putting it aside; 'of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off.' 'Gadso!' cried the malcontent, 'that I should like to see:' upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

"No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually 'abate and dissolve' any ignorant affection or pretension. 'Why do you attack my weakest part?' he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depeditation:* 'did I ever say anything about your head?'—Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. 'It is very little of its age,' said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass.—A pompous person who had made a large fortune as a builder was holding forth on the mutability of the world. 'Can you account for it, sir?' said he, turning to Foote. 'Why, not very clearly, sir?' said Foote; 'unless we could suppose the world was built by contract.'—A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. 'And among the rest,' he said, 'I called upon my good friend the Earl of Chol-mon-deley, but he was not at home.' 'That is exceedingly surprising,' said Foote. 'What! nor none of his pe-o-ple?'—Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, 'Don't be too prodigal of it,' Foote quietly interposed, 'or you may leave none for yourself.'—Conversation turning one day on a lady having married very happily, whose previous life had been of extremely doubtful complexion, some one attributed the unexpected result to her having frankly told her husband, before marriage, *all* that had happened. 'What candor she must have had!' was the general remark upon this. 'What honesty!' 'Yes,' said Foote, 'and what an amazing memory!'—The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* Duke, as he was called) came one night into the green-room at the Haymarket

Theatre. 'Well, Foote,' said he, 'here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things.' 'Really,' replied Foote, 'your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again.'—'Why are you for ever humming that air?' he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. 'Because it haunts me.' 'No wonder,' said Foote, 'you are for ever murdering it.'—A well-beneficed old Cornish parson was holding forth at the dinner-table upon the surprising profits of his living, much to the weariness of every one present, when, happening to stretch over the table hands remarkable for their dirt, Foote struck in with, 'Well, doctor, I for one am not surprised at your profits, for I see you keep the glebe in your own hands.'—One of Mrs. Montagu's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman-square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) '*ide-a*; but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation.' 'You are perfectly right, madam,' said Foote, 'it comes from the word *ideaowski*.' 'And pray, sir, what does that mean?' 'The feminine of idiot, madam.'—Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do. 'Take my advice, doctor,' says Foote, 'and put your poems where your irons are.'—Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem, but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and who mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, '*Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!* pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote.' 'I am,' said Foote; 'nine and one are ten; go on.'"

The circumstances which led to the publication of the following letter, which appeared in *Household Words* for the 7th June, are already well known to the public. We print it here, simply as a memorable document, dimly illustrative of an epoch in the history of one of the most distinguished men now living:—

"Three-and-twenty years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the public. They began when I was so young, that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century. Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them, nor deceive them, or presume upon their favor, or do anything with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavored to discharge that duty.

"My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally, such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

"For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our

common calling), to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

"Some domestic trouble of mine, of long-standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

"By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving, not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread, that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines, by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed, like an unwholesome air. Those who know me and my nature, need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcileable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort, of circulating the truth.

"I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do both in my own name and in my wife's—that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced, are abominably false; and that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial, will lie as willfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before Heaven and earth.—Chas. Dickens."

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

There has been a decided improvement in business generally during the last fortnight, the occasional gleams of sunshine appearing to have brought out buyers considerably; but this has reference only to the town trade. Country purchasers appear to be somewhat shy of coming up to lay in their usual spring stocks, owing to the prevalence of the small-pox, of which many persons who have witnessed the ravages which the disease made when we were visited with it last have great dread. There is little doubt, however, but that means will be devised for supplying the wants of our country customers; and if others are wanting, we would recommend the establishment of a system which obtains in England, of sending to the country districts commercial travelers, with samples, from which selection can be made.

More interest is taken by the mercantile community in the election of members of Parliament than formerly existed. The constitution ordinance was not generally approved of by them; and although there may be many who have still an objection to the liberal form of government

which has been granted to this colony, they cannot but perceive that it is wiser to make the best of what they have, and to secure, where practicable, members who will protect their interests. This, we think may account for their intention of supporting mercantile men in the forthcoming election for both houses.

The East Indian Government is again sending down vessels chartered in India to transport horses from this colony,—a most expensive course of proceeding. Had they instructed their agents in Leadenhall-street to take up vessels in England for this purpose, they would have been obtained at much lower rates; as owners of ships are usually satisfied with a trifling remuneration for carrying outward cargoes to places to the eastward, which are usually known as loading ports, and would have been glad to send them out with part cargoes to this and Algoa Bay, or even in ballast, in order to secure the horses at a certain limit. Rumor says, that recruits, both English and foreign, are to be sent here, for the purpose of instruction, before proceeding to India, as it is considered that there would be an advantage in preparing them for the climate by a temporary residence in a hot but healthy country. Increased consumption is of course good for trade, and we hope this plan will be carried out. There have been some heavy gales of wind in Table Bay, but fortunately no loss of vessels has occurred,—attributable to the wind hanging more to the northward and eastward than is usual at this season of the year, and the consequent absence of a heavy sea.

From Mauritius, report tells us that sugars suitable to our market are advancing in price, the demand for Australia being considerable. There have been no arrivals of coffee from the Brazils, and stocks are much reduced. A demand has arisen for the frontier, and the article may be quoted at about 3s. advance on former rates. The quantity of rice is still large, and importations are expected, but it will probably not come in at lower rates than that now in the market. Holders must wait patiently for the course of time to reduce their stocks. Good Caper teas are getting scarce, and we do not hear of any *en route*. Coals are arriving freely, and we fear will have to be stored, as the homeward-bound steamers will not probably take large quantities, and the outward-bound steamers, with troops, are not likely to arrive for at least three months. Manufactures arrive as heretofore, but their disposal may be affected by the epidemic to which we have referred above.

In our exportable articles there is no animation. A slight demand has arisen for raisins and other dried fruits for Australia, but the quantity made this year is small in comparison with that of the last, and prices are firmer than we ever remember at this season. Salt fish is not easily procurable, and the good rates lately obtainable at Mauritius induced curers to ship on their own account. Forage and forage corn have receded in price, but are still much beyond former

quotations. Guano has been returned from Mauritius, the price offered not being deemed sufficiently high, and the charges of store-rent, &c., are said to be heavier than in this city.

Exchange rules much the same as during last month. The banks have been very full of money, and discounts have consequently been easy. The reason of this abundance of money seems to be the absence of speculation (even legitimate) among our merchants. The London crisis of 1857-58, has induced extreme caution, which it will require time to get over. The low state of produce at home tends to develop this. Freights are devoid of animation, and the only circumstance which induces commanders of vessels to load here at all is, that by leaving this port seeking a freight, they may go further and fare even worse.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE S. A. MUSEUM.

I REGRET to announce that, although the erection of the large case alluded to in my last month's report is nearly completed, in consequence of the non-arrival of the glass from England, it will not be fully ready for the reception of the specimens for some time. The gentleman entrusted with the commission of selecting the glass preferred to send samples of the kinds best suited for the purpose, but between which a difference in price existed, varying from £30 to £80.

The following donations have been received during the month :—

Mr. R. Trimen: A collection of European lepidoptera.

Dr. Graf, Somerset West: Fine specimens of the Serval and wild cat.

Mr. Van Reenen, Constantia: A new *Herpestes*, from the Zambezi.

Dr. Ord, H.M. steamer *Megæra:* Makololo paddy-pounder, and a new hawk, allied to *Falco Chiquera.*

Mr. W. Atmore: Many specimens of *Cyrena Africana,* a fresh-water bivalve shell, from the Oliphant's River.

Mr. P. D. Martin, Simon's Bay: Two silver coins—Hanoverian dollar and Sardinian ducat.

Mr. Beauman: Japanese idol; remarkably fine specimen of a scolopendra, taken on board a vessel in the Bay; and sundry coins.

Messrs. C. and J. Gird: Several new snakes and small *rodentia* and *insectivora* in spirits; including specimens of the curious genus *Macrocelis,* or "elephant mnis" of the colonists.

Mr. R. Smith, Cape Flats: Several crania and skeletons of small animals.

Mr. Robert N. Burton, Port Nolloth: A fine skin of the lynx, or caracal *(Caracal Melanotis).*

Mr. Miller, Walwich Bay: Skins of the nakon *(Tragelaphus ——— ?)*, leeché *(Kolus ——— ?)*, reitbuck *(Eleotragus reduncus)*, the brindled gnoo *(Catoblepas Gorgon)*, with a calf, and several battle-axes from the neighborhood of Lake Ngami. This is a most valuable parcel of specimens, and the best thanks of the frequenters of the Museum are due to Mr. Miller.

Mr. Hilder, Walwich Bay: Skin of a spotted hyæna *(H. maculata)*, flowers, seeds, and gums of various plants. Specimens of grasses, &c., from Lake Ngami.

Mr. Latham, Walwich Bay: Rich specimens of copper ore, from Walwich Bay Mines.

Mr. C. Fairholme, H.M. steamer *Megæra:* Several birds and fish from Torres Straits; in exchange.

Mr. R. Moffat reports the despatch of three cases from Kuruman, containing 167 birds and 54 animals and sundries.

While returning my best thanks to the various donors above named, and to many others, I am compelled to come before the public in the light of a petitioner. Encouraged by the promises of many friends, I have ventured to write to various correspondents in different places, and by late arrivals, I have received letters, advising me of the despatch of cases of specimens in all departments, for which I have to make suitable returns, and I have urgently to request the friends of the Museum to forward such objects as will enable me to repay these debts of honor.

The Secretary of the Australian Museum of Sydney thus writes:—

"Australian Museum, Sydney, New South Wales,
June 5, 1858.

"Sir,—I am directed by the trustees of the Australian Museum to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated 'Cape Town, June 6, 1856,' and to inform you that the trustees will have much pleasure in transmitting to you, by the earliest opportunity, a box, containing specimens of mammalia, birds, and mollusca, &c., of this colony.

"The trustees are desirous to obtain specimens of South African mammalia, for instance, any carnivora or ruminantia; also the *Ratelus mellivorus** and *Hyrax capensis*;† but more particularly they wish for skins and skeletons of the *Orycteropus*,‡ *Chrysocholoris*,§ ostrich, and the secretary bird *(F. Serpentarius)*.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"George F. Angas,
"Secretary to the Trustees of the Australian Museum.

"E. Layard, Esq., Curator of the South African Museum,
Cape Town."

* Common Ratel. † Dassie. ‡ Aardvark. § Cape Moles.

From the Secretary of the Jamaica Museum the following letter has been received:—

"ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS OF JAMAICA.

"Kingston, April 8, 1858.

"SIR,—Your communication of the 28th November last has just come to hand, and will be duly laid before the Council of this Society at their first meeting. This event will probably not take place for some short time yet, but, feeling anxious not to delay an acknowledgment of your letter, I propose replying to the same at once, in so far as I esteem myself authorized to do so without definite instructions from the Council, and which will, in course of time, be transmitted by me to you.

"Our museum is of very recent existence, being not more than three years old, and is not, at present, extensive, or rich in its contents, having sprung from a few private donations of individuals, and the abandoned and neglected remains of the museums of two defunct societies. This circumstance, in addition to a want of funds sufficient to enable us to purchase suitable specimens, render us comparatively deficient of duplicates which we might offer in exchange for the contributions of others. Nevertheless, I would venture to promise, that, of some of the island productions, we might be able, in time, to send you specimens, for instance—meals, flours, starches, &c., fibres, gums, resins, seeds, prepared fruits, minerals, fossils, shells, insects, &c. I will accordingly devote my early attention to this subject, and see if I can thus meet the wishes of the trustees of your institution.

"Meanwhile, I can safely assert that anything in the various branches named by you which you can forward to us will be most acceptable, and will be prized by this society, as they will tend to enhance the value as well as add to the interest of our collection, which is lamentably wanting in some of those particular branches.

"The reports mentioned as being sent have not reached me, and which I regret, as they, too, would have proved welcome addenda to our still small library. All similar works, and, I need not say, any others relating to the very interesting country of which your colony forms a portion, will be likewise valuable contributions.

"I now forward to you an unbound set of the three published volumes of our transactions, premising that you will find the first volume unfortunately incomplete in a few numbers, in consequence of their being out of print, and not being able to be replaced just now.

"In the hope that the present may result in mutual benefit and advantages to our respective institutions, and with cordial tender of services,

"I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"J. A. GARCIA DEL RIO, Secretary.

"To the Curator of the South African Museum, Cape Town."

Besides these, repayment must be made to Mr. Verreaux, for the case of birds received some months back, which has now been unpacked. Mr. Verreaux particularly asks for small animals, such as mice, in spirits. A list of other desiderata will be given in another number.

A correspondent in New York, and another in Boston, promise to send birds or animals from North and South America, in exchange for bright-colored birds, suited for ornamental glass shades. Any specimens

of the sugar birds, lories, orioles, spreos, and such like, will be very useful. By the permission of the Trustees, I have secured the services of a man to prepare all that may be sent in, so that friends need not be afraid of transmitting common things in abundance; and I would remind them that the best season for birds—the breeding season —is close at hand.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER

FOR JUNE, 1858.

Deduced from five observations daily, Sundays excepted.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time.—Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation=100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch	
1	30·250	58·30	53·56	73·6	62·0	54·0	4·5	S		0·4
2	267	58·16	54·42	79·0	62·0	51·3	1·9	SbE		0·9
3	202	58·50	53·92	74·6	62·0	53·5	3·1	S¼W		0·9
4	30·103	56·02	51·84	76·4	62·6	42·5	2·3	S		0·6
5					69·8	47·3				
6	29·989	58·76	54·10	75·6	69·6	55·0	1·9	S to N		4·1
7	848	57·90	55·82	87·6	60 0	55·0	6·0	NW	0·395	9·9
8	29·922	56·04	53·70	86·0	59·0	49·5	3·8	NNW	497	7·6
9	30·170	51·60	48·22	79·4	56·0	45·5	0·6	WbN	010	2·9
10	29·984	52·56	50·14	85·0	54·6	48·9	3·7	NbW	622	8·8
11	30·118	54·24	53·14	92·8	57·6	50·0	0·7	NbW	110	9·4
12					60·0	49·8				
13	209	55·10	53·16	88·6	62 0	42·0	0·5	NbW to S		2·7
14	189	56·92	53·08	78·4	64 4	47·0	2·1	S		0·1
15	187	61·30	56·16	74·0	74·2	50·3	0·2	S		0
16	124	63·08	57·48	72·4	74·0	52·5	0·2	WbN		0·1
17	093	60·32	57·76	86·0	64·0	55·8	3·8	SbW		0·8
18	086	59·88	57·48	86·4	63·3	56·8	5·1	SbW		9·2
19					59·0	54·0				
20	088	53·98	50·78	80·6	64·6	46·5	3·7	SSEtoNW		4·6
21	065	55·28	53·50	89·4	61·6	50·4	0·3	NNW		5·5
22	129	57·36	55·40	88·8	61·0	54·0	0·4	NNW		7·3
23	065	56·36	54·40	88·6	60·2	52·0	0·3	NNW	071	9·6
24	120	56·68	54·62	87·6	60·0	47·0	1·2	NWbW		5·3
25	156	61·04	56·76	77·0	63·0	56 5	3·6	SbW		0·3
26					67·0	48·3		[W		
27	025	58·20	54·94	83·2	61·0	54·5	1·9	SbWtoNb	050	4·0
28	131	53 64	51·50	86·8	55·0	51 4	3·4	SbW	1·083	9·2
29	315	53·42	49·44	75·6	57·0	50·2	3·0	SbE	038	3·6
30	30·375	54·80	50·00	71·4	58·7	50·7	2·5	S		2·4
Mean	30·123	56·90	53·67	81.72	62·17	50·74	2·34		2·876	4·2

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5·34	A.M. h. m. 9·34	P.M. h. m. 1·34	P.M. h. m. 5·34	P.M. h. m. 9·34	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	30·114	30·155	30·103	30·109	30·136	30·419	29·770
Thermometer, dry bulb, degrees.	52·91	57·58	61·76	57·56	54·69	73·7	45·4
,, wet bulb ,,	50·95	54·43	56·42	54·31	52·30	63·1	43·6
Humidity of the air, per cent.	87·42	81·81	72·62	91·31	85·46	97·0	55·0

GEORGE MACLEAR.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER

FOR JULY, 1858.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahrenheit.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation=100.	Self-registering Thermometer.		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch.	
1	30·349	54·92	50 06	71·4	59·3	49·2	1·20	SbW		0·3
2	178	52·46	47·86	72·4	61·0	42·2	0·40	SbW		0·
3					60·2	40·2				
4	139	52·28	49·40	82·2	57·8	43·7	0·56	SbWtoNW		0 2
5	166	52·42	50·08	85·6	57 0	47·2	0·58	NW		7·2
6	290	50 26	48·44	88·4	56·6	40·9	0·28	NW		4 9
7	216	49·48	47·22	85·8	57·0	39·8	0·18	NW		4·2
8	189	52·24	50 74	90·4	56·2	48·6	0 88	NW	0·390	6·7
9	254	52·54	50·92	89·6	55 9	48 1	1·38	NNW	005	6·7
10					56·8	48·2			650	
11	236	50·42	48·00	84·2	56·8	37·8	1·50	NbW		5·1
12	169	51·06	47·82	79·6	51·0	46·2	1·20	NW		3·4
13	30·141	53·14	51·36	89·2	56·0	46·9	0·68	NbW		5·9
14	29·968	52·08	50·20	88·6	56·3	48·0	1·70	NW		5 8
15	30·005	53·68	50·56	81 0	57·0	50·7	3·80	NW	370	7·4
16	240	53·52	50·68	83·2	57·2	48·4	1·20	NNW	145	4·8
17					57·7	39·7				
18	218	53·90	51·54	85·4	59·0	42·1	1·40	NWbN		6·5
19	073	55·46	53·26	86·8	55·8	52·6	3·28	NbW	221	9·3
20	078	55·24	53·56	90·0	57·0	52·1	1·82	NWbW	336	7·1
21	093	52·96	49·94	81·0	55·7	48 6	3·30	NWbN	700	7·8
22	373	51·14	47·74	76·4	54·7	46·5	0·26	SSW	040	7·4
23	371	52·68	49·96	83·0	55·0	47·4	0 44	WNW		6·5
24					54·9	41·7				
25	285	53·70	51·50	86 4	56 1	43·8	0·66	NWbW		1·9
26	148	54·46	52·20	87·2	60·7	46·5	0·08	SbW		2·7
27	210	53·46	51·78	90 0	57·4	44·5	0·06	WbN		2·4
28	081	55·40	53·08	86·8	58·3	50·5	0·72	WbN		6·8
29	077	53·20	50·24	81·8	57·2	45·2	0·76	NbW to SbE	592	5 6
30	30·173	50·68	47·20	78·8	59·2	42·1	0·22	NWbW		3·8
31					57·9	45·5				
Aug.										
1	29·916	54·82	51·54	80·4			1·44	SSWtoNbW		8·9
Mean	30·172	52·87	50.26	83·91	57·06	45·64	1·11		3.443	5·2

Mean results for the several hours of observation.

	A.M. h. m. 5.34	A.M. h. m. 9·34	P.M. h. m. 1·34	P.M. h. m 5 34	P.M. h. m. 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer corrected to 32° inches.	30·168	30·191	30·163	30·160	30·176	30·416	29·683
Thermometer, dry bulb, degrees.	47·64	53·61	57·98	54·29	50·84	62·6	38·3
,, wet bulb, ,,	46·19	51·05	53·37	51·70	49·03	57·0	37 2
Humidity of the air, per cent.	89·85	83·89	73·89	83·85	88·07	96·0	54·0

GEORGE MACLEAR.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MR. CALDERWOOD AND THE KAFIRS.

South Africa bids fair to become the subject of English books innumerable. Scientific explorers like Smith, Livingstone, Galton, and Andersson have already expended ponderous tomes on it. Enthusiastic sportsmen like Harris or Gordon Cumming have given full scope to their tastes and their imagination in expatiating on its magnificent hunting grounds. Novelists, like Mrs. Ward, have struggled hard to weave the incidents of frontier life into sustained romance. And missionaries have, with equal zeal, exerted themselves to show forth its importance as a field for the philanthropist's best energies. The latest work that has been published on South Africa belongs to a class somewhat different from any that we have named.*

It is the production of a man of distinguished ability, and who holds the duplex office of missionary and political administrator—the Rev. H. Calderwood, civil commissioner at Victoria. His professional character as a missionary would lead us to expect that the religious aspects of Kaffraria would be presented with special prominence: his official position as an agent of the Government would lead us to hope for interesting and novel expositions of the political character and relations of the frontier tribes; while his acknowledged eminence among colonial missionaries and commissioners excited the expectation of finding in his book a broad and philosophical discussion of frontier polities and frontier life combined. On perusal of the work, we confess to a strong feeling of disappointment. The tissue of the volume is light and flimsy, and it wants that air of substantial solidity and earnestness which carries conviction with it at first sight. Mr. Calderwood has evidently composed it in the hurry and

* Caffres and Caffre Missions, with preliminary Chapters on the Cape Colony as a Field for Emigration and Basis of Missionary Operation. By the Rev. H. Calderwood, South Africa. London: James Nisbet and Co., 1858.

bustle of his brief sojourn in England, and his main object in producing it is perpetually brought to view by the apologetic tone in which he justifies his own assumption of political office, and the thorough change he has undergone in his opinions respecting the merits of the various frontier policies of the Government, or the character of the native tribes. On the latter question, we decline entering here into discussion at all. It is foreign to the purpose of this periodical. But as far as Mr. Calderwood's acceptance of magisterial dignity is concerned, we are at a loss to see where was the occasion for an apology whatever. Mr Calderwood's publication of the Free Church Presbytery's opinion (p. 147) on that particular question seems to us as unnecessary as in bad taste. His own personal character stands sufficiently high to render clerical certificates of this sort utterly valueless and superfluous. And in the present work-a-day world, he is the best man who lays aside the professional pedantries of exclusive ranks, and is prepared to do service to God and man at whatever post his opportunities for well-doing are greatest and most inviting. Such a post as this was the commissionership which was pressed upon Mr. Calderwood's acceptance by the Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland.

Mr. Calderwood's book is neither a plea for missions, a statistical account, a political vindication, or a religious memoir. But it partakes somewhat of all these characters combined. At the outset, we have a descriptive sketch of the Cape colony as a field for immigration. It is drawn up with perfect truth and fairness; but is as meagre and unattractive as a page of the almanac. The only passage that can bear being extracted is the following;—the advice it contains is most judicious, and worthy of attention by every emigrant who reaches our shores:

> Several young men desirous of pushing their fortunes as farmers in South Africa have consulted me. I would give one general advice to all persons of this class who are inclined to emigrate. Whatever be their means, I should strongly recommend them to seek engagements for at least two or three years with respectable colonial farmers. Even though they should get a small remuneration, they would acquire a knowledge of the country, and experience of the climate, soil, and seasons, with the management of stock, that would prove far more valuable to them than any large amount of wages. Without such experience, farming is a hazardous speculation in a foreign country; but with it, it is generally, in judicious and industrious hands, a profitable, as it is an independent, employment in the Cape colony. Many do not succeed in colonies because they do not begin low enough. Patience, and willingness to put the hand to any kind of work, and the habit of saying to servants, "Come," instead of "Go," are important. I should say essential, qualifications to success in a new country, and they are not safely disregarded even in an old one.

We have next a chapter on the colony, as the proper basis for missionary operations. In many of the views set forth we cordially coincide. For example, the following:

I think every mission in Kaffraria should have a good stand-point in the colony. Those who have not such a footing, and cannot get it, should arrange to amalgamate with those who have, or give way to them who are in circumstances to occupy the field with efficiency. This may not be palatable doctrine to all, but I believe it to be sound. It is founded on some experience and careful observation.

And again:

In such a work as this, there are errors into which we are apt to fall. On the one hand, we are apt to make too feeble efforts, and on too small a scale, to give the scheme a fair trial. On the other hand, we are apt by doing too much for such a people, to defeat our own object—their permanent advancement. We must not make hot-bed plants of them. In other words, we must not think and do everything for them, but teach them to think and do everything for themselves. They must be taught by experience to struggle with difficulties, temptations, and trials, and overcome them, as the successful white man does. But let us put them in a position of doing so with reasonable prospects of success. The Lovedale Industrial Institution, though yet in its infancy, may be fairly pronounced as, so far, a most successful and encouraging experiment.

To his discussion on missionary questions succeeds a chapter on the Kafirs and Fingoes, and their several distinctive characteristics. We extract one passage, in illustration of the views he holds respecting them:

Sir George Cathcart pointed out what he considered that he had discovered as a distinguishing moral characteristic of the Kafir mind, "an innate love of truth." Sir George, I fear, in this instance, judged from his own candor and goodness of heart, more than from experience or any deep insight into the native mind. For, besides the fact that poor fallen human nature, as such, has no moral good in it, I fear few, who have had close intercourse with the Kafir or Fingo, will agree with the gallant general in his favorable opinion on this point. If, as a people, they have any feelings on the subject of truth at all, it is an innate love of the very opposite of truth. * * * * * The influence of their social and political state is to foster falsehood, and not truth. Were it otherwise, it would indeed be a new thing under the sun; since the word of God describes heathen man, whether white or black, in these sad terms, "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit: the poison of asps is under their lips."

Which is right, Sir George Cathcart or Mr. Calderwood, we shall not venture to decide. Our author's application of the text quoted above, in support of his views, however, seems scarcely a fair or conclusive one, and his own sketches of Kafir character, introduced afterwards into the book incidentally, are scarcely quite consistent with the emphatic condemnation he pronounces here.

Of Mr. Calderwood's chapter on the causes of Kafir wars we shall express no opinion. We shall simply state the

conclusions at which he has arrived. Philanthropists in England, he says, "are still under the impression that the cause of Kafir wars lies with the colonists, or Government, or both; but not with the Kafirs." Mr. Calderwood holds a diametrically opposite opinion. He acquits the colonists of aggressive encroachment on the territories of their swarthy neighbors, and he vindicates the Government from the slightest suspicion of tyranny or unfairness of any sort. The real causes of Kafir wars, Mr. Calderwood believes to be the following:

They lie on the surface. Many thousands of uncivilized people, having little or no regard to the rights of property, reside in many cases within sight, and all within easy reach, of large herds of fine colonial cattle, vastly superior to their own original stock, rich flocks of beautiful merino sheep, and troops of fine horses, reared and collected by the colonial farmer. These are temptations which the Kafir, in his heathen state, cannot, and will not try to resist. The chief may pretend to punish theft, when compelled to do so by British power, and, in some solitary cases, he may even be sincere; but they who know the real state of things know this, that the great guilt of stealing among the Kafirs generally, is simply that of being found out. The frequent changes in the system of dealing with the Kafirs have done much evil. They don't like changes, and are slow to understand them or trust them. These changes have tended to diminish their respect for us, and to weaken their confidence in us. A number of years ago I was conversing with Macomo on a recent change that had taken place in the management of the frontier, when he sarcastically said, "When will the white man's last word come?" The conduct, too, of some of the lower orders of our countrymen, many of whom are intemperate, tends greatly to destroy the prestige of the British name in the eyes of an uncivilized people. The custom of buying wives with cattle is also to be regarded as no inconsiderable item among the causes of Kafir wars. This custom no doubt greatly increases the number of depredations. It brings into the field a yearly increasing number of thieves, who procure from the colonial stock the means of buying wives, to whose number there is no limit but the man's power to pay cattle. But I believe the grand cause of the recurrence of Kafir wars is the fact that the Kafirs have never yet been effectually punished. This may seem very harsh, but I believe it, and therefore say it. We have, from a laudable desire to avoid collisions, never at once met the rising cause of evil in a single neighborhood or petty tribe, when the crime could have been easily punished and the mischief rectified. Talking, instead of doing, has been too much the order of the day.

We pass, next, to what constitutes the most interesting chapters of the book,—its fresh sketches of native life and character. Of Macomo, now the luckless captive on Robben Island, we have many amusing anecdotes. For example, the following:

I had tried every possible method to induce Macomo to abandon his intemperate habits. We were living near each other, only a few miles from Fort Beaufort, a frontier town and military post, which he often visited for the purpose of procuring strong drink. Colonel Grieve

was at this time commandant of the neighborhood, and from mistaken kindness sometimes took the chief into his private quarters, or into the mess-room, and treated him with liquor, though I do not suppose that he ever got from the colonel what would of itself cause intoxication. Besides, Colonel Hare, then lieutenant-governor, was also kind to Macomo in this, as in other respects. One day, conversing with the chief on the subject of intemperance, I said, "Well, Macomo, are you resolved never to gratify me by giving up the use of brandy?" He said, "You are hard; do spare me on this one place. I don't see you drink, but other white chiefs drink—Colonel Hare drinks, and Colonel Grieve drinks." I replied, "Colonel Hare and Colonel Grieve don't do as you do. They don't go to the canteén, and sit with drunken Hottentots and others, and make beasts of themselves. That is not like a chief." Macomo, with a most cunning leer on his countenance, asked, "Do you know why Colonel Hare and Colonel Grieve don't go to the canteen?" I smiled, and said, "No, I don't." "Well," said he, "I will tell you;" and, looking me in the face with comic gravity, he said, "They keep canteens themselves, and don't need to go. You know I can't do that." On another occasion, I encountered him at Fort Beaufort, when he had got a little brandy. I said, "Now, Macomo, I am really ashamed of you. The brandy will kill you. It kills your soul. It takes away the chief." Assuming one of those mock grave looks, which he used to do when about to say something rather mischievous, he replied, "It is right for you to speak against brandy—I never saw you take any. But other white chiefs should hold their tongue when they say Macomo drinks. You are simple." I was amused by his remark on my simplicity, and said, "Yes; but how so?" He replied, "You come here in the day, and you do not see what happens here in the night." I said, "I hope you don't come here in the night?" He smiled significantly, and said, "Sometimes." I asked what he saw then? He said, "Do you see that house?" pointing to the officers' mess-house; "when the sun goes away, and you have gone home, a little man with a red coat comes out and blows a horn. Then that house is lighted up lighter than day. The officers come out of their houses, all washed and dressed, and so fine! They all go to that house." He then gave a most amusing and ridiculous account of the dinner, imitating the gentlemen bowing and drinking wine to each other. "This," said he, "they continue as long as they can see one another across the table. They then go home the best way they can. When the sun is so," lifting his hand and pointing, as they do, to where the sun appears about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, "they get up, wash and dress, and come out of their houses, all so nice!" Here he imitated their movements, and pulled up a supposed shirt collar, which he had not, and smoothed his supposed whiskers, adding, "They look this way, and that way, as if nothing had happened."

Of old Gaika, the father of Macomo, and one of the most distinguished of Kafir chieftains, Mr. Calderwood gives the following story in connection with the missionary Van der Kemp:

Van der Kemp was eccentric in his habits, but his brief sojourn in Kaffraria was not without beneficial results. When I began my labors, I found some warm and salutary recollections of him. Several of the old Kafirs often referred to him with evident interest and respect. An interesting anecdote is related of him when he first entered the

Gaika country. A white man residing on the frontier, and hostile to the introduction of the gospel into Kaffraria, adopted the following expedient in order to destroy Van der Kemp's influence with the chief. He told Gaika to beware of the missionary, for he intended to poison him. Thinking, probably from his own practice, that no one ever traveled without brandy, the farmer said that the poison would be administered in a glass of Cape brandy. Thus did this foolish man, playing with firebrands and death, fancy that he had cleverly prevented the mission interest from extending its injurious influence to Kaffraria. Probably he never dreamt that he was placing the life of a good man in imminent peril, and raising a suspicion that might have proved ruinous to thousands. But God maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and restraineth the remainder thereof. Gaika's suspicion and anger were roused. He armed himself with assagais, and repaired immediately with a number of his people to the wagon of the unsuspecting messenger of peace, determined that if brandy were offered him, he should instantly stab Van der Kemp to the heart. He, along with his attendants, sat down on the ground, as is their wont, near the wagon, watching with interest the movements of the missionary, proposing many questions, and waiting for the expected brandy. But no brandy was offered, and Gaika became tired of waiting, and not a little perplexed, so that he at last rose up and returned home. He was a thoughtful man, and he said to one of his counselors, "What is this? Is the farmer an enemy? Has he deceived me? Is this a good man that has come among us?" The mind of the chief was chafed and uneasy. His suspicions were roused; but which was the guilty party he could not say. He determined to return on the morrow, and try the missionary once more. This time he resolved to ask for brandy, and if it were presented, to strike Van der Kemp dead. He accordingly returned, and after waiting a considerable time, during which no brandy had been offered, he asked for a little. Van der Kemp unsuspectingly said, "I have none, and never carry any." The chief started to his feet, exclaiming, "I have been deceived; this is a good man: trust the English!" Ever afterwards, Gaika had entire confidence in Van der Kemp, and thus, I doubt not, was the path of those who followed him not a little smoothed. Gaika often, after this, urged his people never to go to war with the English. Macomo, by far his most influential son, who was frequently accused, and sometimes justly so, of plotting mischief against the colony, when I conversed with him, and pointed out his interest and duty, used often to soften down, and refer to Van der Kemp and his father, and tell me that Gaika had at his death charged him and his people to trust in the English, and never to go to war with them. I afterwards not unfrequently found, in a variety of ways, that Macomo, for a considerable period, was more inclined to favor the external interests of the mission, than any other heathen chief with whom I am acquainted.

The following extract, referring to Macomo himself, and illustrative of the partial successes of missionary exertion on the frontier, is interesting and significant:—

Were I to try and express in a few words, and in general terms, what has been effected among the Kafirs by the gospel, I should, I think, best succeed by quoting a beautiful and striking remark made to me by Macomo soon after I went into his country. Mrs. Calderwood and I went at first for six months to a mission station at a distance from Macomo's residence, with a view of devoting our whole time and attention to the study of the language. We had come to the country

to reside near Macomo and among his people, so that he thought we were delaying too long, and was very urgent that I should come at once to him. The country was in an unsettled state at the time, and I had already been called upon to speak on his behalf with the Colonial Government. Macomo did not care about the word of God, or the spiritual work of the mission; but there was a certain amount of political importance attached by the Kafirs to the residence of a European missionary in any particular tribe. Macomo was in haste, therefore, to obtain that supposed advantage. After repeated messages, he said to me personally one day, "You must come at once; time is passing—people are perishing. Some will receive the word—some will refuse it: we are not all alike. You must have patience. You must not expect to do the work all in one day. The rock is hard. You may not be able to break it all in pieces; but you must hammer away, and you will get bits off it." This was a fine thought, well expressed, and it describes exactly what has been effected in Kaffraria. The rock of heathenism has proved very hard indeed, and though not so hard as to break the hammer, yet, often sufficiently so as almost to break the heart and tire the arm of him who handled it. The rock has not been broken to pieces—far from it! But we have got "*bits off it.*"

Mr. Calderwood, in many portions of his book, writes with harsh severity against what he considers the selfishness, treachery, and villainy of the Kafirs generally. He does not forget, however, to do them justice by recounting some acts of courage, fidelity, and self-denial, worthy of the best of men. For instance, the following.

At the outbreak of the war of 1846, Mr. Calderwood was at Graham's Town; but instead of continuing there, or visiting England, as he had purposed, he was induced to return again to the post of danger, at his station near Fort Beaufort. How he got there he tells us thus:

A body of converted Kafirs, with their families, now well known in the colony as "Calderwood's Kafirs," had been brought out of Kaffraria by me, at the commencement of the war, in circumstances of great anxiety and excitement, not unattended with peril. They were placed in Fort Beaufort, and with my consent, and by my advice, they rendered the colony important services during the war. When they had heard that I had determined to remain in the country, twelve of these men readily agreed, on the suggestion of some of the Europeans referred to, to go for me. They said, "Supply us with the means of defending ourselves from our own countrymen, and we will go and fetch our teacher and his family." These were naked savages when I first saw them. They had been brought to a knowledge of the truth under my ministry, and I had seen them tried in many a difficulty. They were stalwart and true-hearted men, whom I could trust in any emergency. They soon presented themselves at our house in Graham's Town. It was early in the morning when they appeared, for they had traveled all night. Joy was in their countenances, and I am not ashamed to say that I could not refrain from tears, as, one after the other, they warmly pressed my hand, with unmistakable proofs of affection. Not a bit of selfishness was there. When I asked how they had dared to come, and so few, they laughed, and playfully said, "When we were coming for our father, we were bold and strong. Love has strong arms

and long legs—make you haste and come." From what I had already endured of suspense, I was resolved that nothing but dire necessity should again separate me from my family in the state of the country at that time. When I said to my wife, "Shall we go?" she joyfully responded, "Let us go at once; we can be ready to-day." Danger was before us, but our spiritual children had refreshed our hearts, and we were truly happy, though not free from anxiety. We left on our journey that afternoon. It was a journey of about three days. We started under the protection of a large body of soldiers escorting a train of Government wagons. The man from whom I had hired a team of oxen had deceived me, however, and instead of well-trained bullocks, as had been promised, we were supplied with oxen wholly unbroken. They soon became almost unmanageable, and we were left behind. We proceeded with difficulty. At nightfall we entered a dangerous pass, well known as the Queen's Road, dangerous to travel at any time with a team of wild oxen, but now doubly so, when every rock and bush might conceal an armed and cruel foe. The sun had long set when we began to descend this uninviting pass. The emotions which then agitated my heart can never be described, and they can never be forgotten by me. As I walked by the side of the wagon containing all that was most dear to me on earth, I could only dimly see the countenances of our faithful escort. As I anxiously and rapidly scanned them, their silent looks assured me that what man could do for me and mine would be done by them. My heart was too full to speak, and I could only lift my heart to Him who hears even the groaning of the prisoner when no words can be uttered. They read my feelings with the keenness of true affection. They spoke not, but they pressed closer to the wagon, with their weapons in their hands; by their intensely interested looks they seemed to say, in a way far more impressive than words could convey, "If an enemy approaches you or this wagon, it must be over our bodies." I felt almost ashamed of my anxiety, and all but ceased to fear. We reached our destination in safety. I am not aware that our escort had received any remuneration from others, but I was desirous to give them something on my own account. I expressed my deep gratitude to them, under God, and offered them money. Several of them shed tears. One of them, in the name of the others, said with genuine feeling, "Why should we take money from our teacher? What have you not done? What have you not suffered for and with us? You stood by us in danger. You have done for us more than money can do. You have brought eternal life to us. We may not take money." Now, greater or more disinterested affection could not have been shewn by the most civilized Christian people to their pastor. Are these irreclaimable savages? Are they not capable of elevation, and susceptible of the purest and finest feelings?

One of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Calderwood's book, is that in which he proves the importance and efficacy of female influence in missionary work. Some of the illustrations supporting this opinion are amusingly quaint:

We had for a number of years in our house, as a servant, a daughter of the famous chief Gaika. She was very clever and intelligent,—a better and more faithful servant could not be found anywhere. We could trust her with everything in the house, both food and money, which we often did, and always with satisfaction. But she had a sad besetting sin, in the form of a furious temper. Violence of temper seems to be a sort of right or perquisite of the chief and the chief's family on certain

occasions. The other servants were afraid of her. She sometimes said she would make the earth tremble; and if violence of temper could have done that, *she* would have succeeded—we should then have had many an earthquake. In her paroxysms of rage, the fashion of her countenance completely changed. It became more like what one might fancy to be that of a fiend than of a woman, yet I have seen Mrs. Calderwood hush the storm into a perfect calm, by approaching her, and in a kind, but solemn manner, in a tone of half entreaty and half reproof, simply pronouncing her name, and leaving her for a little; then taking her to her bedroom—there praying with and for her, and speaking kindly to her, as one who sympathized with her. I have seen her come out of that room with a tear in her eye, subdued and gentle as a lamb, and for months after there would not be an angry word. These are opportunities which a female only possesses, and it is a kind of influence which a female only can exert; but it is an influence of unspeakable moment in the elevation of Kafir and Fingo society.

Our extracts have been already so copious that we must forbear from more. We repeat again what we have remarked already, that the book, altogether, is scarcely what we should have expected from Mr. Calderwood. It is, however, notwithstanding all its defects, a very readable and valuable production, and will be perused with interest by very many, both in the colony and in England.

LA GITANA; OR, THE SPY.

CHAPTER IV.

Let us now glance for a while at those more important events which occurred in the world's great drama at the commencement of our story, and carry on the tissue to those which took place subsequently up to the period when the actors in it must be again introduced to the reader's notice.

The partial success which had attended the French arms for a very few days, by the attacks of Marshal Soult, concentrated on one particular point, and by which he managed to push forward his columns to within two leagues of Pamplona, was soon checked and overthrown, when Lord Wellington hastened to the right of his position, and brought up the two British divisions posted contiguously to the scene of attack. Obstinate and bloody however had been the contest at the village of Sorauren, which the belligerent hosts had wrested from each other twice in the course of a day. Then followed successive combats for more than a week, making the Pyrenean mountains reverberate with the thunders of war, and strewing both hills and valleys with human carcases,—food for the hungry wolf or the rapacious vulture; these desperate

struggles terminating eventually in the expulsion of the Gallic legions from the Spanish territory.

Such was the result of the Peninsular campaign of 1813, which had raised the fame of England's prowess to an eminent degree—Vittoria and the Pyrennean fights, St. Sebastian's capture and the triumphs on the Nive and the Nivelle had established the allied army along the banks of the Adour. It was nevertheless near the close of the month of December before all this had been achieved, leaving the troops but a short space of time to recruit after the fatigue and privations of an eight months' campaign, before being called again to arduous encounters.

Glad to be under the shelter of a roof once more, and in a place where some few luxuries were to be procured, and a little leisure to enjoy them, the corps to which Waltham belonged considered itself fortunate on finding that its cantonments were to be at St. Jean de Luz, the capital of the Basque provinces, and as Christmas-day was near at hand, the general wish amongst his brother officers seemed to be that of meeting together to enjoy an evening of social mirth once more,—to many there perhaps the last.

Waltham having recovered completely from the effects of his wound, and being moreover an especial favorite amongst his comrades, and a great promoter of conviviality, was urged to undertake the management of this festive party. It had been remarked, however, that there was no longer about him that buoyancy of spirits for which he was formerly distinguished; that he now wandered forth frequently alone instead of joining his brother officers, and that a shade of pensiveness would overcast his countenance for days together. Some of his intimate companions knowing of the protection afforded and kindness shown him by the two gipsies whom they had seen at Roncesvalles, joked him, under the surmise of his having had an affair of the heart with the younger one, owing to the silence and mystery he had maintained when questioned about them; but the real truth was, a strong feeling of gratitude prevented him from disclosing too much, apprehending that any detailed explanation might awaken some suspicion that the two females *had been spies*, a circumstance he was bound in honor to keep a profound secret, especially as Chaléca on parting from him had obtained a promise to this effect, as a boon given in return for the preservation of his life and restoration to liberty, the only reflection on the subject which disturbed him being, whether by the exaction of such a promise she contemplated any further espionage of the same nature?

But to resume,—Christmas evening arrived, and the party met. It consisted of about twenty, most of whom had shared in many a sanguinary conflict, but happily spared until now, to join again in the pleasures of friendship's circling glass and a convivial song. Waltham was one of the number who favored his comrades with Moore's exquisite lyric, the last stanza of which is so beautiful,—

> "Let fate do its worst, there are visions of joy,
> Bright dreams of the past, which it cannot destroy,
> Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
> To bring back the features which joy used to wear.
> Long, long be my mind with such memories filled,
> As the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
> You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The last tone from his fine voice, which had so gratified the party, had scarcely ceased, when one of them, on rising to quit the apartment, exclaimed suddenly, "Holloa, what have we here?" when all eyes were immediately turned in the direction of the speaker's gaze, who had observed squatted in the capacious chimney corner, holding his hands over the smouldering fire, a dark bulky object, who showed no signs of life beyond the glare of its lustrous eye-balls.

"Old Nick, by Jove," said the first voice.

"Old Nick, certainly," exclaimed another.

"A bear let loose," shouted a third.

"More like an ourang-outang," a fourth said; but by this time the commotion became general, when Waltham, seated at the further end of the table, rose to take a look also, and to his great surprise, recognised almost immediately the features of Chiboro, upon which an instantaneous thought struck him that the two gipsies were not far off, and had sent him perhaps to announce their arrival.

The old dwarf's appearance and ugliness could not fail to arrest attention and curiosity, and excite laughter and jesting.

"Who saw him enter?" asked Houghton,—"or did he come down the chimney? perhaps he has a tail like the devil?" On saying this, he approached Chiboro, which produced a hoarse growl at first; followed, however, by the dwarf's accustomed grin, distorting his ugly features in a greater degree, which caused a general roar, as the young man stuffed a large piece of cake into his hand.

Waltham had remained all this time perplexed whether he should accost the old man or not, when suddenly the soft twang of a guitar was heard. The sounds distressed his mind greatly. He felt sure the two gipsies were without.

Ought he to receive them as friends, or treat them as strangers? But little time however was given to consider the matter, for in a few moments the door was opened, and in walked Chaléca, followed by Aurilla.

She paused for a few seconds to look around with the most perfect composure, when, as her eye met Waltham's, whose emotion was very visible, she addressed him thus:—"Time has wrought a great change for the better in your looks, Capitano,—I hope it has not sapped your heart of good feelings to effect it?"

Now Waltham was one of the last persons on earth capable of forgetting kindnesses, the more so from those who had saved his life. The sight of Aurilla, however, had so confused his faculties, and so overpowered him with pleasurable pain,—if such a feeling can be rightly expressed, that it was with difficulty he could recover himself sufficiently to say, in a cheerful tone,—"My kind friends, I am delighted to see you again," then turning to his commanding officer, added,—"Colonel, I am indebted entirely to these good women for my life and liberty. They are the two gipsies of Val Carlos, near which I was found when wounded, and succored by them; but it would be too tedious a tale to repeat now."

"And was the younger one your nurse, Waltham?" enquired the colonel. "Santa Maria, I should most certainly have fallen in love with those soft dark eyes of hers. Come, get her to strike her guitar, and give us a song,—I'll be sworn she sings sweetly, by her looks."

Encouraged by these words, Waltham went up to Aurilla, and taking her hand, said,—"This is a talent I knew not you possessed, Nenita."

Now, whether it was the kindness of his manner, or the endearing appellation which affected her, yet on looking he perceived a tear glistening in each eye, and a sadness depicted on her soft, sweet face, which made him add, in an under tone, —"Be not alarmed, dear Nenita."

Chaléca having observed also a nervousness in the girl's countenance, said in low accents,—"Come, no nonsense, sing at once, our fate depends on your conduct." These words were sufficient, and Aurilla began—

"Oh say not I am blest,
But rather mourn my fate,
For when of thy love dispossessed
My heart grew desolate.
Many the pangs which years to all assign,
But 'twould be difficult to equal mine."

The air was a Spanish *seranilla*, so tenderly and beautifully sung, that it enchanted the whole party, who were equally charmed with her lovely sibylline looks.

"Your song is very sweet," said the colonel, "but far too melancholy; will you not give us something more lively?" These words were spoken in Spanish; then turning to Waltham, he added, "Come, Waltham, do you plead also; I am sure by that glance of her's that she will sing to please you."

Waltham, who could not help fancying that the words just sung bore some allusion to himself, was glad of the turn to second this request; but Aurilla, equally quick in noticing what the colonel had said, struck a prelude before Waltham had time to address her, and commenced the following lively song:—

"A smuggler I am, and the field
Is the haunt I both seek and admire;
To no mortal through fear will I yield,
For defiance my bosom inspires.
Then, hey, for a frolic, gay lasses,
Who will come, and buy my black thread?
My poor steed is tired, and these passes,
On foot I am destined to tread.
Ay, go to,—for the night-watch's rounds
Will commence where the skirmish abounds;
Then oh, my young nag which surpasses
All nags,—be my safety in need;
Hey day, for a frolic, gay lasses,
And thou,—prove thy sinews, my steed."*

Loud plaudits acknowledged the pleasure her performance had given, when Colonel S——— remarked to the elder gipsy, "Your daughter sings most sweetly; her song too was in the true spirit of your trade, *a contrabandista*, to which fortune-telling, I suppose, is added?" "At times, Signor," was the reply, as she shrugged her shoulders with an indifferent air. "But would you like to have yours told?"

"Why, as to that, it was told to me once when a mere youth, and proved not a very pleasant prophecy either;" his countenance becoming for the moment rather melancholy in look. "But in what way do you exercise your skill?"

"By studying the lines in the palm of the hand," said Chalćea,—"they are the truest symbols."

"Come, then, although some of my young friends near may laugh at my credulity," and the colonel held out his hand to the woman.

The party, however, became all attention, as the gipsy commenced examining the palm of the hand, when after some

* These two songs are translations from the Spanish,—the latter one, "*Yo que soy contrabandista*," is well known, and very popular.

few minutes, she said, in a low tone,—"You were once closely united to one who had known much sorrow. She died of *a broken heart*, but *you* were not the cause of it."

The colonel, though apparently much agitated on hearing these words, said nothing, when the gipsy proceeded,—"Time nor change had any effect on her griefs, although you tried in every way to dispel it; she esteemed you much, but she could not love you; her love lay in the grave with another." As she paused again, he said to himself,—"this is strange, very strange;" but rallying his spirits, he added in a more cheerful tone, "enough of the past, my good woman, tell me something now regarding the future,—a soldier's destiny is always a precarious one."

Chaléca again leant intently over the hand, and continued,—"This is the line of the heart, it denotes boldness of conception and genius for any work: but here," and she paused suddenly.

"Come, say on," ejaculated the colonel.

"One,—two,—three crosses in your career," and she again stopped.

"Santa Maria,—her chiromancy seems very deep," and as he made the remark, he looked around, and smiled.

Chaléca dropped the hand.

"Oh, I will know all now,—tells it of weal or of woe?—I hate a half-told story; suspense is worse than even fatal reality," and he raised his hand once more towards her.

"Am I to speak out, then," said the sibyl.

"Most certainly," was the reply.

"Listen, then,—before three months have expired, a serious difference will arise between *one* mighty in command and yourself,—act not hastily,—rashly,—or ———," and a third time Chaléca became silent.

"Speak on," said the colonel, almost sternly.

"Your days will be numbered. I know no more," and releasing his hand she stepped back from the table.

There is in the breast of every human being a certain portion of superstition, arising from the very circumstance of his future destiny being shrouded in mystery. This feeling affects some more than others, nevertheless even the wisest have been weak enough, in harboring a desire to know *that* which is to come; to pluck the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, which an All-seeing Power forbade man to touch, but which he so often disobeys.

Now the soothsayings uttered were only a weird-woman's words, and yet they cast a gloom for the moment over the faces of several there present, who knew the colonel's earlier

history, and were startled at her correct allusions to what had happened; might not the remainder, as regarded the future, prove as true in prediction? Serious reflection, however, is not in the nature of youth, so that during the time the fortune-teller was occupying the attention of some, a few of the youngsters seated near old Chiboro had been amusing themselves by exciting his grimaces, effected by plying him with sundry glasses of wine, the which, having rendered him inebriated and loquacious, had caused much merriment, although the mixture of the Basque and Romany dialects made the jargon he uttered unintelligible. His grin, however, was pronounced to be *satanically exquisite*, together with certain antic evolutions performed with his cudgel, now that he had emerged from the chimney-corner.

This fun would doubtlessly have continued longer, but for Chaléca, who, on witnessing the old dwarf's state of inebriety, became irritated, and showed her determined character by a speedy and abrupt departure, along with her two associates, leading Chiboro by the arm, and desiring no one to follow them,—for the look of la Tuerta, when she frowned, was sufficient at all times to command compliance, although Pat Timmins, who stood at the door, did favor old Chiboro with a few exquisite and rather forcible pirouettings as he made his egress.

It was not long now before the party broke up, but not before Waltham had to bear sundry jokes from his companions, as to two of his queer-looking friends, and not a little badinage regarding the younger gipsy; he stood it all, however, with very good temper, but was glad when he found himself again alone in his quarters, where the festive meeting had taken place, for there were several circumstances connected with the gipsies which tended materially to affect his feelings. He knew the elder one to have been *a spy*, but recollected at the same time that he had promised secrecy as to this fact,—*a pledge given to one who had saved his life*, but felt deeply troubled at the apprehension lest her present appearance might be of the same nature; if so, his honor would be compromised in one way or another, either to the individual or to his profession; whilst to sum up the whole, —and it was useless to endeavor to hide the truth from himself,—Waltham loved Aurilla,—the unknown gipsy girl: perhaps the ——; but no, he ever checked that thought, for although some months had elapsed since their separation, he had but too often in those solitary musings noticed by his comrades, meditated upon and cherished the remembrance of her charms; and now to revive all these feelings more strongly,

had not her reappearance increased them, and the tear-drop in her eye, when she was addressed by him, been the proof of some tender sentiment which agitated her breast also?

> "Oh, too convincing, dangerously dear
> In woman's eye the unanswerable tear;
> That weapon of her weakness she can wield
> To save,—subdue,—at once her spear and shield.
> Avoid it,—virtue ebbs, and wisdom errs,
> Too fondly gazing on that grief of her's;
> What lost the world and made a hero fly?
> The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
> Yet be the soft triumvir's faults forgiven,
> By this, how many lose not earth but Heaven;
> Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
> And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe."

It was under such excited feelings that Waltham now became vexed at his want of self-possession, which would have enabled him to ascertain from Chalćea the place of her abode, previous to her departure, and summoned his servant to question him on the subject; but failing to gain the slightest information from Timmins, he sallied forth to wander through the suburb of Ciboure, although it was past midnight, and the rain descending in torrents, but which ended in the fruitless search to discover any trace of them.

After a few hours feverish and broken slumber, Waltham arose on the following morning, melancholy and unrefreshed, —the one reflection, that of Chalcea's object in visiting St. Jean de Luz, being uppermost in his thoughts. Was her intention that of espionage? for after the scene witnessed at Val Carlos, with the French general and his subsequent liberation (as he had every reason to believe, through her intercession), would he be justified in countenancing any further means of the like nature, although a solemn promise had been given to one who had saved his life? The soundness of his principles told him he decidedly ought not. But time, upon whose tide man's feelings are borne along, is like the river whose course awhile running straight and swift as far as the eye can stretch, induces the wayfarer who has trusted his fortunes on its current, to suppose that the end of his voyage will soon be accomplished,—when, on a sudden, the river takes a tortuous turn,—one reach succeeds another, until the bark, now carried sluggishly along, drifts and grounds on some hidden sand-bank, where the traveler becomes overwhelmed with disappointment and dismay at the untoward obstacles which have impeded his progress.

Very similar to this were the circumstances which affected Waltham during the ensuing day, leaving his mind at length

embedded in doubt and despondence. He had started early, under the certainty of meeting with or gaining some clue regarding the gipsies. Hope had borne him along for some time on its wings, until the unrequited hours of search began to flag, and became uncheering, when after threading every street and alley, and perplexing his mind with every maze of conjecture, hope itself turned sick at heart, and his limbs were nearly exhausted through fatigue, having had, in addition to all this, to listen to the jocose inquiries of his comrades, after his *quondam* friends,—designating the elder gipsy as his future mother-in-law, and old Chiboro the paternal guardian who was to give away the bride.

Night however had closed in, releasing him from any further sallies of wit; when, tired out and dispirited, Waltham seated himself in his cheerless room, dimly lighted by the faint blaze of a wood fire. He was alone, ruminating on the occurrences of the last twenty-four hours, when he heard a low tap at his door, and desiring the person to enter, it was opened, and Chaléca stood before him.

"How now, Chaléca," was the instantaneous exclamation; "I have nearly exhausted both strength and patience in searching for you; where have you been hiding?"

"Chaléca is seldom to be found when she aims at concealment," was her quick reply, adding—"nevertheless, your reception of us last night did not augur strongly of your wish to see us again; you never expressed it."

"We cannot always divulge our thoughts before others. I sought you when set at liberty so to do,—but was unsuccessful. Where is Aurilla?"

"Are you sincerely anxious to see her, signor?"

"Most certainly; can you doubt it?"

"She has told me of what passed between you, during my absence from the Val. I would not have left her had I not felt I could trust you. You love her?"

In saying this, the gipsy fixed her one dark eye with an intense look of penetration on the young man, who, confused at the abrupt question, could not answer immediately, when she continued, pointing at the same time to the lost eye, "You have observed this scar, but know not as yet that it was received in defending her from a ruffian. Her birth was noble, and such shall be her destiny, if I can make it so."

These words caused Waltham to remark, "Doubt not that I have, too, the deepest interest, the most tender solicitude, regarding Aurilla."

"And would protect her, if death laid me low? Answer me, signor."

"Yes, in every way in my power,—if ——."

"Ever, a man's reply," was her sarcastic interruption, and she turned as if about to depart.

"And was this the only purport of your visit here, Chaléca? Has it not a deeper, a more designing object? Remember your visit to Roncesvalles. I swore secrecy to it, knowing its intention only subsequently to the saving of my life; but you must assure me that nothing of this sort is now contemplated. If it be so ——," and he paused for her reply.

"You would betray me,—ha? Beware! scorn not woman's love or woman's hate," and she glared at him with ironical sternness.

"I am a British officer, Chaléca, whose honor nothing must compromise," said Waltham, with equal warmth. "It is true you saved my life, which has been your safeguard up to the present hour; beyond it there is danger, perhaps worse."

The gipsy, observing Waltham's determined manner, attempted to smile, saying, "Well, be it so; but let us change the subject; you are anxious to see Aurilla again?"

"I have already told you this: why came she not with you?"

"Must women ever be your slaves,—the puppets of man's desires? But let me see: it is now six o'clock, be here to receive us at ten,—and be alone; farewell until then, and follow me not." Before the young officer had time to reply she had vanished.

Waltham dared not follow one so determined in spirit, and being left once more alone, fell into a reverie of conflicting thoughts. He loved the damsel, yet felt there was something in the passion he had nourished irreconcilable with his position, if not ignoble in spirit, notwithstanding Chaléca's remark,—"*her birth was noble, and such shall be her destiny, if I can make it so*," which vibrated on his heart, and partially relieved his feelings, and which expressions, coupled with Aurilla's refusal to disclose what she knew of her own story, by the gipsy's injunctions, led him to think there was truth in her words; whilst the very mystery attached to them awakened so much the more interest and desire of their solution.

Occupied with these meditations, he replenished the fire, awaiting the re-appearance of Pat Timmins, who on his return was desired to bring in the evening meal prepared for him. This being speedily despatched, and his servant told that he might retire to rest, Waltham sat musing, but after awhile

looking repeatedly at his watch, and thinking the three hours he had anxiously awaited the gipsy's coming the longest he had ever spent. It now wanted half an hour only to the appointed time; anticipation had increased his restlessness greatly, when all at once a loud rapping at the door announced some visitor. His immediate impression was that his female friends had arrived, when hastening to admit them, the first sounds which met his ear were, "Holloa, Waltham, are you asleep? The colonel wants you instantly."

"Is it you, White? I thought the colonel dined to-day with Lord Wellington, and it is earlier than his usual return."

"Yes, but he has just returned, and desires to see you immediately."

"Pray what is the urgent duty at this late hour?" inquired Waltham, testily.

"My dear fellow," answered White, "you might as well ask the door-post there; all I know is, that you are wanted."

"Oh, I presume, then, nothing of great consequence; walk on, and I will follow, as soon as I get my hat and sword;" Waltham's real object, however, being to rouse his servant, and communicate some directions privately, regarding his expected visitors, should their arrival occur before his return, which he succeeded in doing.

On reaching his commanding officer's quarters in the full expectation of not being detained very long, Waltham found to his regret that the colonel had gone to see the quarter-master-general, leaving word for him to await his return. The detention, however, proved greater than anticipated, for on looking at his watch he found it to be ten o'clock, and the colonel had not reappeared. To go away was impossible; the gipsy would no doubt be punctual to her appointment, her naturally quick temper would get impatient at his prolonged, and, to her, intentional absence; she would depart in anger, and the opportunity thus lost to see Aurilla once more,—perhaps for ever. What was to be done in this vexatious dilemma?

He had almost decided on returning to his quarters on finding by his watch that it was a quarter-past ten, when he heard a footstep, and the colonel entered.

"Good evening, Waltham. You were employed, I think, early in the month in reconnoitering towards the mouth of the Adour, near Bayonne?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so; here is T——'s sketch; he is absent on duty, but you know the ground;" and the colonel sat down, unrolling on the table a paper he had in his hand, saying,

"Look here, this path leads from the mayor's house at Bidart down to the sea-side,—the other is by a by-road to the village of Biaritz, where the French have a strong picquet."

"I believe they have."

"No doubt of it, I saw them yesterday. Now, from your recollection of the sand-hills between this village and the shore, think you it is possible to steal along the beach unobserved?"

"That would depend entirely on the time when undertaken; stragglers frequently roam along the sands. It would be impracticable by daylight."

"Of course; but what I require your opinion upon, is, whether the village is so near the shore as to endanger a small party being observed at night, or discovered by the accidental sound of a horse's hoof?"

"Certainly not," was Waltham's reply.

"Well, then, let me see," and the colonel continued poring over the map, during which the other sat in the utmost state of nervous anxiety, not daring to exhibit any impatience at his detention. Many other questions were subsequently asked, all relative to a plan for laying down a bridge of boats over the Adour, to accomplish which it required a reconnoisance to ascertain the breadth of the river, nature of its banks, and state of the bar at its *embouchure;* and in military genius for conceiving such bold designs, Lord Wellington was singularly pre-eminent, whilst no one had aided him more skilfully in their execution than Colonel S——.

On thanking Waltham for the information given, the colonel called to his servant, Hunt, to bring glasses and the spirit flasks; the former begged, however, to be excused from taking anything, pleading also the lateness of the hour. "Poh, poh," was the reply, "you have no duty to rouse you up early to-morrow morning; besides I wish to inquire after the pretty gipsy girl, and that queer old mother of her's. Santa Maria! that accurate allusion to circumstances, most melancholy ones, in my past life, was strange, unaccountably strange;" and he remained silent and thoughtful for some moments, during which the tray had been brought in, which prevented Waltham from leaving, who had no reasonable excuse to offer, and could not disclose the importunate call on his feelings. It was therefore past midnight when he reached his quarters again. Pat Timmins was awaiting his return, when seeing no other person, Waltham enquired, with anxious haste, if the gipsies had been there.

"In coorse they were, your honor," was Tim's reply, "and a pritty bobbery, bedad, the ould un kicked up, when

she found your honor absent; and then, the young un, too, she commenced, as all women-folk do, to cry, in coorse, and ———."

"But where are they now? whither have they gone?" was demanded with eager impatience.

"I' fegs, that's more an I knows, your honor; the ould un put herself in the divil's own tantrums, after she had waited an hour or so, pooring forth her quare gibberish, which only made the little un, the poor shelah, whimper the more: bad luck to it."

"They are gone, then?"

"True enough, your honor," Pat replied, composedly.

"And you, you d——d fool, did you not ask where they were to be found?"

"Bedad, your honor, when the ould banshee was walking off, swearing a big Spanish oath, and telling the young un to follow her, sure enough I axed her if she'd be a-kimming back, and didn't she grin at me like a wild baste, and screech out ———."

"What?" inquired Waltham, wild with vexation.

"I' fegs, your honor, what I didn't understand."

"Then, you cursed blockhead, you know nothing."

"Saving what I've tould your honor," said Tim, in a sheepish tone, disconcerted at his master's anger.

Waltham inquired no further, but rushed—overpowered with disappointment and vexation—from the house.

EPIGRAMS FROM "MARTIAL."

IX.—103.

Ad Phœbum.

Quadringentorum reddis mihi, Phœbe, tabellas:
Centum da potius mutua, Phœbe, mihi.
Quære alium cui te tam vano munere jactes:
Quod tibi non possum solvere, Phœbe, meum est.

To a Creditor.

With my bond of four hundred you grandly present me,
I had rather one hundred you honestly lent me;
To fools be your empty munificence shown—
What I cannot pay, sir, I count as my own.

I.—76.

De Lino.

Dimidium donare Lino quam credere totum
Qui mavult,—mavult perdere dimidium.

Economy.

Smith asks a hundred pounds on loan: be thrifty—
GIVE him the half;—and thus you'll save the fifty.

XII.—10.

De Africano.

Habet Africanus millies, tamen captat.
Fortuna multis dat nimis, satis nulli.

On an African—(Candidate for Council).

With votes full ten thousand—for more still and more doth Plumper importune;
How often too much,—but never enough—is granted by fortune!

XII.—81.

De Callistrato.

Ne laudet dignos, laudat Callistratus omnes.
Cui malus est nemo, quis bonus esse potest?

John, lest he should praise the worthy, praises every man on earth:
While with him no rogue is faulty—what is John's encomium worth?

VIII.—12.

Ad Priscum.

Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim,
Quæritis? uxori nubere nolo meæ.
Inferior matrona suo sit, Prisce, marito:
Non aliter fuerint fœmina virque pares.

Marriage.

I wed the heiress? Don't you see
How she would lord it in the sequel?
The lady must the poorer be,
For wife and husband to be equal.

XI.—50.

Ad Fabullum.

Ignotos mihi cum voces trecentos
Quare non veniam vocatus a te
Miraris, quererisque, litigasque.
Solus cœno, Fabulle, non libenter.

Apology.

You are annoyed that I decline
To join the crowd you've asked to dine?
They're strangers to me—every one—
And I detest to dine alone!

KAFIR LAWS.*

Last month we presented the readers of this periodical with descriptive sketches of the system of Kafir government, as represented in the work whose title is quoted below. We turn now to another subject—the prevailing laws of the Kafir tribes. In the governmental arrangements of Kafirland, we have seen that many strange analogies could be traced to the despotisms of civilized nations. Its codes of law are marked by a still closer affinity to many conspicuous features of even our own English jurisprudence. In the first place, the basis on which all legal authority in Kafirland rests is much analogous to what holds in Westminster. The common law of England is an unwritten, uncodified system, comprising the frequently-conflicting decisions of the courts of the land, from the Conquest downward. The laws of the Kafir tribes are equally "a collection of precedents, consisting of the decisions of the chiefs and councils of bygone days, and embodied in the recollections, personal or traditional, of the people of the existing generation." Mr. Dugmore writes:

> That these decisions, in the first instance, were founded upon some general notion of right, is not unlikely. It is not, however, to the abstract merits of a case that the appeal is now ordinarily made, in legal discussions, but to what has been customary in past times. The decisions of deceased chiefs of note are the guide for the living in similar circumstances. The justice of those decisions is usually assumed as a matter of course, no one presuming to suppose that an Amaxosa *chief*, any more than an English *king*, can do "wrong." The changing condition of the tribes, arising from their growing intercourse with a civilized people is, however, gradually introducing more complicated questions amongst them; and thus the decisions of the ancients are becoming less applicable to the circumstances of the moderns than formerly. The result is, that more difficulty is felt in deciding, and the "glorious uncertainty" of the law of more enlightened lands is finding its way into the "courts" of Kaffraria.

Kafir jurisprudence is subdivided into the civil and criminal departments in some such fashion as colonial or English law is. In one class of cases the chief is always considered the aggrieved party, the action is entered on his behalf, and the whole thing is classed as a criminal process. In the other, the *people* are the only parties concerned, the chief being appealed to merely in his capacity as judge:

> The principle which regulates the classification of cases is, however, one that makes a very different division of the civil from the criminal

* A Compendium of Kafir Laws and Customs, including Genealogical Tables of Kafir Chiefs, and various Tribal Census Returns. Compiled by direction of Colonel Maclean, C.B., Chief Commissioner of British Kaffraria. Printed for the Government of British Kaffraria. Mount Coke; Wesleyan Mission Press, 1858.

to that which obtains in civilized jurisprudence. This principle is, that a man's *goods* are his own property, but his *person* is the property of his chief. Thus, if his possessions be invaded, he claims redress for *himself;* but if his person be assaulted, and bodily injury be the result, it becomes *his owner's* concern. In the latter case, however heavily the offender may be fined, the actual sufferer derives no benefit. "No man can eat his own blood," is the maxim which regulates this procedure; and as the fines levied for personal injuries are considered the "price of blood," whoever should receive any part of such fine in a case where he had himself been the sufferer, would be regarded as violating this maxim.

The Kafir criminal code comes thus to comprise all political or national offences with murder, assault, witchcraft, &c. All cases that have reference to property come under the "civil" head. Property, in the Kafir sense, however, is a comprehensive term. A man's house, or his ox, or his ass, is included in it, of course. But foremost, as the principal chattel of a Kafir citizen, is his wife, and, next to that, his own good name. "A 'good name,'" says Mr. Dugmore, "is deemed of such worth (possibly on the principle that the scarcity or rarity of an article enhances its value), that whoever attempts to filch it runs the risk of a serious prosecution." The libel law in Kafirland is manifestly a formidable affair, and Shakespeare's doctrine has been studied to good purpose. A few of the more important laws, criminal and civil, we shall proceed to notice, as they are set forth in the notes of Mr. Warner. And first among the criminal cases is homicide, or murder:

Kafir law seems to make little or no distinction between wilful murder and any other kind of homicide; unless it be, perhaps, that, in purely accidental homicide, the full amount of the fine may not be so rigidly insisted upon. All homicides must, however, be atoned for; the principle assumed being that the *persons* of individuals are the property of the chief, and that, having been deprived of the life of a subject, he must be compensated for it. The fine for a male is seven head of cattle, and for a female ten head; the life of a female being more valuable than that of a male, on account of the dowry obtained for her at her marriage.

Compensation for all kinds of homicide is so universally insisted upon, that should even an "igqwira," or person charged with the crime of sorcery, die under the torture to which he is always subjected, or be killed, without the sanction of the chief, the "isizi," or atonement, must be paid, unless the chief thinks proper to forego his claim, and which he sometimes does in such cases. The case is not altered in "faction fights," where for each individual who may be killed, the fine is inflicted upon all the parties engaged; unless such fight was authorized by the paramount chief himself. And even in death occurring from natural causes, unless the chief is formally made acquainted therewith, immediately on such an event happening, the "isizi" can be demanded.

This kind of law does not at all accord with our ideas of justice; and it is one of the most defective parts of Kafir law. And yet, its practical

working must be good, for the Kafirs are the opposite of bloodthirsty; as the shedding of blood, except in times of war, is a rare occurrence among them.

Simple assault is ranked next to homicide, and is rigorously punished, however paltry and insignificant the battery may have been. Nothing justifies one man striking another, not even in self-defence, and both parties are generally fined, unless it be clearly proved that the assault was all on one side:

Rape is a crime; but it must be clearly proved, and then the fine is not more than from one to three or four head of cattle.

The procuring of abortion, although almost universally practised by all classes of females in Kafir society, is nevertheless a crime of considerable magnitude in the eye of the law; and when brought to the notice of the chief, a fine of four or five head of cattle is inflicted. The accomplices are equally guilty with the female herself.

Unnatural crimes are almost entirely unknown. Indeed, during a residence of twenty-five years among the Tambookies, I have only heard of one case of the kind. This was a case of sodomy. I think the fine was five head of cattle It was considered a criminal case, and the fine was accordingly claimed by the chief.

Of civil crimes, or those committed against "property," the most aggravated is adultery. The fine is from one to three or four head of cattle, according to the rank of the husband. Adultery is only a crime, however, when committed by the wife. In Kafirland, as in England, the man is the lord of the creation, and in Kafir legislation special exception is made in his behalf, precisely as a similar exception has been made in the latest divorce bill passed last year by the British Parliament. Of theft, as viewed in the light of Kafir jurisprudence, we have the following account:

Seizing property by force, on the plea of retaliation, taking the law into one's own hands, or on any other pretence whatever, does not come under the head of stealing. Property thus seized must, however, be restored, or compensation given to its value. In all such cases the unfortunate plaintiff has to pay the law expenses, although he seldom gets the full amount of his property restored to him. In all cases of theft of live stock, the law allows a fine of ten for one; but the full amount of this fine is seldom enforced in the present day, especially when the number stolen is more than one or two head.

In cases of petty thefts, the fines inflicted are very insignificant, and seldom amount to more than the value of the articles stolen.

The stealing of live stock is the most important law case in Kafirland; and the following are the principal points to be attended to.

If the property is recovered uninjured, no fine is paid; and if part of the property is restored uninjured, the thief is only fined for the missing or injured part.

The custom of demanding payment for the "spoor," where colonial property is concerned, although it may be restored uninjured, has been introduced by the Colonial Government, and agreed to by the chiefs.

The custom of handing the "spoor" over to the first kraal, and expecting them to pass it on to the next, &c., is also an innovation, introduced by the colonists.

Concealing a theft is no crime; but assisting to commit one is. Neither is it a crime simply to partake of the flesh of a stolen beast, knowing it to be such, unless the parties are in some way connected with the theft as accomplices.

In cases of theft (or, indeed, of any other crimes to which the principle of collective responsibility is applicable), it is not necessary to identify the thief; nor is it necessary that he should be produced, or even known. It is sufficient if a case has been clearly established against a kraal.

The leading principle of Kafir law, generally, is compensation—as the ancient Hebrew code was based on retaliation, and the modern European codes on retribution, compensation, and reformation combined. The Kafir idea of compensation is brought out clearly in the following:

If you set fire to the grass, and accident to person or property is occasioned thereby, the law will require you to make compensation for the injury done. If your dogs injure person or property, and you did not exert yourself to prevent it, when you might have done so, a case lies against you. But the law does not appear to demand compensation for what is clearly proved to have been a purely accidental injury to *property;* although it will do so in accidental injuries to the *persons* of individuals, if the injury is of a serious nature; as the latter would come under the head of criminal cases, and therefore could only be overlooked, or the fine remitted, by the chief himself.

Of the laws which regulate the arrangements of native Kafir society, the most important are those which relate to marriage, divorce, and inheritance:

Marriage has degenerated into slavery, and is simply the purchase of as many women by one man as he desires, or can afford to pay for. The price or dowry paid for a wife is left very indefinite. It is not all paid at the time of marriage, but by degrees; and the husband appears to be for a long time liable to fresh demands for cattle, under some pretext or other. Ten head is, however, the ordinary price among the commonalty; but twenty or thirty are frequently demanded for chiefs' daughters; and chiefs of high rank have to pay from thirty to fifty head, and even more, for their wives, when they marry the daughters of chiefs of equal, or superior, rank to their own.

The dowry, or price paid for a wife, is called the "ikazi," and which name distinguishes it from the "ikebe," or price paid for the temporary use of a woman, or concubine, who is called an "ishweshwe;" the name of a proper wife being "umfazi."

The payment of the "ikazi" is the legal proof of marriage, although dancing, feasting, &c, are generally indulged in on such occasions.

Until all demands with regard to the dowry have been satisfied, the father or guardians of the woman have a legal right to detain her in their custody, should they succeed in getting peaceable possession of her person; but they must not use force for this purpose. This singular custom is called "ukuteleka," and it leads to a vast amount of domestic misery and wickedness.

Although, in theory, perhaps the power of the husband over the wife is considered absolute in everything but taking her life; yet in reality there are many checks to his power. His own friends will interfere to prevent his indulging in any great degree of brutality towards her. If he mutilates her, or inflicts any permanent injury on her body, the chief will demand the "isizi," or blood atonement. If, also, she can succeed in running away to her friends, they have a legal right to make an additional demand of cattle to those already paid for her, and to detain her until such demand has been complied with. And if a woman utterly refuses to live with her husband, on account of ill usage, there is no law to compel her to do so; and the only remedy he has, is to demand that the dowry be refunded to him; but the law will not support him even in this, if she has borne him a family of children. Kafir husbands are not, however, generally cruel to their wives, in the common sense of that word. Their wives are, nevertheless, mere slaves, and have all the drudgery and laborious work to perform.

If a wife dies without having borne children to her husband, the law will support him in his demand for the dowry to be returned to him; unless she had been married to him a considerable number of years.

Divorce in Kafirland seems to be as facile as Mr. Gladstone dreads it will soon become in England. The very facility of the process, however, seems to be the principal reason why it is so seldom resorted to:

A man may divorce his wife at pleasure, without assigning any reason for so doing. And yet divorces are not frequent among them. First, because of the great difficulty there is in recovering the dowry, even when the husband is entitled to demand it, and which he is not if his wife had borne him children; and, secondly, because by so doing, he deprives himself of her labor as his servant. Marrying another wife is therefore the more common plan adopted to humble and annoy a wife, when she is inclined to be independent and unruly.

A Kafir seldom divorces his wife for adultery: he prefers receiving the fine on such occasions, and giving her a good thrashing.

In all cases of divorce, the children belong to the father, and are entirely under his control.

Our last extract refers to inheritance. The law on that subject is planned with great elaboration, and is admirably adapted to sustain the feudal system of the country:

It may be thought that, on account of the universal practice of polygamy, the law with regard to inheritance would be very confused and uncertain; but nothing can be more plain and definite.

Each wife has a separate establishment. If a man has three wives, their establishment will be thus distinguished: The principal, or great wife's establishment will be called the "ibotwe," the next in rank will be called the "right hand," and the third in rank the "left hand house." If he has less than three wives, the above principle will nevertheless be the guide or rule as far as circumstances will allow. If he has more than three, they will be attached to one or other of the three principal houses; but each of these minor houses will nevertheless have its own separate establishment.

If the father has neglected, during his lifetime, to declare, in a formal and public manner, what portion of his property he has allotted to his several establishments, he may be said to die intestate; in which case

the eldest son of the "ibotwe," or principal house, takes possession, as the heir-at-law, of the whole of his father's estate. But in this case he is bound to take charge of, and provide for, all his father's establishments; which are, however, little burden to him, as the principal care of getting a living devolves on the women themselves.

Females can inherit nothing, but are themselves property. A married woman is the property of her husband, and when he dies she becomes the property of his heirs; nor can she marry again without their consent.

Children belong solely to their father, and the mother has no claim whatever to them under any circumstances; and when the father dies, they pass, together with his other property, to his heirs. The dowries of the girls are claimed by the eldest son of the house to which they belong, unless they had been otherwise disposed of by the father during his lifetime.

The eldest son of a chief's great wife inherits the chieftainship of the tribe at his father's death.

The principal property among the Kafirs is live stock. The only inheritable landed property recognized by Kafir law is what has been brought under cultivation, together with the homestead or site of the kraal. This may be claimed from generation to generation, and can be forfeited only by committing some political crime.

Should a man have no sons, his property is inherited by his father, if still living; if not, then by his eldest brother of the same house. If there is no brother of the same mother, then the property is inherited by the eldest son of his father's great wife: in case of a failure of a male in that house, then by the eldest son of the next house in rank, and so on. In case of an entire failure of brothers, then the eldest brother of his father, born of the same mother as his father, comes in for the estate.

In case of a failure here, then his father's eldest brother belonging to the "ibotwe," or principal house, becomes the claimant. If there is no male in this house, then the eldest brother of the next house, and so on, descending from house to house, according to their rank, until a male is found to inherit the property.

In case of an entire failure of male heirs, the estate is claimed by the chief, together with the dowries obtained for the orphan daughters.

Our idea of Kafir jurisprudence, however minutely detailed in the theory of it, without some knowledge of the forms and processes of a Kafir judicature, would be miserably incomplete. This we have furnished to us in the following graphic sketch by the Rev. Mr. Dugmore:

The conduct of a Kafir law-suit through its various stages is an amusing scene to any one who understands the language, and who marks the proceedings with a view to elicit mental character.

When a man has ascertained that he has sufficient grounds to enter an action against another, his first step is to proceed, with a party of his friends or adherents, armed, to the residence of the person against whom his action lies. On their arrival, they sit down together in some conspicuous position, and await quietly the result of their presence. As a law party is readily known by the aspect and deportment of its constituents, its appearance at any kraal is the signal for mustering all the adult male residents that are forthcoming. These accordingly assemble, and also sit down together, within conversing distance of the generally

unwelcome visitors. The two parties perhaps survey each other in silence for some time. "Tell us the news!" at length exclaims one of the adherents of the defendant, should their patience fail first. Another pause sometimes ensues, during which the party of the plaintiff discuss in an under tone which of their company shall be "opening counsel." This decided, the "learned gentleman" commences a minute statement of the case, the rest of the party confining themselves to occasional suggestions, which he adopts or rejects at pleasure. Sometimes he is allowed to proceed almost uninterrupted to the close of the statement, the friends of the defendant listening with silent attention, and treasuring up in their memories all the points of importance, for a future stage of the proceedings. Generally, however, it receives a thorough sifting from the beginning, every assertion of consequence being made the occasion of a most searching series of cross-questions.

The case thus fairly opened, which often occupies several hours, it probably proceeds no farther the first day. The plaintiff and his party are told that the "men" of the place are from home; that there are none but "children" present, who are not competent to discuss such important matters. They accordingly retire, with the tacit understanding that the case is to be resumed the next day.

During the interval, the defendant formally makes known to the men of the neighboring kraals that an action has been entered against him, and they are expected to be present on his behalf at the resumption of the case. In the meantime, the first day's proceedings having indicated the line of argument adopted by the plaintiff, the plan of defence is arranged accordingly. Information is collected, arguments are suggested, precedents sought for, able debaters called in, and every possible preparation made for the battle of intellects that is to be fought on the following day. The plaintiff's party, usually reinforced both in mental and in material strength, arrive the next morning and take up their ground again. Their opponents, now mustered in force, confront them, seated on the ground, each man with his arms by his side. The case is resumed by some "advocate for the defendant" requiring a re-statement of the plaintiff's grounds of action. This is commenced, perhaps, by one who was not even present at the previous day's proceedings, but who has been selected for this more difficult stage of the case on account of his debating abilities.

"Then comes the tug of war." The ground is disputed inch by inch; every assertion is contested, every proof attempted to be invalidated; objection meets objection, and question is opposed by counter question, each disputant endeavoring, with surprising adroitness, to throw the burden of *answering* on his opponent. The Socratic method of debate appears in all its perfection, both parties being equally versed in it. The rival advocates warm as they proceed, sharpening each other's intellects, and kindling each other's ardor, till, from the passions that seem enlisted in the contest, a stranger might suppose the interests of the nation to be at stake, and dependent upon the decision.

When these combatants have spent their strength, or one of them is overcome in argument, others step in to the rescue. The battle is fought over again on different grounds; some point, either of law or evidence, that had been purposely kept in abeyance, being now brought forward, and perhaps the entire aspect of the case changed. The whole of the second day is frequently taken up with this intellectual gladiatorship, and it closes without any other result than an exhibition of the relative strength of the opposing parties. The plaintiff's company retire again, and the defendant and his friends

review their own position. Should they feel that they have been worsted, and that the case is one that cannot be successfully defended, they prepare to attempt to bring the matter to a conclusion by an offer of the smallest satisfaction the law allows. This is usually refused, in expectation of an advance in the offer, which takes place generally in proportion to the defendant's anxiety to prevent an appeal. Should the plaintiff at length accede to the proposed terms, they are fulfilled, and the case is ended by a formal declaration of acquiescence.

If, however, as it frequently happens, the case involves a number of intricate questions that afford room for quibbling, the debates are renewed day after day, till the plaintiff determines to appeal to the decision of the *umpakati*, who has charge of the neighboring district. He proceeds with his array of advocates to his kraal, and the case is re-stated in his presence. The defendant confronts him, and the whole affair is gone into anew on an enlarged scale of investigation. The history of the case, the history of the events that led to it, collateral circumstances, journeys, visits, conversations, bargains, exchanges, gifts, promises, threatenings, births, marriages, deaths, that were taken, paid, made, given, or occurred in connection with either of the contending parties, or their associates, or their relatives of the present or past generation, all come under review, and before the "court of appeal" has done with the affair, the history, external and internal, of a dozen families, for the past ten years, is made the subject of conflicting discussion.

The "resident magistrate" decides the case, if he can, after perhaps a week's investigation; but if not, or if either party be dissatisfied with his decision, an appeal can still be made to the chief "in council."

Should this final step be resolved on, the appealing party proceeds to the "Great Place." Here, however, more of form and ceremony must be observed than before. As soon as he and his company arrive within hearing, he shouts at the the full extent of his voice, "Ndimangele!" *(I lodge a complaint).* "Umangele 'nto nina? *(You lodge a complaint of what?)* is the immediate response, equally loud, from whichever of the "men of the Great Place" happens to catch the sound. A shouting dialogue commences, the complainants approaching all the while till they have reached the usual position occupied on such occasions, a spot at the respectful distance of some fifty paces from the council hut. The dialogue lasts as long as the *umpakati* chooses to question, and then ceases. The complainants sit still. By-and-by, some one else comes out of the house and sees the party. "What do *you* complain about?" "We complain about so and so;" and the is case begun afresh. He listens and questions as long as he likes, and then passes on. A third happens to be going by. The inquiry is repeated, and *again* a statement of the case is commenced The *umpakati wakwomkulu* questions as he goes, and without stopping continues his interrogations till he is out of hearing. This tantalizing and seemingly contemptuous procedure is repeated at the pleasure or caprice of any man who chances to form one of the "court" for the time being, and it would be "contempt of court" to refuse to answer. At length, when it suits their convenience, the councilors assemble, and listen to the complainant's statement. The opposite party, if he has not come voluntarily to confront his accusers, is summoned by authority. On his arrival, the former processes of statement and counter-statement are repeated, subjected to the cross-examining ordeal through which old Kafir lawyers know so well how to put a man. The chief meanwhile is perhaps lying stretched on a mat in the midst of his council, apparently asleep,

or in a state of *dignified* indifference as to what is going forward. He is, however, in reality as wide-awake as any present, of which he can generally give proof should he see fit to assume the office of examiner himself. He sometimes does so, after having listened to the debates that have taken place in his presence, and then decides the case. At other times he forms his decision upon the result of the investigations conducted by his councilors, and takes no part in the case but to pronounce judgment. On this being done, the party in whose favor judgment is given, starts up, rushes to the feet of the chief, kisses them, and in an impassioned oration extols the wisdom and justice of his judge to the skies. A party from the "Great Place" is sent with him to enforce the decision, *and bring back the chief's share of the fine imposed*, and the affair is at an end.

The extract has been a monstrously long one, but it is too good and complete to bear mutilation. It shows that, in Kafir courts, scenes may, and do frequently, arise, as grotesque as Dickens ever dreamed of in his memorable trial of Bardwell versus Pickwick.

SIVA AND MADHAVA.*

AN INDIAN POPULAR STORY.

[The interest at present taken in Indian affairs may, perhaps, excuse the translator offering to the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* a specimen of Indian life.]

THERE was once a very magnificent and rich city, called Rutnapura, where there lived two very great swindlers, called Siva and Madhava, who, supported by a number of other gentry of the same description, had laid for a very long time all the wealthy inhabitants by their—what we might, in pure Saxon, call—"artful dodges," under very severe contributions. When they found the community sucked as dry as a sponge, these two arch-priests of rascaldom met together, and said, "This unfortunate city is really quite exhausted by us youth, and we must positively now go to the next town (Ujjapini), quite a primitive city, in order to earn a livelihood there. For in that city lives the king's high-priest, Saukarasrami, who the world esteems as a very rich man; and if we can by any means contrive to clean him out, why we can enjoy ourselves in the sunny smiles of the ladies there, whom report says are more fair than honest. The Brahmins say he is very covetous, although he can measure his riches by the bushel, yet he, with the utmost reluctance

*From "The Collection of Indian Tales of Somadeva Bhatta, of Kaschmir." Translated from the Sanscrit, into German, by Dr. H. Brockhaus. 2 vols Leipsig: 1843; and into English, by Mr. H. Hall, B.E.D.

and with a wrinkled brow, gives them the half share, belonging to their order, of all the sacrifices. It is also well known that he has a very beautiful daughter, which, if we play our cards well, is sure to become the spouse of one of us. The two scamps, Siva and Madhava, finally consulted together, and having agreed on their plans, they left the town of Rutnapura and took up their abode in Ujjapini.

Madhava remained with his people, clothed as a Rajpoot, in the suburbs outside the town. But Siva, who was the most artful of all dodgers, walked boldly at once into the city, assuming, as he well knew how to do, the gait and deportment of a penitent of the first water. He fixed himself in a well-known cave, or hermitage, on the bank of the Sifra; and spread before it, on a deer hide, an earthen pot, in which to collect the alms of the faithful, together with Darbha grass and red clay. At the first dawn of morning, he daubed his body over with the latter, and, going into the river, remained a long time with his head under the water; he afterwards stood as if he had just come out of his bath, with his countenance unchanged, gazing on the sun; and bowing down before an image of the deity, mumbled his prayers, holding in his hands a bundle of Darbha grass, from which he plucked the holy flowers, and offered them up, one by one: when his offering was over, he began to pray again, and appeared absorbed in the deepest devotion. Next day, he strolled about to collect alms, leaning on a staff and preserving a strict silence, with no clothing on but the scant skin of a Himalaya gazelle. Whatever alms he received out of the Brahmins' houses he placed in three pots,—the one for the crows, the next to the first whom he met, and the third for his own wants. The whole night he spent in his cell, without any society, appearing to reflect on the most grave points of philosophy, in order to blind the eyes of the community at large. As this hypocrite, day after day, paraded his penance before the simple-minded community of Ujjapini, he finally succeeded in completely deceiving them; and they all said one to another, "Yes; this is certainly a most pious and holy penitent."

In the meantime, his friend Madhava, in his Rajpoot's array, having, through his friend's agency, heard of all this, removed his residence into the town, and took up his abode in a temple situated in a lonely neighborhood; from thence he went to the banks of the Sifra, to bathe in its stream. After he had bathed, he saw Siva, who, before

the image of the deity, was engaged in deep prayer, and he fell down, with his attendants, at his feet. He then said to the people who accompanied him, "There is not a more pious penitent in the world than the man we see here; more than once already have I seen him as he visited the holy wells and pilgrimage places:" but as soon as Siva saw him, he continued his devotions, and did not take the slightest notice of him. Then Madhava returned to his dwelling. In the night, however, they met in a lonesome place, where they ate and drank, and conversed with each other, and consulted what they should next do. In the last watch of the night, Siva returned to his cell, and Madhava said to one of his accomplices who accompanied him, as the day broke, "Take these two robes as a present to Saukarasrami, the king's high-priest, and speak to him as follows: 'A Rajpoot, by name Madhava, oppressed by his relatives, and driven out of his rightful possessions, has come from the south with his rich treasures; and wishes, with many other valiant Rajpoots accompanying him, to enter into the service of your mighty king. He has therefore sent me to you, O Son of Renown, in order to ask your intercession.'" With this message from Madhava the accomplice proceeded, holding in his hands the presents, to the house of the high-priest. When he espied a favorable moment, the priest being alone, he approached him, handed him the present, and delivered the message sent by Madhava. The priest, however, with an assumed dignity, and anxious for further presents, graciously consented to the request. The accomplice having returned, Madhava went next day, at the appointed hour, to visit the priest, accompanied by the accomplice, clothed as a Rajpoot, adorned with armor, and announced by a herald preceding him. The priest met him, and gave him a most cordial greeting. Madhava remained but a short time; and, after a most agreeable interview, returned to his dwelling. On the second day, he sent two handsome robes, as a present to the priest, and then visited him himself, saying, "We want to enter into the king's service, but merely for the honor of the thing; we have plenty of riches ourselves." When the priest heard this, he hoped he would receive a good round sum from Madhava; and promised him therefore that his wish would be gratified, and went off straight to the king, who, having a great esteem for him, at once granted his request. The next day, the priest brought Madhava and his companions before the king, and presented them to him in all dignity. The

king was pleased with the bearing of Madhava, who was a Rajpoot, both in appearance and reality, and receiving him with warmth, he gladly took him into his service. So lived Madhava, serving the king; but every night he spent with Siva, cogitating over their future plans. Once, the greedy priest sent to Madhava, who he always kept his eye upon, expecting presents, "Dwell in my house," said he; and as he became very urgent, Madhava and his followers accepted his proposal. Madhava had a large quantity of false jewels, well set and artfully imitated, which, putting into a casket, he begged the high-priest to put into his strong box; and opening the lid to let the reverend gentleman see a little of their splendor, he kindled a fire in the old gentleman's soul too powerful to bear.

As the priest in this manner was secured, Madhava feigned sickness, and, by a few days' judicious fasting, fell away most prodigiously. One day, when he pretended to be extremely weak and exhausted, and the high-priest was sitting at his bed-side, thinking, no doubt, of the reversion of the jewels, he exclaimed, in a faint voice, "I certainly feel my end is approaching; I can't stand it much longer. Bring then, most excellent Brahmin, one of the most excellent of all Brahmins to me, that I may bequeath him all my present riches for my future salvation; for how can any reasonable being build up his future welfare on dirty riches?" The priest replied, "I will do what you wish." Out of pure gratitude, Madhava fell at his feet. Of all the Brahmins that the priest brought to Madhava not one of them pleased him. One was too fat, another too lean; one squinted, another had bandy legs. Then one of Madhava's retinue exclaimed loudly, "None of these Brahmins comes up to our master's fancy, but I wonder whether the pious priest, Siva, who dwells on the banks of the Sifra, would not come up to the mark?" Then Madhava, after a frightful grimace, exclaimed, "Yes, my dear high-priest, I think him the one for me; for, by all accounts, no other Brahmin can hold a candle to him." The high-priest toddled off to Siva's cell, and there found him in high devotional practices. In he goes to him to explain matters, but the *schelm*, with his eyes half shut, and in a most pious whine, continued his devotional exercises. "If your holiness is not too much engaged," said the high-priest, "I would like to say a word or two to you. There is a very rich Rajpoot, by name Madhava, living in the neighborhood, who has lately come out of the south; he is now very sick, and is

looking out for some one to whom he can leave all his money, and I can tell you he has lots of it,—crores of rupees, jewels, diamonds, and lots of other valuables." When Siva heard this, he, after a while, broke the silence and said, with a languid voice, "Brahmin, how can a man like me, who spends his whole existence diving into the profundity of the theological abstrusities of the existence of a deity, and lives merely on alms, bother myself by a covetous desire after the acquisition of earthly riches in general, and of the jewels and rupees of this unhappy Rajpoot in particular." "Then," replied the crafty high-priest, "speak not so, most honorable Brahmin, for do you not know that the Brahmin who takes a handsome young wife, and cultivates his domestic duties, exercises hospitality, and gets plenty of children, is the best of all possible Brahmins." Siva then said, "How can I possibly take a wife, for what rich and respectable Brahmin would ever give his daughter to a poor wretch like me." When the priest heard this, he immediately thought he had now Madhava's riches for his own family; and he said to Siva, "I have got one very lovely daughter, called Binayasvamini, whom I'll give you for a wife. The treasures which Madhava will present you with, I will treasure up, and guard for you. Choose, therefore, the joys of a married state." Siva listened attentively to these words, as they appeared to offer to him the attainment of his wishes, and then said, "If, my dear old gentleman, I can do you any favor by accepting your offer, I'll do it. But as to the gold and jewels part of the treasures, that I know nothing about. I'll leave all that, good man, to yourself; and I'll put myself like a child in your hands." The foolish old high-priest was exceedingly rejoiced to find he had got such a flat in his future son-in-law; and, bringing him home, showed him the house, and announced to Madhava what he had done, who thanked him in the most impressive and friendly manner. The next day, his fine grown-up daughter was married to the mock-penitent Siva; and, on the third day, he led his son-in-law to the sick Madhava, in order to receive his legacy, and the latter most graciously received him, falling at his feet, and saying, "I greet thee in all humility, holiest of men, for thou hast, by thy appearance, fulfilled that for which I have been doing unheard-of penances;" and made the priest bring the casket, in which were a heap of gaudy, though imposing false jewels, and presented it to Siva. Siva graciously received it, and then delivered it into the priest's hands, with these words, "I do not understand these worldly baubles, but you understand

them." "Yes," said the priest, "these are the treasures I spoke to you about; but, alas! they bring their worldly cares along with them:" and gladly, though with seeming reluctance, received the treasures. Then Siva solemnly gave Madhava his blessing, and turned back to his wife's dwelling, while the priest locked his treasure up in his strong box.

Madhava's assumed illness suddenly ceased next day, which he ascribed to the wonderful effect of his present to the holy man, and lavished all sorts of flattering speeches on the priest, when he visited him. "Through thee, holy man, was I supported and encouraged in the performance of my duties, and so rescued out of the miserable state I was in;" and he openly assumed a most warm friendship for Siva, praising and extolling him to every one. "Through thy wondrous piety and skill am I indebted for my life." When a few days were passed, Siva said to the priest, "The way I am now living in your house must cost a great deal, and it really must not continue. Why do you not take these jewels, which you say are worth a great sum, and give me for them a small amount of ready money." The priest, who thought the jewels were invaluable, jumped at the offer, and gave him a considerable sum of money. Siva renouncing all claim to the jewels, the priest made him sign and seal duplicate written papers to that effect, on receiving which, the old gentleman chuckled exceedingly, for he thought he had done the poor simple saint most neatly. The priest and his son-in-law then separated, and Siva lived quietly, enjoying a domestic tranquil married life. His friend Madhava dwelt with him; and they spent, at their pleasures, the old priest's ready money.

After some time, however, the priest began to feel the want of a little ready cash, as diamonds and rubies, however valuable, are badly adapted for small change; and so went, one fine morning, to a booth in the bazaar, in order to sell a few of his jewels. The merchants there, well acquainted with the real value of these articles, looked at them for a while, and then cried out, one and all, "He must have been a precious ass, whoever he was, who tried to pass off these trash as real jewelry; why, they are only pieces of colored glass, clumsily set in pinchbeck; but neither real jewels nor gold." When he heard these words, the priest ran home, breathless, and taking the whole of the supposed jewels, brought them to the bazaar, and showed them to the merchants there. They all laughed at him, and told him he had got nothing but a lot of rubbish. When the poor priest

heard this, he fainted and fell down, as if struck with a flash of lightning. When he recovered himself, he rushed to Siva, and said to him, "Take back thy cursed gimcracks, and give me back my money." Siva coolly replied, "Don't you wish you may get it, old gentleman; what have I been living on since I married your daughter?" So, after arguing the point in vain, the old priest and he went before the king, at whose side stood Madhava. The priest commenced his complaints in the following words: "Here, O king, is a box of false jewelry, made up of worthless paste and pieces of colored glass, set in pinchbeck. Without knowing this, I gave that fellow Siva, there, my whole fortune for them, which he has already spent." To this answered Siva, "O king! from my earliest childhood have I lived performing acts of penance; and the priest himself, my respected father-in-law, actually prayed me that I would allow the contents of that casket to be presented to me, as a present of honor; and, in my simplicity, I consented, saying 'You are here my protector and guide, for I have not the least idea of the value of jewels, or such worldly gear.' Wherewith he assured me, 'I'll guarantee it's all right.' So, as soon as I received them, I gave them into his hands, and for them, on his own valuation, he gave me a sum of money, as this writing will show, signed by his own hand. Now your majesty knows our relation to one another." When Siva had ended, Madhava then followed, "As you are a man of honor, venerable priest, declare now what I have done in the matter. I have never received, either from yourself or from Siva, the smallest thing. I long ago confided these jewels, my paternal fortune, to the safe keeping of another—and it was taken from him—and confided to this Brahmin. If they were not real gold and diamonds, but only a heap of colored glass and pinchbeck, how could I have expected to reap from them the benefit I did, for you can testify I presented them with a guiltless heart, in order to get cured of a mortal sickness." So spake Madhava, with unmoved features, and a look of the most complete innocence; and the king and his ministers smiled, and expressed their perfect satisfaction with his conduct: and the king's council, after some slight deliberation, announced the sentence—"There is not the slightest proof that either Siva or Madhava have done wrong." Utterly ashamed, robbed of his whole fortune, and his daughter besides, the old priest left the judgment-seat, pulling out his beard in handfulls, while the two rogues, Siva and Madhava, lived a long and jolly life in the city of Ujjajini, the prime favorites of the king, who himself was rather a loose fish.

SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

BY E. L. LAYARD.

ONE of the pleasantest portions of my labors, as Curator of the South African Museum, is undoubtedly the receipt of the varied letters from the friends and contributors to the institution, and the task of replying thereto.

None but those who have been placed in similar situations can realise the pleasurable sensations with which I seize a letter addressed to "The Curator," and bearing the magic words "with a box of specimens," and then the delight of the investigation. First, a better example of a bird we already possess, displays itself; then, perhaps, a *new one* makes its appearance; here, a queer beetle; there, a hideous but very interesting lizard. Ah! these delights must be felt to be understood.

But some letters, even without the magic mark, are highly prized. I mean those from some with whom, although I have never met, and, perhaps, never shall meet them, I find myself on the most kindly terms of intimacy. Many of these letters contain information on zoological subjects; some seek for information; others, again, detail native traditions and superstitions connected with animals, &c.: *but all are welcome.* And here I may observe that, owing to the kind indulgence of the Governor in allowing the free transport of my correspondence, I shall at all times be happy to afford every information in my power to any person who may ask for it.

The following selections from some of my correspondents' letters may, perhaps, instruct and amuse a few of the readers of this periodical. They are only "scraps," yet the mightiest fabric is but built of atoms,—the noblest science but the stringing together of well-digested "scraps."

Scene the 1st—(*Enter messenger, and loquitur*): "A letter if you please, sir, and these." The Curator reads—"For the Curator of the S. A. Museum, with several bags of specimens," breaks the seal, and continues reading:

Cape Town, 31st March, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—The shells sent herewith I collected on a ledge of the mountain at Kalk Bay, at the foot of which is the fishery. I estimate the height of the place from which I collected these shells at about five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Making due allowance for the greater exposure of these shells found on the surface, it is probable that they are not much, if at all, older than similar shells found in vast quantities embedded in the sand twenty or thirty feet above the level of the sea, in the immediate vicinity of the fishery.

Though I collected these shells from the surface, the sandy soil evidently contained large quantities of the same kinds. The situation in which they were found, and the kinds of shells themselves, indicate their having been elevated by the upheaval of the mountain. It is very remarkable, however, that the species of shells found at so great a height should be all identical with those now existing in the sea below, and that they should retain so much of nacreous lustre and color.

I know not whether these shells, or any of them, are worth a place in the Museum; if not, pray consign them to,—the place assigned for rejected contributions.—Your's truly, HENRY ASTON.

The parcels contained many specimens of shells in the same state as those which are found in that curious stratum which has been traced for so many miles along the coasts of this colony. The greatest height along the sea, however, that I have observed this line of shell deposit, has never exceeded fifty feet (by guess, however). The altitude indicated by Colonel Aston is very remarkable.

Along the same coast, and within a few miles, that is, between Simon's Town and Miller's Point, I found the line about forty feet above the sea level. I missed it during my stay at Kalk Bay, at the beginning of the year, in consequence of severe indisposition.

The state of the specimens, and the species being identical with those now existing on these coasts,—indeed, in the sea that washes the base of the hill from whence they were taken,—indicate a very recent upheaval. I, of course, use the term *recent* in a comparative sense. *When* the upheaval took place, I am not geologist enough to determine; but I cannot agree with those whom I have so often heard attribute the position of these shells to the action of the waters of the Deluge.

I firmly believe the waters of the Deluge never came anywhere near this part of the world; but were confined to a very limited portion of the globe,—to that portion, in fact, inhabited by man.

But to return to our shells. So far from being consigned to the basket of the rejected, they shall be duly honored. Some shall find their way to Vienna and Russia; some, to the antipodes, Australia! and some shall take their place upon our own shelves.*

* Do the shells in question bear any resemblance to those found in the ledge caves along the coast towards Cape Point, and which have been described a few months ago by our correspondent "Barnacle?" If so, does not the theory started by J. G., in reply to "Barnacle," give an explanation of the difficulty; worthy, at least, of inquiry? He attributes the deposition to those shells in the caves and ledges along the coast, not to upheavals or deluges of any sort; but to the wandering tribes of Bushmen and Hottentots who inhabited the country a few centuries ago.—[See *Cape Monthly Magazine* EDS.]

Scene the 2nd—*(Enter Curator)*: "Ah! a letter from Natal, and from a lady, too! Let us see who it can be."

My dear Mr. Layard,—By this steamer I forward what I fancy must be a very common, ugly collection of shells. [*Mem.* Not at all; they are a very fine lot.] They were collected round here, and you may value them, though I do not.

Now about snakes. I have never forgotten your quiet, dignified unbelief in my snake histories, and have taken every opportunity of finding out all I can about them; more particularly of the "mamba," or chasing snake. It is a most vicious creature, and will chase you a mile. You must ride hard if one makes for you. It reaches sixteen or eighteen feet, and has the power of erecting itself on its tail when in pursuit of its object; then throwing itself down and rushing on twenty yards or so, and then rearing up again; and so on, till it comes to some bush or tree, round which it throws its strong tail, and then strikes right and left at its enemies. It seldom bites when on the ground, and oxen pass over it in safety then; but it will strike and face a whole span when erect, throwing itself over on the other side, so as to reach all. The other day, a hunter, who was passing not far from here, killed a small buck under a tree, and sent a Kafir for it, standing quiet to reload—when a dreadful yell arose from the Kafir. A "mamba" in the tree had struck down on him, but caught at the high crown of hair and wax with which old Kafirs adorn their heads; and the fangs, held by the hair, could not be withdrawn. The hunter raised his gun and shot the beast, which fell from the tree, bearing down the Kafir; drawing his knife, he severed the hair from the scalp, and set the fellow free, without any hurt, leaving the crown in the snake's grasp, which was soon dispatched. This shows their vicious propensities; they will not have their haunts invaded; but, fortunately, they remain a long time in one spot, and when once a place is suspected it is most carefully avoided.

The authenticated instances that I have had of snakes chasing persons in the country forbid me to doubt that such really is the case.

In spite of my fair correspondent's gentle rebuke, to deserving which I plead *guilty*, I am sure she will at least allow, as a set-off against a severe punishment, that it is better to receive information, at variance with one's previous experience, with caution, than to accept as truth every story that one hears. In no other part of the world that I have visited, or of which I have read, have I found snakes that would chase a man. The reptile seems to have an instinctive dread of the human race beyond that of other creatures. The snake to which this habit is attributed, in this neighborhood, is the yellow cobra,—Dr. Smith's *naja haje*. I have been assured by one gentleman that he was pursued, for a long distance, while riding through some thick reeds which impeded the full speed of his horse; and it was not until he gained the unencumbered ground that he could distance or shake off his pursuer. Another gentleman assures me he

would have been killed but for the timely interposition of a fiscal *(Lanius collurio)* that kept darting down on the back of the snake, which turned upon this novel auxiliary, and thus afforded my friend time to reach a spot where he had placed a stick. The race was, however, so nearly lost that the winner had only time to seize the weapon and slay the cobra by a lucky back-handed blow.

These are but three instances out of very many. Shall I cry "I believe?" or shall I wait till I can form a close acquaintance with one of these yellow-coated gentry, and try if he will hunt me? Hem! well, let me see: suppose we change the scene.

"Toot, toot, toot." Bother that fish-cart—what a noise it makes. "Toot, toot, toot." Eh? no, that can't be a fish-cart; it has approached me too rapidly; it's the frontier post! and is *that* the herald of Her Majesty's mail? Alas for Cowper's

"Twanging horn o'er yonder bridge."

[Curator drops off into a day-dream of home and childhood, and red coaches, with big coats of arms, and red-coated guards, with big buttons; the vale of Aylesbury and cool summer evenings, and a gentle mother, in a widow's cap, instilling gentle thoughts into infantine minds, with Cowper's *Task*, to the sound of the mail-guard's horn borne from the distant hills.]

Door swings violently open; excited fellow-clerk, with a huge bundle of letters—"How, old fellow, asleep! look alive! Such a thundering post—all jolly wet—water's out—no bridges—postboy and four horses drowned at Montagu Pass! mail saved though, so all right—here's one for you—Graham's Town." Exit, and the Curator is himself again, and reads—

Dear Sir,—What is the specific name of the large locust-bird, so numerous on the frontier of late; but which never was heard of here before the last year or two? Some are as large as the Kafir crane: they migrated from the north in thousands. I have seen three or four hundred of them standing along the edge of the grass fires on the flats, close to Graham's Town, at regular distances of a few yards, watching for the unfortunate grasshoppers and insects as they escaped from the fire. In the Free State, I am told, they are as numerous as the locusts, and often form *clouds* high up in the air, where they gyrate in hollow cones, the highest mere specks in the sky. What can they find at that elevation to eat? or do they ascend there, like the vulture, to get "a bird's eye-view" of the pastures of the earth? The latter view presupposes a vision superior to the eagle's, for their prey is smaller. Have you specimens? If not, I can shoot some for you. I was told by

an old Kafir that the Kafirs have a tradition that these locust-birds appeared in Kafirland about one hundred years ago; and that, at the same time, or immediately afterwards, some great Kafir calamity happened, which nearly destroyed the nation. I am not quite sure that it was not an epidemic of cattle-killing mania; at any rate, on their appearance in Kreli's country, a great sensation was created,—oracles consulted, and sundry mystic customs appealed to; and, strange enough, the cattle-killing and famine (its consequence) commenced soon after. Perhaps, the chiefs took advantage of this new phenomenon to carry out their views. Superstition seems to be the grand lever of Kafir government. A large python was killed in Kreli's country some time ago, and created a great deal of political excitement. The natives declared it *must* mean something,—a bad or good omen. The man who possessed the skin was, I think, "eaten up," and the skin reverted to the *government!* I must refer to my notes on the subject when I have a few leisure moments, and make further inquiries. These are *important* trifles, blending native history with the governing policy of savages which may, perhaps, on investigation, prove interesting.

"My children have already collected fifteen nautilus shells, and saw one of them sailing into a rock pool, and attach itself to the rock, which they captured alive. I have preserved the fish in spirits. It was a most beautiful sight,—the bright black eye shining through the delicate shell, and the body had a golden tinge over it. I perceive it has turned of a pinkish hue, in the spirits. They tell me it was covered with ova when first captured, which were sticking by a glairy secretion, both inside and on the outside of the shell, so I suppose they frequent our coast during the months of May, June, and July, for this purpose. Is it the female *only* which has a shell? If so, has the male cephalopod ever been seen? I found great numbers of our chambered cephalopod the spirula *(Spirula peronii)*; but have never been able to find the animal. Do you know anything of its habits? It is *very* abundant at present. Perhaps, by dredging, we might capture some. There never were so many argonauts seen on the coast. I have heard of ten or twelve of them being found alive. The gulls generally break the shell to get the fish."

Have any of your correspondents known of instances of cannibalism in cocks? I can vouch for the truth of the following. A short time ago, a Cochin-China cock (belonging to Mr. F. Damant, near Sidbury) was observed swallowing a chicken, which it had just killed. Some other chickens were driven towards it, when it immediately ran towards them, and pecking another on the head, swallowed it also. This was repeated on several occasions afterwards, in the presence of several persons who doubted the fact, till ocular demonstration convinced them. The Chinese cocks, like their masters, seem to have strange tastes!

I do not wonder at those ungainly brutes, the Cochin fowls, eating their own offspring, or doing anything else outrageous! Fowls, however, are carnivorous, as any one knows who has ever lived in the country, and seen a corn stack taken in. At this time, the whole farm-yard is in an uproar;—the dogs, pigs, fowls, turkeys, and geese and ducks, all assemble with barkings, gruntings, screaming and cackling, and surround the stack; and woe be to the luckless

mice inhabitants thereof; flying for their lives, from the sticks of the farm-boys, they rush headlong into the jaws of their four-footed or winged foes, and few survive to tell the tale.

The specific name of the "large locust-bird" of the colonists is *ciconia alba;* it is in fact the "stork that knoweth her appointed time," and this is the utmost limit of her southern migration. The small locust-bird is a hornbill *(buceros—?)*, of which there are several species in South Africa.

My friend's account of the nautilus, or, more properly speaking, of the *argonaut (A. Argo* probably) is very interesting. I should, however, like to learn whether the creatures were actually *sailing* or only progressing through the water by the aid of their swimming apparatus. This *sailing* process was a *vexatia questio*, but I thought satisfactorily set at rest by the discoveries of Madam Power.

My friend's question concerning the male cephalopod is one that I am unable to answer. Anatomists assert that the sexes in this family are distinct, but that the males are far less numerous than the females, and consequently not often seen. Perhaps the animal only comes to shore for the purpose of depositing its eggs, and therefore the female is the only one that is found. This distribution of sexes is peculiar. During my cruise in H.M. S. *Castor* I shot a great number of sea-fowl while at sea. All, with a single exception, proved to be males. The exception was a female with diseased ovaries, evidently barren. I reasoned that the females were incubating, and the males were seeking food for them and their young.

It has been suggested that the males of this genus, and of some species of the *octopies* are the curious parasitic worm-like creatures called *hectocotyles.*

The chambered cephalopod found by my correspondent is the *spirula peronii*, abundant on these coasts. I have never seen the animal to which it belongs, but it is said to be allied to what sailors call "the flying squid," of which there are several in the Museum, labeled *Onychoteuthis.* I mention this in order to draw to it the attention of some of our friends who may be visiting the seaside during the ensuing summer months. As hitherto only *one specimen* of the animal of *spirula* is known, the capture of another would be a great prize.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

BY A DISGUSTED ELECTOR.

One of the first and most valued truths I ever learnt was that nothing is worthless. It was first instilled into me *àpropos* of my flinging away a bit of tough crust, unsuited to my juvenile grinders, in the nursery. I am proud to say that I have never forgotten the lesson, nor the corporal punishment that accompanied it. I have always tried to make the most of everything I possess. I have never given anything away, far less flung it to the dogs. My charity has always begun at home and been strictly confined to the premises. Everything that I have had I have regarded as saleable, and made the best bargain I could of it. And it must not be supposed that I mean merely goods and chattels, wares and merchandise, as the lawyers say; but talents and privileges, secrets and knowledge. These being my principles (and I trust I am sufficiently proud of them), it may be easily conceived that I like an election, because I have then something out of the ordinary way to dispose of—my vote and influence. Now a great many people who pretend to be virtuous exclaim against the sale of these things, though I have never yet heard what I consider a good reason advanced for their eccentric notions on the subject. We sell our punjums and baftas, our wool and wine, our corn and oil (when we can get any); and if we so deal with mere coarse material things, why are we to set so slight a value upon our "vote" as to give it away for nothing? Is it not of much more value than the products of looms and sheep's backs, presses and manured land? And ought not a much higher price to be consequently paid for it? The thing appears to me too clear to need a moment's argument.

These being my sentiments, I confess that I have been greatly disgusted at "certain recent occurrences in a certain place," as very particular M.P.'s will express it. The way in which votes have been openly bought and sold is perfectly shocking to all my notions. My disgust is so great that I am more relieved by getting away from the place for a time on this account, than for the mere escape from the possibilities of catching the small-pox. Indeed, I have never formed so mean an opinion of human nature as has lately forced itself upon me in the events I have alluded to. That every man has his price is a truth which it needed no Walpole to tell us. That every man *ought* to have his price I take to be a truth as indisputable; but that any man above the condition of a

naked savage in the woods should sell his privilege of voting for a bottle of beer or a shilling, is very shocking to my moral feelings. As for myself, I confess that a couple of guineas, in so poor a country as this, might perhaps reasonably tempt me for a slice of my esteemed privilege. I am not sure that five guineas might not induce me to "plump," though I consider it a great hardship to be compelled to sell at so low a rate. But shillings and bottles of beer! Really, people who are guilty of dealing on such terms are cruel enemies of their country. They spoil the market. They ought to be deprived of a privilege whose value they cannot and do not properly estimate. They not only lose their own just rights, but they wantonly deprive me of the full profit to be derived from mine. What is the use of my demanding five pounds for my vote, when a hundred dirty fellows are ready to sell theirs for a shilling? It can only see one way of remedying such gross injustice. I seems to be confessed, that the gentlemen who have the largest purses are the most proper to sit in Parliament. I am sure *I* think so, and that seems to be the result of the elections I have spoken of. Very well,—in future, let every candidate state distinctly (producing receipts), how much he has paid for votes, and he who has paid most shall go to the head of the poll. Thus, my five pound vote would count for one hundred of the dirty shilling ones, and properly so, because I shall have displayed one hundred times the intelligence of the shilling voter, and it is agreed that the intelligence of the country shall be represented. Another advantage is this —we all value most highly what has cost us most; imagine then, how much more highly the candidate who has paid £2000 for his suffrages will value them than the mean wretch who has spent only a paltry £200 on the *canaille* votes he has obtained.

Perhaps it may be said that these suggestions (which every one who reflects must approve of) come too late in the day, as certain elections are just over. I am sorry, indeed, that they were not made earlier; but in estimation of my oversight, I must assure an indulgent public that I never could have believed that human nature could have stooped to the pettiness of selling votes—at a bottle of beer a piece! There is still, however, time to retrieve to some extent. Certain *other* elections are to come on. Let every man remember his privileges and set a proper value on them. Let no man—I appeal to the whole country—let no man sell his vote for any meaner coin than a golden one. Plurality of

coins should accompany plurality of votes, and even then, how cheap will be a "plumper!" To neglect such an opportunity, is almost flying in the face of Providence,—at all events, it is showing little gratitude to Her Most Gracious Majesty, for the "great boon" of the constitution: for I ask sincerely and earnestly, What is the boon if you make nothing out of it?

I trust these reflections and appeals will not be thrown away. For myself, I shall only vote at the very highest quotations, and if the country at large shall be so blind as not to follow my example, I shall indignantly get up a petition against bribery and corruption, and thus reduce our privileged colony to the mere level of the mother country.

A. W. C.

METEOROLOGY.

The elastic force or "tension" of aqueous vapor, at different temperatures, has received the attention of some of the most sagacious and distinguished experimental philosophers. Dalton and Ure, in England; Gay-Lussac, Dulong and Arago, Kaemtz, Magnus, and Regnault, on the Continent, have taken the lead.

Dalton experimented at temperatures below the boiling point of water, and from the deduced law he inferred the law above it. Ure included high temperatures, and proved that the *inferred* law of Dalton does not hold good.

Regnault's experiments (of comparatively recent date) were conducted with great care, and improved instrumental agency.

The tables obtained by the several experimenters present discrepancies of sufficient magnitude to prove the difficulties that beset the investigation; and, as might be expected, the discrepancies are greatest at the high temperatures. The meteorologist, however, has to deal only with the range from 0° to about 120° Fahrenheit, and within this interval the approximation lies within narrow limits. It is true that, by means of the condensing hygrometer of Daniel, or the more accurate of Regnault, the temperature of saturation, commonly termed the "dew-point," can be reached by direct experiment, without reference to a tension table; but here we stop, for without a knowledge of the elastic force of the vapor suspended in the atmosphere, we can neither calculate its absolute quantity, nor the ratio of its pressure to the total

pressure of the atmosphere; and as the quantity of moisture the atmosphere can carry depends upon the temperature of the atmosphere, the quantity is a function of the hour of the day, and the humid or dry character of the ground underneath. Therefore, because the pressure indicated by the barometer is the sum of the pressures of the dry air (oxygen and nitrogen) and of the amount of vapor suspended in it, the atmospheric tide is masked by the *accidental* amount of vapor. Hence, in the investigation of atmospheric currents and disturbances, it is necessary to separate the influence of the accidental suspended vapor.

As by experiment, the elastic force of vapor appears to be pretty near the same in vacuo and in air, the obvious method for testing the accuracy of a tension table, for meteorological purposes, is to compare the temperature of the observed dew-point derived from the condensing hygrometer, with the dew-point deduced from theory, combined with the observed temperature of evaporation, by means of the well-known wet-bulb hygrometer,—assuming the law of latent or specific heat to be known with sufficient accuracy.

Of the several theoretic formulæ that have been published, the following, by Dr. Apjohn, of Dublin, is perhaps the most simple, viz.:

$$f = f' - \frac{d}{88} \times \frac{h}{30}$$

where f is the elastic force of vapor at the temperature of the dew-point; f' its elastic force at the temperature of the wet-bulb; d the depression of the latter below the temperature of the air; 88 a coefficient depending upon the specific heat of air, and the calorie of elasticity of its included vapor; 30 inches being taken for the *mean* height of the barometer, h the height at the time of experiment.

Let us suppose, for example, the following simultaneous observations.

Dew-point, by condensing hygrometer, 53°·5, temperature of air, 61°; temperature of wet-bulb, 57°; barometer reading, 30·14 inches. Then if we adopt Regnault's tension table, ·465 inch (f') corresponds to temperature 57°, and

$$f = \cdot 465 - \frac{4\cdot}{88} \times \frac{30\cdot 14}{30}$$
$$= \cdot 465 - \cdot 046 = \cdot 419$$

Opposite to ·419, in the same table, we find temperature 54°·1, whereas the observed dew-point was 53°·5. And if the other elements were correctly assumed, and no error of observation was committed, the computed dew-point is too great by six-tenths of a degree, equivalent to ·009 inch in

that part of the table. This is a solitary observation, and no opinion should be grounded upon it. Repeated experiments in the accidental temperatures throughout one year, at least, are necessary, before adopting the table that may be safely used for deducing the temperature of the dew-point from the indications of the wet-bulb hygrometer. The tension table first adopted at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, was derived from a discussion of Dalton and Ure's numbers. It may be proper, however, to keep in mind that the coefficient 88 is liable, perhaps, to a small correction. The tables employed at the Cape Observatory, since the year 1840 to the present time, have been Kupffer's, which will be more particularly alluded to hereafter.

If the difference between the observed temperature of the air, and the observed temperature of the dew-point, be divided by the difference between the observed temperature of the air and the observed temperature of the wet-bulb, the quotient obviously represents a factor which may be employed in a similar temperature for converting a dry and wet-bulb observation, to a dew-point observation by inference. Thus, at Greenwich, a long series of observations of the dew-point, by means of Daniel's condensing hygrometer, were compared with the simultaneous observations of the wet-bulb thermometer; the quotients for the several temperatures were arranged, and the means taken for the coincident temperatures. By this proceeding, a march is gained upon the tension tables and formulæ, such as Apjohn's, for deriving the dew-point temperature from the wet-bulb temperature; since the calculation is reduced to the multiplication of two numbers, and the subtraction of the product from the temperature of the air,—no tension table being needed, nor any necessity for considering the laws of specific heat.

A table of the factors derived from the Greenwich experiments is given in the second edition of Mr. Glashier's valuable hygrometrical tables (1856, page iv), from which we extract the factor for 61°, in order to exemplify the simplicity of the calculation by means of such factors, taking the temperature of the wet-bulb thermometer, as in the preceding example, thus

Temperature of the air, 61°, Greenwich factor, 1·87
Temperature of the wet-bulb, 57

Difference, 4

4° × 1·87 = 7°·48, which, subtracted from 61°, leaves 53°·52 for the temperature of the dew-point.

The range of temperature to any station being limited by its geographical position, elevation above the sea, and local

circumstances, does not afford a sufficient number of observations near the limits of temperature, to obtain a mean at these points, comparable with the means for points about the centre of the range: for example, the groups of partial observations at Greenwich crowd about a much lower point on the thermometer scale than at the Cape; therefore, in order to obtain a complete table of dew-point arbitrary factors, it is necessary to experiment in both warm and cold climates. The laws of latent or specific heat, and of elastic force, are universal; hence, there is no reason why the factors should not be universal in their application also. If a factor, derived from a large number of trustworthy observations made at one station, is employed for calculating the dew-point at another station, and the result is not in close accordance with the dew-point derived from a formula at the other, the cause should be sought for in the numerical elements of the formula, the qualities of the thermometers, their position with respect to reflected heat, or heat from the person of the observers when reading their indications. All thermometers should, when practicable, be compared with a well-known standard. The celebrity of the maker is not always a sufficient guarantee for the zero points. Several thermometers at the Cape Observatory have index errors ranging from two to six-tenths of a degree above thermometers whose scales were examined at the Kew Observatory.

By whatever step the temperature of the dew-point be obtained, whether by direct experiment by means of a condensing hygrometer, or from the temperature of a wet-bulb, by a table of factors, or from the same by the calculation of a formula, a tension table is needed for computing the *quantity* of vapor existing in the atmosphere at the time of observation, and its ratio (per cent) to the *maximum* quantity the air could carry at that moment. This ratio is termed the *humidity* of the air,—an arbitrary expression adopted for convenience, which is intimately connected with weather predictions.

If the maximum quantity of vapor the air can carry at a given temperature be expressed by 100, the elastic force at the dew-point temperature, divided by the elastic force at the temperature of the air, multiplied by 100, gives the humidity, viz.:

$$\frac{\text{Dew-point elastic force,}}{\text{Dry-bulb elastic force,}} \times \text{by } 100 = \text{the humidity.}$$

The justly celebrated meteorologist and philosopher, M. V. Regnault, has published in the *Annales de Chemie et de Physique* for July, 1844, an admirably-conducted series of

experiments on the elastic forces of aqueous vapor and cubical expansion of air, executed by himself, from the former of which he derived a table which is, perhaps, by far, the most correct of any that have hitherto appeared. His memoir has been translated into English, and published in the fourth volume of the *Scientific Memoirs.* The temperatures are given in terms of the centigrade thermometer, and the corresponding forces in millimetres; but Mr. Glashier, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, has adapted the table to Fahrenheit's scale and English inches, which he has published in the second edition of his hygrometrical tables, before referred to.

The expansion of dry air, which has generally been considered $\frac{1}{480}$ for an increase of one degreee of temperature appears, by Regnault's experiments, to be $\frac{1}{491 \cdot 13}$

On comparing his table of elastic force with Kupffer's table, and two others, the differences are considerable for temperatures above 55°. At the freezing point, Regnault and Kupffer are identical; at 40° Regnault exceeds Kupffer by ·002 inch; at 50°, by ·006 inch; at 60°, by ·010 inch; at 70°, by ·022 inch; at 80°, by ·037 inch, &c. The effect of these differences in calculating the absolute amount of vapor is obvious; in calculating the "humidity," it is small for ordinary ranges: for example, the "humidity" from Kupffer's tables throughout the observations of the last four weeks, taken five times daily, exceeds the "humidity" calculated by Regnault's table by only one hundredth on each observation.

Kupffer's humidity and elastic force tables have been employed at the Cape Observatory from the year 1840 to the present time.

Two new columns have been introduced in the meteorological return for the month of August, viz., the temperature of the dew-point and the barometric pressure of the *dry* air at the temperature 32°, obtained by subtracting the weight of the aqueous vapor that it carried.

The tables employed in the several reductions are as follows:—For reducing the barometric readings to the temperature 32°, as the barometer frame is of brass, Table II, page 82, given in the report of the Committee of Physics and Meteorology of the Royal Society of London; year 1840.

For calculating the dew-point,—the Greenwich factors.

For calculating the "humidity,"—Regnault's tables of elastic force of aqueous vapor, to which, if ·01 be added, the numbers will be expressed in terms of Kupffer's tables.

Regnault's elastic force tables have been used for obtaining the barometric pressure of the air freed from moisture.

The minimum temperature obtained during the night by means of a self-registering thermometer, placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector directed to the sky, and the minimum temperature by means of a self-registering thermometer placed about three inches above the ground, are not given for want of space. The minimum temperature of the former, in a clear night, is from 4 to 8 degrees lower than the minimum temperature of the self-registering thermometer, situated about five feet above the ground. The latter is supposed to represent the least temperature of the stratum we breathe in.

T. M.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The annual agricultural show forms an era in our local history which it would scarcely become us to pass over unnoticed. The exhibition just over has been distinguished from its predecessors by increased attractions, and a corresponding growth of interest in the public mind. Under the business-like eye of the present energetic and indefatigable secretary (Mr. R. W. Murray), the late show and fair presented a very different aspect to those "dreary festivals" formerly held on the Parade, and which the "free and independent" unwashed of Cape Town had mostly to themselves. The change of *locale* from the Parade to the Paddock in the Government Gardens, is in all respects advantageous both to the exhibitors and the spectators, though, in certain details, the order of the day is yet susceptible of improvement. Perhaps it would be as well to give the members of the Agricultural Society the *entrée* to the Paddock an hour or so before the public, who pay for admittance at the gate;—and the cold collation on the ground, if intended for an agricultural banquet, combining the feast of reason with the flow of soul, is generally considered to have been misplaced and ill-timed. The detention also of live-stock, especially such as may have come from a distance, from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. without food, is a severe trial to the patience of man and beast, and may perhaps be obviated for the future in some degree, without interfering with the just expectations of the visitors, or the legitimate purposes of the show.

The prize lists, appended hereto, will best explain the leading features of the late agricultural celebration and demonstrate the quality of the live-stock and the implements exhibited. The farmers and country gentlemen had a most favorable opportunity of making themselves acquainted with many new inventions and many varieties of machinery,

placed in juxtaposition with one another. Such as especially deserve public notice and patronage have been enumerated in the report of the judges. Many of them are extremely ingenious, and from their portability and concentration of power seem well calculated to meet the requirements of our colonial agriculturists in the back settlements.

The collection of fine-wooled sheep bred in the colony was, as usual, very limited; but when the Agricultural Society is in a position to make some addition, both in number and value, to the prizes now given for this description of stock, the competition may possibly be enlarged. It is most desirable that different descriptions of sheep should be brought together on such occasions, so that flock-masters may be enabled to compare their respective merits, and avail themselves of the breed most suitable for their own specialities of *veld* and climate. The half-bred Cheviot-merino rams, shown by Mr. Carruthers, were universally admired for their size and shape. Their wool, we may add, was considered of very fair quality, whilst in quantity it seemed enormous. These sheep, having been found to thrive admirably on the coldest hills and sourest pastures of the Caledon district, supply a want long felt in our pastoral development, and are likely to assume a high place in our agricultural economy.

We should be glad to learn something regarding the nativity of the *Neapolitan* rams. We have, indeed, heard not a little of Romish bulls; but Neapolitan rams are something new: at least, they are new to us. These magnificent animals (an improvement in quality and nomenclature on the *Merino Thibet*) were lately imported by the Messrs. Mosenthal, and were pronounced by many competent judges to be, alike in wool, and size, and form, the best and finest seen in this part of the colony for many years; if, indeed, they have ever been equaled, and these spirited proprietors deserve the thanks of the community for their persevering enterprise in this department.

The show of horses was beyond all precedent; and the prices obtained by Mr. Michael van Breda, for his two-year-old colts, afford a sufficiently clear proof that the breeding of horses, "combining blood, size, and power," is now, and must be, in time to come, a very profitable investment of capital. For the benefit of all concerned in this branch of agriculture, we now quote the prices given for some of Mr. Breda's colts, viz.:—

Bay	colt—2 years old,	by	*Evenus*,	dam by	*Rococo*,	£115
Bay	colt—	do.	by	*Mr. Martin*,	do.	*Evenus*,	85
Brown	colt—	do.	by	*Mr. Martin*,	do.	*Evenus*,	70
Bay	colt—	do.	by	*Traverser*,	do.	*Metternich*,	59
Bay	colt—	do.	by	*Traverser*,	do.	*Metternich*,	56
Bay	colt—	do.	by	*Traverser*,	do.	*Metternich*,	46
Grey	colt—	do.	by Arab	*Damascus*,	do.	*Winchelsea*,	41

These results confirm emphatically Colonel Apperley's remark (in his letter already published) that the Cape horse-breeders, if going to work in the right way, "will find a ready market and remuneration

unsurpassed by any other speculation that this colony is capable of;" and ought to be made known throughout the country by all available means. They cannot fail to carry weight, and to afford that encouragement to the horse-breeders of the colony of which they seem to have been lately much in need.

The prize of £10, given for the best slaughter ox, only brought forward one of real merit in that class. He was by no means of extraordinary size; but being a handsome level animal, with his meat evenly laid on, was deserving of the reward given. Another ox, of coarser breed, but larger frame, was exhibited; but he was not up to the mark in condition. We hope to see more competition in this department another time, for the supply of meat, fit for human use, is becoming a serious question.

The cows were numerous, and of first-rate quality; and the poultry pens contained some superb specimens of Shanghai, Hamburgh, black Spanish, Poland, and other fowls. How is it that good fat turkeys, geese, and ducks are not exhibited on these occasions? They form an important feature in all English farm-yards, and are by no means unprofitable stock in this colony.

We have nothing more to add on this subject, beyond recommending to the favorable consideration of our next Parliament an institution which, under the title of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society, is working energetically, and apparently with much success for the public benefit; and which only requires more funds to enlarge its sphere of action, and to render its usefulness more conspicuous.

The following is a list of the prizes and the remarks of the judges:—

Prizes for Horses.—Prize £10, for the best 3-year-old colt, combining blood, size, and power, to the bay colt, marked C, the property of Messrs. D. & G. van Niekerk, and bred by Mr. P. J. de Vos. Pedigree: by the thoroughbred imported horse *Cockermouth*, dam by *Holloway*, thoroughbred imported, &c.—Prize £5, for the best 2-year-old colt, combining blood, size, and power, given to the colt marked B 3, the property of Mr. Michael van Breda, and bred by him. Pedigree: by the thoroughbred English horse *Mr. Martin*, dam by the thoroughbred horse *Evenus*, &c. The bay 2-year-old colt, marked No. 1, the property of Mr. Michael van Breda, and bred by him, was highly commended. The bay 2-year-old colt, the property of Mr. John Thomas, was also highly commended.—Prize of £5, for the best 3-year-old filly, combining blood, size, and power, given to the bay filly *Planet*, the property of Mr. C. Mannel, and bred by Mr. Michael van Breda. Pedigree: by imported English horse *Evenus*, dam *Comet*, by *Battledore*, &c.—Prize of £5, for the best saddle horse, from 3 to 6 years old, given to a bay horse, the property of Mr. T. Heatlie.* The bay saddle horse, marked 4, much commended.—Prize of £5, for the best pair of carriage horses, given to a pair of bays, the property of Mr. J. Louw, of the Paarl.—Prize of £5, given by Major James, for the best stallion for general purposes (the turf excepted), given to a bay imported English stallion, *President*, ¾-bred, and 3-years old, the property of Mr. T. B. Bayley.—Judges: Major James, Colonel Goad, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. John Currey.

* Prize still in abeyance, the age of the horse being disputed

Rams.—Prize of £5 for the best pair of fine wool rams, bred in the colony, given to the lot of eight, marked S T, the property of Colonel Shaw, and bred by him. A pen of four rams, marked R R, the property of Mr. D. van Breda, highly commended. A pen of three half-bred Cheviot merino rams, highly commended for their size, shape, and symmetry, the property of Mr. Joseph Carruthers. A pen of Neapolitan imported rams, the property of Mr. Julius Mosenthal, were considered by the judges to be of the first quality in all respects, and such as cannot fail to improve the colonial breed. The only pen of slaughter wethers exhibited were not considered worthy of the prize, being small and in poor condition.—Judges: Rev. J. Fry, Captain Rainier, Mr. M. Blake, and Mr. T. B. Bayley.

Agricultural Implements.—Prizes.—Levicks & Sherman—Portable forge. Robertson's hand flour mill, with French burrs; hay-fork, cast steel. A double-backed garden spade was much admired. Ross—A chaff-cutter; garden pump; wire fencing. Rawbone—Vine-pruners. Kearns—Windmill pump. In comparison with former exhibitions, the number of implements exhibited on the present occasion is much greater and their quality is sensibly improved. At the same time, the judges are compelled to remark that their owners afforded a very limited opportunity for testing their efficiency. Owners would do well to attend to this remark in future.—Judges: Mr. H. Dumbleton, Mr. R. Hare, Mr. B. H. Darnell.

Fowls.—Prize of £1, for the best pen of Shanghai or Cochin fowls, 1 cock and 2 hens to the pen, marked M: owner, D. C. Lesar. Prize for the best pen of any other breed, to a pen of Spanish fowls, marked Corunna: owner unknown. Prize for the heaviest and best goose, given to the only bird exhibited (owner unknown). Judges: Mr. C. Manuel, Mr. McGibbon, and Mr. Clarence.

Wines.—A silver cup, given by Mr. Jarvis, for the best sample of *Gerapigo* wine, was offered for competition; but there were only three samples of wine exhibited, and the judges (Mr. J. Leibrandt and Mr. J. Shepherd), reported as follows:—"We consider the samples of wine produced at the show not deserving the prizes."

Pigs and Oxen.—For the best boar, £2, to Sir William Hodges. For the best sow, £2, to Captain Wilson. For the best pig, fit for slaughter, to Mr. Roussouw. For the best slaughter ox, £10, to Mr. Gough. For the best cow, in milk, £5, to Mr. van Breda. For the second-best do., £2, to Mr. Nisbet. Judges: Mr. Stenhouse, Mr. T. Versfeld, and Mr. Morris.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Nearly every colonial journal has given expression to the general public satisfaction with the regular and reliable means of communication which now exists between England and the Cape. The advantages to the colony of this means of communication have likewise been recognized and adverted to, in their several relations,—commercial, political, and social. We are not now going to echo any of the commendations which have been bestowed upon the monthly mail steamers, but we feel inclined just to recognise *one* of the social benefits thus conferred, and of which we are in part the recipients. How refreshingly pleasant it is to receive, with continued regularity, the typographical treasures

which are, month after month, issued from the English press! Those who remember the weary intervals which, in days not long passed away, used to intervene between the arrival of such treasures, will the more thoroughly appreciate our present advantages in this respect. Formerly, "a weary, weary time" of two or three months elapsed before the volumes given forth to the world reached our southern latitude. Now, a few weeks after their publication, the new books and periodicals crowd the tables of the Public Library; and, perhaps before we have perused all of them, or as we have just turned over the concluding page of the last of the pleasant volumes which have given us so much enjoyment during one month—lo! the librarian announces that another bundle of books has arrived and is unpacked; and with real delight we join the inspection and examination of the fresh influx of literary curiosities which are outspread for our benefit. There is a peculiar pleasure which the reader enjoys on perusing the last new book,—that is, if the volume has any merits at all. Indeed, what Charles Lamb said of sentiment is very applicable to a great many new books—"'tis a dish which, above all, requires to be served up hot." Whether it be the last biography, or the last tale of travel and adventure, the last novel, or the last number of a quarterly or periodical, the reader is generally in some degree the more pleased with it because it is the last and latest. Thanks, then, to the existence of monthly steam communication with England we are enabled to enjoy a close intimacy with the bibliopolists of Paternoster-row or Piccadilly, and with the volumes issued by them from time to time.—May our enjoyments continue and be unceasing!

We do not forget the hint conveyed in Charles Lamb's remark, and, lest our readers should find fault with our prosing on general matters, forgetful of our duty to them, we at once—although somewhat abruptly—turn to the new books which have been received by the last mail-steamer. These comprise the following: Dr. C. W. Russell's *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*, the eminent linguist; *The Private Journal of the Marquis of Hastings, from* 1813 *to* 1822—a book which supplies much interesting information, having special reference to the present state of India; *The History of Alexander I., Emperor of Russia*, by Ivan Golovon; the Abbe Domenich's *Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico;* Mrs. Jamieson's *Characteristics of Women—Moral, Poetical, and Historical; The Life of Mary Ann Schimmel Pennik;* Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland;* Mr. J. Browne's *Review of the Plans for the Search for Sir J. Franklin and the North-west Passage; Day by Day at Lucknow* (by Mrs. Case)—a lady's journal of the memorable siege; *The Chaplain's Narrative of the Indian Rebellion, from the Outbreak at Meerut to the Capture of Delhi;* and the following novels—*Rumour; A Friend in Need; The Reigning Beauty;* and *Peter Paternoster.*

The biography of Cardinal Mezzofanti had its origin in a contribution to the *Edinburgh Review* of 1855, which has been enlarged and enriched

by the addition of instructive and entertaining incidents in the life of the great linguist. The volume is prefaced by a summary history of the most eminent lingnists of ancient and modern times.

Mrs. Jamieson's *Characteristics of Women* is a new edition of a work which has been very favorably received in England.

Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico is a translation from the French of Abbe Domenich's personal narrative of six years sojourn in those regions. The Abbe was one of the missionary band who joined with the Vicar Apostolic of Texas, to minister to the spiritual wants of the rapidly-increasing colonies of Europeans which were settling down in the West, some fifteen years ago. Upon his arrival in Texas, he assisted a brother priest, in a German settlement, called Castroville, "where the flock was for the most part very poor and close-fisted." With no settled pay, and such a flock, the spiritual laborers fared but badly in the way of living. The Abbe gives a somewhat apocryphal account of how their daily bread was supplied them. Here is a description of the viands *(a la chinoise)*:

I summoned to my aid all my culinary skill to dress the serpent, and in a very short time it appeared on the table, stripped of its skin, deprived of head and tail, cut into small pieces, grilled and well spiced with cayenne pepper; the new dish seemed palatable enough; it tasted somewhat of frogs and tortoise, but our natural repugnance to it was insurmountable,—the idea of eating a serpent shocked our stomachs, otherwise we might have bid defiance to hunger. . . . To enjoy the luxury of a little fresh meat from time to time, we fattened cats, which I subsequently metamorphosed into most delicious fricasees. The chase too, one way or other, contributed to the maintenance of our table. Whenever there were any pieces of small money in our round snuff-box, which was our iron safe, and which in that capacity received all presents of our parishioners,—on the occasion of baptisms, which were rare, and of marriages, which were rarer still,—I laid out a portion of it in the purchase of powder and shot, to be employed in shooting woodquests and squirrels. Not that I loved the sport; for, to fatigue myself to death during the entire length of a day, besides tearing my skin and clothes in killing one or two very harmless animals, was never to me a source of pleasure. But necessity consulted not our tastes.

How could they fare otherwise, when the only remuneration which the priest received for the performance of the ceremony of baptism, was "a very polite bow" from the father of the infant baptized. Notwithstanding the want of "creature comforts," the brethren labored in their mission-field, and frequently did they travel the country, through woods which destroyed their clothes, and over ground where there was no road, in their visitations to the colonists. The incidents of such travel, and especially all the privations which they endured, the Abbe considers noteworthy, and carefully relates, as if anxious to make the most of "the lions in his path." The discomforts of a bivouac in a chapral of the Leona he thus describes:

It was a lovely night; and the beauteous tropical sky shed around us from its millions of stars a pale sweet light, while not a cloud appeared

on the dark pure blue of that immense gold-spangled dome. A gentle breeze, bearing with it a cooling freshness, played through the foliage of the trees, and lulled us to repose by its whisperings. I had read, in a modern poet, that it was a pleasant thing to sleep in the bosom of a tropical night, in a warm, perfumed atmosphere, with the green sward for one's bed, the starry firmament for its canopy, plunged in the inebriating influence of glorious nature, and the enervating enchantment of dreams. It cannot be denied that the air was mild, the night lovely, the heavens covered with myriads of twinkling stars; but it must be confessed that the green sward was frightfully hard. Small flint pebbles abounded, and the grass which covered them was not thick enough to prevent us from feeling their sharp points. In whatever position I settled myself, it was equally painful. Much against my will I lay quite awake, and nowise disposed to dream; yet the insects were even more awake than I was, and me they selected as the theatre of their nocturnal gambolings. On all sides they discovered passages through which they made their way under my garments, and rejoiced at having succeeded in effecting their purpose, they stung me horribly; they came and they went, and they halted to sting me again. Larger animals prowled around us, and all night our ears were entertained with the barking of coyotes (foxes) and the caterwaulings of panthers and tiger-cats. I was aware that these animals never attack man unless driven to it by hunger, and, generally speaking, they are shy and timid; nevertheless, they are extremely capricious. Notwithstanding this apparent timidity, the sound of their voice was anything but agreeable music to me. It was in vain that I recalled to mind the proofs and examples of the harmlessness of their nature; these proofs, convincing as they were, did not quite tranquilize me, nor did they prevent my heart from beating much more quickly than usual. In short, that nothing might be wanting, the night dews chilled me, and as we had not lighted a fire, for fear of the Indians, the damp penetrated me, and I was seized with incessant shivering. Now, all this was prosaic with a vengeance; and I fancied that the poet who had given us such a lively picture of the sweetness of such a night, must have thought upon it sitting in his comfortable arm-chair, or sleeping in his snug bed.

Many travelers have had the same feelings as the Abbe Domenich, and have confessed the sober reality. Something akin to this, is the following "experience of the ascent of Mont Blanc," by the author of *Country Life in Piedmont:*

You huddle and crouch together, a score of you, in a cleft of the rock of the Grand Mulets,—you consume an intolerable deal of cold fowl and champagne,—you toil up in the dark by a slippery snowpath, tied together like so many Spanish onions in a string—you have in your ears the din of your jabbering Chamouny guides, the piteous moans, or the stale jokes of your jaded, dreary fellow-Cockneys. In due time you reach the summit—if you reach it—and in a cruel, cutting, killing wind, you stand for five, or it may be for ten minutes upon it, benumbed, bewildered, frostbitten, sick at heart, and have before you—weather permitting—a bird's eye view of "all the kingdoms of the earth." Then down you slide, or scamper, or tumble, pêle-mêle, harum-scarum, riding on your spiked mountain staff, like so many witches on their broomsticks, down on the snow-dust again. You are met in the valley by a troop of half-cheering, half-jeering Savoyard ragamuffins, who have got up an ovation ready for you, for the sake of the halfpence you are expected to sow broad-cast amongst them. You sit down to a

hot *fork-breakfast*, pen your letter to *The Times*, and are able to say, for your lifetime, that you have done it—you have done Mont Blanc. You have not paused for one moment; you have not been one moment alone, not one moment sufficiently collected to "realise a sensation."

The Abbe Domenich resided in the States of America for two years, and a portion of his narrative is filled with some interesting matter of fact and incident of America and Americans.

The book is more especially interesting, however, as the journal of experiences of a traveler and missionary; and for its numerous interesting sketches of "moving incidents by land and sea."

We have only had an opportunity of hastily perusing one of the four new works of fiction lately received,—namely, *Peter Paternoster—A Tractarian Love-story*, by an ex-Puseyite. The work professedly aims at the portrayal of the peculiarities of a religious sect, in order to show that the system adopted by them is an anachronism in the nineteenth century; and the author proposes to himself to do all this "with temper, soberness, and charity." In the course of his work, however, he fails to observe the rules laid down by himself at the outset, and occasionally it is observable that he allows "harsh words to usurp the province of calm argument and the simple statements of facts." These volumes consist of a series of graphic sketches of English religious and social life; the object throughout being to satirize, and frequently to caricature, the "resources, practices, accessories, and paraphernalia" of Tractarianism. As a novel, the work is badly constructed. It opens with a description of an ordination ceremony, which serves to introduce the several characters who figure throughout the story. Philip Paternoster, the hero, has been admitted to the sacred office; and among the spectators of the scene, have been a village squire, with his daughter, and a fellow-student of Philip's, named Osborne, together with his sister, who is described as "a beautiful girl, dark as a starry night." These are the people among whom the hero's lot is cast in the village of Flowerfield. He becomes the curate of the village, he prays and fasts as devoutly as any monk, dresses canonically, improves the Church, ministers to the parishioners, and takes a vow of celibacy. Here is an extract, illustrating his *début* in the village of Flowerfield. One morning, he went out from his residence towards the Church, when he found that the wicket of the churchyard green was locked:

"Dear me, how extraordinary!" he muttered. "But perhaps this is an arrangement to keep children out of the churchyard during matins. I'm not quite sure whether it isn't a violation of order, but I'll even try my gymnastics, and—"

Young and active, Philip was soon over the gate and *en route* for the church; when a voice, which, though it was not *ecclesiastical*, was also not certainly *civil*, assailed him from a neighboring field, where the sexton was digging potatoes.

"Hoi, hoi! young veller, where be you a *gwain* to?"

Perhaps not quite aware of the purport of the sexton's inquiry (the last word whereof is rendered with as near an approximation as possible to phonetic spelling), Philip advanced to the boundary hedge and summoned the official to him. The boor being now evidently impressed with a salutary awe, Philip ventured on a ministerial exordium,—

"My good man" (young parsons always begin so), "are you a native of Flowerfield?"

"Noa zur. I wur a born up to Zidereombe, up thur top o' the hills, whur you do zee them ther stacks yander."—

Not being particularly anxious to ascertain the shrine of the nativity, Philip checked him,—

"But you live here?"

"O 'is. I be zexton o' Flowerfield."

"Then have the goodness to understand that I am one of the priests of this church, and—, what are you laughing at, sir?"

"Why, zur, you be a jokin', I, I do think. We've got two ministers —two pa'sons we do mostly call 'em, and a clerk and a zexton (that's I), at these 'ere church; but we 'an't got no priestes. I've a heerd the Catholics do have priestes, but—"

"Well, and are you not a Catholic?" asked Philip, with the usual orthodox pedantry.

"O no, we be Church o' England. I thought you were a mistakin we, becos you got they vunny clothes on. Ax your pardon, zur, if I be wrong,"—for Philip was looking awfully irate,—"'Mornin', yer rev'rence."

Philip Paternoster's stay at Flowerfield was very abruptly interrupted. Forgetful of his vow of celibacy, he proposed to the squire's daughter, and was accepted. The morning after the billing and cooing, however, Philip remembered his vow, and he escaped from his love-engagement by making a bolt to London, leaving the injured daughter and indignant parent behind him. In London, he appears for a time forgetful of his position as a member of the church; but, subsequently, he joins a Tractarian establishment, near Belgravia, called St. Simon Stylites, and becomes initiated in "guilds, fraternities, and sisterhoods" of a monastic order. A "new move on the board" then occurs, and he removes to Paris, and surfeited with "*outré* Tractarianism," he is reformed, turns his back upon all popery, and returns—"a wiser and a sadder man"—to his first curacy, Flowerfield, and his first love, the squire's daughter. This ends the history of Philip Paternoster,—which, the author says, is in very many detached instances, transcribed from actual experience. A moral is appended, in the form of a prescription, which gives a faint outline of the narrative:

To cure young Gentlemen of the Anglo-Catholic Disease.—*Process* 1. Send them to the Continent, and show them what Puseyism *would be, if it could.* Should this fail, it will show the case to be a severe one, and necessitate

Process 2. Procure a young lady, as nearly as possible resembling Hebe Walford (plenty are to be obtained in all parts of England), throw her constantly in his way. Remind him that all this kind of thing is tabooed to a celibate clergy. And, if the individual be worth saving, this will remove the last symptom of Tractarianism. If not, let him go. He is not worth keeping.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The intelligence which the last mail steamer brought from England relative to the all but final completion of the arrangements between the Board of Trade and the Cape Town Railway Company may certainly be considered as the most important commercial feature in the present month's transactions. We may now hope to see, before three months have passed away, the first sod turned of the first iron road in South Africa, and may look to a material development of our agriculture in localities which, with a rich and fertile soil, and abundant means of irrigation, have hitherto been comparatively neglected. The proposed line to Stellenbosch, the Paarl, and Wellington will, in addition to the important wine and fruit districts immediately contiguous to the chief stations at those places, have others for the reception of the produce of a portion of the corn districts of Koeberg, Malmesbury, and Caledon, for we have little doubt but that the farmers of those localities will perceive the advantage of saving their oxen, mules, and horses from an additional journey in and out of Cape Town of twenty to thirty miles as regards the two first-mentioned places, and fifty as regards the latter. If the effect of railways in long-settled countries has invariably been to increase traffic, both of merchandise and passengers, how much more will it be the effect in a colony where want of transport has been for years a crying evil. We predict that a great number of our future immigrants will be found settled on good lands near the principal stations, and that they will be employed by the farmers of the Goudine, Tulbagh, Worcester, and the Bokkevelds and Roggevelds to great mutual advantage, and to the benefit of the whole colony. There is no place in the Western Province which may not hope for speedy transport in the iron age which is now commencing.

As agriculture and commerce must always go hand in hand, it will not be out of place if we congratulate the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society on the marked improvement which their September show of this year evinced over those of former years. Colonial farmers who had taken the trouble to bring up their stock from distant divisions in order to advance the interests of the society have been, in many instances, rewarded by the high prices which they obtained for them, and the importers of agricultural implements will doubtless have little reason to regret that they were exhibitors of articles of the most recent improvements. Our railways will ensure increased competition and a still greater interest in these meetings in future. We wish the society every success.

Trade has slightly revived, and hopes are entertained that the fine weather now enjoyed, and the decrease in the numbers of small-pox patients, will induce the country buyers to come in and give a fillip to the transactions of the three last months of the year. It is much

wanted, as stocks of manufactures are fast accumulating by the arrival of several ships from England. A few cargoes of timber have been imported from the Baltic, and deals have met with a ready sale @ 5½d. to 6d. ℔ foot. Lumber from America has also come to hand, but only in small quantities. There is a very short supply of teak in the market, but a cargo is expected shortly from Moulmein. We should be glad to see our colonial timber more in use, the hard woods of the George forests being, in our opinion, excelled by none that are imported into the colony, whilst the yellow-wood can be pointed out in some of the old farm-houses as having been laid down for forty years and upwards. If there be any difference in the quality now, it can only arise from a want of proper precaution on the part of the woodcutters and their employers, in felling the trees at improper seasons. This should certainly be avoided. Large quantities of American flour have been brought in, and the price of all descriptions has receded. All colonial cereals are also going down rapidly, and as forage and forage corn are expected for the use of the Hon. East India Company's horse depôt here, these articles will probably suffer still more. No importations of tea have to be announced, and only one of coffee, say 1,300 bags for Cape Town. Stocks of these are much reduced. A small importation of sugar has been made during the month, and the demand is steady. There are no receipts of rice to advise.

The agents of the East India Company have again resumed their purchases of horses, and have succeeded in selecting several in sufficiently good condition for immediate shipment. More vessels have arrived from India to take these up. The sale of fish at Mauritius has been again high, and, in consequence, has affected prices in the colony. The season has not, however, been a very favorable one, so that full advantage cannot be taken of the advance on the other side. We hear of a vessel being taken up to proceed with horses to Mauritius, there appearing to be a probability of favorable results, notwithstanding the high price of those animals here.

Freights generally continue very low. A ship has been taken up to convey the passengers of the burnt ship *Eastern City* to Melbourne, @ £10 10s. ℔ head, whilst another is said to be receiving £15 ℔ head for the conveyance of troops from East London to India. Others are required for this service. To London freights are, for wine 10s. ℔ pipe; and for copper ore, 7s. 6d. ℔ ton, for sailing ships: £1 ℔ steamer. Wool not yet come in from the country.

Discounts have been very easy in some of the banks, but others do not appear to have quite as full. Exchange has a somewhat upward tendency, and good private bills @ 30 days' sight may be quoted at ½ per cent. discount to par at the closing of the mail. Treasury paper, 1 per cent. premium.

We much regret to record the withdrawal of troops from the frontier, as the trade of British Kaffraria certainly needed no such aid to its downward course. If it be true that a depôt of a new foreign legion is about to be established there, much evil may be prevented, for the accounts from those interested in the commerce of that part of the country are by no means satisfactory. Rumors are rife that the works at the mouth of the Buffalo River, at East London, are about to be completed, under an engineer to be brought from England, and hopes are entertained that these will prove successful. The establishment of the farmers in that settlement, as proposed by the Government, will, in the course of time, be undoubtedly beneficial to the trade of East London.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE S. A. MUSEUM.

With the exception of glazing, the case designed eventually for the new Museum is now completed, and does great credit to the architect and the contractors who have designed and erected it. I rejoice to say that I have not heard one dissentient voice on the subject; and that it has been approved of and admired by every one who has seen it, even under the disadvantage of being without glass.*

Our donations have not been very extensive this month; but, before I allude to them, I must correct an error into which I fell from trusting too much to memory. The name of the donor of the fine series of skins from the neighborhood of Lake Ngami is Mr. Wilson, of Otjimbimque; and I am happy to be able to announce the mounting of the brindled gnoo and calf of the leeche, and of the rietbok. The gemsbok, presented by Mr. Auret, acting civil commissioner of Namaqualand, is also mounted.

From Mr. Gillman, Kalk Bay, we received a very large specimen of the gorgon-head star-fish. This has been unfortunately lost, in consequence of its being kept in salt water. Those unacquainted with the habits of the star-fishes have little idea of their suicidal powers. By the time this specimen reached my hands, it was but a collection of *disjecta membra!* Some species, on being lifted from the water, instantly dissolve their corporation; and all that remains to tantalize the collector is a solitary arm, or, perhaps, only a fragment of one! On being taken from the sea, star-fishes should be instantly plunged into cold *fresh* water, of which, not being teetotallers, they have a virtuous abhorrence. As soon after as practicable, they should be dipped into boiling water for a few minutes, and then suffered to dry in the *breeze*, but *not in the sun*.

Mr. Russel, Masonic Hotel, specimens of the lory and green spreo.

Mr. S. Kirch, a most interesting specimen of a flamingo, new to me, obtained, I believe, at Walwich Bay.

From Mr. A. Verreaux we have received some interesting birds; in exchange for some of the duplicate Penang birds presented some time ago by Mr. W. Berg. Among them, the pink flamingo, from the river Amazon; Abyssinian roller, from Western Africa; rock partridges, from Northern Africa; toucans, from Brazil; a splendid sample of the European wild duck, and several others.

Among fresh offers of exchange, I have much pleasure in noticing that the directors of the Imperial Museum of Russia have, through a friend (Mr. Jenkins, late of Cape Town), requested an interchange of specimens; and the following communication, received from Sir William Denison, the Governor of New South Wales, speaks for itself:—

Government House, Sydney, New South Wales,
15th May, 1858.

My dear Sir,—I have written to Mr. Rawson, the Colonial Secretary, by this opportunity, suggesting to him the establishment of a direct communication between the Museums of Sydney and the Cape, for the purpose of establishing a system of exchange which will be beneficial to both.

You, however, as secretary of the Cape Museum, have a direct interest in its well-being; and I cannot do better than try to interest you in our welfare, as well as your own, as the two institutions have it in their power to assist each other materially.

* The painting of this case is said to be one of the best specimens of the kind hitherto done in Cape Town; and is the work of a young immigrant of the name of Taylor, recently arrived in this colony.

Of birds, we have a great variety, comprising many peculiar altogether to Australia. Of insects, the same. Of mammalia, we have not so many, but those which we possess are peculiar to Australia. Of shells, there are numerous genera and species peculiar to these seas, and we have the means of procuring many varieties from New Caledonia, and the islands which have not yet been noticed. Of fossils, we have several, which are also peculiar; and though these are too rare to be transferred, we have had casts made of the most curious, which will be interesting for purposes of comparison.

What we want are specially mammalia. We have very few specimens of any, except our own; and as it is desirable to interest the mass of the community in the welfare of the Museum: and as they gaze with eager eyes upon animals the larger they are;—the most valuable specimens which you can send us at present would be skins of your felidæ antelopes, &c.

I propose, as soon as possible, to have catalogues made of our collection, and you will then be able to judge of what we want, and what we can supply. I hope to be able to set a collector at work regularly, who will then furnish us with a large number of duplicates of our Australian species, and then put us in a position to carry out exchanges with advantage. We can furnish the weapons and household implements of the natives of Australia, New Zealand, and the South Seas, if you appropriate a place to such.

With every assurance of my wish to promote the prosperity of your Museum,—believe me, &c., W. Denison.

The additions with which the Sydney Museum can furnish us are of the most interesting description; and coming, as they will, from what I may term one of the greatest and most peculiar zoological centres, of which we form one of the outermost circles, they will be doubly welcome. Thence, we shall receive specimens of the kangaroo family, represented faintly in this land by the springhaas and jerboas. The gigantic wingless birds, of which we may, I hope, receive a bone or two, or, at least, a cast, are here represented nobly by the ostrich. Here we have but one, while there many once flourished, and several still survive.

Again, I must plead the cause of the institution, and beg of all our well-wishers to help to pay our debts of honor.

Sir William Denison asks us for our antelopes and our larger felidæ, and other carnivora in particular. The latter, kind readers, you destroy as vermin and pests; the former you shoot by scores for your table. *Spare me the skins.* An additional five minutes will enable you to flay your buck, without spoiling the skin; and you need sacrifice none of the meat;—the head and shank bones are all I ask. I care not how many I receive; I can deal with them all.

I will do what I can to collect specimens myself; but I must, in a great measure, depend on friends for this kind of help: and if my fellow-colonists wish to see the Museum increase, and exhibit within its walls a noble collection, now is the time to aid.

Through the kindness of the Government, I am about to seek the relaxation necessary for health, in a month's absence from my official duties; and, with the concurrence of the Trustees, accompanied by the taxidermist, and my assistant, I purpose devoting that leisure to collecting at the Knysna, for the purpose of paying our debts. Arrangements have, however, been made, and an efficient and experienced taxidermist will preserve all specimens sent to the Museum; my absence, therefore, need not be thought of if specimens should present themselves. E. L. Layard, Curator.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR AUGUST, 1858:

Deduced from five observations daily, Sundays excepted.

Hours of observation, $1^h\ 34^m$, $5^h\ 34^m$, $9^h\ 34^m$, $17^h\ 34^m$, $21^h\ 34^m$, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermom.		Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Self-registering Thermom.		Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.				Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	inch.	°	°			inch.	°	°			inch.	
2	29·922	50·06	47·76	45·34	84·6	29·618	54·3	46·0	2 94	NW	1·890	9·2
3	30·283	51·32	48·72	46·06	83·0	29·970	53·3	48·4	3·0	N	0·285	8·6
4	30·355	53·74	51·76	49·86	87·8	29·995	54·5	47·0	1·0	NbW to S		6·6
5	30·142	54·28	51·52	48·94	83·8	29·791	61·2	44·0	0·32	SE		2·2
6	29·877	55·44	51·06	47·08	75·2	29·551	64·0	46·8	0·82	NW		2·9
7							56·5	51·0			0·080	
8	29·841	52·52	49·88	47·28	83·2	29·515	56·7	47·4	3·3	N	1·020	9·4
9	30·601	54·12	52·92	51·76	92·4	29·615	57·2	47·4	8·8	N	0·872	8·9
10	30·092	55·10	53·04	51·16	86·8	29·713	60·8	47·2	0·8	NW to S	0·055	1·8
11	29·997	56·78	53·36	50·24	79·2	29·632	62·0	50·2	0·74	S to NbE		4·1
12	30·082	56·38	54·02	51·86	85·6	29·695	61·2	51·3	1·1	N	0·127	8·6
13	30·023	54·04	51·54	49·24	84·4	29·671	60·0	44·8	0·7	NW to SE		1·4
14							67·5	49·0				
15	29·852	60·02	53·74	48·44	67·8	29·509	56·8	51·0	1·4	NW	0·290	4·6
16	29·892	53.72	51.16	48·70	83.8	29·548	60·6	47·1	3·4	N	0·097	7·4
17	29·940	52·98	51·40	49·84	89·2	29·580	55·4	50·5	4·0	N b W		9·9
18	30·097	56·80	53·36	50·16	78·8	29·733	59·3	54·0	2·8	NW b W	0·565	7·1
19	30·098	55·90	51·88	48·12	75·4	29·760	60·0	49·0	0·4	NNWtSE		2·9
20	29·962	57·84	55·80	54·0	87·6	29·544	66·0	52·8	0·6	NW	0·012	6·4
21							58·0	54·0		NW b W	0·155	
22	30·125	57·78	55·70	53·82	87·0	29·709	63·5	57·7	1·3	to S b E		8·0
23	30·043	60·24	56·54	53·32	78·4	29·635	63·8	57·7	3·2	S		8·1
24	30·036	57·60	53·36	49·50	74·4	29·680	63·5	53·3	3.4	S		7.0
25	30·202	53·44	48·68	44·02	71·0	29·912	59·8	48·8	8·4	S b E		2·6
26	30·247	54·66	47·90	41·40	61·4	29·985	58·3	51·2	3·4	S		0·2
27	30·118	58·68	49·66	41·62	53·8	29·855	65·0	52·7	1·8	S b W		3·9
28							68·8	52·6		SSE to		
29	30·006	59·38	54·56	50 50	75·2	29·636	61·0	54·2	0·8	NW b W	0·115	6·2
30	30·070	55·86	53·20	50·68	83·4	29·698	62·0	49·5	0·9	NW	0·045	9·0
31	29·907	55·60	51·36	47·36	74·4	29·579	59·6	51·0	1·4	NW		9·0
Mean,	30·047	55·55	52·07	48·86	79·5	29·697	60·35	50·25	1·95	Sum,	5·608	6·0

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A M. h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9 34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	30·057	30·078	30·025	30·023	30·052	30·379	29·671
,, Press. of dry air at 32°. ,,	29·659	29·667	29·707	29·735	29·718	30·040	29·313
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	51·31	56·68	59·95	56·22	53·59	68·5	44·0
,, Wet bulb. ,,	49·0	52·99	54·69	52·65	51·04	59·8	43·0
Humidity of the air. p. cent.	85·04	78·19	71·65	78·92	83·81	97·0	43·0
Dew Point. degrees	46·65	49·60	50·14	49·35	48·54	56·5	37·9

GEORGE MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

COLONIAL MEDICAL EDUCATION.

Now that a Board of Examiners for academic honors and degrees has been organized in this colony, and that the members appointed to that Board, are so generally allowed to be the very best men in our community that could have been selected to fill the honorable and responsible office; now that the Parliament has liberally voted a good salary for the law-lectureship, we think that efforts should be made to provide also for our very urgent wants in the way of medical education. It is true that the reasons to be urged for founding now in South Africa a lectureship in the colonial law, based as it is on the old Roman Dutch, and differing as it does from both the English and the Dutch laws as at present existent in the parent states, are perhaps stronger than any that could be urged in support of teacherships in the science of medicine and surgery. But in our widely-spread country, and in our sparsely-peopled districts, the demands of both the general public and the Government for medical aid at this time are very great. If, in British India, success so considerable as that already attained in medical teaching at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, should so easily have been achieved, why may we not hope to see in Cape Town a medical school founded also? one that shall be able efficiently to meet the present urgent wants of our country people, and to provide the public with medical men, as able and as qualified as the sub-assistant surgeons of the Indian Presidencies now are. In Holland, at the present day, there are many subordinate doctors employed by the Government and parochial authorities, and by the people too; who, although ranking there only as second-class men, are still found very useful indeed; and who in no degree or way interfere with or injure the more highly educated and better qualified physicians and surgeons resident in the towns and larger villages. Many arrangements for the study of some of the collateral subjects of medical science do already exist in Cape Town,

in the lectures delivered at the South African College in botany, chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history. We have but to add teacherships in anatomy and physiology, in medicine and surgery, midwifery and materia medica, and we might at once establish and start a medical school, and hope to have some of our new "country doctors" at work, professionally, within the next three or four years. Somerset Hospital, although an old and tumble-down place, and quite unfit now for the sick, is still, as to its internal arrangements, in a perfect state of order and cleanliness; and its wards, with their various forms and phases of disease from all climes and lands, would at once constitute an excellent school for the practical study of the profession, and for bed-side clinical instruction. The accomplished surgeon of the hospital is well known ever to have taken a lively interest in medical education, he having, even in 1840, done his best then to institute a system of medical instruction by lectures, dissections, &c., and in every way to have fostered and forwarded the conversion of the hospital into a practical school of medicine and surgery.

The dead-house of the institution would now, as it did twenty years ago, furnish the students with excellent practical opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame. The hospital surgeon and some of the Cape Town practitioners would, we feel sure, be glad and ready to aid the Executive Government and the Board of Examiners in carrying into execution any sound scheme of medical education; and some of them, with great advantage to the cause of professional education, might occupy seats at the Board, aiding the examiners with their advice and assistance in the conduct of the medical examinations. The new hospital, when built, will constitute a convenient and very useful medical school. The various medical colleges and examining bodies in the United Kingdom have, in their greatly improved and recently promulgated regulations, set forth the great superiority of "the private tutor and bed-side instruction system," over the old plan of diffuse, numerous, and lengthy lectures, extending over much time and consisting of many courses; and they admit, generally, that only a few lectures on each subject, directing generally the attention of students to the best standard works to be consulted, are all that are requisite now. It is admitted fully that in these days, when good standard books on all scientific subjects are so cheap and numerous, each student can read and learn for himself far more in a week, than any lecturer could teach him in a month. It is in ocular and practical demonstrations over

the subject in the dissecting-room and in bed-side clinical instruction, that oral teaching does so much, and is so urgently required. For *this* style of tutorship we may hope to obtain the services of two or three of our town practitioners; although we might not be so successful in obtaining public lecturers from among their body. While, however, the plan and style of medical teaching need not be very elaborate or intricate, the examinations should always be very strictly conducted, and the knowledge demanded of candidates be ever considerable. Young men desirous of obtaining our colonial medical diploma should, at eighteen years of age, pass a fair matriculation examination to test their general knowledge and amount of liberal education. They should be required to devote *at least* two years to the study of medicine in Cape Town, at the hospital, and in attendance on the college and other lectures, while they should not be admitted to the final examinations for the diploma, until they had fully completed at least their twentieth year, and had given satisfactory evidence of their having really and diligently attended to their professional studies.

We have mentioned the medical colleges at the large Presidency towns of British India. These institutions, as schools of European medical science, have now, for many years, been most useful and successful. The knowledge obtainable at them is extensive and sound; their diploma is deemed by all the British medical and surgical colleges a full and sufficient evidence of a complete professional education, and its holders are allowed at once to present themselves in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, for examination as surgeons, &c. The Indian sub-assistant surgeons are now, as a body, highly educated and fully qualified for any ordinary professional emergency. The East India Government has largely employed their services in the medical charges of the country gaols and dispensaries, and in the smaller civil stations and political agencies. Many of them have at once embarked successfully in the private practice of their profession in the larger towns. As a class they are fully confided in and much respected, and many of them have proved themselves men of character, intelligence, and considerable scientific acquirement. Of late years, not a few of these Indian-educated young doctors have passed in London into the regular covenanted medical services of India, and have distinguished themselves as accomplished and learned physicians and surgeons. These men have learnt all they know in Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, which, although large and populous as Asiatic cities, possess far less of European

knowledge, energy, or medical science than is now enjoyed by Cape Town. Were we framing a set of regulations for the projected colonial medical diploma, we would require of candidates that they brought satisfactory proof of having devoted at least *two* full years to the study of medicine and surgery in Cape Town in the wards of the hospital. That they were not less than twenty years old, and of sound moral character. That they had acquired a fair knowledge of practical pharmacy in some dispensary or apothecary's warehouse; and had been present at *ten* cases of labor. That they had carefully read and studied certain specified standard professional works in all the branches of medical science. That they had diligently attended the following lectures:

Sixty lectures on the Practice of Physic.
Sixty ,, ,, Surgery.
Forty ,, ,, Midwifery.
,, ,, Science of Physiology.
,, ,, ,, Anatomy.
,, ,, ,, Materia Medica.
Thirty ,, ,, Botany.
,, ,, ,, Chemistry.
,, ,, ,, Medical Jurisprudence
,, ,, ,, Natural Philosophy.
,, ,, ,, Natural History.

That they had diligently and regularly attended the wards of the hospitals for at least twenty months; and that they had dissected and carefully studied the anatomy of the human frame during the six cold-weather months of two years. The matriculation examination to be passed by all the candidates when eighteen years old, and on first entering on their medical studies, might be entirely dispensed with in the case of all those who already possessed the general literary second-class certificate, or B.A. degree, about to be granted by the Board of Examiners. The fee for the medical diploma should be a low one, and all its holders should be eligible and qualified to act in the office of Government district surgeon in the *country* districts, and should be authorized legally to practice the various branches of their profession in all those districts throughout the colony. As we know that men value what they have to pay for more highly than that which they obtain gratuitously, we recommend that all the medical pupils should also pay certain fees for their attendance on the lectures and the hospital practice in the wards.

Some of our readers may perhaps think that the ability to obtain in this colony a medical education and diploma would, in some degree, deter young men from going to

Europe, with a view of qualifying themselves in the great and famous schools and hospitals there, for the medical profession. But we believe that such an idea will be found to be practically fallacious. No earnest and studious young man, in a pecuniary position sufficiently good to enable him to visit Europe for three or four years, would be deterred from doing so by the mere possession, when he was twenty years old, of the colonial medical diploma; while the knowledge that would be required of him, ere he could hold it, would very naturally expedite and facilitate his professional studies in the great schools of Europe. Care and pains should be taken to guard against our colonial young doctors being too easily satisfied with the colonial diploma; and they should be all encouraged to aim at the highest education and qualification. To those young men with a taste for the medical profession who were too poor to go home, the colonial education now projected would be a very great boon indeed; while it would also secure to the public and the Government in the country districts, the services of an efficiently qualified set of men, competent for the treatment of most of the ordinary accidents and diseases which have now, for the want of any doctors, to get on as they best can without any professional aid at all. Those who know what the serious difficulties are under which our country people now labor in the way of doctors' aid, will, we feel persuaded, readily admit that the time has come for us to strive our utmost to found in our capital the very best medical school we can compass with our present means and appliances. If it be felt that a sound education in law, in arts, and in literature is really at this time obtainable in Cape Town, it will, we conceive, be also readily admitted that, with a good hospital, and with many highly intelligent physicians and surgeons among us, there is no good reason why arrangements should not also at once be set on foot for founding a medical school; and for instituting a fair and strict examination by our Public Board of Examiners (or, rather, by a set of special medical examiners, appointed with their advice, and that of the Government Medical Committee), for a medical diploma, which shall enable its holders to serve the public and the Government in the country districts as surgeons and accoucheurs, until the professional prospects of those districts shall tempt more highly educated and better qualified practitioners in medicine to settle in them. Many district surgeons are now wanted by the authorities, and all who

know the very great distances that have to be traveled for doctors' assistance will readily grant, we think, that no time should be lost in starting the medical education here contended for. The country people of South Africa, generally, entertain a very high respect for the medical profession, and are ready and willing to pay for medical aid pretty liberally.

That our Parliament will readily grant, say £600 or £700 a year for medical education, we feel persuaded; and if the Executive Government were to propose an annual grant for this good purpose, we are confident that the people's delegates would at once and readily grant all the money asked for. The hospital practice and the bed-side clinical teaching at the hospitals in Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, and King William's Town should, of course, be formally recognized by the examiners; and lectures on professional subjects there delivered should be ranked with those delivered at Cape Town, as qualifying candidates for examination for the diploma. The board might insist always on sound proofs of the possession of knowledge; while it might safely relax the stringency of any regulations as to the mode and place in which that knowledge had been obtained. No good end can ever be obtained by any compulsion as to the modes and places for the acquirement of any knowledge.

In the few observations we have offered for the consideration of our readers, we have been actuated by the conviction that there now exists in this country ample material for forming a colonial medical school, and that our country districts stand very greatly in want of additional professional aid. With our own and the general public's confidence in the Board of Examiners, we shall indeed be disappointed if a set of medical students be not dissecting and really at work at their professional studies by the winter of next year, at the latest. We trust that the Governor, who has already earned the colony's gratitude by his laudable efforts in the cause of colonial education, will not hesitate at once to organize the projected medical school, persuaded as we are that the people, through their representatives, will gladly sanction any necessary expenditure that may be incurred. Pity, indeed, would it be if arts or law were allowed to get the start of medicine in our embryo university.

E.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

It is not the purpose of the writer to treat of succession in intestacy. What the law does with regard to the estates of those who neglect, or do not desire to exercise the power of disposing of their property, is perhaps of equal interest with, but has not been so prominently discussed as, the limitation imposed on testamentary disposition. While, however, few subjects of colonial importance have been more treated of and written about for the last thirty years than the power of testation by our law, it would be difficult to point out one respecting which more misapprehension exists among that portion of our community which is of English descent. In a former article it was explained that much of this misapprehension was due to a systematic confusion of the law of community of property in marriage with the law relating to disposition by last will. Some remarks on that article in a subsequent number of the *Magazine*, by an "English Lawyer," (inserted against the general rule, which prohibits controversy in these pages—but very properly in the present instance, as, especially in questions of this nature, it is only by a careful examination of conflicting opinions that a right conclusion can be reached), seem to repeat the error, and to treat of the *communio bonorum*, and the fetter on free disposition which the doctrine of legitimate portions has imposed, as inseparably connected and dependent on the same legal principles.

This is noticed, not with the object of saying a word more about the merits or demerits of community of property,* but that the law of inheritance by last will may not, through this confusion, be misunderstood.

* The case referred to by the "English lawyer" as exhibiting the worst features of the colonial law of marriage affirmed two principles:

1. That a wife cannot by ante-nuptial contract be entitled to enjoy community of property with her husband, and at the same time claim separate estate apart from the community, *as against creditors.*

2. That, although where there are separate estates of husband and wife, the wife has even a hypothec on the husband's property in preference before the general creditors; *she has no claim on his estate for any settlement made by him on her out of his property, until his creditors shall have been paid.*

This last is due to a placaat of Charles V, which may be severe, but was enacted to meet a glaring evil. The reader will be of opinion that the mere fact that a law is a "placaat of Charles V" does not at once subject it to condemnation, when he is told that we owe the law of registration of titles and of mortgages—the most valuable safeguard of property in the colony—to such a placaat.

There may exist community of property in the fullest sense, and yet, together with it, the freest possible right of disposal by will. The law of legitimate portions in favor of children had its origin in the Roman law at a time when there was a complete separation of the estates of the parents. By the "Code Napoleon," a child of a marriage under the *régime dotal*, where there is an entire separation of estates, has as certain a claim to the *légitime* from the property of his parents as a child of a marriage contracted under the *régime de communauté*.

It seems superfluous, but the frequent misapprehension on the subject renders it necessary, to point out that there is no connection whatever between the principle of the law which regulates the shares of A and B in the property possessed jointly by A and B, and that of the law which enacts that the child of A shall obtain something from the estate of A, and that the child of B shall obtain something from the estate of B. The error is one into which unprofessional men not unnaturally fall. The death of A is the time at which the separation of the property of A and B, married in community, takes place; it is likewise the time at which the question arises as to the amount of the portion which, out of his share, A was bound by law to leave to his heir; and the neglect of sufficiently accurate consideration has confounded two very distinct, though concurrent, consequences of this death. It might be as well concluded, where completely separate estates have been created by ante-nuptial contract, that because at the death of one of the spouses, it may become necessary that distinct accounts of the separate estates should be taken to prevent any possible confusion, and at the death, likewise, a legitimate portion is claimable, that, therefore, there is an inseparable connection between the doctrine of separate estates in marriage and that of legitimate portions.

It was remarked on a former occasion, that while the outcry here has been for the blessings of the English law of the effects of marriage on property, the English law reformers, headed by Lord Brougham, have, of late years, been anxiously endeavoring to save England from the disgrace of this law, and Englishwomen from its curse. In like manner, while the voices of some are raised here against the cruelty to parents of the law which does not sufficiently, in all cases, trust natural affection in the disposal of property, English law reformers mourn that they have not the law of this colony, which is, in principle, the old common law of England, and that of every country of Europe, with the

exception of England and Ireland. In a late number of the *Law Magazine* (the organ of the Law Amendment Society), towards the conclusion of a paper on the distribution of intestates' estates, there are the following observations:

We have said enough, we think, to show the shortcoming of our scheme of distribution on one point, and that it needs such an alteration as shall bring us within the European family in respect of private law. But there is another and a graver point upon which we have even less hesitation in avowing our distaste of English law. It is one in respect of which England stands alone in Europe; we mean the law which allows every testator, under all circumstances, without regard to nature or justice, to alienate the whole of his personal estate, to the disherison of his wife and children. By virtue of that conflict of principles which dogs English law everywhere, a man must support these persons as long as he lives, but at his death, though possessed of ample means, he may leave them penniless, or a burden upon strangers or the parish. Caprice or cruelty may impel him to do so, and the law requires no better justification of an act, which it affects to consider to be a legitimate consequence of constitutional liberty. In this, as in many other points, the law is not *in equilibrio* with the intellect or feelings of the community. Our state of society demands a better law than the unnatural formula, *dicat testator et erit lex.* It requires that the children, at least, should derive such a benefit from their father's estate by law at his death as shall relieve the public from their being a burden upon it, however light. The poor law does much, but here it is, of course, inoperative. The restoration of the old common law of England—the *partes rationabiles*—would effect this justice and remove the painful incousistency which we have referred to.—*Law Magazine*, May, 1857: p 88.

It may be as well to explain what these "*partes rationabiles*" were, inasmuch as we are constantly assured here that any interference with the power of free alienation by will is utterly at variance with the genius of English law. By the common law of England, a man might dispose of only one third of his goods; one third went as the "reasonable portion" (we should say "legitimate") to his children, and one third to his wife. If his wife had predeceased him, his liberty of disposition extended to one half, the other moiety being the property of his children. In the case only of his death without wife or children surviving him was he entitled to dispose of the whole of his personal property. "Magna Carta" expressly reserves this right to widows and children. By the 26th chapter of John's Charter, and the 18th of that of Henry III, it is provided that after payment of the debt which the "dead man" might owe to the king, "the rest shall be left to the executors to fulfil the testament of the dead, and if there be nothing due from him to us, all the chattels shall go to the use of the dead, *saving to his wife and children their reasonable shares.*" This, which was, until the time of Charles I, the general law of the land, was imperceptibly altered in the greater part of the kingdom—though

it was retained in certain portions; and was only abolished, as to London, by statute in the beginning of the last century. "Thus," says Blackstone, (vol. II, p. 493), "is the old common law now utterly abolished throughout the kingdom of England, and a man may devise the whole of his chattels as freely as he could formerly his third part or moiety."

While, as has been shown, the tendency in England appears to incline to a resumption of the ancient law, which is, in principle, not different from our own, it is not too much to expect that sounder arguments than the mere fact that the present English law differs from that which prevails in this colony should be offered, before our legislature can be called on for a change from the law which we possess, and which is desired in England, to that which is deprecated in England. There is more sounding rhetoric than logical truth in the assertion that the freedom of an Englishman requires freedom of disposition by last will. If Dr. Johnson, when a friend recommended the line—

"Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free,"

replied, "To be sure,—

"Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat,"

what would have been his commentary on the supposed necessary connection between constitutional right and the right to beggar a child?

These prefatory remarks appear necessary, in order to show the want of true foundation for the prejudices which prevail on this subject in the minds of many who have constantly heard repeated, and thus have begun to believe, that the law of inheritance in this colony is obsolete, inapplicable to the present state of civilisation, and the relic of a barbarous age; whereas, in truth, it is in principle identical with the law on the subject contained in the great product of the civilisation of the nineteenth century, the "Code Napoleon;" it was the law of the Roman Empire at a period whence all the nations of modern Europe and of America derive what is most valuable in their several municipal codes; it is that to which thinking men in England, competent to judge in matters of this nature, turn with hope for the amendment of their own privately unjust and socially injurious doctrines. It should, at least, be examined with respect and understood before it is condemned.

We have said that great misapprehension prevails as to the law of inheritance. We believe the general opinion of its operation to be, that there exists no power of testamentary disposition whatever,—that on death the law seizes and

distributes the property as in intestate succession. The industrious tradesman, who has accumulated some means, is harassed by the constantly recurring assertion—"You toil for property and deem it your own—in vain; at your death the law takes it—your wife, surviving you, receives the half, the rest is distributed among your children in equal proportions, whatever may have been your desire on the subject; it is a waste of labor to commit your bidding to paper according to the formalities required for a will; the law is paramount, and will lay aside your wishes, the anticipated fulfilment of which might comfort you on your death-bed, unheeded!" This, absurd as it may appear, has frequently been stated in the writer's presence, even by persons who have become possessed of considerable property and who have acquired some position, as the law of inheritance, expounded to them by others whom they deemed wiser than themselves. When it was explained that by the law the wife really took nothing from the husband's estate, but merely on his death retained her own,—whether community or separation of property had governed the marriage,—and that the statement further, that the law, notwithstanding any will, divided the testator's property equally among his children, was an exaggerated fiction based on a very little truth,—surprise was expressed by the individuals themselves that they should have been in such utter ignorance of what they had been taught to detest, and the assurance was given that this erroneous conception of the law was the one very generally prevalent. The large majority of objectors to legitimate portions would possibly still object if they did know, but certainly do not know, to what they object.

No doubt the ordinary will in this colony has led to the belief of the necessity of an equal division among the children of the testator's property. The favorite testament among the inhabitants of Dutch descent is what is generally termed a mutual will—which is, in fact, a will of two persons on one paper. This mutual testament might be made as well by persons who stand in no relation to each other as by those who stand in the intimate connection of husband and wife. Its provisions are, in general, simply that the testator and testatrix constitute the survivor of them and the children of the predeceasor heirs in equal shares of the predeceasor's estate. What the survivor thus inherits equally with the children is popularly called a child's portion. For example: A and B married in community have jointly £2,000, or married out of community possess each £1,000; then, on the dissolution of the marriage in either case by death of A,

£1,000, being A's property, is to be divided according to the directions of the will, which provides that B. surviving A, shall, together with their four children, inherit A's estate. Each of them receives £200. But this sum of £200, though a child's portion, is not the legitimate to which the child was by law entitled. A parent is bound to leave among his children, if they be five or more, the half; if they be four or less one third of his estate: of the rest he may freely dispose. In the supposed instance, therefore, the combined *legitimate* portions of the children would be £333 6s. 8d., and the portion of each child £83 6s. 8d. The law compels the disposal of £333 6d. 8d. in a certain manner, but leaves the testator free to dispose as he pleases of the £666 13s. 4d., which he may direct to be paid to any one of his children whom he prefers above the rest, or to his widow, or to a perfect stranger. The testator might, if he had so willed it, have given £750 of his £1,000 to that one of his children whom he thought most worthy, while the rest received merely the pittance of £83 6s. 8d. each. The law does not say, each of your children shall have an equal share in the estate you leave at death, but you shall not give way to unnatural feelings, and, without reason, throw any one of your children penniless on the world: some moderate portion shall, therefore, go to each child. In reply to this, it will be urged that it is a slander on human nature to believe that men will not provide for their children, if it be in their power; the law written in the breast of man is sufficient to ensure the fulfilment of this duty; no positive law is required. But surely, if the law is merely in accordance with the impulses of natural affection, and only carries out what the dictates of parental love would, without law, perform in at least an equal degree, those who repose this entire confidence in the power of natural affection in all cases, can entertain no real objection to its operation. As an almost universal rule in this colony and in all countries where legitimate portions are known, far more than the share ordered by the law, is bequeathed by parents to their children. But the law is not for the righteous, but for sinners; it does not fear that the just will fail to perform their natural obligations, but it is active to prevent the unjust from despoiling children who, if they have not through their own misconduct forfeited that right, possess a clear right, naturally and socially, to claim that when those who have brought them into the world have possessed wealth, and have educated them in the expectation of a portion of this wealth, they shall not, from mere caprice or sudden antipathy, be left in utter destitution. If but one such case was likely to occur

in a century, the law would be imperfect that did not provide against the evil and render the injustice impossible.

But while the Roman law (for this part of our law of inheritance is, unlike our law of community, purely Roman), thus protects the child against the unjust parent—for such there are, though they may be rare—it gives power to the parent to disinherit a child who has merited exheredation. Several just causes of exheredation exist, which need not be here enumerated, but which are all founded on misconduct of a serious nature or gross ingratitude to the parent. The reasons which the parent has for disinheriting the child must be expressed in the will, and if they be sufficient and sufficiently established, the legal heir, complaining of his exheredation, will be declared by the court to have forfeited all claim for any share in the parent's estate on the ground of unworthiness. In addition to the reasons for exheredation founded on misconduct, the parent may withhold, burden with *fidei commissum*, or postpone the legitimate of a child who is in such a state of insolvency that he could not be benefited personally were immediate payment made to him.

We have thus far, in as simple language as possible and avoiding technical expressions, explained what legitimate portions are. The law does not insist on the distribution of the parent's estate in a particular manner,—it does not abrogate the liberty of making testamentary dispositions; it merely lays down in accordance with natural justice that a parent shall not, without sufficient reason, fairly ascertained, pauperise his offspring. It has fixed a very moderate amount as that which shall be thus appropriated from the deceased parent's means. Difference of opinion may exist as to that amount—which is far less in our law than the proportion fixed by the Code Napoleon and the present Code of Holland;* but our legislature will be right in hesitating to consent to a change in the principle which is well expressed by Mr. Solomon's address to the electors of Cape Town:

> The colonial law of inheritance goes upon the principle that men and women are not to be at liberty to bring children into the world at pleasure, and in case of death to be at liberty to leave them penniless and destitute, a burden on the public, when they possess the means of providing for the necessary support of their children. Whilst, therefore, the law does not prevent the parent who may possess property from bequeathing in any way he pleases a large portion of his estate, it requires that a portion of his property shall go towards his children, who have a natural claim upon his affection and support.

* By these codes, the legitimate is one half if there be one child: two thirds if there be two: and three fourths if three or more.

As the legitimate is emphatically the child's "right," it must be left as a direct, immediate, and unencumbered possession. It is due equally whether the child is the offspring of a marriage in community or out of community. It is not claimable by any collateral heirs, the opinion being utterly erroneous, though prevalent in this colony, that where the testator has no children nor parents surviving him, brothers and sisters have a right, against the provisions of his will, to demand some share of his estate. Where a testator has no children, his parents, if they survive him, may, indeed, claim a legitimate, but cases of this kind are naturally so rare that in this respect the law, just or unjust, expedient or inexpedient, is practically a dead letter.

A few words more, on the extent of the power possessed by parents to require that children shall not make a claim for inheritance from the estate of the first dying of the testators, must conclude our remarks. Where there is a marriage in community, can the division of the estate be postponed until the survivor's death? This is sometimes done in this colony in the following manner:

Here, as in all countries where the tendency is not to have the extremes of wealth and pauperism in the same family, where there exists no great desire "to propagate an aristocracy" (to use an expression in a petition to the late Legislative Council, which caused some amusement a few years ago), parents, unless grave cause exists to the contrary, generally distribute their property equally among their children. No one is usually much benefited beyond the others. Ordinarily, if we suppose a joint estate of the parents of £12,000, and three children of the marriage, on the father's death each of the children would, by will, be entitled to £2,000, payable on majority, or, as the survivor is frequently a joint heir receiving a child's portion, to £1,500.

But a will might be thus expressed and would be valid: "A and B, married in community, institute as their heirs their children, C, D, and E, but the said C, D, and E shall not be entitled to claim from the estate of the first dying any portion of their inheritance, legitimate or otherwise, until after the death of the survivor; and any one of the heirs claiming the legitimate during the survivor's life shall forfeit any further interest in the estate of the first dying, and shall receive only the legitimate out of the survivor's estate." The effect of this will would be, that if C claimed the legitimate on A's death, he would receive only £666 13s. 4d., and on the death of B he would only receive £666 13s. 4d. more, while his brothers, D and E,

would, on the survivor's death, receive each £5,333 6s. 8d., supposing the estate to have remained of the same value. If a direction were inserted in the will, ordering that in the event of the legitimate being at once claimed, sums spent in education, donations in advancement of trade, &c., should be brought into collation, *i. e.*, should be added to the assets of the estate, for the purpose of ascertaining the portions, and treated as payments already made to the objecting heir, further very considerable reductions may be made from the legitimate, and the certainty of acquiescence in the will secured. It is plain, then, that where parents, married in community, desire to act fairly towards their children, and to give them ultimately more than the pittance which the law compels, they have it in their power so to dispose, that no dissolution of the joint estate shall take place during the lifetime of either of them. When a child is cut off with that only which the law orders, there can be no postponement, or rather, the legitimate would be due immediately on the predeceasor's death, but payable on the child's majority, in the same manner as the child's portion under the ordinary mutual will would be due and payable.

For one requirement of the law there seems scarcely sufficient reason. On the dissolution of the community by the death of one parent, in all cases of intestacy, and generally, on re-marriage, where there are wills, the survivor is bound to find security for the amount, filial or legitimate, or otherwise, which is to be paid to each child of the marriage on majority. It is fitting that the parent should have the administration of the child's property, and it is his own interest, as well as that of his children, that it should be well administered. He must be utterly ruined before they can suffer loss. The distrust of the parent's administration during the child's minority, in the intimate relation of parent and child, is somewhat at variance with the confidence in the husband's administration during the wife's continued minority in the marriage. This demand of security, for a period of five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, is felt as a hardship by many who approve of the equity of community of property, and who desire no change in the law of inheritance. It is not needed, and could, without inconvenience or injustice, be at once abolished.

It is impossible, even in this very incomplete sketch of the colonial law, to omit all mention of Lord Charles Somerset's proclamation of 1822. Notwithstanding the importance of the law, it would be difficult to find among the placaats of Charles V, or any of the musty tomes of Dutch jurisprudence, any edict or commentary so wretchedly

unintelligible as this emanation from Downing-street, which has puzzled every lawyer in the colony from the days of the non-professional judges, who principally composed the court between thirty and forty years ago, to those of the present Chief Justice, who expressed his opinion from the bench that the authorship could be attributed only to the Horse Guards or some equally competent legislative authority. The object of the proclamation was to enable natural-born subjects of the United Kingdom to devise their property according to the law of England under certain circumstances. The Supreme Court have decided two important cases under this proclamation. The first, which occurred in 1847, settled the question—whether it was necessary in the will of a person entitled to devise according to the laws of England under the proclamation to refer specially to the proclamation—in the negative. The parents, natural-born subjects, were married in Dublin, and having emigrated to this colony were domiciled at Clanwilliam, where the husband died, devising all his property to his wife, with the exception of some land left to one of his children. The claim of certain of the children for the legitimate portion was rejected. The second was a case of greater difficulty, in which judgment was given not more than two months ago. The parents were both natural-born subjects of the United Kingdom, but the marriage took place in this colony in community of property. They made a joint will, in which each constituted the other heir, nothing being bequeathed to the children. The wife having died, the court held that the children were entitled to the legitimate, because the marriage was in community according to the general law of the colony; an ante-nuptial contract, under the proclamation, would be necessary in this colony to dissolve the community, and equally necessary to give the right of devise according to the law of England.

Until this decision, it had been the opinion of some members of the profession that while, in the circumstances above detailed, community of property had been clearly created between the spouses, the proclamation gave them the right each to dispose of his share in the community according to the law of England. But the question is now happily settled, and a fixed determination given to this portion of the law. Unfortunately, however, such is the confusion of its language that we can scarcely hope that the difficulties are at an end and that new questions will not arise on its construction.

One kind of marriage contract requires some notice here, as it materially affects—indeed, utterly abolishes—the right

of bequest by women. Parents and guardians of young women, ignorant of the consequences of such a contract, permit notaries (of whom there are many in the country districts equally ignorant) to draw an instrument in which it is simply recited that A and B, about to be married, have agreed that the effects of the marriage shall be the same as would have followed in England. The probable legal construction of this instrument would be, that the wife is deprived of all property in, and power of disposal over, any amount which may have been hers at the date of the marriage, and even of any inheritance which may have devolved on her during its continuance. We know the impression to be that such contract creates separate estates—but those who have entered into marriage on the strength of this faith are wofully mistaken. It is clear that as far as the wife's rights are concerned, we need not here trouble ourselves about the law of inheritance, for she can possess nothing capable of being inherited.

The important questions which have been touched upon in this paper and in that on community of property will probably be fully discussed in the new Parliament. If fair discussion, on sufficient knowledge, shall show that the principle of our law of inheritance is unsound—by all means let the law be amended. The conclusion of some of our fellow-colonists on the subject, from the mere fact that a certain law is the law of England, which naturally they respect without clearly knowing what it is, or what it is to replace, would furnish Sir Cornewall Lewis with an additional illustration of the "Influence of authority in matters of opinion." But we trust, confidently, that the change, if sought, will be sought for reasons more likely to convince, if true—and more capable of refutation, because really bearing on the matter at issue, if untrue.

A PHYSICIAN'S HOLIDAY,

FROM GRAHAM'S TOWN TO THE KASOUGA.

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE.

PART I.

VERY pleasant things are holidays—pleasant even to gossip about. Who amongst us all has not, at one time or other, longed for a holiday? Who can be totally insensible to the thrill of pleasurable excitement which the very word calls up in the youthful mind; or can fail to sympathise with the

feelings of the boy as, with bright eye beaming with hope and expectation, yet with tremulous lip and cautious hesitation, he ventures faintly to ask, "Please, sir, *may* we ha-have a-a-a holiday?" Have any of you, my readers, ever been spokesman on such an occasion? And *can* you ever forget how strangely the reply sent the blood rushing all over your system, tingling to your very fingers' ends, as if something new had suddenly been added to your circulation?

Holidays *are* pleasant things (particularly to us young folks!) they are like milestones along the path of youth, by which we reckon time, past and future: just as the Kafir refers all dates to *his* epochs of violent excitement—Kafir wars.

But not only to the boy are holidays a pleasure and a necessity; we all require them. Rest and recreation are absolutely indispensable to a healthy condition of both mind and body. Our bodies are not of cast iron, that they should work for ever,—nor our brains steam engines, that they should need no repose. If I had the honor of a parliamentary requisition to take a trip—I will not say holiday trip, nor would I be supposed to insinuate that they are considered such by honorable members from the country in general; but if *I* had a summons—to attend that mighty House in the West, where the colonial brain lies fallow for a season, from voerchitz, and baftas, and wool calculations, I'd bring in a bill to make holidays compulsory on all, for the benefit of the State! Then, perchance, should we find brains stocked with other than mere business notions, minds of more than shop calibre, capable of comprehending and working out great social and political questions—*perhaps*, in time, even sufficiently expanded to take in a railway! The usual figures would now and then be obliterated from the mental slate, and thus make room for other calculations and ideas. Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen, we shall never go a-head until holidays are made compulsory. Our colonial brains, like our fields, *must* lie fallow for a time, or have a rotation of crops —of ideas, or they'll never work properly. Why, there are some of our citizens, whom I could mention, who couldn't enjoy a holiday *now*, if they tried with all their might! Theirs have been lives of figures and interest sums; all their pleasure is summed up on the left hand column of their ledger, and can be put under their arm! Indeed, it is doubtful whether it ever amounts to pleasure, after all, the balance so often preponderates on the wrong side! Talk to one of these men about a holiday, and he stares at you with the most supreme contempt. If in winter, he tells you it is

"wretchedly cold" at the sea; if in summer, it is "frightfully hot!" Hot? Of course, we all know that summer is hot: the sea breezes feel all the cooler for it, the shade of the dense wood all the more delightful, the freshness of the rocky rivulet all the more grateful, the fern-groves all the greener, the noon-day silence of the deep kloof all the more impressive! "Yes," he sneers, "all nature is stagnant with the heat!" "Stagnant?" No, no—nature is not stagnant, Mr. Grumbler; she is but taking her siesta in the summer's noon; birds, insects, and all are hushed and still, it is true, but only to be the more joyously active afterwards. But what impression can you expect nature's beauties to make upon a man who has never enjoyed a holiday? Earth and sea can have no charms for him—*his* pleasures and his passions are too deeply stereotyped on his care-worn face, and we read there of nought but wool, and hides, and—bills to pay! One long wrinkled history of a business life has stamped itself indelibly on his brow. If he can be persuaded to lock up that eternal ledger, and go to the sea-side, he but views the ocean as a mere mass of blue waves; it has no charm for him—wakes up no sunny memories of youth—calls back no fleeting thoughts of distant home—all is cheerless and blank within! Poor wretch, he has never had a holiday! He has never relieved his mind from its accustomed strain, and *now*, when he would fain make the attempt, he finds it has lost its elasticity and refuses to unbend!

But not only does the *mind* become warped and the ideas cramped by want of change of scene and occupation; our *bodily health*, too, becomes impaired — our feelings and sensations morbidly affected. Just let us reflect for a few moments on our actual position here. We live in an ocean of air of varying density and quality; in hollows containing pools of this air-ocean, which we pollute with all kinds of noisome smells and horrible emanations; yet we continue to dwell in these polluted pools, and take no steps to cleanse them! Why even *fish*, we know, will swim out of a muddy pool at times into the clear open water; but we, with all our boasted reason, remain in the dens we ourselves have rendered foul, injuring our health, ruining our constitutions, and—fattening the doctors and apothecaries! Why can't you imitate the fish, and get out of your stagnant valleys and hollows redolent of city smells,—your Waterkants of Cape Town, and your New-streets of Graham's Town, and your odoriferous thoroughfares generally, and for once a year, at least, breathe the pure air of the mountain top, or gallop off and enjoy the soft mild breezes that are wafted over the

Indian Ocean or the Atlantic? If the All-wise Creator had not made *tides* in your air-ocean, to stir up your city smells, and sent storm and tempest to blow off and wash away the germs of disease which you yourselves engender, what a miserable existence would you not lead, even in this bright and genial climate! Why, half of you would have to turn doctors and nurses and undertakers to the other half, until, like the wretched Bushmen, you succeeded in "polishing yourselves off the face of creation!"

I hope some embryo municipal councilor reads this, and reading, will reflect and act, too, when time and opportunity offer. Is it not the wisest policy to try to *prevent* disease? We doctors won't grumble, depend on it, for our aim, too, is to prevent, not to cure. Besides, there are—and always will be—crowds of silly foo—ls who will eat and drink, and worry themselves into fevers and fluxes, or induce disease more slowly, but more surely, by Holloway's Pills, and other popular modes of upsetting the system. Take my advice, lock up your cares and anxieties with your ledgers and pill-boxes, and take a holiday. *I* always give my patients a holiday twice a year, on purely philanthropic principles—for the benefit of their health; and then (ahem!) for precisely similar reasons, I always take one myself!

"Very good," you will say, "you have proved (what we all knew) that it is very desirable to take a holiday; but where shall we go? and what shall we do? and what shall we see?" Well, in reply, I'll just tell you where my family went last summer, and what we did and what we saw; and if you like to follow our example, I can promise you you'll not be disappointed.

Our party had gone down to the Kasouga mouth some days before, so that on my arrival there, in the evening, I found them all comfortably settled down, enjoying their holidays. Some had encamped under the fine shady trees on the right, a short distance from the cottages; their tent was pitched in a green sheltered nook on the skirts of the bush; hammocks were slung from tree to tree for the boys—their hunting and fishing gear suspended from the branches; the tent and wagon formed sleeping apartments for the ladies. Others had taken up their quarters at Dell's Cottages—preferring stone walls and close bed-rooms, "*for the sake of the baby!*" as if Heaven wouldn't take care of the baby too, out of doors in that soft, mild climate!

I had ridden forty miles that day, yet felt no fatigue; nay, I even felt lighter and more elastic than when I left town—so fresh and invigorating was the soft sea air. The wagons

were deserted—the bivouac fires out—I rode up to the cottages, all silent there, too; they were open, but empty; not a living soul to be seen, not a beetle nor a bird, nor a sound to be heard, save the ceaseless murmuring of the sea. All nature seemed to have gone out somewhere *for a holiday*, and hadn't yet returned.

I off-saddled my horse, and threw myself down on the green grassy slope in the front of the cottages to enjoy for a few moments the beautiful scene. Below me, with its glittering fringe of foam, lay the calm blue Indian Ocean, sleeping in the evening sunshine, sobbing softly at intervals, as its lazy waves rolled up along the sandy beach, not a ripple on its surface, not a sail on its horizon. There it lay, boundless, endless, fathomless, the emblem of eternity, rolling on for ever with its ceaseless moan and changeless tides; past, present, future, all sweeping onwards in the surge of each swelling billow! recalling to the mind the quaint but expressive description which Livingstone's Makololos gave their friends of the desert of their first glimpse of the "great water:" they had been traveling for months, and suddenly came in sight of the ocean from a coast cliff, "and *here*," they exclaimed, "the earth suddenly said to us, '*I am finished! there is no more of me!*' nothing beyond save *eternity!*"

I had not gazed long before straggling figures began to emerge from the opening in the sandhills; slowly they toil up the steep grassy slope, the dogs bark a joyous welcome at me from afar, and, at the signal, on they all run. Bless them! how heavily they seem laden! Why, in Graham's Town, each little collector would have thought it necessary to have hired a Fingo to carry its load; but *here*, the ruddy cheek and bright laughing eye too plainly showed how much healthier it is *not* to hire Fingoes to take your exercise for you!

On they rush, breathlessly, with their bags, and tins, and pockets full of the treasures of the deep—such wonders! "Oh! papa, such beauties! new shells, and new seaweeds, and new fishes! The sea throws up something new for us every day, and—we want them *all* explained!" and before I had time to take breath after my forty miles' ride, their collections were displayed on table, chairs, floor, everywhere, so that if any thoughts of dinner had ventured to intrude, they were just as well smothered till these more important matters had been discussed and disposed of!

What wondrous things were pulled out of the various tins, and bags, and pockets! Bright glistening seaweed—pink,

and green, and olive, and white—shells of various hues, queer-looking porcupine fish, and fish with coats of mail, and balloon-fish, and pipe-fish, and sea-horses, and sea-beans! Nothing to see at the Kasouga? Why, I declare there was enough come out of those bags to occupy a whole week in examining, and arranging, and preserving! The seaweed had to be dried and pressed; the flowers to be examined, and named, and preserved; the shells to be sorted, and packed away; the history of all the queer fish to be puzzled out;—in fact, so much was there to do, and see, and preserve every day that our party had to be divided into sections, to get through it all satisfactorily! There was the botanical section, with their tins and lenses; the conchological party, with their bags and boxes; the phytological, or "kelpies;" the gatherers of seaweeds; the lovers of zoology, ornithology, ichthyology; and the gentlemen with no ology in particular, who strolled about with their dogs and guns, and fed us with fish, and game, *and* oysters!

Great fun we had, too, with the rival sections, and their disputes as to which kingdom a particular specimen belonged. Here, for instance, is a specimen picked up by one of the seaweed collectors. She declared she found it twined and twisted around a fucus, a large floating seaweed; that it had tendrils like a vine; and that it was distinctly a vegetable parasite, growing like the misletoe and some orchils on other plants, and therefore belonged of right to *her* collection. A little conchologist, however, proved by another specimen that it contained an egg, and was, in fact, nothing but the hard horny shell of an egg, with a bright pink yolk inside, and as a shell it belonged, she declared, to *her* section, till it could be proved what shell it was! Whereupon the ichthyologists put in their claim, asserting it to be a shark's egg, and that so, of course, it ought to go to *their* collection! Whilst this dispute was going on, a fat one was turned out of one of the bags, and on opening it, lo! it contained a perfect dog-fish!—a small Scyllium Africanum, I believe. What a field of interesting research is opened up by this little squabble! How are the tendrils twined round the floating seaweed, or driftwood? Does the parent dog-fish twist and twine it so, and then leave it to be hatched by the warm sunshine? Or does the egg *accidentally* (!) glue itself on by these tendrils in a soft state, and the waves then roll it round and round? Or is there *another* influence that cares and provides for the safety of all things, which thus secures for the young dog-fish the genial influence of the warm sunshine? There are two holes in

this horny shell through which the sea-water flows for the young dog-fish to breathe and purify its blood by its bronchiæ or lungs, which hang in delicate filaments from the yolk inside, and when it is big enough it kicks open its prison gates and escapes into the sea! What an inexhaustible source of pleasure is the sea-side! and how each little naturalist fancies his or her own little bag contains the most wonderful and most beautiful specimens of all! "Oh! pa, this *must* be quite a new shell, I am sure," shouts a tiny conchologist, holding up a spirula. "Oh! yes," chimes in one of the older ones; "see, it has pearly chambers like the pearly nautilus, but its shape is quite different, and its siphon is not in the middle, and its chambers are all nearly of the same size; so the animal can't get out of one chamber into the other as the nautilus does, for where would be the use of getting into a room no bigger than the one it is leaving? It *must* be a new shell—do, pray, try and find it out." So then I have to set about explaining that the spirula, like the nautilus, is the shell of a kind of cuttle-fish (or cat-fish, as they call them here), but that instead of the animal living in its chambered shell, the shell is formed inside of the animal. It is, in fact, an internal instead of an external shell; so, of course, he judged rightly in supposing from the size of the chambers that they were never occupied by the owner. But what are they for? and why so beautifully fashioned? and what is the use of the siphon tube which runs through each little compartment? I must confess I feel myself at a loss on the subject, and I think naturalists and savans don't succeed in explaining it very satisfactorily either. Although hundreds of these shells are found along the Kasouga beach, yet I have never heard of any one finding the fish. Cut a pearly nautilus in two, and you will see its chambers, and septa, and siphuncle. The latter is in the centre; in the fossil ammonite, also a chambered shell, of a species of cuttle-fish, it is always at the back, as in our spirula. These chambers can't be filled with water, as was at one time supposed, but the siphuncle communicates with the pericardium (or membranous bag containing the heart), and the fluid in this cavity is supposed to be driven into the siphon when it is compressed, in the act of closing its arms, thus altering, they say, its specific gravity, and making it sink at will. So, you perceive, pressure on the heart (as with us) is always accompanied by a *sinking feeling*.

The argonaut, or *paper* nautilus, so termed from the brittle nature of its shell—which, however, is only brittle

when *out of* water, and quite tough and elastic when in its natural element—is also the shell of a species of cat-fish, which frequents our shores often in great abundance (as during last season) during the months of June, July, August. For nearly 2,000 years the habits of the animal which lives in this beautiful shell were quite unknown. It was supposed to use its arms as oars, and its two broad membranous "*vela*" as sails; and many were the strange stories told by the ancients of the little argonaut sailing along in his fragile boat on the surface of the summer sea. It was said to have given rise to the first idea of a ship, as its name argo-naut implies. Even as lately as thirty years ago there was no specimen of the animal in the British Museum! I recollect, some twenty or twenty-eight years ago, hearing an amusing anecdote of a scientific staff-surgeon, who was quartered at Bathurst. He had been informed that a living nautilus had been captured in its shell by one of the Bowkers. "What a treasure for the British Museum!" exclaimed our savant, "I *must* secure it!" So off he gallops to Tharfield to see and secure the long-wished-for prize. Nothing could exceed his delight when he saw the beautiful shell and its owner. If they would only part with it, and lend him a pickle-bottle and a little gin, he would be for ever grateful, and would send it off to the British Museum by the very first vessel! The bottle was procured, and the fish safely corked down, and the doctor started home with his treasure. Alas! for the weakness of human nature! The empty pickle-bottle was discovered a few days after under a shady tree, not a mile from the house, with the half-decayed nautilus laying beside it. The doctor's love of science was not a match for his love of—gin!

Fortunately for the interests of science, the British Museum obtained other specimens, and the habits of the little animal, the object of our poetic fancies for 2,000 years, were soon well observed and studied. A lady in the Mediterranean in particular, a Madame Power, assisted in throwing light on this interesting subject, and disproving entirely all our old notions, which had almost become part of our school knowledge. The Cape Town Museum, I perceive, has lately obtained a specimen of the animal, and Graham's Town too, can now boast of having one. My children caught this specimen during the last June holidays, at the Kowie, in a little rocky inlet; as soon as it was perceived, it attached itself horizontally to the rock, and they had the greatest difficulty in making it let go its hold. How different was its sailing attitude from the one attributed to it. Instead of

scudding along in its frail boat with expanded sail and outspread oars, they saw it jerking itself backwards, by forcibly squirting the water out of its breathing chambers; its expanded membranes, or sails, tightly clasping its shell, studded with tubercles, and irridescent with golden hues, and its arms, or oars, thrust out straight before it. The large bright black eyes shone through its transparent shell, and seemed particularly to attract their attention. When not swimming it crawls along the bottom, shell uppermost, like a most uninteresting snail, with its house on its back. You will find many of these shells broken and again repaired by the animal; this is done by the membranous expansions which have the power of secreting new shell, which soon becomes hard and strong as the old. What are called "sea grapes," are the eggs of other cuttle-fish fastened together in bunches; but the argonaut carries hers securely in her shell. All those which were found last season at the Kowie had eggs in their shells, and this is, perhaps, the reason why they frequent our shores in June, July, and August, to deposit their ova. The *female only* is provided with this beautiful shell—the male is destitute of it. But here is a greater curiosity—a sea-horse, or hippocampus, one of the syngnathus family. Most extraordinary revelations have been made respecting this queer fellow. The female lays eggs, and gives them to the male to hatch! for which purpose he is provided with a little pouch like the kangaroos. He watches over his small family with the greatest solicitude, and if any danger threatens, they all swim back to their nest, and hide themselves in the pouch! At the Riet River, near the Kleinemont, there is a little fish that carries her small fry in her mouth, and if you carefully steal to the water's edge and watch, you will often see them playing around her like a small cloud, but at the slightest noise they all rush back into her mouth, and she swims off into deep water, with her household! But what wonders are there *not* in the fish world! We have fish that make nests and incubate—fish that fly—fish that jump like frogs (the tophius)—fish that leap (percha scandens)—fish that ruminate (carp)—fish that discharge electricity (of which you may have personal experience at the Kasouga and Kowie, if you like)—fish that suckle their young—and queer ostraceous fish, bristling with spines like porcupines, or harnessed securely in their coats of mail.

The night was far advanced before we could begin to think about our plans for the morrow, and as a physician's holiday is necessarily limited to two or three days, this was

a most important matter. At last it was agreed that as none of us had ever seen the neighboring river, the Kareiga, only three or four miles off, we should resolve ourselves into a committee of the whole house, and all the sections combine to form a boating excursion thither at early dawn. So we retired to rest—some to roost among the trees—others rolled in their blankets on the ground — others to enjoy sleep, *if they could*, in the cottages!

MR. GLADSTONE'S STUDIES ON HOMER AND THE HOMERIC AGE.

In this *Magazine* for August, a more specific notice of Mr. Gladstone's studies on Homer was promised. The name of the author would be sufficient to make the public particularly interested in them—not merely because there is something pleasing in seeing a statesman like Mr. Gladstone devoting his leisure to studies of a purely literary character; but especially because an English statesman, when publishing the result of his researches in ancient literature, is expected to come before the public with something more worthy of perusal and study than anything the majority of professional students could produce. Mr. Grote's history of Greece alone would go far to prove that, in England, the most accurate investigation of antiquity may go hand in hand with an active part in modern politics.

Mr. Gladstone states that the objects which he had in view, when publishing his studies, were two-fold: "First, to promote and extend the fruitful study of the immortal poems of Homer; and, secondly, to vindicate for them, in an age of discussion, their just degree both of absolute, and more especially of relative, critical value." It is clear from this that his studies embrace a great variety of topics connected with the Homeric age; yet he professedly abstains from entering into *the* Homeric question, of which such an admirable exposition has been given by Mr. Grote. He takes it for granted that, at least, the English public are pretty well convinced of the unity of the Homeric poems, and of their being the work of that one great poet whom German critics have tried in vain to decompose into a number of nameless bards, of different ages, and still more different talents. In his prolegomena, which occupy the first ninety pages of his work, Mr. Gladstone refers to Colonel Mure's History of Greek Literature, as containing most conclusive arguments

in favor of his own views. It is only in commenting upon the plot of the Iliad (Vol. III, p. 366, &c.) that he steps out of his way to refute Mr. Grote's theory; and that, too, mainly because "the discussion takes a positive form, since the answer to Mr. Grote's argument depends entirely upon a comprehensive view of the general structure of the poem." Mr. Grote's theory is, that the groundwork of the Iliad was an Achilleïs, or a poem having for its subject the wrath of Achilles. This poem would comprise the first book, the eighth, and all from the eleventh to the twenty-second books inclusive; whereas the books from the second to the seventh inclusive, and the tenth book, have either been introduced by a poet living at nearly the same time as the author of the Achilleïs, or added by the author himself, for the purpose of extending the plan of the Achilleïs into that of an Iliad, or general description of the War of Troy. The ninth book, which contains the attempts of the Greek commanders to allay the wrath of Achilles, is considered by Mr. Grote as an unworthy addition of later times. Mr. Gladstone, in maintaining the unity of the Iliad against this hypothesis,—which has been developed by its author with an ingenuity which is hardly consistent with his adversary's opinion, "that this portion of his work has been less maturely considered than his conclusions in general,"—does not enter into particulars; but yet his arguments, especially those referring to the ninth book, are worthy of attention, and will prove of great use to such readers of Mr. Grote's work as may have thought the evidence in favor of his views more conclusive than that which is generally brought forward by the authors of any new theory about the Homeric poems.

After all, Mr Gladstone has, perhaps, acted wisely in not entering at full length into the strictly philological questions connected with Homer. If his studies have led him to the same conclusions as those which Colonel Mure, and other historians of great authority with the English public, and partly even Mr. Grote, have arrived at, there is no reason why he should repeat the same arguments. An inquiry into the traditions found in Homer, or the state of society described in his poems, may lead to results which will throw new light over any question connected with the Homeric age. If Mr. Grote is right in calling Homer the poet of a legendary past,—whereas all other Greek poets, beginning from Hesiod, took their own time and its wants and cravings, as their subject,—there must be a great deal of truth in Mr. Gladstone's statement, "that in regard to the religion, history, ethnology, polity, and life at large of the Greeks of the

heroic times, the authority of the Homeric poems, standing far above that of the whole mass of the later literary traditions in any of their forms, ought never to be treated as homogeneous with them; but should usually, in the first instance, be handled by itself." Homer may have amplified the traditions which he embodied in his poems; but there are certainly no traces in his poems of that desire of explaining and combining the religious traditions and historical phenomena of his time, which prevails in the theogony of Hesiod, and in the scanty fragments of other gencalogical poems which have reached our times. The lyric and tragic poets, again, have partly consulted those poems, and partly their own fancy; and the same may be stated of the logographers. Between the Homeric traditions and those found in later authors, there is often all the difference between real tradition and poetical fiction. Accordingly, even the traditions of Homer deserve to be studied by themselves, instead of being jumbled together with all kinds of heterogeneous statements, as has been done by so many authors; and as to his descriptions of political and social life, it is generally admitted that they are the only source from which some idea of Greek society in pre-historical times can be got.

Neither is Mr. Gladstone wrong in following "in the line of those whose recommendation is to draw everything we can out of the present text, and to see how far its contents may constitute a substantive and consistent whole, in the various branches of information to which they refer." For this is by far the safest course for those who prefer strictly historical to philological studies on Homer; and even those studies may be productive of very important results with respect to the text of Homer, unless the student suffers himself to be biassed by some preconceived opinion about the soundness of every part of this text. But it is hardly probable that even the English public, with whom the views of Wolf, Lachmann, and other German critics, have never found much favor, will approve of Mr. Gladstone's starting from that unhappy theory of Mitford, that Homer lived within somewhat less than a century from the events which he has celebrated in his poems. Mitford's arguments are rather weak, and have been successfully refuted by Clinton, (Fasti Hellenici, Vol. I, p. 362). Mr. Gladstone's defence of them does not strengthen them at all; and before descanting on the improbability that Homer, if he had lived after the return of the Heraclids, would never, or hardly ever, have mentioned this important change in the affairs of Greece, he should have asked—first, whether this change has been really so sweeping

as he seems to think; and, secondly, whether the nature of the Homeric poetry is such as to allow the poet to refer to the history of his own times. Besides, there is one point which Mr. Clinton has not touched, and, in his quality of chronologist, could scarcely be expected to touch upon; but which is, perhaps, a much more conclusive argument against Mitford's views than any of his statements. If Homer had celebrated events, which, perhaps, some of his hearers, and, at all events, their fathers and grandfathers might have witnessed, how could he have had recourse to that frequent personal intervention of the gods in human affairs which constitutes such a marked feature of his poetry; and how could he have ascribed a divine origin to so many of his heroes, without offending the religious feelings of his hearers, who must have known that the reality was quite different? There is really something ludicrous in Mr. Gladstone's statement about the divine descent of the more recent heroes (namely, those that lived during the war, and were, therefore, according to Mr. Gladstone's opinion, only some forty or fifty years older than the poet himself), "that, in such cases as these, the divine parent either *screens the result of unlawful love*, or, perhaps, indicates the sudden rise into eminence of a family previously obscure."

It does not appear reasonable to Mr. Gladstone "to presume that Homer idealized his narrative with anything like the license which was permitted to the Carlovingian romance." He thinks "that the faculty of assuming, in literary compositions, an archaic costume, voice, and manner, does not belong at all either to an age like that of Homer, or to any age of which the literary conditions at all resemble it." All this is very true; but if Homer lived some two or three centuries after the Trojan war, he must be considered to have mainly described the state of society of his own times, and to have idealized it to a certain extent, or, perhaps, to have introduced some slight modifications which may have been suggested to him by the current traditions of his time, or by the lays of some obscure bards of a still earlier age. The task of the student of Homer would then be to try whether he could discover traces of such modifications, and whether he could discriminate what is real and consistent, and what ideal, in the state of society described in the Homeric poems. In this way, some more satisfactory conclusions might be arrived at, than those, for instance, which are found in Mr. Grote's chapter on the state of society and manners, as exhibited in Grecian legend. Mr. Gladstone, however, has not entered upon such researches, neither could

he do so, after he had once adopted Mitford's theory; and the consequence is, that a considerable portion of his work is utterly worthless.

The observations on the place of Homer in classical education, which form the second section of his prolegomena, are chiefly interesting to those readers who either intend to study at Oxford or Cambridge, or to enable other students to distinguish themselves at those universities. For the Cape public at large, they are not very important.

The essay on ethnology, which forms the latter, and by far the larger, part of Mr. Gladstone's first volume, is hardly readable. As Jupiter in the Iliad gives to some mortals good mixed with evil, but to others evil without any mixture of good, so a few pages are found in this essay where some tolerable argumentation is found among much worthless stuff, and rather many which are of no use whatever. The dissertations on the meaning of the word *Argos*, and on the difference between the names which Homer gives to the Greeks, may be considered to belong to the former class. It is useless to give a summary of this "inquiry into the early ethnology and ethnography of Greece," as Mr. Gladstone calls it. For, first, the inferences which the author draws from the text of Homer are generally of such a nature that even the most superficial reader will soon discover that Mr. Gladstone does not prove his case; and, secondly, the general results, except the very last, offer but very little which is new and striking. Now, this is easily explained, for instead of adhering to the evidence of Homer, Mr. Gladstone enters upon his inquiry with a preconceived notion about the ethnology of Greece, which alone would have been enough to lead him on the wrong scent.

This preconceived notion refers to the difference between the Pelasgi, who are reported to have been the first inhabitants of Greece, and the Hellenes, its inhabitants in historical times. "What those Pelasgians and Hellenes have really been," says an eminent Dutch philologist, "has not been clearly proved by some, whereas others, with great learning, have left it in the dark." Homer names the Pelasgians twice or thrice as allies of the Trojans, and once as inhabitants of part of the island of Crete. Besides, he calls part, or, perhaps the whole, of the plain of Thessaly *Pelasgian Argos;* and Achilles, the king of this country, addresses Jupiter in a solemn invocation as *Pelasgian.* The name Hellenes, and its compound *Panhellenes*, are used by Homer only in two lines, which, by-the-by, may be omitted, without injuring the context. In one of those lines, the

inhabitants of Pelasgian Argos are called by three different names, one of which is that of Hellenes. A town or district of Hellas is mentioned several times in the Iliad, mostly as forming part of the dominions of Achilles, and twice or thrice in the Odyssey, in an expression which may be translated by "all over Hellas and Argos," and which is clearly equivalent to "all over Greece." This name of Hellas, which afterwards became that of the whole of Greece, would seem to have been derived from Helli, another form of Hellenes. Now, the Helli, or rather Selli, are mentioned once in the Iliad, in that same invocation of Achilles, as the servants or prophets of the Pelasgian Jupiter, living round his residence at Dodona, and sleeping on the ground with unwashed feet.

This is all, or nearly all, the evidence of Homer about those Pelasgians and Hellenes. That the Pelasgians are named among the allies of the Trojans, might be considered as an argument that Homer did not consider them as Greeks. But this argument is not very conclusive; and when we find Hellenes and a town or district of Hellas in Pelasgian Argos, —when the Selli are called the servants of the Pelasgian Jupiter,—then, indeed, we should be justified in coming to quite a different conclusion, and in calling those Selli and Hellenes a tribe, or perhaps another name, of the Pelasgian nation. But Mr. Gladstone starts from the theory that the Pelasgians and Hellenes *must* be different. Since the Selli are living near the residence of the Pelasgian Jupiter, he thinks it proved that the Pelasgians had been already expelled from their abodes by a more barbarous tribe; and that they sleep on the ground with dirty feet is not a sign to him that they were a kind of fakirs, attached to the service of the god—which would appear to be the most reasonable interpretation of this expression—but simply a race of hardy mountaineers, who were not yet used to the luxury of bathing. The evidence of Homer is not sufficient, of course, to decide the matter. But as far as it goes, and viewed by itself, it would rather tend to identify the Hellenes and Pelasgians than to establish a distinction between them; and it is rather strange that this should have been overlooked in a work, of which the professed object is to handle the authority of the Homeric poems by itself.

Once fairly embarked in his theory, Mr. Gladstone shows, from Homer, (!) that the Ionians and Arcadians were Pelasgians, that the Egyptians were akin to them, but that the Achæans, and some other tribes, were Hellenes, &c. His criterion is, generally, that the Pelasgians, according to a statement of Niebühr, on which he improves in his manner,

were an agricultural nation. Accordingly, all those Greeks whose names refer to agricultural rather than to martial pursuits, are Pelasgians; and when they happen to belong to some contingent which has been declared Hellenic, Mr. Gladstone covers his retreat by stating that they must have been warriors of an inferior rank, many of whom were Pelasgians who had been conquered by Hellenes, &c. Sometimes one might think Mr. Gladstone intentionally omits some lines of Homer, which would not suit his purpose, e.g., p. 313, where he states that Hector and Mars slay a batch of apparently undistinguished persons, and that, in the eleventh book, Hector slays nine more, but where he does not state that most of the former have laudatory epithets added to their names, and that the latter are distinctly called commanders by the poet. But, after all, it seems more probable that those particulars have escaped his attention.

Mr. Gladstone appears to be right in stating that the Lycians, although they were allies of the Trojans, are special favorites with Homer. He ascribes this to a Hellic element among the Lycian nation,—the existence of which he proves by such arguments as he generally uses in those cases. But here, I think, he is led astray by Mitford's theory. According to Herodotus, the Ionic States of Asia Minor, part of which claimed Homer as their citizen, were partly governed by descendants of one of the Lycian kings mentioned by Homer. This would easily account for the poet's partiality to the Lycians, if he really did live some time after the foundation of Greek colonies in Asia.

Choice specimens of Mr. Gladstone's argumentation might fill a volume. One or two examples will suffice. At p. 158, after having stated that the name Thrax means a highlander, he adds that "this extended signification of the term explains the assertion of Herodotus that the Thracians were the most numerous of all nations, after the Indians." At pp. 172—197, he states that Deucalion, son of King Minos, and father of Idomeneus, one of the Greeks who besieged Troy, had probably emigrated from Crete, where his father and son reigned as kings, to Thessaly. The reason is, that other authors mention a Deucalion in Thessaly, who is reported to have lived several generations before the Trojan war, who is never mentioned by Homer; and who, according to Mr. Gladstone's own statement, must have been unknown to him. At this occasion, Mr. Gladstone warns us "to be on our guard against the device of the later Greek writers, who at once unraveled the accumulated intricacies that had gradually gathered about their traditions,

and enlarged the stock of material for pampering vanity and exciting the imagination, by multiplying the personages of the early legends." Quite right; but Mr. Gladstone falls into the opposite error, by identifying all persons of the same name. A subject of Agamemnon, for example, who had given him a horse, on condition that he should be dispensed from joining the Greek army, is made a Trojan, because the name of his father happens to be Anchises, like that of the father of Æneas, and because he himself has a name which Mr. Gladstone has declared to be proper to the Trojan nation.

The essay ends with an attempt to prove that the Pelasgians were originally Medians, and the Hellenes, Persians. This is the most novel feature of the whole essay. The arguments used by the author are about equally strong as those which have been used to prove that the American Indians were descendants of the Israelites, and certainly less strong than those by which Bacchus has been found to be nobody else but father Noah, and Saturn his son Ham.

The whole second volume of Mr. Gladstone's work consists of an essay, which he calls "Olympus, or the Religion of the Homeric Age." This essay is chiefly remarkable for the author's speculations on the origin of pagan religion in general, and of that of the Greeks in the Homeric age in particular. He starts from the divine traditions in the book of Genesis. The general ideas on God and His relation to mankind, which we find there, were once communicated to man by divine agency; and although the fall caused the original divine tradition to be obliterated among all nations, except that which is blessed with a new and special revelation, yet not all traces of it were lost; and especially among those nations whose institutions still recalled those of patriarchal life, it held its ground for a time and to a certain extent. Now, since man was unable to form a correct idea of what he had been taught before the fall, he neither preserved tradition in its purity, nor even adhered to the altered and corrupted form in which he had preserved it, but he allowed it also to give way before such ideas as could not be traced to anything but human invention. Nature-worship, for instance, might partly originate in a desire of finding that God whose existence had been revealed by tradition, but partly, also, in the idea of a superior agency, which the forces and forms of nature would suggest to the human mind. In accordance with these views, Mr. Gladstone makes it his object to discover what is divine and traditional, and what the work of human invention, in the religious system of the Homeric poems; and, according to his opinion, there is no pagan

religion where the traditional element has maintained itself to such an extent as in that which we find in Homer.

As to the myths or legends about the gods, which are found in the Homeric poems, Mr. Gladstone is neither of Grote's opinion, that they constitute "a past which was never present," nor of that of Professor Max Müller, that they are the faint reflection of a past which was present in that mythical period, when, according to his description, people were chiefly engaged in speculating about the phenomena connected with sunrise, seemingly "because they'd nothing else to do." He thinks, on the contrary, that Homer, in no small part, made what he described, and that, consequently, the original and esoteric meaning of the great bulk of his myths is still discernible. Homer's system he calls both national and original; for whatever Greece borrowed from the East "was thrown into the crucible, and came out again from the fire recast by such combinations and clothed in such forms and hues as the specific exigencies of the Greek mind required." And the key to a large part of the Homeric mythology is not to be found in the Vedas, as Professor Müller's views would imply, but in the theological and Messianic traditions, which we find recorded in Scripture.

The Scriptural traditions, of which Mr. Gladstone finds traces in the Homeric mythology, are those of the Trinity (the idea of which, according to his views, is found already in Genesis), the Redeemer, the Evil One, and the Rainbow, as a token which was to convey an assurance or covenant from God to man. The tradition of the Trinity he traces in the division of the universe into three parts, governed respectively by Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. Each of these deities, however, taken by himself, he considers to belong to the invented class as respects character and attributes. The real traditive deities, as he calls them, are, in the first place, Minerva and Apollo. He attempts to prove, by various arguments, that the position of those two is different from that of the other Olympian deities, both with respect to their relations to the Olympian court and its members, with regard to their terrestrial relations and their conditions of physical existence, and with regard to their personal characters. The Redeemer is represented by Apollo, the apparently miscellaneous character of whose attributes admits of no other explanation. Minerva is not the Holy Ghost, but the Word or Logos, the Wisdom of God, which, in the Rabbinical traditions, is personified in the feminine. The two aspects of the second person of the Trinity become, therefore, different persons in the Homeric mythology. Again, the Greek mind could not even conceive a Being,

endowed with all the attributes of the Redeemer, some of whose attributes are found in Diana, who is to be considered as the complement of Apollo. Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, is the woman whose seed should crush the Serpent's head. Iris, the messenger of the gods, is of course the rainbow. The two aspects of the Evil One, the Tempter of Man, and the Rebellious Angel, are represented, the former by Até, the impersonation of that power which prompts man to actions fatal to himself, and the latter by the Titans and Giants (between whom, by-the-by, Mr. Gladstone hardly sees any difference), and to a certain extent even by Neptune, as the father of many of those rebellious beings. The prevalence of Sacrifice, and some of the ideas on the Future State, which are found in Homer, are likewise portions of the primeval inheritance; and if we find nothing like a Sabbath in the heroic age, this is easily explained, if we only consider "how rapidly the Sabbath is forgotten, in our own times, by Christians in heathen lands, or by those Christian settlers who are severed, for the time at least, from civilization."

The rest of the volume is devoted to several other points connected with the religion of Homer, e. g., to those deities that are wholly or chiefly mythological, to the Olympian court and community, to the influence of the gods on human society and conduct, and to the morals of the Homeric age. This part does not offer much of a novel and striking character; and, as might be expected, the whole essay is anything but free from such blunders as have been noticed in that on ethnology. One of these, which pervades a large part of the volume, is that Mr. Gladstone generally goes too far in drawing inferences respecting the worship and origin of some particular god, from the manner in which he is represented to us as a poetical agent. As one example out of many may serve, what he states about Mercury (p. 237), that the meaning of his youthful appearance, in two passages of the Homeric poems, seems to be that he was young in the Greek Olympus. Of Neptune, it is stated that his very frequent intrigues with women may be the mythical dress of the adventures of Phœnician sailors in this kind, &c. But, on the whole, the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's work is a better production than the first. It would seem that he is more at home in theological than in ethnological researches: for his work is full of that laborious and almost over-accurate exegesis, which is generally the first thing to draw the attention of a philologist, when he happens to peruse a work on scriptural theology.

The study of the religion of Homer might have been more efficiently promoted if Mr. Gladstone, instead of taking at once his stand on sacred ground, had discarded, as much as possible, all preconceived notions, and had been satisfied with giving a correct statement, rather than an explanation, of all particulars of this religion. Since, however, he was to come before the public with a system, based on some statement *a priori*, it is perhaps rather fortunate than otherwise that he has started from the hypothesis that the traditions contained in Scripture must have left some traces in the religion of Homer, instead of embarking in one of those fanciful systems which fill by far the greater part of our works on mythology, and of referring all myths to sunrise, the clouds, or certain geological changes, as some German mythologists have done in our days. Mr. Gladstone makes neither devils nor deified scriptural characters of the Greek gods; and, as far as I am aware, his idea of distinguishing between *traditive* and *inventive* deities is new, and has been worked out by its author with considerable ingenuity.

The essay on the religion of Homer ends with a chapter on "The Office of the Homeric Poems in relation to the early Books of Holy Scripture;" the purport of which is that, although those books of Scripture are infinitely more valuable than any other book, yet "we are not to look for the early development of humanity in the pages of Jewish and patriarchal history, but rather to believe that it was given to another people, and the office of recording it to the father, not only of poetry, but of letters."

The third volume begins with an essay on "The Politics of the Homeric Age." The other name, "Agorè," that is, "Assembly," has been given to it by the author, because, according to his opinion, "it was the Greek Assembly of those days, which mainly imparted to the existing politics their specific spirit as well as features;" whereas Mr. Grote had stated that the people had nothing to do in the Assembly besides listening to the commands of the King, and obeying them. Mr. Gladstone really thinks that the elements of the English constitution, and, in fact, of all respectable constitutions, are found in the Homeric polity, and in that polity alone of all those of antiquity, on account of its being the only one that offers us a government consisting of a King, a Council of Elders, and an Assembly of the People. Now, this statement may perhaps induce some politicians *in spe* to study their Homer a little more carefully than before; but the fact is that the whole essay, though perhaps a little more readable, is hardly more to the point, than that on ethnology.

It is chiefly Mitford's theory which has led the author upon the wrong scent, although it is scarcely probable that even those who approve of this theory would go so far as Mr. Gladstone, and think, for example, that the introduction of the word *Queen* in the Odyssey, and certain peculiarities in the use of the Greek for *King*, which he fancies he has observed in that poem, are due to the historical accuracy of the poet, in not confounding the political condition of Greece before and after the Trojan war. But we have shown that there are strong reasons why we should not adopt Mitford's views; and if we are right in considering the state of society described in the Homeric poems, to be that of the poet's own time, but idealized to such an extent, as the nature of these poems requires, then it is clear that this idealizing process can nowhere have been more apt to substitute confused notions for plain reality, than with regard to the respective functions of the King and the Assembly.

It is the nature of Epic poetry that not the masses, but a few distinguished heroes, should occupy the scene. The distinctive attributes of those heroes are both a high birth and station, and uncommon powers of body and mind. So it happens that all great exploits are generally ascribed to the Kings. But the poet cannot altogether ignore the masses without losing sight of some elements of real grandeur. Nothing can be grander than those scenes of the second Iliad, where the bustle of the Assembly and the muster and march of the army are described. Again, in the nineteenth Iliad, the poet evidently tries to produce a still grander effect by mentioning the exceedingly large number of those present at the Assembly which was held on the occasion of the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles. For whether we consider the last books of the Iliad as the work of an inferior poet, or as the naturally inferior production of the poet of the rest, we cannot but acknowledge the truth of Mr. Grote's statement, that the faults of those last books are chiefly to be imputed to the efforts of the poet to glorify his real hero, Achilles, by a *mise en scène*, which should surpass all his former conceptions in grandeur; and the description of the Assembly of the gods, in the next book, offers a striking analogy. But in the ninth book, when Agamemnon orders the Assembly to be called for the purpose of consulting with them about the expediency of their raising the siege, he actually addresses them as "leaders of the Greeks." For that the assembly was at that occasion called noiselessly, and man for man, does not prove at all that this was a different meeting from what is generally called the Assembly, but only

that Agamemnon wanted to prevent its usual bustle. And even in the second book, when Ulysses makes such a marked difference between the chiefs and the common soldiers, by kindly addressing the former and beating and scolding the latter, he does not tell the soldiers to be quiet because they are nothing but soldiers, but because they are weak and unskilled, both in fighting and in discussion. So much are the ideas of rank and of bodily and mental power blended in Homer, and so little may we expect him to be consistent in those points where the reality of his own time is at variance with the exigencies of his poetry.

Nearly the same may be said of the relation between Agamemnon and the other chiefs. Tradition must have reported that the expedition against Troy had been undertaken for the sake of Agamemnon and his brother, and that the former was commander-in-chief of the Greek army. But it is not very likely that Homer should have had a clear idea of the relation between Agamemnon and the minor chiefs. When Thucydides states that Agamemnon's power was the consequence of his being at the head of a large navy, he only argues that which the history of Greece so clearly proves, that no lasting dominion over Greece was possible, unless it was in the hands of a strong naval power; and if that greatest of historians was obliged to have recourse to such an improbable statement,—for how can there have been anything like a regular navy in Greece in those ancient times?—then we have certainly no reason to ascribe to Homer a more distinct notion of the real nature of Agamemnon's ascendancy over the rest of Greece.

These are only a few of the remarks which might be made on Mr. Gladstone's essay on the Politics of the Homeric Age. I shall, however, limit myself to one other observation, that in no other part of his work is so much misinterpretation of the text of Homer found, although no part of it is altogether without it. Thersites, for instance, is not called by Homer "the most infamous," but the *ugliest* of all the Greeks before Troy; and Mr. Gladstone's interpretation of Il. xviii., v. 508 (Gladst., vol. iii., p. 128), which would imply that between a number of judges in a criminal case there was a competition, since he who would pronounce the fairest judgment was to get two talents of gold, is so absurd, that I wonder that he has not felt it. I must add, however, that this is a disputed passage, if I remember rightly.

The second essay of the third volume contains a comparison between the Greeks and Trojans, and the third an inquiry into the Outer Geography of Homer, that is, his de-

scription of those countries which he only knew from the reports of the Phœnicians or other seafaring nations. That there is some difference observable between the social state of the Greeks and Trojans, as it is described by Homer, is admitted on all sides; but here, again, Mr. Gladstone buries the real Homeric evidence in a sea of inferences from expressions which he might easily have left alone. It is unnecessary to point out instances; they are found on nearly every page. In the third essay, Mr. Gladstone very properly starts from the statement that Homer had no maps, and must have had his scanty information about those more distant countries from loose and unconnected reports, and that, therefore, he may have represented countries as lying close to one another, which, in reality, were situated at the opposite extremities of the world, as far as it was known in Homer's time. But he seems to be wrong in supposing that Homer had, after all, in his mind, a map of the wanderings of Ulysses and Menelaus; and still more so in looking for the groves of Persephone in Persia, simply because there is some similarity in these two names, or rather, because he rejoices in finding an additional argument for his ethnological fancies.

The last large section of Mr. Gladstone's work, called Aoidos, or the Singer, consists of a number of separate essays, one of which, on the plot of the Iliad, has been mentioned already in a former part of this notice. The others are on the Sense of Beauty in Homer; on his Perception and Use of Number and Color; on Homer and some of his successors in Epic Poetry; on some principal Homeric Characters in Troy; and on the Declension of the great Homeric Characters in the later Tradition. The last three had appeared already in substance in the *Quarterly Review* of 1857, and the rest are of minor importance to the public, on account of the nature of their subjects.

On the whole, it will be seen that Mr. Gladstone's really valuable studies on Homer might have been safely reduced to an essay on the Traditional Elements in the Religion of Homer. Accordingly, I should advise all those who would like to scan over part of his work, but who despair of getting through those three ponderous volumes, to begin with the first 200 pages of the second volume. Not that I think that the author has hit upon the real nature of the religion of Homer; but, as I have stated before, there is at least something novel and striking in his views about this one matter; and the arguments which he uses in favor of them, are, on the whole, somewhat more satisfactory than those which are found in other parts of his work. J. W. G. v. O.

LA GITANA; OR, THE SPY.

CHAPTER V.

In a previous chapter we left Waltham, on a dark night in December, rushing forth alone in search of the gipsies. It is now the beginning of April. Three long months have elapsed since that occurrence, during which space war had renewed its mighty strides over the southern fields of "la belle France," floating its blood-red tresses in one direction across the waters of the Garonne, where the ancient city of Toulouse lifts its towers and terraces to the sight, and, in the other, hemming in with trench and artillery the fortress of Bayonne, whose garrison still resisted the blockade of the besiegers.

The month of January had been the only respite from the roar of those conflicts which had certainly spread glory's halo round the brow of the English commander, but left many a widow and orphan to weep over each tale of victory; for the month of February ere long recommenced the clang of battle. Orthez and its triumphs soon added another shining leaf to the conqueror's wreath and the soldier's renown; whilst March, whose nomenclature sounds of war's deified spirit, became rife with the knell of combat, when Aire, Vic Bigorre, and Tarbes furnished fresh deeds for the trumpet of fame to proclaim England's indomitable prowess to the world.

And what of April? that balmy season, when Spring first puts forth the sweet flowers of earth, bespangled with the soft dews of heaven, and the lark carols its matin song of peace and joy. Were those crystal drops still to be sullied with hues of blood? those green fields made the altar-place for another holocaust, and those notes of tuneful praise silenced by the brazen tongue of man's engines of slaughter?

Time's glass has already marked such records of terror and vengeance in a thousand and a thousand sands of life, from one generation to another; for with sin and disobedience came sorrow and strife and death into the world.

> But where is he, the pilgrim of my song?
> Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.

From that momentous night when he wandered forth a second time, up to the present period of April's dawn, Waltham had been disappointed in every attempt to gain some clue to the gipsies' retreat; he came, therefore, to the conclusion that they had either returned to Val Carlos, or gone to the French head-quarters; and that Chaleca's visit to St. Jean de Luz must have had some espionage connected

with it. When his feelings, therefore, allowed him to reflect dispassionately on the subject, his regrets became fainter, nay, almost changed into thankfulness, for he was a brave soldier, and true courage never sullies its sword with the slightest stain of dishonor; and being, moreover, in ignorance of the gipsy's motive, his heart rose free from the thought of any self-accusal or ignoble imputation. Still, at other moments, when the sweet image of Aurilla would glow in fancy before him, brightly beaming with all her loveliness, and remembered as some radiant star, seen in another hemisphere, but now only reflected by memory on the heart's mirror, then would a yearning, a thrill, a sensitiveness, creep through his frame, and cause him to muse for hours on the beauteous spirit his warm imagination had conjured before him.

Another circumstance had struck Waltham, also, as most unaccountable—the sudden appearance of the gipsy group on the night of the convivial meeting; the fearlessness of being seen and known; Chiboro's presence; Chaleca's self-possession; and their sudden seclusion, all at once, on the ensuing day, until darkness had again wrapped its mantle round the habitations of man, and then her re-appearance, but stealthily and alone. Where had they sojourned, and what had been her occupation during the intervening hours?

There were, no doubt, many disaffected individuals in St. Jean de Luz, to whom the propinquity to the French frontier, and means of intercourse, rendered espionage both probable and easy, and to one of these located emissaries, therefore, the gipsy may have been sent to obtain intelligence, which, proving of immediate moment, had occasioned her sudden departure. Upon this point Waltham had continually dwelt, but the reflection wore away gradually, and was almost obliterated when his corps became a portion of the force under Sir John Hope, destined for the investment of Bayonne. In short, the whole was conceived a mystery at last, which would never be solved, so that he gave up all surmise as hopeless.

Operations, moreover, had recommenced, which were sufficient to disengage a soldier's mind from matters of mere sentiment and private importance. The passage of the Adour had been boldly effected, and the proposed bridge established. "This fortune—the errors of the enemy, the matchless skill and daring of British seamen, and the discipline and intrepidity of British soldiers,—all combined by the genius of Wellington, were necessary to the success of this stupendous undertaking, which must always rank amongst the prodigies of war." Thus writes the historian of the Peninsular campaigns. The

conception, nevertheless, of this grand design, *as he elsewhere states* (without which the crossing of the troops would have been useless), belonged to Colonel S——.*

Following immediately on this event, the close investment of Bayonne was undertaken and carried on with unremitted alertness and courage; whilst the consummate skill and perseverance of Wellington (after his surpassing triumph at Orthez) was closely pursuing, at the same time, the French army up to the walls of Toulouse, to add the crowning gem in his diadem of victories, commenced on the Douro and completed on the Garonne.

It was, unhappily, at this very time that misfortune and suffering had fallen, at Bayonne, upon one of the brightest soldiers in the British army.

The French garrison left for the defence of that fortress was unusually large, amounting to 14,000 men. Day after day, therefore, for the space of seven weeks, had the guards and picquets been diligently employed in keeping up its close blockade. It was on the evening of the 13th of April, that Waltham, being on duty for the night, occupied the entrenched ground round the church of St. Etienne, which, being fortified with loop-holes, abattis, &c., formed one of the advanced posts in the cordon of circumvallation.

At this time rumors of the events at Paris, respecting Napoleon's abdication, had reached Sir John Hope, but, being indirect and of an unofficial character, they did not warrant a formal communication to the French governor, General Thouvenot. "These rumors were, however, made known at the outposts, and, perhaps, lulled the vigilance of the besiegers; but to such irregular communications, which might be intended to deceive, the governor naturally paid no attention." †

The night was calm, but cloudy, when, about one o'clock, as Waltham was visiting his advanced videttes, a figure was discerned, though indistinctly, advancing stealthily towards the spot, where he stood demanding the countersign of the sentry, and followed by another, a few paces in his rear, who suddenly seemed to crouch down and stop. The foremost of them, on being challenged by Waltham in a loud tone of voice, now came briskly forward and delivered himself up as a deserter from the garrison, to inform the British commander of an intended sortie, which was to be made before daybreak. This individual was sent on at once, under the escort of one

* *Vide* Napier, Vol. VI., book 24, p. 541.

† *Vide* Napier, Vol. VI., chap. v., page 652.

of Waltham's subalterns, to communicate his intelligence to the general officer on duty, but the matter was most unhappily treated lightly, and did not meet with the attention its importance merited.

Calmly the night advanced, but without any sentinel stars to throw their friendly light on any approaching foe, when, as the city clocks chimed the hour of three, a sudden roar of fire-arms and the booming of guns on the left bank of the Adour excited the attention of all. This proved, however, but the first distant peal, for, in a few moments after, around the church of St. Etienne the second shock of the iron tempest burst with increased fury, driving before it, at first, all who stood in its track.

In the fury of the fray Waltham found himself hemmed in by hostile combatants; his men scattered, and fighting hand to hand against their assailants; some few in small detached groups, discharging, as from lightning clouds, a stream of fire in that hurricane of wild passions, where, amidst the bewildering glare (now bursting forth in masses of flame, then suddenly sinking into momentary darkness), many a brave soldier, in the dire confusion of men and missiles, met his doom from the hand of a comrade, unable to distinguish friend from foe.

At this period of the conflict, just before daybreak, the intrepid British commander advanced up a hollow way which led to St. Etienne, cheering on a small band of his troops, in the hope of recovering that important post; but had not ridden far when a galling cross-fire from both banks checked his course, and his gigantic figure fell suddenly to the ground; when his enemies rushed like hungry vultures darting on their prey, and made him their prisoner.

Waltham had followed so closely on the rallying attempt of his brave chief, that he became intermixed in that murderous scene of single combats, where sword and sabre, bullet and bayonet, wrought their work of death. He was now grappled by a tall French soldier, with whom he held desperate encounter, finally running his antagonist through the body; when, ere he could extricate his weapon, he felt himself suddenly seized round the waist and dragged into a cavity on the road-side. Powerless of defence, having lost his sword, he thought his doom was sealed, when the individual who still held him down, said, in a low, deep tone, "Be still, and trust a friend;" placing his person, at the same time, so as to screen Waltham, if possible. The dress was that of a French soldier, but the voice, he could not mistake it, was the gipsy's, causing the involuntary exclamation, "Good heavens! it is you, Chaleca."

"Speak not, or both are lost," was the reply. There was no time for more; the words had scarcely been uttered when a shout, that shout of British valor never to be mistaken, was heard close at hand. It was evident the tide of the battle had turned. The flight of the French now became as rapid at this point as their late advance, and the lane in front of the gravel-pit being soon clear of their retreating steps, Chaleca, seizing Waltham's hand, said, "You are now safe: we shall meet once more:" and, darting forward, flew up the bank, and was instantaneously out of sight, when Waltham, emerging at once from the cavity, and joining the advancing body of British soldiers, went forward to retrieve, in some measure, the previous disasters of the night, by regaining the post of St. Etienne, and driving the enemy within the walls of their fortress.

History, which has recorded the events of this night attack, has presented to the world opinions generally exculpatory of the French governor's conduct in making it. But actors in this scene of strife and slaughter, who knew of the well-grounded reports then circulated regarding Napoleon's abdication, and the communications made by the besiegers to inform the French authorities in Bayonne of these rumors, deprecate this bloody assault in the strongest terms. Two months had previously transpired, during which period, with a force of 14,000 men, nothing of the sort had been attempted by the garrison: when, all at once, calculating upon a relaxation of vigilance on the part of the besiegers, which had been observable for twenty-four hours prior to this sortie, and animated by the most inimical feelings to revenge the blows and mortifications which the pride of Frenchmen had suffered through a succession of disasters and defeats, that basest of human passions gained the supremacy over more honorable principles, and struck at its generous opponent in an hour of chivalric unguardedness. Alas, what a fearful sight did the rising sun of that day disclose, when the bodies of nearly 900 killed and maimed British soldiers lay weltering in their blood. But stratagem in war often supplants the dictates of honor and humanity.

On the third day subsequent to this piteous tragedy, news arrived from Paris of the Emperor Napoleon's dethronement, the entrance of the allied armies into the capital, and the cessation of hostilities. The disasters of the whole affair were then discovered to have arisen from some unfortunate hindrance to the bearers of the intelligence at Blois. But for that delay, all this loss of life, as well as that at Toulouse, would have been spared.

It was at twilight hour on the succeeding day of the armistice that Waltham was sitting in his quarters. A deep weight of sorrow lay on his heart, for, in the adjoining room, the lifeless remains of a dear comrade, who had been mortally wounded, and who had recently expired, lay stretched. Not being in a state of mind, therefore, to be disturbed, on his servant entering to say that some lad wished to see him, the request was abruptly negatived.

Pat left the room, but returned in a few minutes, saying, "Plaze your honor, the spalpeen bid me tell ye, 'tis a word or two from the ould gipsy."

This communication had an electric effect on Waltham's silent mood. He inquired quickly, "Said you a message from the gipsy?"

"Yes, your honor. Sure it was quite accidintal that the broth of a boy came agin me; and tho' it was narely dark, didn't he seem to idintify me, bedad, tho' I niver seed the like of him afore. Shall I show him in, your honor?"

"Yes," was Waltham's laconic reply, for at the moment those words, "You are now safe: we shall meet once more," rang in his ears; in fact, the vision of Chalcea, habited in soldier's attire, amid the din of battle, had haunted him ever since that fearful night.

The lad now entered. The dim light of the room prevented his features being distinguished, but, as far as his appearance went, he seemed of a light frame, dressed in a Basque peasant's blouse and berret, pulled down over his brow.

"You come from Chalcea?" inquired Waltham, supposing the boy to be a Bayonnois.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Why did she not come herself? she must be near."

"Ne pouvoit pas," was the reply, in a faint voice.

"Could not? and why? Speak out."

"Grievement blessee."

"Badly wounded?" and he started from his seat, for his heart told him, if she were hurt, it must have been in his cause, when he immediately added, "Say, boy, is she near?"

"Tout prez."

"Lead on, then, I will follow." His thoughts, at the time, were only of Chalcea, and he turned not to scrutinise the lad's looks as they left the apartment.

The course Waltham's guide took lay across one or two enclosures a little to the left of St. Etienne. Solitude appeared now to reign where the "Qui vive?" had been so often heard of late. On traversing this space, and creeping through the

hedge, he observed a low dwelling, or hut close by, the door of which the lad opened and entered.

Following the steps of his conductor, he found himself in a small room, dimly lighted by one lamp, where, on a pallet, a human form was stretched, who appeared not to notice their approach until the lad knelt down and whispered a few words, causing the extended figure to move slightly and utter a groan, the boy himself remaining with his face buried in the pallet. Waltham drew nearer, and recognized the attenuated features of Chaleca, who turned her languid glance on him, saying, in a tremulous voice, once so distinct and strong, "I thought you would come, Signor."

"This is sad, very sad, Chaleca, and I am its cause," said Waltham.

"Not so, not so. The star has its time to set, and the tree to fall, so has life its appointed doom."

"It is too true, alas," replied the young man; "but how did all this happen? Where is your wound? Have you not sought aid?"

"What avails mortal means, when the Unde-bel* has said 'I require you.' Look here."

She now endeavored to raise herself, but, failing in the attempt, continued to say, "It is your turn now to help me, but I shall not require it long. Here, my child, bring the lamp nearer;" and she laid her hand gently on the kneeler's head.

The light form rose at the bidding, and, in bringing the lamp, endeavored to hold it so as to screen the face. There was an attempt at concealment, but Love ever bears a talisman over the senses. Waltham felt its influence. Those shaded features were then Aurilla's. "Ah, cara nenita, is it you?" was expressed by him in a low, tender tone. The maiden answered not with her lips; the sweet yet mournful glance conveyed all she could reply.

A placid smile passed over the elder gipsy's face at Waltham's endearing epithet towards the maiden, but the only words were "Raise me, Signor." He did so carefully, when Chaleca, who had sufficient use of her left arm to remove the zamarra from her breast, disclosed where a musket-ball had pierced it, saying, "The leech cannot cure this; now lay me back. There is little pain in that wound, the suffering lies here," and, placing her hand on her heart, she moaned deeply.

Waltham replied not immediately, for sorrow had wrung his breast also. He fixed his eyes, first, on the gipsy's face,

* God, in the Zingali language.

then on Aurilla's; who, having replaced the lamp, stood by the table with tears fast trickling down her pallid cheek.

Deeply affected at the scene, he took the gipsy's hand, saying, "Kind, noble Chaleca, you have been twice the preserver of my life, what is there I can do to serve—to save you?"

"Nothing, alas, to save, but—" she hesitated a minute, then added, "Would you listen to my story?"

"Oh, yes, earnestly, gladly," was his reply, for his whole heart yearned with consuming interest to hear something of Aurilla's also.

The gipsy then said, "If the great Unde-bel spares my breath, you shall hear my story."

THE CAPE FLATS.

In No. V. of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* there is a well-written paper on the Cape Flats, and how they may be improved, including a history of the transactions of the Central Board of Roads, with regard to the drifting sands previous to the year 1857. The subject may therefore be resumed from that date, when the Road Board came to the resolution of trying to convert that portion of the sands at Salt River under their charge into forest land. For this purpose seeds of various species of timber trees were procured from Australia and India, chiefly through the influence of His Excellency Sir George Grey, who took much interest in this experiment. Many private gentlemen, also, liberally placed whatever tree-seeds their estates afforded at the disposal of the plantation superintendent. Nevertheless, the season was advanced rather further than was desirable before the seeds were obtained in sufficient quantity to admit of operations being commenced. As the whole was in some measure an experiment, and there being no proper arrangement for a nursery, it was decided to commit the seeds to the open downs, reserving only a few of each sort to be reared in boxes.

From the peculiar character of the site chosen for this trial, which was formerly the run of the drifting sands, presenting a most irregular surface, composed of low sand ridges, intersected in all directions with beds of dark-brown colored tufa and clayey bottoms, on which not a vestige of vegetation appears, all idea of a regular working plan, or systematic planting, was altogether out of the question.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in connection with the attempt to rear timber on these sands, which, we may be sure, had, when drifting, every particle of vegetable matter blown out of them, was that the vexed question of ultimately converting the whole of the four or five square miles of Government ground, not required for outspan places, into forest land, would be finally set at rest. As already stated, the whole affair being in some measure an experiment, and several theories having been from time to time promulgated how it ought to be done, it was resolved to test them to the utmost, at the same time keeping economy in view by every possible endeavor. Portions of every variety of site that the nature of the ground afforded were planted. The sides and tops of the highest sand-ridges, low swampy spots, more or less covered with water during a portion of the rainy season, were all treated alike. A piece of the ordinary undisturbed surface, having only a few inches of soil, resting on a bed of gravel on one side, and a bed of clay on the other, was not spared the test. It will, therefore, excite but little surprise if, under these circumstances, failure did occur to some extent. However, on the whole the planting was very successful, for out of some twenty-two acres planted in 1857, about sixteen or eighteen remain in perfect health. The principal failures occurred on the tops and sides of the sand-ridges. The coniferous plants on the moist bottoms stood every change of weather with the greatest impunity, and on the ordinary surface of the sands all went well with the nursery up to the 6th and 7th of February, 1858, two days, it will be remembered, of most excessive scorching heat. It was, in a botanical point of view, very interesting a few days afterwards to observe here and there a solitary plant, surrounded with naked white sand, with every leaf withered, and itself evidently burnt up, whilst those plants that had the protection of only a few blades of grass on one side had every leaf on that side in perfect health. Some 600 blue gums, planted in a selected spot, took well, and continued to grow freely up to the middle of December, when at least the half of them perished. These plants grow so fast, and, of course, require so much moisture, that their success on the light dry sands is very problematical. Whether the brown and red gums will succeed better remains to be seen. Several hundreds of them have been planted out this season (1858). The greatest amount of loss occurred amongst the soft-leaved trees, such as the sycamores, &c., &c., all of which died off during the summer.

It is not to be inferred from this that these trees will not succeed on the Downs. On the contrary, two or three-year-old plants, whose wood is somewhat hardened, might be reared to advantage; at least, they would not be scorched to death, as was the case with the seedlings. There is no doubt, either, but that the sycamores and gums could have been saved by a free use of the watering-pot, as was formerly the case with the acacias, near the hard road; but to have done so would have been expensive, and fatal to all economic anticipations. The method employed in depositing the seed in the ground was both cheap and expeditious, it being merely pushed under the surface with the point of the finger. A still more primitive method was to sow a portion broadcast, and leave it to shift for itself. The first heavy fall of rain beat a considerable portion of it into the sand, and it grew quite as well as the other. But the pinus seeds thus distributed are certainly left more exposed to the depredations of rats and mice, which are most particularly partial to them. These destructive vermin swarm in some parts of the Downs, and have been a most serious obstacle to the well-doing of the new plantations. Poison has been tried in every conceivable way, but the plague still continues to a considerable extent, and the seeds suffer very much. The evil does not so much lie in what the little animals devour on the spot, but in the stores they accumulate in their subterraneous habitations. It is no uncommon thing to find an English pint of sound fir-seed in one of their holes. So much expense and trouble has been incurred in poison, loss of labor, seed, &c., &c., that for the future all sowing operations will be abandoned, and young trees will be transplanted to their future sites. For this purpose a nursery has been formed, which contains at present probably not less than 600,000 young trees, which will be ready for planting next season. A good deal of disbelief, perhaps we may call it prejudice, seems to prevail regarding the possibility of transplanting fir trees. In practice, no difficulty is found to exist whatever. One of the laborers employed on the plantations, after a few lessons, planted 3,000 young fir trees in three days, and, after the first day, did his work most successfully. As about 6,000 plants are ample for an English acre, the expense may be estimated, therefore, at about 15s. per acre, to which may be added, say, 5s. for plants, and about 10s. for enclosing, and we have a total charge of 30s. an acre, containing 6,000 trees. Making every allowance for failures (say 1,000 trees), there ought, at the end of twelve years, to be 5,000 trees, worth, even for firewood, 3d. each, or, in round

numbers, £63 per English acre. But, if large timber is to be grown, a widely different calculation must be made. One-half, at least, of the above number, being fast-growing trees, intended merely to shelter the permanent valuable ones, will have to be cut down at the end of seven years, and will not yield any larger sum than about £10 or £15 per acre, but leaving a full crop of valuable trees on the ground. To many persons these calculations may seem castles in the air, but they are not so. Recent experience has proved that 10s. per acre for fencing is far too high; likewise 5s. for the plants when the ground is merely dug over, and the seed sown as thickly as it ought to be. As for the value of the trees, there are some forty specimens of *Pinus Pinea*, planted seven or eight years ago in various parts of these same sands, some of which are twelve feet in height, and twenty inches in circumference at three feet from the ground. Trees of this age and size ought to make a handsome return.

The planting this season may be estimated at about 120 acres, but, owing to the depredations of the mice, the crop in some places is thinner than it ought to be. However, a considerable margin was left for such contingencies, and the evil can be remedied in some measure. Besides the coniferous trees of the colony, a number of others, raised from European, American, Indian, and Australasian seeds, have also been tried, and their success or failure this season will be a guide for future operations. Great expectations are entertained from a supply of the acorns of the "Live Oak" (*Quercus Virens*), which His Excellency has written for, through the influential agency of the Hon. Mr. Reed, now American Envoy in China. The "Live Oak," which flourishes on the sandy shores of Florida, ought to be quite at home on the Cape Downs, an opinion strongly confirmed by the officers of the United States frigate *Minnesota*, who visited the locality intended for this experiment. The value of the *Quercus Virens* for shipbuilding is too well known to require any detailed notice here. The *Minnesota* herself (3,750 tons), not long ago in Table Bay, was a case in point; the vast timbers and knees of that noble ship being principally, if not entirely, of Live Oak. The introduction of this tree into the colony must therefore be regarded with much interest, and may be productive of untold profit to future generations, rejoicing in docks and railways!

It is probable, nevertheless, that planting on the Downs must be for the most part confined to the coniferous genera of trees. Their peculiar form and dry needle-shaped leaves render them well adapted to resist strong winds, such as our

violent south-easters, which at times sweep across the Downs with almost irresistible force. Their native localities, also, in all parts of the globe, being intermediate between sterility and fertility, they possess on that account a strong claim to our attention. Indeed, there are few trees of this genera but what merit a trial on the Cape Flats, excepting, perhaps, those from Northern Europe. All from a climate somewhat warmer than our own, in South Africa, may be expected to be retarded in their growth, but this is generally compensated by the increased value of the timber, which becomes more compact. On the contrary, those from a colder climate are likely to grow faster in this colony, but their timber will probably deteriorate in quality and value. Our well-known long-coned pine *Pinus Pinaster* may be quoted as an example of this. In Europe, it produces great quantities of tar, turpentine, &c. At the Cape, the dealers in firewood consider it very inferior for their purpose, owing to the absence of these substances. The much quicker growth of the tree in this warm climate is probably the cause of this, by rendering the sap so limpid that little resinous deposit takes place. From the same cause, also, most likely arises the complaint that the wood, when cut up and exposed, soon rots. With trees that contain gum the reverse of all this takes place, for humidity, and not heat, is most injurious to their secretions.

It will be seen, from what has been already stated, that the chief part of the planting on the late drifting sands has been confined to the two common pines, *P. Pinea* and *Pinaster*. Neither of them are of first-rate quality, and there is not a shadow of a doubt but many of the superior kinds would succeed quite as well, and be, ultimately, far more remunerative. On the sands may now be seen growing, in full vigor, young trees of the *Pinus Insignis* and *P. Halepensis*, presented by Mr. T. B. Bayley; several hundreds of *Pinus Maritimus*, from Mr. Billingsley's estate, and some plants of *P. Resinosá*, (?) contributed by Mr. Clarence. All the above pines, so far as we are yet able to judge, are quite at home on the sands. And, whilst on the topic, it may be as well to remind all importers of pine-seeds that such seeds should always be brought *in the cones*. Large quantities have been imported out of the cones from time to time, but with very miserable results. The seed, if not destroyed altogether on the voyage, is so far weakened that the greatest care is required to bring it into life, and then it is a struggle for bare existence. The possibility of nursing such plants into robust growing trees is very slender indeed. It is true some of the

hard-shelled kinds do at times arrive in pretty fair condition, but the thin-shelled never do. Take, for instance, *Pinus Webbiana.* The seed of this magnificent Indian silver fir has been frequently imported, but where are the young trees? The passage from India, Europe, or America, is now so quick, that the transmission of unopened cones, if sent soon after they are taken from the trees, presents no difficulty. Such cones as those of the deodar *(Cedrus Deodara)*, and a few others, will not hold together many days after they are gathered, and some art is necessary to keep them from falling in pieces, when the seed speedily perishes. Perhaps, if they were dipped in common wax it might answer the purpose. The writer has seen cones carried safely from India to the Cape when rolled up in strips of wax cloth, previously coated on the inside with strong carpenter's glue, and applied to the cone hot.

It may not be out of place to say a few words on the numerous pools of brack water on the Downs, and their saline deposits, which some people believe to indicate great sterility, and, of course, a most serious obstacle to successful planting. But these pools are perfectly fresh during the rains, and only become brack when they begin to evaporate. As this evaporation goes on, the water becomes gradually worse, until the whole is dried up, when a thin white saline deposit is generally left to mark the spot. These pools are for the most part very shallow, and a few surface drains would at once destroy their existence, by carrying off the water, and, of course, the salines at the same time. These salines are not peculiar to the clays of the Cape Downs. All the clays of the colony are probably more or less impregnated with them. Numerous instances could be given of the evil effects of water lying stagnant on such soils. One will suffice for the present. Some years ago the river Zonder End rose so high as to overflow a large piece of what was considered good corn land, forming a large pool at one end, which remained till the close of the summer, when it dried up, leaving a white saline deposit behind. That piece of land has never borne a crop since, and is likely to remain useless for cultivation until it is drained, when the water and the salines will both make their escape simultaneously. Those, therefore, who are so strong in favor of irrigation, and public works for that purpose, are recommended to suggest to their disciples *draining also*, lest their exhortations do harm instead of good, or at least lead to mischievous consequences and unexpected failures.

R. S.

THE COMET.

A LARGE comet is at all times an interesting visitor, and the present one rather more so than usual, forasmuch as it appears at the season of the year when a celebrated friend, of generations long passed away, was looked for; and it was hailed at the first blush as that individual. Our observations, however, are at variance with the identity; while the last mail from England makes us acquainted with the discovery of a comet by M. Donati in the month of June, which increased in brilliancy, and was expected to be brighter on the 1st of October than it was on the 2nd of June, in the ratio of 324 to 1.

We shall discuss, first, the geometric particulars of the comet of 1556, whose elements are sensibly the same as those of the comet of 1264; next we shall refer to those of the present visitor.

The history of the comet of 1264 and 1556 is given, *in extenso*, by M. Pingré in his Comitographie (published in the year 1783), together with amusing anecdotes indicative of the superstition of the times. It is sufficient for our present purpose to state that the astronomical observations were exceedingly rough, and that some of those recorded were fictitious. The whole have been discussed by several eminent mathematicians; and three or four years back, a gentleman on the continent undertook and carried out the calculation of the planetary perturbations that would affect the date of the expected appearance, which he found would produce a retardation of $10\frac{1}{2}$ years.

The following elements may be regarded as the best, or as worthy of confidence as any other, viz.:

Perihelion Passage, August 2, 1858.

Longitude of the perihelion (π)	$274^\circ 14' 54''$
———— of the ascending node ($\delta\Omega$)	$175^\circ 25' 48''$
Inclination of the orbit (i)	$30^\circ 12' 12''$
Perihelion distance (h)	·50493

Motion direct. Period 308·784 years.

From these we deduce the mean daily motion $11''\cdot4909$.

Angle whose sine is equal to the excentricity (e) $81^\circ 28' 25''$

Semi-axis Major (a) 45·6846; and the co-ordinates

$x = \log. r + 9\cdot9996596 + \log. \sin (4^\circ 52' 0'' + v)$
$y = \log. r + 9\cdot9970066 + \log. \sin (175^\circ 46' 48 + v)$
$z = \log. r + 9\cdot0888991 + \log. \sin (113^\circ 47' 51 + v)$

Where v is the true anomaly on the orbit, negative before, and positive after the perihelion passage; and r the radius vector.

The sun's co-ordinates X, Y, and Z, will be found in the *Nautical Almanac*.

$$\text{Then, tangent right ascension} = \frac{Y + y}{X + x}$$

$$\text{Tangent declination} = \frac{Z + z}{X + x} \times \text{co-sine right ascension.}$$

$$\text{Distance from the earth} = \frac{Z + z}{\text{Sine declination.}}$$

The following table gives the true anomalies and logarithms of the radii vectores for every fourth day from the perihelion passage, to the 88th day:

Days.	True Anomalies	Logs. of Radii Vectores.	Days.	True Anomalies.	Logs. of Radii Vectores.
	° ′ ″			° ′ ″	
0	0· 0· 0	9·7032312	48	97·20·35	0·0636500
4	15·21·11	9·7110506	52	100· 8· 6	0·0883172
8	29·41. 7	9·7327080	56	102·38· 9	0·1114732
12	42·21·22	9·7639686	60	104·53·27	0·1332596
16	53·11· 8	9·8003516	64	106·56·10	0.1538020
20	62·17·59	9·8384691	68	108·48. 7	0·1732223
24	69·56·53	9·8762266	72	110.26·18	0·1908130
28	76.23·42	9·9125144	76	112· 5· 2	0·2090514
32	81·52·24	9·9468378	80	113·32·32	0·2256938
36	86·34·23	9·9790472	84	114·53·36	0·2415304
40	90·38·38	0·0091694	88	116· 9· 5	0·2566509
44	94·12·12	0·0373202			

The right ascensions and declinations have not been computed, but sufficient has been done (accepting the elements as facts) to enable us to predict the leading phenomena. We use the word prediet, although August 2, 1858, has gone by, for the reason that the accidental position of the earth has but an evanescent influence on the elements of the comet's orbit,—so that what holds good for 1858 is applicable to 1859 or 1860; the only effect being an alteration of the distances of that body from the earth, as the date of the perihelion passage is shifted. Accordingly, we speak in the future tense.

On or about the 13th of June the comet should pass the ascending node, and on the 24th enter the limit of the earth's orbit: the earth and comet being then distant from each other by about 114 millions of miles. At this date the comet should be searched for in the west horizon, shortly after sun-set.

Assuming the passage of the perihelion to happen on the 2nd of August, the comet will be seen in the west, distant from the earth 59 millions of miles, and from the sun 48 millions of miles.

On the 16th of August the comet will be in inferior conjunction with the sun, viz., between the sun and the earth; after which it should be searched for in the east horizon before sun-rise. Advancing to the descending node, the comet and earth continue to approach each other until about the 10th of September, when the comet, crossing the earth's path, pursues its course towards a point in space some 1425 millions of miles beyond the orbit of the planet Neptune.

We now proceed to the particulars of the present comet, the history of which we learn from the daily circular issued by the director of the Paris Observatory. This comet is undoubtedly the same which was discovered by M. Donati, of Florence, on the 2nd of June.

The first attempt to determine the elements of its orbit was given by M. Villarceau, in the issue of the 31st of July; but the short intervals between the observations, together with the direction of the motion being nearly end on, if we may use that familiar expression, the observations were not satisfied by either elliptic or parabolic elements; while the elliptic indicated September 23, and the parabolic October 12, for the date of perihelion passage, both giving the motion *direct*, but by no means certain

The next determination was by M. Littrow, of Vienna, dated July 31, printed in the circular of August 12. His result was an elliptic orbit, and the perihelion passage on September 21; and a notice of the resemblance of the elements to those of the first comet of 1827.

In the issue of August 13, M. Valz, the director of the Marseilles Observatory, directs attention to the discrepancies between Villarceau's results, and endeavors to explain the cause. He shows that the motion is retrograde, and that it was impossible to determine the elements from the first few observations.

The next determination is by Mr. Hind, the superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac*, under date of August 9, printed in the issue of August 14. He states that the direction in the orbit is *retrograde;* and his result for the inclination, longitude of the ascending node, and perihelion distance agree pretty well with Littrow's; but he assigns 32° 53′ 28″ for the longitude of the perihelion point, whereas Littrow gives 298° 30′ 43″!

In the same issue appears M. Villarceau's revision of his former calculations, assigning September 21 for the perihelion passage on the elliptic hypothesis, and September 25 on the parabolic.

The following are Littrow's and Hind's elements:

	LITTROW.	HIND.
Perihelion passage, ...	Sept. 21·6878	Sept. 21·6656
Longitude of ascending node,	165° 45′ 31″	165° 45′ 52″
Longitude of perihelion,	298·30·43	32·53·28
Inclination of orbit,	65·19·43	65·14·17
Log. of perihelion distance,	9·694794	9·6934939

For the Comet of 1827, referred to above, the elements are

Perihelion passage, ...	Feb. 4·921
Ascending node,	184° 27′ 49″
Longitude of perihelion,	33·30·16
Inclination of orbit,	77·35·35
Log. of perihelion distance,	9·7045966

Assuming the longitude of the perihelion given by Littrow to be a misprint (an assumption which we know, from observation, to be a fact), still the present comet cannot be that of 1827, unless the observations of 1827 are not trustworthy.

When discovered by Donati, the present comet appeared like a circular nebula, which gradually increased in brilliancy; and on the 16th of August he reports that "it had acquired a strong concentration of light at its centre." Between the 19th of July and the 16th of August, its right ascension increased from 9ʰ 42ᵐ 41ˢ to 10ʰ 11ᵐ 45ˢ, and its declination north, from 28° 22′ 33″ to 31° 39′ 22″.

We have no observations from Europe of later date, but by Hind's elements we have the following predicted positions:

	Right Ascension.	Declination.
	h m s	° ′
September 9 =	11· 7· 32	34· 42 North.
„ 29 =	13· 35· 48	6· 23 North.
October 9 =	15· 15· 56	29· 49 South.
„ 19 =	16· 23· 0	46· 23 South.

Hence, by prediction, the date of passing the equator into our hemisphere, was October 2nd, about 6 o'clock a.m., in right ascension 13ʰ 53ᵐ; whereas this happened by observation on October 11th, shortly after 8 o'clock p.m., in right ascension 15ʰ 22ᵐ 30ˢ nearly. The

error mainly arises from the elements being founded upon observations made on June 17, 19, and July 11; when the comet was describing an end-on arc of its orbit, with a comparatively small velocity, and small angular inclination to the axis of the orbit. On the other hand, it is proper to mention, that owing to the rapid variation of the velocity between the 29th of September and 9th of October, the epoch should have been compnted by means of an interpolating curve.

As the observations began in the northern hemisphere about three and a half months *before* the perihelion passage, and they are likely to be continued in this hemisphere for at least two months (probably three months) *after* the perihelion passage, the elements of the orbit will be determined with great accuracy.

The following observed positions at seven o'clock, Cape meantime, are only approximate, but they will convey a general conception of the apparent path since the comet became visible at the Cape:

		h m s		° ′ ″
October 11.	Right Ascension	15·21·51	North Polar Distance	89·50·20
,, 12.	,,	15·33·26	,,	93·23·32
,, 14.	,,	15·55·18	,,	100· 5·55
,, 15.	,,	16· 5·35	,,	103·14· 1
,, 16.	,,	16·15.20	,,	106· 9·58
,, 18.	,,	16·33·35	,,	111·27·13
,, 21.	,,	16·57·29	,,	117·52·16
,, 22.	,,	17· 4·37	,,	119·39·31
,, 23.	,,	17·11·18	,,	121·17·12
,, 24.	,,	17·17·41	,,	122·46·41
,, 25.	,,	17·23·44	,,	124· 8·23
,, 26.	,,	17·29·27	,,	125·23·29
,, 27.	,,	17·34·51	,,	126·31·56

T. M.

FINE ARTS EXHIBITION.

Of the Exhibition which has just been opened in Cape Town, we cannot venture, at present, to express any detailed opinion. We have hitherto had time for only the briefest inspection of it. Next month we shall notice it at greater length. The inaugural discourse delivered by the Dean, at the opening, on Friday last, was worthy of the occasion. Though marred in one or two special points by exaggerated Ruskinisms emphatically put, the general staple of it gave indication of philosophic thought and artistic feeling in a high degree. It was one of the most eloquent and instrnctive, of the kind, which we have been privileged to listen to at the Cape. Quite as much to onr taste, however, is the following "Preface," which adorns the "Exhibition Catalogne":

The pnrpose of this Exhibition is to gratify taste in those who have cnltivated the sense of beauty and grandeur; to awaken and direct the love of elegance and refined pleasure in the young; and to encourage artistic genius by bringing enlightened public opinion to appreciate the merit of its creations. The fine arts, painting and scnlptnre, minister immediately to the soul or intellect, onr immortal part; but we see the useful arts which furnish the necessaries of common life, everywhere

borrowing freely from them a grace and dignity that reconcile their own hard expression to the perfect forms of nature, relieving the toil of the body by refreshing the nobler appetites of the mind. As society advances this union becomes more intimate, so that works of the greatest utility often spring from minds most familiar with those ideas of loveliness that glorify the imagination of the poet.

In countries like this, opportunities of cultivating taste in the fine arts are comparatively rare. With few exceptions the places of public resort present a frigid blank;—wall without animation, unbroken by thought, and in every sense dead. In sculpture we are entirely deficient. The great mass of the people have never seen a statue or a picture that could give them the slightest conception of what true art can express by color and form. In the capitals and principal cities and towns of Europe, such works are the daily teachers of all classes, insensibly diffusing the capacity of being pleased with what is true and complete in imitations of nature. In the churches, in the halls of commerce, as well as in the galleries devoted to art, the public eye is constantly corrected by the most expressive productions of the pencil and the chisel. The world of taste is thus upheld in its course, the artist is respected, and the arts flourish.

England was, up to a recent period, far behind the polite nations of the Continent in this department of national education. In the houses of the noble and wealthy were stored the most precious treasures of art, but they were accessible to a few only. For the people, they did not exist. The Royal Academy, the National Gallery, and some others, were opened successively, and gained by degrees a portion of intelligent admiration. Within the last fifty years the English School of Art has become popular by these means, and the "Exhibitions" of the last few years, and especially of the present year, have opened a new world of pure delight to the eyes of millions. When it is remembered from what a condition the English school has risen since Hogarth and Reynolds vindicated the national genius—under neglect and almost positive discouragement, we see no limit to its conquest, now that the whole public is the patron, and the works of the greatest masters are freely submitted to the student.

We would not place our Exhibition at the Cape on a level with any of those rich collections, but neither would we contrast it unfavorably with their original or first beginnings. The catalogue of the first exhibition of the Royal Academy contained only one hundred and thirty-six works of art. Four or five only by Reynolds. Most of the rest have perished, not deserving a longer life. Our catalogue contains nearly three times that number; and many of the pieces, both landscapes and portraits, are of the highest order of excellence. These have been drawn hastily from private repositories, but it is known that many of equal merit still remain in private hands, and will probably adorn a future exhibition. We say nothing of original pictures and drawings: they await the judgment of the public; but they satisfy us that if Art is ever duly appreciated and rewarded at the Cape, we shall witness a fair development of artistic talent.

We will not be accused of assigning too high a place in the intellectual and moral sphere, to the fine arts, by any who respect the universal consent of civilized nations. They have always crowned with imperishable honors, along with the poet, the sculptor, and the painter. Their very names are revered after the last fragment of their works has perished in the waste of ages. Of the Greek painters nothing remains; but by the recovered sculptures of those who were renowned

equally with Apelles and Zeuxis, we assume that their fame rested on as solid a basis—the exquisite sensibility of Athenian taste. What names in history are more illustrious? We cannot admit as a possibility, that mankind, in proportion to their attainments in science, arts, and government, could uniformly exalt a humble class of men almost above the rank of mortals, as if they had in them something divine, unless the world derived from them great, and solid, and lasting benefits. Yet we find no more decisive test of a nation's greatness than the estimation in which it held the fine arts at any period of its freedom. Among ourselves we are glad to see unmistakeable signs of a growing disposition to honor and to emulate these benefactors of our species. The same MODELS are before us, from which the old Immortals drew their inspiration—the forms, the colors of Nature. From this same fountain our students must drink, if they would excel, though they may use the works of others as instructors, or, to sustain the figure, as pitchers to draw water from the deeper springs. They will despise no aids, but the grand original must be ever their authority. Following Nature, we see no sufficient cause that should limit Art at the Cape to mediocrity—unless the public should treat it with contempt, which chills even the poet, but utterly banishes the genius of painting and sculpture.

The Committee have succeeded on this occasion far beyond their expectations. The collection is large, and varied, and unexceptionable in every respect. It remains to be seen whether Taste has made sufficient progress at the Cape to enable them to defray the expenses incurred, and to gratify with prizes some of those who have contributed to their entertainment.

LITERARY REVIEW.

AMONG the new publications received at the Public Library by the mail-steamer *Norman* are the following:—

Barth's Travels in Africa, vols. 4 and 5; Gubbins' Mutinies in Oude; Bacon's Works, vol. 5; Writings of William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England; Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by Miss Strickland, vol. 7; Queen Mary of Scots; the Parsees, their history, manners, customs, and religion, by Dosabhoy Framjee; Novels and Novelists, from Elizabeth to Victoria, by J. C. Jeafferson; Supplementary Despatches and Memoranda of the late Duke of Wellington; India, 1797—1805; Rita, an autobiography; Every Man his own Trumpeter, by Geo. W. Thornbury; Edwards' Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion.

Of these we should say that, on the whole, the most valuable are the least readable, and the most readable the least valuable. For example, the first work on the list,—the fourth and fifth volumes of Barth's *Travels in Central Africa*. It is certainly a valuable production. It bristles all over with information of such a sort as argues its author a philosopher of the microscopic school. It is enriched with maps and illustrations, worth half the price of the whole book. But it extends to

a fatal length. Five ponderous volumes, of 600 pages royal octavo each, are more than any but a strong-minded Teuton could ever venture to peruse right through; and, in our dull indolence, it quite comforts us to learn that the *Athenæum* declares the task too much even for "philanthropic readers." There are numerous detached passages dispersed throughout the work, however, which are exceedingly interesting and instructive. Among these, is Dr. Barth's description of Timbuctoo, where he resided altogether for seven months. We can only find room here for a single extract, respecting the commercial relations which might be established between that city and the European markets. Having stated that all the cutlery in Timbuctoo is of English manufacture, and that the calico bears the stamp of a Manchester firm in Arabic characters, he proceeds:

The difficulties which a place like Timbúktu presents to a free commercial intercourse with Europeans are very great. For while the remarkable situation of the town, at the edge of the desert and on the border of various races, in the present degenerated condition of the native kingdoms, makes a strong government very difficult, nay, almost impossible, its distance from either the west coast or the mouth of the Niger is very considerable. But, on the other hand, the great importance of its situation at the northern curve or elbow of that majestic river, which, in an immense sweep, encompasses the whole southern half of North Central Africa, including countries densely populated and of the greatest productive capabilities, renders it most desirable to open it to European commerce, while the river itself affords immense facilities for such a purpose. For, although the town is nearer to the French settlements in Algeria on the one side, and those on the Senegal on the other, yet it is separated from the former by a tract of frightful desert, while between it and the Senegal lies an elevated tract of country, nay, along the nearest road, a mountain chain extends of tolerable height. Further, we have here a family which, long before the French commenced their conquest of Algeria, exhibited their friendly feelings toward the English in an unquestionable manner, and at the present moment the most distinguished member of this family is most anxious to open free intercourse with the English. Even in the event of the greatest success of the French policy in Africa, they will never effect the conquest of this region.

An Account of the Mutinies in Oude, by Mr. Gubbins, is a complete and elaborate work, which fairly exhausts the subject of which it treats. Originally one of the Commissioners for the Land Revenue in Oude, the Chief of the Intelligence Department there, the intimate friend and associate of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, and familiarly acquainted with all the talookdars and noblemen of Oude, Mr. Gubbins possessed peculiarly favorable opportunities for observation and study of the whole progress of the rebellion. The results of his experience are all recorded in the volume before us. Our limited space prevents us from indulging in copious extracts. The following is the sketch he gives of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. Its simple pathos well becomes the occasion:

It has never fallen to my lot to witness such a scene of sorrow. While we were clustered round Sir Henry's bed, the enemy were

pouring a heavy musketry fire upon the place; the bullets were striking the onstide of the pillars of the verandah in which we were collected. Sir Henry's attennated frame and the severe natnre of the injnry, at once decided the medical men not to attempt amputation; bnt it was necessary to stay the bleeding by applying the tonrniqnet, and the agony which this caused was fearfnl to behold. It was impossible to avoid sobbing like a child. Sir Henry alluded to his having nominated Major Banks to be his snccessor; and then earnestly pointed ont the worthlessness of all human distinction, recommending all to fix their thoughts npon a better world. He referred to his own success in life, and asked what it was worth then? He enjoined on us particnlarly to be careful of our ammnnition, and often repeated—"Save the ladies!" He afterwards continned in much snffering, and lingered nntil the morning of the 4th, when he expired. Upon his death-bed Sir Henry referred to the disaster at Chinhnt, and said that he had acted against his own jndgment, from the fear of man. I have often inqnired, but I have never learnt the name of any one who had connselled the step which resnlted in so severe a calamity. Thus passed from among ns as noble a spirit as ever animated human clay. Unselfish, kind, frank, and affectionate, Sir Henry Lawrence possessed the art of attaching those with whom he came in contact. He was particnlarly beloved by the natives, and with good reason, for few Enropeans treated them with more kindly consideration, and none made more just allowance for those weak points in which they differ from Enropeans.

Of the condition of Onde nnder its original native dynasty, and the change that sncceeded dnring the first two years of British rnle, we have the following pictures:

When we entered Onde its dacoits or professional robbers were reckoned by hnndreds, and many of the richest and most fertile tracts lay waste for miles. Where were those by whom the land had been tilled before? Where were the teeming thonsands of Onde? They were to be fonnd in all the adjacent British districts, whither they had fled to escape the grinding exactions and nnrelenting tyranny of their own land. In those new districts they had cleared the forest, raised new villages, and acqnired valnable properties. Before these military mntinies began, after a brief tenure of thirteen months, how changed was the scene! All those numerons dacoits had become peaceable and qniet snbjects, residing in the ancestral homes from which violence had driven them. Thonsands of the cnltivators had retnrned to reclaim their long-deserted lands; and everywhere new dwellings were rising, new villages re-appearing, and new wells were being dng. Old fields everywhere were yielding again to the plongh; and soon the face of the connlry wonld have so changed that those who first entered it would scarce have known it again.

Of the canses of the mntinies, Mr. Gnbbins writes:

I conceive that the native mind had been gradually alarmed on the vital snbjects of caste and religion, when the spark was applied by the threatened introdnction of the greased cartridge; that this spark fell npon a native army most dangerously organised, snbject to no sufficient bonds of discipline, and discontented; above all, that this occnrred at a time when Bengal and the north-west provinces were so denuded of Enropean troops, as to leave the real power in the hands of the natives.

The anthor then proceeds to develop his views on these several questions at great length, and in a simple lucid style.

Of the scarcity of troops all over the Presidency, he says:

From Meerut, in the north-west, to Dinapore, in the south-east, two weak English regiments only were to be found. These were the 3rd Bengal Fusiliers at Agra and the 32nd Foot at Lucknow. All our principal cities were without European troops. There were none at Delhi or at Bareilly; none at Fyzabad, at Mozzapoor, or at Benares. And, worst of all, the important fortress of Allahabad, the key of the north-west provinces, was equally unprotected! At the important station of Cawnpoor was only the depot of the 32nd Foot, and a weak reserve company of artillery. Throughout the entire province of Oude we possessed but one English battery of artillery: all the rest were native!

A very valuable German work has been received on the geography of South Africa. It consists of a very complete digest of all the recent discoveries of Livingstone, Moffat, Galton, Andersson, &c., which are discussed under the several heads of Geology, Hydrography, Climatology, Botany, Zoology, and Ethnography. The author is Dr. A. Petermann, equally known in England and on the Continent as one of the first of living geographers. The work is illustrated by Mr. A. G. Bain's geological map, greatly extended and improved. We shall refer to it at greater length in a future number.

The most readable book on our list, however, is, as we stated at the outset, one of the least valuable—*Novels and Novelists*, by Mr. Jeaffreson. It is an admirable specimen of successful book-making, consisting of light and often graphic sketches of English novelists, from the times of Elizabeth to the present day. We must content ourselves unwillingly with one brief extract. Of Charles Dickens, and the esteem in which he is held throughout all England, we have the following:

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, what genuine and unswerving loyalty there is to Charles Dickens. It is the same in the hall and the hamlet; only in the dwellings of the poor, that love, like every other affection, is more earnest and out-speaking. The humble toilers of manufacturing towns are by no means the especial and only adherents of the great author among the poor; for the simple peasants of secluded districts, where no labor is performed that is not in some way or other connected with the culture of the soil, believe in him with a hearty confidence that is a touching satire on the infidelity and and scepticism in vogue amongst the refined. There is none whose name so thrills their honest hearts—none whom their horny hands and slow tongues would so obstinately defend. The writer of these pages knows cottages on bleak wolds, over which the winter's winds scream terribly, and cabins fixed in hollows beside damp lanes, where every evening, odd numbers, black and greasy as an old fustian jacket from being thumbed, of the works of Boz—and even stray leaves, sacredly preserved—are spelt out and sobbed over by the family circle. And when the reading is over, they talk first of the story, and then of its writer; whereupon, some rugged patriarch of the plough, whose voice is respected, though he does not know a letter of the alphabet, and has learnt the sad story of Ham and Emily through the lips of his little grand-daughter, who reads like a scholard), tells out slowly to his attentive audience how Charles Dickens is "one on 'em, and also was one on 'em, and what's more, always will be one on 'em, and nought

can take him from 'em, for his heart is right set," and to us it has ever seemed far nobler to rule men's minds with words, than to drive their bodies with bayonets.

And in every class and grade of society there is a similar sentiment to this.

Among the new books which have *not* been received at the Library, but which may be expected by the next mail steamer, there is one entitled, *The Adventures of Mrs. Col. Somerset in Kaffraria.* We have not yet seen a copy of the work; but several of the English journals received here contain extracts from it, some of which are of local interest. Here is one relative to old Cape Town justice:

Dr. Philip gave Helen equally interesting accounts of the old institutions still lingering in the colony—one of the most perverted was what was called the Cammer Court. This court was ostensibly to see justice administered to the creditors and heirs of a deceased colonist; but, from the avarice of its members, and the general want of active principle in the colony, it had become an absolute system of extortion and plunder. No sooner were the eyes of the dying householder closed, than the agents of this disgraceful society took possession of the house, goods, and chattels, and, in the name of the Cammer Court, claimed the right of holding them for one year, or until all just debts were discharged. Meanwhile, the unfortunate widow and orphans were sent penniless upon the world, dependent upon the charity of relatives, who well knew the almost invariable answer that would meet the demand for the residue of the property at the expiration of the year; and that, when once in the hands of the Cammer Court, all hope of any money being saved was gone.

This picture of the Cammer Court is manifestly a caricature of the ancient *Wees Kammer* of the colony. Perhaps some correspondent may inform us upon this point. Here is another extract from the same book, regarding judicial customs at the Cape:

Talking of courts, we will take one more note from Helen's diary, and describe a recent scene in a Cape Town court of justice. According to an ancient custom, this court was held with locked doors, whose portals refused to yield even to the Governor himself. The Governors at the Cape had been men of peace, and, rather than bring the whole crash of reform upon their own shoulders, had gone on quietly, each in the step of the other. A change, however, was coming; a new Governor came, and, feeling interested in a case, proposed attending the trial in person. Surprized at the gaze of astonishment his plan was received with, he made inquiry, became indignant at the slight upon his authority, and, finally, determined to obtain an entrance by force, if not by persuasion. Upon the day the trial began, the Governor presented himself at the door of the court-house, demanding, in no very patient terms, an entrance. But the doors were locked, and he was told no one, not the King himself, could enter. Remonstrance was in vain, so His Excellency tried power; and, by the help of his escort, the door was lifted from its hinges and an entrance effected. Making a polite bow to the presiding jury, the intruder seated himself, heard the trial, and, when the decision was given, dismissed the astonished judge, telling him, that he, the Governor, having the right of appointing such, would see that the post was properly filled. The next judge, however,

was too evidently a tool of the Governor's, who, having a strong taste for legislation, examined each case privately, and as the reader may believe, the sentence depended principally upon his opinion. About this time Judge Wylde arrived at the Cape, armed with full authority from the English crown, and as is well known, both willing and able to grapple with and conquer all opposition. Well might the inhabitants of Cape Town stare, when in his opening speech, he addressed them in words of which the following is but a short quotation:—"I pledge myself, as under the eye of Him who is judge of the whole earth, that I shall not allow even His Majesty to dictate to me in any judicial matter: I shall acquit my conscience by giving a fair and honest sentence."

And one further delightfully imaginative sketch we have of the shopkeepers of Cape Town as they vegetated in the olden time. The somnolent denizens of Sleepy Hollow could show nothing to match it:

They were the most original beings in the world. At a given hour the doors of the establishment were closed, while master and shopmen ate their dinner and took their mid-day siesta, refusing resolutely to attend to any business during these hours (which occupied nearly half the day) of relaxation. Helen heard many laughable accounts of these easy-going merchants, but still remained incredulous of the exact truth, until one day she experienced the very coolness she had doubted. Accidentally, or carelessly, choosing the middle of the day for a shopping excursion, she set off with an officer's wife to make the purchases she required. They entered a large shop; the master, a stout, sleepy-looking Dutchman, sat behind the counter, almost invisible in a cloud of smoke. "I want some printed cotton, Meinherr," said Helen. "Dat is likely, Madame," was the rejoinder. "Will you show me some?" asked Helen, rather impatiently. "Dat, you see, I cannot do; dis is the hour of rest, my lady: der is the cotton—like him, why take him." Helen looked at the shelf, but it was far beyond her reach, and, in despair, she turned to her companion to ask what was to be done. Here she was only met by a laugh; her friend had often told her of the taciturnity of the merchants, and was now not a little amused at the truth meeting Helen's own observation.

It pains us to find a critic in the *Leader* incredulous to all this. He compares himself to that worthy bishop who, reading *Gulliver's Travels*, declared that he did not believe in their truth; and he ungallantly adds: "We do not believe in Mrs. Col. Somerset, we do not believe in her *Adventures*, notwithstanding the familiar names of Macomo and Sandilla; and we therefore hand over the book to readers who are not so sceptical as ourselves."

We of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* proudly confess ourselves among that number. We abhor scepticism in every form; and our canon of criticism when we encounter a lady's stories, as in these *Adventures*, is uniform and unvarying. They read well, let us believe them. We fear that the London gentleman who selects the accessions to the Cape Public Library is a sceptic of the *Leader* school. His neglect to forward these Kaffrarian adventures is unpardonable.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR SEPTEMBER, 1858.

Deduced from five observations daily, Sundays excepted.

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Humid of Air. Sat = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Sept.	inch.	°	°	°	°			Inch.			inch.	
1	29·766	55·80	52·14	59·5	52·0	48·70	77·4	29·422	4·8	NW ½ W	0·200	7·2
2	29·970	54·74	51·98	59·2	52·7	49·34	82·2	29·617	4·9	NW b W	0·620	9·8
3	30·160	55·26	53·66	59·4	52·6	52·14	89·2	29·770	0·7	N b W	0·340	10·0
4	30·280	57·40	54·92	66·6	51·4	52·66	84·4	29·881	0·7	SW b S		7·0
5	30·260	58·70	55·46	62·3	55·0	52·60	80·6	29·863	3·6	S		1·0
6	30·203	61·72	57·04	66·8	51·7	53·08	74·0	29·799	1·6	S		1·34
7	30·192	61·54	55·38	76·2	49·0	50·54	71·0	29·822	0·4	S		7·1
8	30·233	58·40	54·94	64·4	54·2	51·88	79·4	29·845	1·2	SE b S ½ S		3·8
9	30·167	57·10	51·92	62·0	53·0	47·16	69·8	29·842	1·8	S		2·5
10	30·104	59·20	55·18	66·5	52·7	51·68	76·8	29·720	1·4	W ½ N		3·24
11	30·238	56·84	53·40	61·7	49·8	50·24	80·0	29·874	1·0	SW b W ½ W		3·44
12	30·154	56·58	52·86	63·0	47·0	49·48	77·6	29·798	1·64	SSW		1·7
13	30·021	60·12	55·08	72·7	53·0	51·02	76·0	29·643	0·3	S b W		7·0
14	30·027	57·38	54·88	62·3	53·3	52 62	84·6	29·629	0·7	W b S ½ S	0·375	9·8
15	30·080	55·48	49·22	59·4	53·0	43·28	64.2	29·799	2·2	WNW ½ W		6·0
16	30·006	54·74	52·74	58·8	52·8	50·82	87·2	29·634	4·6	NW ½ N	0·428	10·0
17	29·964	53·40	50·38	58·0	47·2	47·30	80·6	29·628	5·2	W	0·682	8·8
18	30·323	52·62	46·64	54·6	48·0	40·66	64·2	30·068	2·0	NW		3·2
19	30·259	54·90	50·78	60·4	46·8	46·92	75·2	29·936	0·7	NW ½ W		6·4
20	30·137	56.50	53·30	63·2	47·0	50·44	81·2	29·769	0·6	NWbN ½ N		3·8
21	30·173	55·44	50·18	63·0	48·3	45·24	69·4	29·567	1·1	SWbW ½ W	0·010	5·6
22	30·406	50·40	45·26	56·8	44·7	39·96	68·0	30·159	2·1	S ½ E	0·040	6·2
23	30·298	56·56	48·32	60·8	47·0	40·70	56·0	30·043	2·0	S b E ½ E		1·0
24	30·126	60·58	52·88	73·8	52·3	46·36	61·2	29·808	1·2	S ½ E		2·0
25	30·173	59·30	54·52	64·6	55·2	50·28	72·4	29·807	3·4	S ½ E		1·4
26	30·063	60·54	55·72	65·3	55·0	51·54	72·6	29·680	3·6	S		0·3
27	29·974	62·60	58·58	69·7	53·7	55·26	77·6	29 534	1·9	S b E ½ E		0·46
28	29·926	65·44	59·66	83·0	55·0	55·42	74·0	29·486	1·7	W ½ N		3·7
29	30·085	62·00	57·24	63·7	58·2	53·20	73·6	29·679	3·0	SSW		3·9
30	30·015	64·34	59·32	70·8	58·0	55·18	72·6	29·579	2·2	S		5·8
Mean,	30·126	57·85	53·45	64 28	51·65	49·52	75·1	29·767	2·1	SW ½ W	Sum, 2·695	4·95

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A.M. h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches	30·119	30·157	30·108	30·110	30·136	30·479	29·703
,, Press. of dry air at 32°. ,,	29·779	29·787	29·743	29·740	29·785	30·243	29·343
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	52·99	59·53	63·10	57·94	55·70	82·7	47·7
,, Wet bulb. ,,	50·52	54·63	55·90	53·98	52·24	65·7	43·0
Humidity of the air. p. cent.	83·90	72·10	64·13	76·60	78·77	98·0	35·0
Dew Point. degrees	48·06	50·27	49·97	50·36	48·96	60·3	37·0

GEORGE MACLEAR, Royal Observatory

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES AND QUERIES

ON DR. LIVINGSTONE'S RESEARCHES.

BY A COUNTRY FARMER.

Though I cannot sympathize with the poet who approves of an "English row," "just to show we are freemen," any more than I can love the license of the press, "just to show that it is free," still I have my doubts whether "the repretatives of the people" have not a right to complain, as Mr. Mosenthal did, that they are made a target of, whilst those who ignominiously remain in the background are treated with great tenderness and reverence. In the same way, we who subject ourselves to unkind criticism, whilst endeavoring to contribute, to the best of our ability, to the support of a publication like the *Monthly Magazine*, may, I think, justly censure others more able to add to the common stock of information and discussion, who yet escape all animadversion because they obstinately persist in retaining their light under a bushel. I say, I am not sure whether it would not be quite justifiable, in this view, to name the individual members of our community whose duty to the colony should lead them to contribute to the *Monthly*,—clergymen, who have spare moments, and can give information on the history of their parishes, on planting, gardening, natural phenomena, and general statistics,—medical men, possessing some knowledge of chemistry, botany, and natural history (not to speak of the disorders of man and the inferior animals), all which they can bring to bear on their local experience,—civil servants, with vast opportunities for becoming acquainted with the material wants and the material obstacles to the improvement of our colony—intelligent merchants and agriculturists who have it in their power to compare the trade and culture of older

countries with our own,—philologists, particularly *Dutch scholars,* who, from their knowledge of the literature of both countries, might, from this far corner of the earth, send out valuable hints to throw light on many portions of English history.*

One paper in the year from each of those—I have a great mind to mention by christian name and surname,—would supply this periodical with copious and interesting materials.

Should there, therefore, be much to find fault with in the following remarks on Dr. Livingstone's book, jotted down during a few spare moments whilst employed in the drudgery of my farming work, let not those I have alluded to throw the first stone.

I shall not presume to criticise the benevolent doctor's theories, where his studies have, of course, led him to deeper investigation than I can lay claim to. I shall not attempt to deny that the Ark of the Covenant was built of wild olive wood—nor even attempt to discuss questions on geology and animal and vegetable physiology, except that, taking his own words as my shield, I shall not scruple to question the value of such data as are purely ascertainable by practical experience.†

My object is to review (if that word be not too high-flown) those facts and opinions which are connected with agriculture generally, and that of the Cape in particular.

To begin with what our author says of grasses. I was struck with the opinion that springboks migrated to a pasturage less luxuriant, because, amidst the high grass, every rustle and noise frightened them. This natural propensity is ascribed even to the domesticated ox. Now, it is generally supposed that most animals prefer the short and sappy grass which springs up as soon as a shower of rain has fallen upon a tract of country previously set fire to (and called, in colonial phrase, *jonge brand*), and the fact that countless herds of wild game cannot keep down the rank

* I do not know whether a catalogue of the books in the Cape Town Public Library has been published lately, but I was astonished to see from one I looked over a few years ago that there were scarcely any Dutch classical works to be found there: surely, this is a great neglect.

† The words I mean are these, at p. 104—(he speaks of the deleterious effects of the flesh of animals infected with *pleuro-pneumonia*, when eaten by man): "The virus in the flesh of the animal is destroyed neither by boiling nor roasting. This fact, of which we have had innumerable examples, *shows the superiority of experiments on a large scale to those of acute and able physiologists and chemists in the laboratory*, for a well-known physician of Paris, after careful investigation, considered that the virus in such cases was completely neutralized by boiling."

pasturage of the northern interior is difficult to reconcile with the universal opinion of the inhabitants of the *Zuurveldt* and of the emigrants in and beyond the Sovereignty—that when once the country is fully stocked and eaten down, it will answer well as a sheep country everywhere. Livingstone tells us that the Makololo have a sort of instinctive appreciation of the value of a country for pastoral purposes; but our Cape boers are known to have great tact in such matters, yet have often been cruelly deceived by appearances. I recollect Piet Uys and Piet Moolman's first journey to Natal, in Sir B. D'Urban's time. They returned with glowing descriptions of the region about Natal as a grazing country, and could not account to me for the desertion of vast rich tracts by the natives. Experience has shown that, notwithstanding the luxuriant and inviting appearance of the country, either the grass or the climate was not so well suited for pasture as many less promising spots.

At p. 100, we are told that the mesembryanthemum (a variety of the Hottentot fig?) is carried in wagon-loads by the boers to places devoid of grass, and spreading over the country forms sheep-walks where sheep could not live before. Neither the variety of the plant, nor the exact locality where it has succeeded being indicated, it is difficult to ascertain in how far the information is correct. And here I am reminded that if the doctor had consulted Mrs. Livingstone (who appears to make an excellent farmer's wife), she could have told him that the boers preferred the short-legged breed of fowls for their being more prolific and hardy, and not because they are more *easily caught*. Perhaps, too, the preference given to a peculiar breed of fowls with inverted feathers, met with on the way to the west coast, might be differently accounted for.

Again, as to plants, not elsewhere found, with tuberose roots, changing their structure to suit the nature of the climate—do vegetable physiologists support the doctor's theory? (I allude to the kengwe and the tuberose grape vine). The vine, for instance, sends its roots to immense depths in search of moisture, which a superficial reasoner would suppose the most likely thing to occur where moisture is desiccated so soon at the surface. Still, the introduction of these plants to our Botanic Garden, for further distribution and experiment, is worth an effort. I hope Dr. Pappe's indefatigable zeal will not leave the matter uninvestigated. I hardly know what kind of Kafir watermelon different travelers, who have crossed the desert, speak of; all those we are acquainted with in this part of the colony are inedible;

and though pigs, poultry, and even cattle, eat them *vociferously* (as Astley used to say of his horses), I cannot say I have tried the experiment Cobbet proposed, when he did his best to write down tea in favor of beer as a beverage for working men. "Try," he said, "and feed your pigs upon tea, and see whether it will fatten them." Then, as to the tubers of the *Lerashna* and the *Mokari*, growing about twelve or eighteen inches under ground, if they be varieties (though depositing tubers as big as a man's head), of what the Hottentots call *Kamroo* and *Kamkoo*, any one who has tasted them would never think of introducing this sort of *Irish* fruit, except as a substitute for the girdle of famine.

In the information Dr. L. gives us of the different varieties of horned cattle found in the wide region he passed through, there is much to interest us. The large-horned kind, of which Major Vardon preserved two horns eight and a half feet from tip to tip, and capable of containing twenty-one imperial pints, seems to have been met with near the Great Lake, and in the Barotse valley, apparently a phenomenon independent of pasture or climate—in fact, an artificial breed.

The Batoka cattle, we are told, are so small as to have induced the King of Portugal to send to the Prince Consort a specimen as a curiosity—an additional proof, it appears to me, that climate, and not pasture alone, has a tendency to influence the size of some, if not most animals. And if we are to take for granted that Colonel Pires' herd of a thousand cattle are of the diminutive breed, we may, I think, infer that the colonel finds it more remunerative to keep the smaller breed, convinced that they will give him a larger return in beef and skins than any other less suited to the climate and pasture; at least, such a theory would not be so ridiculous as it appears to many at first sight.

At p. 465 there is a very interesting statement that the marrow of quadrupeds becomes dissolved after they have for some time fed on young grass. Can physiologists tell us how this would affect the whole system? In speaking of the size of horns and of the carcase, I forgot to call attention to another fact mentioned by the doctor—which is, that north of the lat. of 20° elephants are small, though the tusks are large; the koodoos also diminish in size, though grass is more abundant. Nay, the Batoka goats, fowls, and dogs are pigmy races, and Dr. Livingstone justly ascribes this to the tropical climate; for although he mentions abundance of food, the natural pastures need not affect domestic animals like the dog and barn-door fowl. I contend that this does not militate against my opinion, that we should, in the introduction

of new breeds into an untried pasture and climate, be careful, whilst endeavoring to aid nature, never to ignore her laws. I remember a friend of mine, who differed entirely from me as to the peculiar breeds of sheep not adapted to our colony, being very much amused when I jokingly said that, by-the-by, elephants were large enough animals, and they are indigenous to Africa. Should this paper meet his eye, I beg him to read what Livingstone says at p. 464, with regard to the nicety of the elephant in the selection of his food, and on the peculiar organization of that huge quadruped, which enables him to assimilate and prepare, in the laboratory of his stomach, the shrubs and leaves of the trees of the country he makes his home. Dr. L. tells us that he has seen *fat* elands without any peculiar internal conformation (such as the camel is known to possess), and yet going for an incredible time without water. Even the ox, he has known to live for ninety-six hours without water. Habit does a great deal. I have seen sheep, in our downs, thrive without drinking during a whole year.

Of the disorders of domestic and wild animals there is a good deal told us. I shall not enter into the discussion whether the theory respecting the causes which prevented the horse from finding its way into the northern extremity of our continent, before Van Riebeek's time, be correct or not; but he speaks of horse-sickness or "pleuro-pneumonia" (I presume the doctor speaks mainly of the Sovereignty and Transvaal districts, although it extends between 20° and 27° south), which must be somewhat different from the horse-sickness known in these parts, as he tells us that one attack secures immunity for the future. Indeed, we know that beyond the Orange River, such horses (which are called "gezouten" or pickled) are sold at much higher rates than those which have never gone through the ordeal. With us, I know from experience, though few ever recover, they are attacked a second time, and during the very same season too. A similar disease, we are told, attacks cattle and sheep, though its ravages are not so severe. But, then, to us who have come to the opinion that the origin of the disorder is in the atmosphere and not in the food, it sounds strange when we hear that the koodoo is liable to it after feeding too freely on the Bakwain mealies.

There are some notes on the diseases of wild animals at pp. 135 and 136 worthy of attention. The hartebeest is subject to mange, the rhinoceros to tape-worm (a visitation which has lately puzzled our sheep-farmers to account for when it got amongst our flocks); other intestinal worms are also

mentioned as infesting various wild animals, as likewise decayed teeth,—which in the human species are usually attributed to the disordered state of the stomach and the digestive organs, owing to stimulant and unnatural aliment; then what upsets the gastric juice of the rhinoceros? Of sheep, we only read that the Bamangwato have large flocks—(we are not told how large or of what breed); and we are also told again of the Angora goat, described by Moffat in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal, vol. 26, p. 96. I have not seen the account. If it prove to be at all like the Angora, any information, as to the quantity, quality, and fitness of this wool-bearing goat to be reared in that country, is full of interest, as it has been asserted by Lieut. Conolly, the only person who has ever given any information on this variety of the goat at Angora, that it only thrives within a very circumscribed locality. Specimens of the skin in our Museum, with details as to the history of the breed, might perhaps be obtained from Mr. Moffat without much difficulty.

The geological theories of our author, with regard to the basin of the Kalihari desert, I am, of course, not able to give an opinion upon. But Dr. L.'s assertion that, between 20° and 30° lat., the geological structure is more encouraging than in the same latitudes in South America and Australia is novel and worthy of reflection. The astounding rapidity of growth in the grass of the Kalihari desert, and its luxuriance in the Barotse valley, will form important subjects for investigation when agricultural chemistry shall have attained the ground it is fast rising to. Specimens of the soil of the Barotse, with their quantitative and qualitative analyses, may then be sought for, and compared with the marshy deposits of the Nile.

But the Kalihari only produces abundantly once in ten years or so; and as there is no Joseph to predict when the good years are to be expected, and how long they are to last, we must speculate on the possibility of modern artificial wonders. If they talk of laying down an electric cable *viâ* the Cape to Australia, why not propose a company with infinitesimal shares to turn the Zambesi from its course, somewhere near the Victoria falls, and giving it a direction southward—(for I believe my friends beyond the Vaal believe it all down-hill towards the south pole),—instead of the partial subterraneous oozing which Dr. L. supposes it to effect at present,—killing two birds with one stone by getting rid of African fevers at Quilimane, and turning the silica of the Kalihari into food for millions of human beings? If Sir

Walter Scott, who laughed at the idea of lighting Edinburgh with gas, were living, and heard of such a company, there is such a reaction in the human mind that he would probably have taken a share in the venture; and Lord Derby, who offered to eat the first steam-boat that should cross the Atlantic, would, now that he has been on board the *Leviathan*, and with the knowledge that an opinion expressed in an evening debate would reach, or would have reached (for even the tenses of verbs are out of joint, now that time and distance are annihilated) the new world on the morning of the same day, not dare to refuse his sanction to an act incorporating such a company.

But to return: Dr. L.'s observations with regard to the geological structure of the country he describes suggest the question, whether our colonial geologist has considered it part of his duty to trace the stratification and dips of rock near our colonial towns and villages, in order to give us something like scientific data to go upon, in our efforts to obtain a supply of water?

The rapid growth and luxuriance of the Kalihari desert and the Barotse valley, described as surprising even to Indian visitors, no doubt are intimately connected with the electrical state of the atmosphere. I see the Philosophic Institute of Victoria, aided by the government of that colony, is employing Professor Neumeyer, of Bavaria, to enter upon a series of meteorological experiments, principally with regard to the electrical state of the atmosphere. We were in hopes, at one time, that Mr. Maclear's suggestion would, at least, have been partially acted upon, when he proposed that registers of the barometer and thermometer and rain gauges should be kept at all the country public offices. I would recommend the Astronomer Royal to try what electricity would do to restore animation to our legislature.

I pass over many agricultural matters, such as the culture of coffee, cotton, and the like, these being of less importance to our Cape farmers; and, indeed, besides the already too lengthy space which this paper must occupy, my very partial acquaintance with the culture of tropical productions will form a sufficient excuse. The cheapness of labor I cannot but point to. It is uncharitable to ascribe the reception Dr. Livingstone received from the wealthy cotton spinners of Manchester principally to a craving for more raw material. There is no doubt, at any rate, that the production of any such raw exportable article which increases the intercourse with the African tribes must eventually tend to their civilization. I did not see the silk-worm mentioned, and took the

liberty, through a mutual friend, to recommend to Dr. Livingstone the introdnetion of the mulberry (the wild mulberry of the Cape) among the tribes along the Zambezi. I also strongly urged the physician and botanist of the expedition, whom I had the pleasure of meeting with for a few moments, to try and get a few slips at Rondeboseh or Wynberg on his way to Simon's Town.

F. W. R.

A PHYSICIAN'S HOLIDAY,

FROM GRAHAM'S TOWN TO THE KASOUGA.

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE.

PART II.

NEXT morning, after a dip in the sea ere the sun had gilded the tips of the waves, and an early breakfast under the trees amongst the noisy insects and busy butterflies—(other flies have not yet been introdueed at the Kasonga; but *will* eome, no doubt, with servants and civilization!) *such* a breakfast, too, as to your eity appetites would have appeared perfeetly fabulous, we made a final start for the Kareiga. The botanists and *no*-ologists proceeded by a short ent inland with guns and dogs, to arrange with the fisherman about the boat—others had started earlier on foot along the beach, and the ladies with the provisions in the eart, trotted along the hard beaeh at a fine paee, it being dead low water. The various sub-sections kept dropping behind, particularly the *conchological*, who with the algologists were for some time supposed to be lost; but ultimately, reaehed the main body just as we were ready to embark,—loaded! oh! Nereus, how they were loaded! Yet the little things walked most vigorously under burdens almost apoehryphal. This eonehologieal party was certainly the most interesting group by far, eonsisting of three or four *very* small ehildren, who were always lagging behind on every oeeasion, eternally finding "noo sells," and loading themselves beyond the powers of ehild-musele to bear, yet, never dreaming of *throwing anything away* to lighten their load! Whilst trotting along, we saw one of the party beekoning and shouting in a perfeet zoologieal frenzy, and on eoming up, found that she had diseovered part of a skeleton of some monstrous beast, of unknown shape and size, and had been digging in the sand till nearly exhausted; but there seemed

to be no end to the monster, and the sand was heavy and wet. So we marked the spot and dug him out afterwards. He was an acephalous monster, that is, he had no head; but I happened some year or two before to have found a very queer head near the same spot, so I have since put it on, and it appears to fit the stranger well, though I can't say it throws a particle more light on his identity. What is he? I shall be much obliged to any correspondent who can tell me. He is about nine feet long; he is *not* a reptile, that is quite clear; he is not a fish, because he has a *horizontal* tail, and all fishes have vertical tails; nor has he the bi-concave vertebræ characteristic of fishes; besides, he has a sternum and claviele. So he must belong to the mammalia; but to what family? He has a blow-hole, therefore, the head belongs to the cetaceæ, and so does the body; but is he a porpoise, or a dolphin? A scientific friend suggests he is a rare delphinus; but he has a claviele, which neither porpoises nor dolphins have. Then there is his extraordinary sternum, and the absence of teeth,—unfortunately, the lower jaw is gone, perhaps with the upper part of the creature's head. He can not have been a monodon, though he has only one ivory horn—or tooth; nor a walrus, nor a seal, because he had no hind extremities. What is he? Perhaps, some of those who say there is nothing worth seeing at the Kasouga will kindly enlighten us. I shall satisfy myself at present by calling him the "Kasouga Monster." He has been deposited in the Graham's Town Museum, to be named hereafter.

At length we all reached the Kareiga: what a fine broad river it seemed to be. We walked up along its rocky shores for nearly a mile, when, on rounding an angle of rock, the boat with two queer figures suddenly burst upon our sight. One of these figures, was a short, stout, sunburnt, burly man, in red shirt, no jacket, and capacious moleskins, the fac-simile of those portraits on our playing cards, of the ensign of clubs; * but with bare brawny arms and legs, and good-natured face—the beau ideal of a fat fisherman; the other, tall and thin, and sinewy, just the kind of man for a row. The boat looked dull and cranky, as if used to river excursions for any number of years, and the ladies looked timid, as it gradually sunk lower and lower in taking in its living freight. However, it was warranted to hold twenty; but sixteen sank it to the gunwale, so the rest had to walk along the banks and keep up with us, shooting as they went. I shall not attempt to describe the scenery along this beautiful river,

* *Query*—Jack of Clubs.—*Printer's Devil.*

but leave my readers to judge of it for themselves, when they take a boat excursion for ten or twelve miles up its winding reaches, which I hope some of them may do next season. Suffice it to say, the day was bright and clear, the scenery truly South African; we saw much to amuse and interest us, and every one was in the highest possible spirit; and I do believe that the fat fisherman and his tall friend who pulled the boat, enjoyed it as much as any of us. The gold mania had not yet quite died out, and my fat friend, being a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, was full of golden visions, and particularly inquisitive as to the circumstances under which gold was usually met with. When told that it occurred in quartz, "Quarts!" said he; "I'd take you to heaps of *quarts*; so I hope you'll make a *pint* of finding goold." So after rowing up several miles and examining every quartz cliff, all of which were worth visiting, if only for their beautiful reflections in the water, with their succulents and evergreens, and bright crimson and yellow flowers, we landed to dine on a low wooded delta, running down from one of the brush-covered slopes on the right bank. Here we found the skeleton of a large elephant, and ascertained that it had been shot behind the right shoulder-blade, and brought away some of its molars. It was quite dark before all the party reached our bivouac fires at the Kasouga, and from the strange sounds which issued at intervals soon after, from tent and bush and wagon, I fancy some of our pedestrians must have gone supperless to bed. The next day, whilst the rest of the party went to collect shells and oysters, and exhume the Kasouga monster, being very anxious to see that portion of the coast between the Kareiga and Bushman's River I gladly accepted the stout fisherman's invitation to go with him, and have a "glorious day's fishing off the rocks."

So disguising ourselves in costume, that seemed to invite the waves to wash it (as no doubt we thought they would), and so thoroughly metamorphosed that I should not have known myself could I have met myself on the beach, I galloped over next morning to his residence, and thence with huge fishing rods like whipsticks, * only longer, we crossed over in the cranky boat, and trudged merrily along the sands in highest glee. My companion was ahead of course, by reason of his stouter legs and less inquisitive eyes. He had gone over the same ground for years, hundreds of times; I had never been there before. Suddenly, a little piece of

* South African whipsticks, be it remembered.

limestone caught my eye. "Hurrah—hurrah!" I shouted, and back ran the fisherman, as if visions of gold, or quicksilver at the least, had suddenly rushed through his mind. "A fossil—a fossil!" said I, holding up the bit of stone. "Fossils!" said he, with a look of the supremest contempt. "I calls them *putrefactions*; but they never contains nothink, only sand, bone or tooth, or bits of wood hardened into sand." "Nay," said I, "it is neither a tooth, nor bone, nor wood; but the tip of a horn, I think;" and I hunted about for more bits, and soon found another fragment, which fitted on precisely. "It's a fossil horn of a——*Boselaphus*," said I, and a male animal too, apparently, by the curve. "How came it here in the sand-hills? They don't exist in this country now." "Bless" us, said the fisherman, taking a deep breath. "how lucky! What a 'orrid hanimal it must have been, to have had such a name!" and he became quite excited at the idea of finding the bones of such a monster, and throwing down his rod, began to hunt about vigorously. There was a spring of fresh water close by: perhaps (thought I), it came down here to drink, and got fixed in the quicksands. Whilst speculating thus, I picked up an additional fragment. "Here, fisherman," I said, "here is a bit of our friend's history." "What, that stone!" "What can it tell, that little bit of stone?" "Nay, my friend, this is a manufactured article, human hands formed this curve,—don't you see it's a pot, man?" "Lor! you don't mean to say it's a *putrified pot?*" "Yes, I do—it's a fossil pot: for it has been dug out of the sand, and has been buried here perhaps for hundreds of years. Quick, quick! we must find out whose pot it was; here are more fragments, and here is a piece of the bottom; it is, you see, conical, like the bottom of a cocoa-nut." "One of the flesh-pots of Egypt, p'raps?" suggested my fat friend, with a gastronomic leer. "I've heerd a very learned schoolmaster as was once down here say, that old Herodotus, or some other old feller, tells us that the Gyptians comed down this coast, and p'raps some on 'em got wrecked." Hundreds of pieces of pot were now seen a little further on, scattered over the sands. "Well, if that isn't odd," said the fat fisherman; "why, I've walked over this 'ere spot, two or three times a week, for five years, and never saw these kurosities afore." "What sharp eyes you jollygists have got!" Two more pieces were now found, which cleared up the whole history of the pots and their owners, so I ran over and sat down, to tell him the tale of a pot. "These pieces, you perceive, are the ears or handles of the pot, and these two holes are for a riem to be put through in carrying

it on the pack-ox: so it can't be a Kafir or Zulu pot, for theirs have no handles. Now, the only tribes who have handles to their pots are, I believe, Bechuanas, Corannas, and Bushmen, and the latter often make their pots with conical bottoms like this." "Lor! how stoopid! of course, why this 'ere is Bushman's River," said he, "and warn't named so for nothink, I reekon; and haven't all the rivers as far as the Umzimvooboo River, Bushman names? There's the Kareiga, Kasouga, Kowie, Keiskamma, and Kei." "But now, *how old* is the pot?" said I. "Here is a map rather more than half a century old, and I perceive, among all other animals enumerated as living here in those days, the *Eland*, or *Boselaphus*, whose horn we have found fossilised, or rather converted into limestone. And old Mrs. Sass, the wife of the missionary who lived at Theopolis some thirty-five years ago, told me that when they first went to live there, there was a kraal of wild Hottentots and Bushmen, living down amongst the sand-hills—perfect savages—naked, and living on the wild game which abounded in the neighborhood. So, perhaps, our fossil pot and horn may not, after all, be much more than half a century or a century old, and the eland may have been driven down and slaughtered at the spring, by this very kraal, whose broken pots, covered up by the sands of a century, are now exposed by the winds, for fishermen to stare at." At any rate, as antiquities of the Kasouga, these specimens, I think, deserve a place in the Museum, and I hope some of my Eastern Province friends, in their future holiday trips to that locality, will be able to add to the collection. This discovery of ears to the pot, thus identifying the owners, is interesting in a geological point of view, as throwing light on that extraordinary stratum of pots, bones, shells, arrow-heads, &c., which are found all along the coast, at a depth of from ten to eighteen inches below the present surface, wherever there is fresh water. The Bowkers explain the mode in which these things get buried by attributing it to the worms, which burrow and throw up the soil; and they state that they have dug up conical bullets, buried eight or ten inches underground, with pebbles, &c., which they recognized as having fired five or six years before.

And this reminds me that I have said nothing as yet about the geology of the Kasouga, and my space is so limited, that I can allude only to its principal feature. That extraordinary post-tertiary sand rock, which must have attracted the attention of all visitors to the Kasouga, and is even still better developed between the Kareiga and Bushman's Rivers. I think it will puzzle any one to account for

the extraordinary twists and contortions in this formation, on the received geological principles, that all stratified rock is formed by deposition of sediment in water. I have taken sections of them at various points along the coast. One of them, at Riet River, is readily explained in the usual way, by two currents meeting in opposite directions; the second, cutting off the top of the first formed strata; and the curves we meet with can perhaps also be thus accounted for. But how can you explain the strata lines of the "ship rock," between the Kasouga and the Kowie? I have now before me in my memorandum book a sketch of it as it appeared a few years ago. It alters, however, in a few years, as fresh portions of the cliff split and fall off, exposing new sections. Tracing the strata lines and curves, and attempting by any conceivable mode to account for their formation by water currents, I have completely failed. This was for a long time a perfect puzzle to me; but at last, about twelve years ago, I found the key to it, and then all these anomalous contortions and twists admitted of easy explanation. My theory is, that they are *wind* formations, in fact, nothing less than consolidated sand-hills, or if you like, fossil sand-hills, for in some specimens of the calcareous crust covering these rocks, I have the wavy ripple mark perfectly preserved and polished. The wind blows these stratiform ripple marks on the sand-hills, the dews of night and of the sea-spray moisten without obliterating the lines, and they are covered up by the next breeze, and so the process goes on for ever, the ripple lines running into each other often in graceful curves, exactly as we see the ripple lines on the recent sand-hills. The light showers of rain, soaking through, dissolve out the lime of the comminuted shells mixed up with the sand, by the carbonic acid which rain water contains, and thus cements the whole together, there to remain a hidden register of the seasons and winds that blew perhaps thousands of years ago. I told my friend Bain of this my theory twelve or fourteen years ago, as my memorandum books can testify; and I could, with suitable diagrams, prove its correctness, I dare say, to my readers' satisfaction as well as to my own.

First, There are no pebbles or shells in this rock, which the wind could not blow along, except in the lower strata where they blend with the beach formation.

Secondly, There are stalactiform concretions (or *putrefactions*, as my fat friend of the Kareiga calls them) to be found near the tops and often deep down in these sand rocks,—sand casts and tubes often containing the roots of trees *unchanged*, or merely blackened or carbonised,—sometimes the surface only

converted into lime. These *are always found vertical*, no matter how contorted or inclined the strata lines are; and these form the strongest proofs of the correctness of my theory. The sand-hills became covered with vegetation; the roots of the trees and shrubs conduct the rain-water down from the stem into the hardened sand-hill on which they grow: the rain-water, as I explained, percolates through and dissolves the lime, thus forming stalactiform casts of lime and concretions of limestone below, according to the distance to which it has power to penetrate. The fretted and castellated appearance of the rocks at the Fish River and elsewhere is due to this cause; and in the same manner, bones, teeth, wood, and horn, are gradually converted into limestone, by the solvent powers of the carbonic acid in rain-water acting on the shelly sand, and infiltrating through their tissues, replacing the woody fibre, &c., by lime.

I have now given you a *very* brief sketch of a few of the wonders to be met with at the Kasouga, a full description of which would require more space in the *Monthly* than I fear could be spared. In conclusion, let me ask,—Can the student see and thoughtfully examine all these wonders of creation, and not wish to look beyond? Do not your thoughts involuntarily rise up to the Power that twines the tendrils of the young shark to the floating seaweed, to insure its safety,—that fashions the delicate shell of the argonaut to protect its eggs, and directs the instincts of the strange and wonderful creatures we have been examining? Have such pursuits no effect on *character*, on *mind*, as well as on health and spirits? Depend on it they *have*, and if you follow the example and advice thus frankly given, you will come back from your seaside holiday to your ordinary pursuits, healthier, stronger, better in every respect, improved in mind and body, renovated in all things, in fact, save your—garments!

THE BROKEN OATH.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY H. HALL, ESQ.

THERE was once a rich man, who had but one son. With his education he spared no expense, so that he became very learned and skillful in all the arts and sciences.

* The original Jewish tradition was translated from the Hebrew into Spanish by the Rabbi Moses Echchi, and from Spanish into German by Dr. Kletke, from whose "Marchen aller Volker" it is selected. The date of the original is probably some time between the Maccabean and Christian periods; and it presents some curious features. In some passages of it we are reminded of Blue Beard, the parable of the Lord of the Vineyard, and of Baron Fouque's beautiful tale of Undine.

Before his death the old man gave a great feast, and invited all the nobles of his native town to it. When the repast was over, he called his son before him, and made him swear, in the name of the most high God, the ruler of the world, that he should never travel or leave the country he was born in. Then, with this stipulation, he gave over to him his whole estate, made him sign a deed in witness thereof, and handed the document, for safe keeping, to the man highest in rank in the whole company.

A year after the father's death a ship arrived from India, laden with the most valuable commodities. On the captain's arrival, he asked after the father of the young man. He was answered that he was dead, and had left a son behind him, and they led him to his dwelling. He addressed the son thus: "I have brought you many valuable goods belonging to your father, but much more is remaining behind. If you come with me you will be in a condition to attain great riches, and realize all your father's property.

The son answered that he dare not travel, for he had made an oath before his father never to leave his native land.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the rough sea-captain; and he never ceased until he finally got the son to consent to accompany him on his next voyage.

When he had done this, the young man, touched with some pangs of remorse, went to several of the learned rabbis of the place, and tried whether they could not absolve him of his oath. The rabbis advised him not to leave his country, as he would surely come to grief; but his thirst for riches overcame all their good counsels, and he finally made up his mind, and set off with his friend the sea-captain.

One day, however, when they were sailing merrily along, the ship suddenly went to pieces, all the rich cargo fell into the water, the whole crew were drowned, our young friend excepted, who saved himself on a single plank. The waves pitched him about like a shuttlecock, until, at last, they cast him on the shores of a desolate island. He was certainly saved from drowning, but was in very great danger of starving, for he found nothing eatable, but the grass of the field, and nothing to drink but water.

One day, when he was sitting on a rock, meditating on his hard fate, and cursing the poor sea-captain, and wishing he had taken the venerable rabbis' advice, a most extraordinary large eagle made its appearance before him, flapping its wings, standing on one leg, and doing everything a dumb animal could do to attract his notice. Our young friend, who was almost in despair, and hardly knew what he was about,

plucked up his wits a little, and knowing he could hardly be worse off than he was, jumped on the eagle's back, which immediately flew away with him, and, after mounting in the air several times as high as the moon, at last quietly descended into a rich and inhabited country, when his rider quickly dismounted, and his winged steed immediately vanished. He was greatly rejoiced when he saw the country was inhabited, and immediately asked where the chief rabbi lived. But all the inhabitants appeared to know him, and reviled him, and said he should die, because he had broken the oath he made to his father. When the poor young fellow heard this he wondered much how they came to know it. At last, they brought him to the house of their headman, and he was told to remain there till sentence was passed on him (for all the inhabitants of this country were Mosikin, that is, genii or demons, and they would kill him because he had deserved death for breaking his oath) The young man, as may be supposed, felt anything at all but comfortable, and consigned the deceitful fowl who had landed him amongst such unearthly companions to the hottest corner of Gehenna. The headman, however, took some compassion on him, and said, "Be of good cheer, young fellow, if they condemn thee and lead thee out to execution, cry out aloud and say, 'I call for justice to God and to the King.' Then shall the King do his mightiest to save thee out of their hands, and thou shalt verily remain alive."

And now, when he was brought before his judges, he was condemned to die because of his broken oath, and he was led out to the place of execution; but he lifted up his hand and cried out in a loud voice for justice to God and to His Majesty the King.

And when they heard this, they led him before the King, and the King looked on him and said, "Verily according to the law must he suffer death." But, as he further asked him whether he had studied the law of Moses and the Talmud and the other sacred writings, and finding him a very learned man and a great rabbi, he was troubled within himself that he should let such a prodigy of knowledge be executed. He at last declared that the execution should be postponed till the following day, until he could more narrowly look into the exact merits of the case. This was not very agreeable to the more zealous genii, but there was no use in gainsaying His Majesty, and they accordingly retired.

On the next day, all the nobility and gentry of the demoniacal community were assembled on the market-place to hear the King's sentence, and to witness the prisoner's

execution, which moment, it must be confessed, they waited for with the greatest impatience.

When they were all thus assembled, the King, before he left his palace to speak the sentence, ordered the young man to be brought before him, and asked him whether he would remain with him, and teach his children all that he knew himself. If he would do this he would try all he could to save him from the dreadful fate he might expect. The young man vowed and declared, no doubt truthfully, that he was both ready and willing to teach, instruct, and impart all the arts, sciences, languages, and occult knowledge he was versed in.

"Agreed," said the King; and, leaving his palace, he sat himself down on the judgment-seat, called all his nobles and head men before him, and addressed them as follows:

It is true that you have condemned this man to death, but there is no rule without an exception. I do not believe that his appointed time is come yet, for if it was the will of God that he should die, he certainly would have gone to the bottom with the rest of the ship's crew. Was it God's will that he should die, he never, assuredly, would have reached land, nor would the eagle ever have brought him here to us. In the same manner God has freed him out of your hands when you were about to slay him. Behold, he has been saved out of so many various and great dangers that it seems right to me that we now touch not his life. As to the guilt of the broken oath, that is between God and himself, who has already punished him for it. He must, therefore, be acquitted by us, and let no man molest or do him any harm; he who does must die.

The king's logic appeared to satisfy the assembly, and the young man remained in the king's house, and taught his children all that he knew. He spent three years thus in the palace, highly honored by every one and especially treasured by the king on account of his great learning and abilities.

Now it happened that the king was obliged to set out at the head of a large army, to subdue a distant province of his kingdom which had revolted. When he was on the point of departure, he called the man and handed over to him all the keys of his palaces and treasure chambers and said to him: Thou mayest examine all that my kingdom and palaces contain, but there is one little golden key, beware and open not the palace whose gate it unlocks, for the same day thou openest it thou shalt surely die." Then he commanded the people to show the man all the honors and obedience paid to himself, took his leave of him, and departed.

When the King was gone, the young man opened and examined all the palaces and curiosities, which were of such wonderful sorts as he had never seen the like of in his life. The most costly riches of the world there lay in heaps, whole mountains of the most valuable diamonds, and innumerable other treasures still more astonishing. After he had seen all these things, still he was not content. An eager curiosity and desire now seized him, to open also the forbidden palace, and as he persuaded himself that no harm would result, he resolved to follow the bent of his inclinations. He approached the gate five or six times, and as often drew back in a fright. At last he mustered courage and opened it.

Then he saw seven chambers opening one into the other, full of astonishing objects. In the seventh chamber, he found a princess, and other ladies. She was richly clad, and of wonderful beauty. As soon as she saw him, she sighed, and said, "Alas, man, thou makest my heart sad. Why hast thou come here? Why hast thou thus despised the commands of my father, who conjured thee not to open this palace when he gave thee the keys of all his other palaces and treasures? Know that when my father returns, he will certainly punish thee with death. Follow, however, my counsel, and swear to me to become my husband, and I may yet save thee." He joyfully consented, and took the prescribed oath, made it out in due form, and handed it over to the princess. She then said to him, "When my father asks thee why thou hast opened this palace, answer him boldly that thou wished to wed me, and then, certainly, he will grant thee thy life."

Scarce were the last words spoken, when in walked the king in a violent passion, with his scimetar flourishing about in his hand; and, to all appearance, about to cut the perjurer's head off. Then the man, casting himself on the ground, began to weep, and said he only wanted to get the princess for his wife. When the king heard this, he rejoiced that he should now be able to have him all to himself, and get him to teach his children all that he knew, for he was, as before mentioned, a man of great learning. He therefore answered that he would leave it to his daughter's will whether she would take him or not. He popped the question forthwith, and she demurely answered, "What my lord the king proposes for me is well done." The king gave his consent on the spot; the marriage contract was drawn up, all the high dignitaries and grandees of the land received due notice, and the marriage was appointed to be solemnized with grand rejoicings two months later.

When that period was arrived, all the lords and nobility and heads of the provinces of the kingdom were invited to a most magnificent banquet, and the happy couple were married by the chief rabbi of the genii, assisted by several other clergymen of distinction; and our friend, the eagle, again offering his services, the happy couple went to spend the honeymoon in a quiet sequestered spot somewhere in the bosom of Arabia Felix.

When all the hurry and bustle of the wedding were over, the princess, finding herself alone with her husband, and amusing herself stroking his fine long beard, and pulling his whiskers, billing and cooing together, as all young married folk do, said to him, "My lord and master, now are we married honorably and openly in the face of the world, with dear father's consent. But yet, if you don't love me entirely, and wish the marriage broken, take your freedom, and leave me; but if you love me entirely, and have no previous engagements, you must take a solemn oath in the sacred book never to forsake me."

"Excellent girl," he exclaimed (nearly in the words of our immortal bard), "perdition seize my soul, but I do love thee. Prescribe an oath, or a score of oaths, one more binding than another, and I'll take them all." However, she was content with one, which he wrote down on parchment; and, pricking his finger, he signed it with his blood, and handed it over to his delighted wife. They, after that, lived many years in great happiness and joy. They had abundant store of children, and the eldest was a lovely boy, whom she called Solomon, after the celebrated king of the same name.

After the marriage, the old king issued a proclamation, in which he declared his son-in-law to be second in the kingdom; and empowered him to pronounce judgments in all the law courts, and to punish those who deserved it, in any way he should think proper, even unto death. This happened with the full consent and concurrence of all the nobles in the land.

After several years had thus elapsed, the man, like many terrestrial husbands, began to look gloomy and melancholy, and took slightly to drink. His wife asked him what was the matter with him, but only got snapped at, and told not to bother him. However, the poor princess persevered, and at last got him to confess that he had left another wife, with a small family, behind him in his native land; and that the sight of the princess and her family was always reminding him of them, and fretting him, and that a most unconquerable wish was rising in his mind to see them once more. "My

dear husband," replied the princess (who, although of the race of the genii, was one of the most amiable of spirits), "don't let that afflict you; if you like to go and see your former lady you may, if you will, go." The husband brightened up at these words. "Oh, my dear, good, sweet, charming little demon of a wife, how kind and good you are! Oh, if you let me go, I shall be for ever grateful to you." She then asked him how long he wished to remain with his other wife and children. "Only three months," said he. "Three months," she replied. "No, I give you a whole year, still under the solemn promise that after that time you return to me." He, of course, vowed and swore he would do whatever she pleased; and as she requested another oath from him that he would keep his word, he sent for a ream of parchment, and scribbled off a string of oaths, enough to sink his soul to the deepest pit of Gehenna, in case he failed of his promise. She now called for her most trusty servants, and commanded them to bring him to his native home as quickly as possible; and, after the lapse of a few minutes, he found himself in the presence of his old wife and family. The chief servant asked him if he had any message for his mistress. He replied by consigning the poor slave to a place unfit for polite ears to hear, and exclaimed "What have I to do with you, and that she-devil, your mistress. I am now with my real legitimate wife and children, and don't care a rush about you or her now."

The servant returned mournfully to his mistress, and when she asked him what his master had said, and whether he had sent her any message, he answered, "Lady, if I told you what he said, you would not believe me." She pressed him to tell, however, and he related it word for word. "Oh, that's but a trifle," said the lady.

The man now lived content and happy with his family, but, after the expiration of a year, the second wife again sent a messenger to him, to call him back, because the year was expired. "Tell your mistress," said he, "I'll have nothing more to do with her; I am a man of flesh and blood, and I like to have a spouse of the same material, and don't expect me to return to a ghost, or a devil, or a genii, or whatever else it is your mistress may be, any more." The messenger returned, and told the princess all that had occurred. She again sent messengers of higher rank, supposing those she had sent before were not dignified enough. But in vain. The man swore he would have nothing more to do with her, and he was not going to be ghost-ridden again.

She sent several other messages, the bearers of which at

last found themselves kicked down stairs, and sadly misused; and at last she found herself compelled to send her son, Master Solomon, himself.

When the man saw the boy, bad as he was, human nature got the better of him, and he embraced him, and asked him what he wanted. The son replied his mother had sent him to bring his father back with him; and, if he would not, she would come and revenge herself. The father replied that he had not the smallest inclination to leave his house, but would remain with the wife and children, who were of the same flesh and blood as himself, as he was quite sick of his spiritual connections. When Solomon saw that all he could say or do was of no avail, he returned to his mother, and told her all.

So the mother herself was compelled to march, at the head of a large army, to the perjurer's native town. When they reached it, her followers wanted the princess to enter it, and kill her false spouse, as well as all the other inhabitants. But she replied, "Softly, my genii, no one of us has permission to kill a Hebrew, for these, before they retire to sleep, pray to God to shield and preserve them from all genii. For this reason, we have neither the right nor power to molest them; and, if we do them any injury, we shall be punished for it by the God of Israel, who rules the whole world. For this reason, remain here outside the town, and to-morrow early my son and I shall rise up, and go into the school of the rabbins, and ask the sanhedrim, and see whether they will do me justice or not. If they do not, then I shall execute it myself on him." They all answered with one voice, "Verily, that is well spoken."

In the morning, she rose up with her son Solomon, and went into the great school where God's law is taught. The rabbi were consulting there, when, behold, they heard a loud voice cry and say, "Judgment before God and before you on such a man my husband;" and all the people were frightened and aroused, as three times these words were spoken. They sent for the man, who told them all, and said he felt no wish to go to her. Then heard they the voice again, which cried, "Here are the oaths he swore and signed with his own blood;" and, at that moment, three parchments fell down before them. They read them, and asked the man if it was his signature. He acknowledged it. The rabbi then told him he had acted very improperly to break so many oaths, and that they saw no help for him but to go back with her, for he had lived so long with her, and that she appeared a most respectable genii, and had saved his life, and borne him many children. "What we would do

ourselves, we advise you to do, or else you'll surely repent it. She is no ordinary female; but a princess and a genii to boot, and ought to be treated with the greatest respect." He answered that he had no objection to give her letters of divorce; but nothing less than fulfilling his oath would satisfy her. But all was in vain,—the man was as obstinate as a mule. He swore, as indeed he did once too often, he had no idea of spending the rest of his days in a state of bewitchment, half man, half devil, surrounded by a wife and family who might be a set of ghosts or witches, for what he knew. In short, he would not budge, he be hanged if he would.

After a long and ineffectual argument, when the poor princess found he was immoveable, she exclaimed mournfully, "Masters, I am grateful to you, for I see you have treated my cause with justice, but he will not listen to your advice. You are free, but the sin will be upon his soul. All I ask now is that he gives me one last and parting embrace before I take my eternal farewell of him." He replied, in a surly tone, that she might do so if she wished. But, as she embraced and kissed him, she enchanted the soul out of his body, and he fell down a corpse.

Then said she, "Here is his son Solomon, who is a mortal like yourselves. I will give him sufficient riches, and he shall be a joint-heir with the children of his other wife, and you shall make a great rabbi of him, for he is very talented, as you can easily prove by questioning him."

After these words, she returned to her army, and went her way.

SOUTH AFRICAN POETRY.

"It will be a long time before we have a Cape poet who will reach mediocrity." So wrote a contemporary journalist not many weeks ago; and we fear that most of our readers are disposed, at the present moment, to acquiesce in his gloomy belief. The moral atmosphere of colonial life is not considered sufficiently nutritive or conducive to poetic thought. We have too much of hard money-grubbing, of sharp commercial speculation, of pushing industry, and, withal, of narrow views and overweening conceits to cultivate the amenities and refinements of the poetic spirit. Were the muse to visit our community in proper person, we should swiftly starve her out; or, at best, support her only *tenui avena*. There is some truth, and much plausibility in all this. America has only within the present generation produced any poets worthy of the name. Australia, with the

young energies of its fresh existence, effloresces in all directions save that of poetry. Turn where we may and confess we must, that though poetasters are innumerable, the true poet is met with only at intervals sadly few and far between. It is not every country that can prove, to the fullest extent, a

"Meet nurse for the poetic child."

There must be the rugged grandeur of the mountain and the flood, or the soft beauty of the wooded landscapes and the sunlit glades. There must be the stirring traditions of the historic past, and the kindred associations of the exciting present. Homer, with his mighty epic on the exploits of ancient heroes before the walls of Troy; Virgil, with his magnanimous records of pious Æneas; and Milton himself, with his wars of the angels, all exemplify the fact that the greatest poets luxuriate upon the legends of the past, and that without such an heroic past to expatiate in, the highest development of epic poetry is unattainable. The poetry of any age is the outgrowth of the activities of that age, and of the heroisms and romances of preceding ages. But though this be true, there is a still higher truth that must be remembered. The essential spirit of poetry is independent of external associations. It consists in the vision and the faculty divine, to which

> " —— the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

To that spirit, as to early childhood, the earth and every common sight seem—

> "Appareled in celestial light
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

And this divine faculty is not the peculiar privilege of any one race, age, or country. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and so is it with the afflatus of the truly poetic soul. There are no select aristocratic circles, no artificial guilds within which its influence can be confined. Burns

> "—— walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain side."

Chatterton, the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride, was an articled apprentice to a Bristol attorney; Shakespeare was a player in the Globe theatre; and Milton, a Secretary of State, under the protectorate of Cromwell. The poet is born, not made. He is the choicest gift of heaven to men; and heaven's gifts are sovereign, impartial, and free. Why then should we despair of witnessing, at no distant date, a bard arise even in despised South Africa? Here we have copious materials for the most rich-

veined poetry. We have magnificent displays of gorgeous scenery, worthy to be illumined with that mystic light,—

> "Which never was on sea or land
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

In our rugged iron-bound coasts and surging seas,—in our abrupt, bold, towering mountains, deep ravines, and dense unpenetrated forests,—in the sounding cataract that haunts us like a passion,—in the lone luxuriant grassy slopes of emerald, dappled richly with their mimosa clumps, the lover of nature, and nature's aspects might revel in supreme delight. And even the solitary wastes of the desert are not wholly unimpressive to the rightly-constituted poetic sense. We need only appeal, in testimony of this, to Pringle's "Afar in the desert," than which nothing more exquisite of its kind exists in the English language. As far as traditionary records of the past are concerned, South Africa, were its stores collected, could furnish a rich and fresh supply. To say nothing now of the quaint legends of Van Riebeek and the earlier voyagers, the common incidents of native life, of Kafir warfare, and the bloody feuds and campaigns of such unpoetic names as Chaka, Dingaan, Moselikatse, or even Moshesh, might be woven into poetic romance of certainly a high, though not the highest order. And last, but not least, here, as well as elsewhere, is

> "The human heart, by which we live,
> With all its tenderness, its joys, and fears."

Even in our dull colonial life the poet may hear, often times, the still sad music of humanity; and if, perchance, at intervals, it does sound harsh or grating, it yet possesses ample power to chasten and subdue.

But we have dwelt on introductory matter sufficiently long already. It is not our purpose, in this paper, to discuss the genesis of poetry, or the capabilities of South Africa to evoke or sustain the poetic faculty. Our object is a much humbler and more pleasant one,—to introduce to our readers some of the writings of a South African poet, in which we think they will feel, as we have done ourselves, very considerably interested. The volume, whose title is appended below,* has been issued in Holland by W. R. T., a Cape student, who is at present pursuing his theological studies, in preparation for his ministry in the Dutch Reformed Church of the colony. He is the son, we may add, of the Rev. William Thompson, the respected minister of Balfour,

* "Specimens from the Dutch Poets, with original Poems, by W. R. T." Utrecht: W. F. Dannenfelser. 1858.

in the Kat River settlement. Half of the work consists of translations, into English, from several of the most distinguished Dutch poets; the remainder consists of original poems,—the most important of them on South African themes. We do not claim, for any of them, the praise of transcendent ability. Mr. Thompson is not by any means a poet of the highest order; and he does not attempt, with weaker wing and unearthly fluttering, to imitate the flight of his great superiors. Even in the range to which he aspires, we meet with frequent faults. There is a manifest immaturity of thought, and a slipshod feebleness of expression in numerous stanzas. Once or twice we detect a dangerous tendency to the spasmodic style of emphasising verse. But, making due allowance for all defects, we make bold to speak of the author of this volume as a poet who has, at least, attained to mediocrity in his art; and we shall be sadly disappointed if he does not hereafter prove his powers more worthily than he has accomplished yet, and reflect honor on himself and on the country which has given him birth. He is evidently gifted with keen sensibilities, with a delicate fancy, with warm patriotic sympathies; and these are qualities that go far to make up the composition of the true poet. The extracts which follow will probably convince the reader of the justice of our remarks. We shall limit ourselves entirely to the original poems, of which he quaintly, and with meritorious briefness, remarks, in his preface, "if he has erred in making them public, he takes refuge in the lines of Burns:

> 'O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us,
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us.
> And foolish notion.'"

The first of them is an ode to the Cape of Good Hope. We transcribe it nearly entire. The Utrecht student has manifestly strong faith in "his own, his native land:"

> That land lies in the southern sea,
> It laughs to heav'n, which smiles on it,
> There midway in wild waters set,
> With suns serene, and balmier breeze
> Than ever swept these northern seas;
> Its beetling crags rise vast, and war
> With oceans meeting from afar,
> To break their billows on its shore,
> With fearful, never-ending roar.
>
> Bold mariners, who sailed of old
> Through unknown seas in search of gold,
> Saw those dark rocks, those giant forms,
> And, fear-quell'd, named them "Cape of Storms."

O land of storms, I pine to hear
That music which made others fear,
I long to see thy storm-fiend scowl;
I long to hear the fierce winds howl,
Hot with fell fires, across thy plains.
Thou glorious land! where nature reigns
Supreme in awful loveliness,
O shall thy exiled son not bless
Those hills and dales of thine, where first
He roam'd a careless child; where burst
Thy tropic splendor on his eye;
Where days were spent, *whose mem'ries lie*
Deep 'neath all after thought and care,
Yet rise more buoyant than the air,
And float o'er all his days? O home
Of beauty rare, where I did roam
In childhood's golden days; my pray'r
For thee soars *through this northern air.*

There is in some of these lines a fullness of feeling and elegance of expression, which appear to us of very high promise. Our next extract will be from a dirge-like lyric, entitled "Where are they?" As we read it, the echoes of the mystic *Raven* are revived on our ears; but we are conscious of a tenderness and pathos in it all its own:

Where is she, the tender-hearted?
Mother dear! in vain we call!
Death did throw his fun'ral pall
O'er her, and she heav'nward darted
Long ago; and left us here,
Weeping, weeping, o'er her bier
Many a sad, but hopeful tear!
Ah! how fearfully we started
When the coffin from the hall,
With us all,
Old and small,
On its mournful way departed
To the churchyard old!
Where the earth, so cold,
Heavily
Fell on thee,
Mother, mother dear!

Where are they, whose footsteps patter'd,
Joyous in the days of yore,
O'er the old paternal floor?
Where are they who laugh'd and chatter'd,
Dancing down Life's new-found way,
Youthful, beautiful, and gay?
Where are they; O where are they?
Resting in the grave! or scatter'd
Ne'er to meet, ah, nevermore!
By that door,
Whence before
They all issued; to be batter'd
Like poor barks at sea.

At times, in even the seemingly most trivial productions, we encounter a strong startling thought expressed in the aptest phrase. In a quaint poem on music, dedicated to a lady, is the following:

O musical then be thy life!
Strange wish, thou'lt say, but—lady fair,
Earth is a battle-field, where strife
And discord in all hearts are rife:
O! gentle maid—beware.

Hearts are like lyres, whose tender chords,
Well-touch'd, give sweetest harmony,
Which flows in thoughts, in deeds, in words;
But—*there are strings which cut like swords*
If touch'd unskilfully.

O be thy soul a lyre divine!
Well-tuned to man, and God above!
The key-note of Christ's law be thine—
Thy Psalm of Life, 'tis but a line—
"God and thy neighbor love."

The "Stricken Soldier," another brief sketch, is less simple than the other extracts we have presented to the reader. In one or two stanzas, there appears a manifest leaning to the exaggerated imagery of the spasmodic school. It is by no means destitute of merit, however. The incident on which the poem is founded is thus described in a note:

Upon a Sabbath, in the autumn of the year, 1855, a fearful thunder-storm burst over the village of Opheusden in Gelderland. The Rev. A. van Herwaarden was preaching to his congregation in the village church, when a vivid flash of lightning entered the church, struck the preacher dead, and passed under the pulpit, without committing further damage.

Calm was that morn, that Sabbath morn,
No sign of storm was there;
The sun shone bright, with God's dear light,
Down through the hallow'd air.

The crowds upwent, with hearts intent,
To hear the holy word;
The preacher came, came to proclaim
Jesus, his heav'nly Lord.

Through the hush'd air the sound of pray'r
Breathed out in solemn tone;
Then sacred lays, the people's praise,
Swell'd upwards to God's throne.

Then ceased all sound within the bound
Of that meek village-shrine.
The preacher rose, few words he chose,
Chose from the Book divine.

With beaming face, and simple grace,
The village pastor spake
Pure words of love, such words as move,
And surest echoes wake.

The sun serene shone on that scene,
That scene of sanctity;
And angels bright gazed on that sight
Of rural piety.

But—hush! hush! hark! the heav'ns grow dark!
A voice comes from the sky!
The church-tow'rs shake, the people quake—
God comes in majesty!

From the black cloud which, like a shroud,
Hung o'er the trembling pile,
The lightning beam'd, and fearful gleam'd;
The preacher paused awile.

Again a flash! and with a crash
The God-sent lightning sped—
The thunder pealed, the preacher reel'd,
And bow'd his stricken head.

With fear amazed the people gazed,
And, awe-struck, held their breath;
Vanish'd the glare, they saw him there,
His eyes were seal'd in death!

Wrapp'd in its shroud, that chariot-cloud,
With flaming fire-bolts riv'n,
On thund'ring wheels, with echoing peals,
Bore up his soul to heav'n.

We would willingly linger over many touching odes and lyrics in the volume, did space permit. One of them, "the Rusty Key," is a delightfully antique and dreamy picture, after the best style of Longfellow. The longest piece in the production, however, is a South African ballad, founded on a singular romantic incident of the Kafir war of 1846. It is thus described by Mrs. Harriett Ward, in her Cape and the Kafirs:

"Macomo, with all his people, were removed to the neighborhood of Algoa Bay. . . . He used every means to remain on his old location. His appeal was pathetic enough; but we have profited somewhat by our experience in the word of a Kafir. 'Here,' said he, stretching his hand over the beautiful territory, 'my father, a great chief, dwelt; these pastures were crowded with cattle; here I have lived to grow old; here my children have been born; let me die in peace where I have so long lived.' These entreaties, however, could not be listened to for one moment; and, as a last trial, his daughter Amakeya, the beauty of Kafirland, made her way to the tent of Colonel Campbell,

91st Regiment, who, totally unprepared for her appearance, was yet more astonished at the sacrifice she offered, if her father's sentence of banishment might be rescinded.

"I have elsewhere mentioned Amakeya as the belle of the camp at Fort Hare, and no doubt she had been sufficiently reminded of her charms to make her sensible of the value of them. She made her strange offer in all the consciousness and pride of beauty; and, with her finely-moulded arms folded before her, she spoke without hesitation, for she was guided by motives worthy a lofty cause—motives, how desecrated, how degraded! Poor Amakeya!

"If her father might remain on his own lands, she said, she would be the sacrifice and guarantee for his future good faith towards the white man. She would leave her own people, and follow Colonel Campbell; his home should be hers; she would forsake all, and dwell with him. This was her last word, her final decision, and she would abide by it.

"It may here be observed that the young girls in Kafirland are brought up with strict notions of female propriety; to forfeit their reputation is to entail on themselves severe punishment, and on their families perpetual disgrace.

"Amakeya's motives were not unappreciated by her hearer, but the proposal was, of course, rejected, with every consideration for her position, and the circumstances by which she had been actuated; and she departed with her father on his journey. We may fancy Amakeya taking a last look at the green places wherein her childhood had been passed, and finally sitting down among a strange people, in sight of the 'great waters.' A new and wondrous spectacle to that mountain-girl must have been that mighty and pathless sea."

The ballad is entitled "Amakeya." It opens thus:

Far in the Kafir's glorious land,
Beside a burning heap
Of ruins, sits an aged man,
Who bitterly doth weep.

Through his clasp'd hands the tears fall fast,
And wet the earth, where stood
His humble home, in ashes laid,
Red with his kindred's blood.

And curses, struggling with his grief,
Die on his quiv'ring lips;
And tight he grasps the assegai,
Which still with life-blood drips.

Then, starting to his feet, he cast
An impious look on high·
"God of the whites," he cries, "who dwell'st
Beyond yon azure sky;

"Thy children are a cruel race
Of murderers and thieves.
Give back to me my warriors brave,
Fall'n thick as autumn leaves

"Before the hot blast of their guns,
Which, with its hailstorm rode

O'er all our ranks, and made us fall
Like corn when it is mow'd.

"They say, Thou art a God of Peace—
Thy rebel children lie;
They say, Thou art a righteous judge—
For vengeance dread I cry!"

* * * * * *

The godless savage paused a while;
And, with a flashing eye,
Look'd round o'er all that beauteous land,
Far stretching 'neath the sky.

Where'er he turn'd his eyes, he saw
War's desolating brand;
The smoke of burning villages
Arose on ev'ry hand.

The tow'ring mountains far away,
High heav'nward bore the blaze;
O'er all the fruitful valleys hung
A thick and lurid haze.

"There are the mountains where I track'd
The lions to their dens;
Oft have I coursed the flying deer
Across those burning glens."

He continues his monologue further, and then—

The old man paused—a choking sob
Burst from his heart of steel.
Ah! white men, do ye ever think
The black man too can feel

Those large emotions of the heart,
Which home and kindred wake,
Which swell up in our panting breasts,
As if our hearts would break?

While still he wept, a lovely maid
Crept from a wood hard by;
Poor Amakeya's skin was black,
But Love beamed from her eye

As brightly as it beamed forth
In lordly homes of ease,
In happier climes, where sound of war
Ne'er scared off love-born Peace.

She stole close to the sobbing chief,
And looked up in his face,
With all a woman's tenderness—
Eve's universal grace.

She takes him gently by the hand; they ascend the mountain's brow, and reach the cooling shade of a towering

rock. She then proceeds to a neighboring cave, and brings out a supply of milk and corn for the war-worn warrior, who addresses her thus :

"Sweet Amakeya! I am rich
Since thou art left to me —
The white man's queen not half so rich
As I, when I have thee.

"To-morrow, child, we'll leave this land,
Where thou wert born and bred;
To-morrow, must we seek a home
Unknown to white man's tread.

"To-morrow's setting sun must find
Us resting far from here;
We can no more, at eventide,
Let fall the tribute tear

"Upon the mound, where rests the dust
Of her who you me gave;
Ah! when we're gone, the white man's plough
Will tear your mother's grave!"

"My father, say not so," she cried;
"The white man may be moved;
To-morrow let us go to him —
My pow'r's not yet been proved.

"Perchance he'll listen to my tale,
Perchance I'll move his heart,
Perchance he may call back the word
Which bade us hence depart."

"My daughter, hope not thus; 'tis vain!
The white man's stern command
Cannot be changed; we must go hence,
And leave our fatherland!

"My arms are gone! I must obey;
No safety more is here;
Too long we've fought! the strife is vain
Where victory's so dear!"

"My father, talk no more of war;
I know the white man's pow'r;
Love moves all hearts, let love then be
Our refuge in this hour."

* * * * *

"The father gave his slow consent
Unto her earnest pray'r;
When woman prays, a savage e'en
Must yield to words so fair.

Next morn, the chief and Amakeya descended to "the white men's tents, he sad, she hopeful smiled:"

They pass'd through crowds of gaping men,
Who glared upon their foe
With sullen brow, or scornful eye,
And pitied not his woe.

They came before the white chief's tent;
He met them at the door,
And gazed in wonder at the maid,
Such graceful form she bore.

"O! white man!" spake the Kafir chief,
We know that thou art brave,
And brave men have not hearts of steel,
But save when they can save.

"We come to crave one boon from thee:
Reverse thy stern command:
O bid us not depart from here—
This is our fatherland!

"We love it, as the white man loves
His home beyond the sea:
Thou would'st not let a stranger take
That dear-loved land from thee.

"We'll live in peace, and do thy will;
We'll call thy queen our queen;
O let us die where we were born,
And let this waving green,

"Which waves above our fathers' dust,
Once wave above our head,
When white men's herds shall crop the grass
Where Kafir cattle fed."

The white man's brow grew stern: he spake—
"No mercy shall be giv'n
To black men, who can break their oaths,
And fear no God in heav'n.

"Ten years ago, you asked for peace;
The white man gave you peace;
He gave back lands he took from you;
From bonds he gave release.

"How have you kept your faith with him?"
Where now the oaths you swore?
Dost think the white man now will deal
As kindly as before?

The chief and his rebellious tribe must be transported to the borders of the sea:

The savage chieftain heaved a sigh,—
Then, turning to his child,

He laid his hand upon her head,
And said, in accents mild:

"Poor Amakeya! Dost thou hear
In vain, in vain we crave?
We have no home! Come let us go
And seek some unknown grave!"

But proudly stepp'd the maiden forth,
And conscious of her charms,
She folded o'er her swelling breast
Her beauteous ebon arms.

And in sad accents, soft and clear,
And sobbing while she spake,
She pray'd so earnestly, then wept
As if her heart would break:

"O white man! pity those grey hairs
Which grace my father's head;
He'll fight no more, let him die here;
Ah! soon he must be dead!

"O grant my pray'r, and gratefully
I'll yield myself to thee;
I'll go with thee where thou dost go—
E'en o'er the fearful sea.

"I'll be thy slave, and toil alway;
And never long to come
Unto this lovely land again—
This land which is my home.

"But willingly I'll give up all!
And leave my father's side,
And leave my tribe, and leave my land,
And all thy will abide."

* * * * * *

Amazed, the father heard such speech:
"My daughter speak not so—
What! Dost thou think thy father then
Would ever let thee go,

"And suffer slavery and shame,
That he might dwell in peace?
Thou'rt mad my child. Come, come, we'll go;
This idle praying cease."

He fell upon her neck, and wept,
And press'd her to his heart:
"My peerless Amakeya! come
We'll never, never part!"

The white man's haughty look relax'd,
A tear rolled down his face,
And, wond'ringly he gazed upon
That form of matchless grace.

And then—with mien as if he spoke
To dame of high degree—
He bow'd before that savage girl
And answer'd soothingly:

"Thou noble creature! God has made
Thee beautiful and fair;
And given thee a soul as pure
As e'er breathed Christian pray'r.

"But go. I dare not hear thee speak,
I dare not hear thee pray;
It grieves my heart, my noble maid,
But—I must answer nay."

* * * * * * *

They left the white man's glitt'ring tents,
And climb'd the mountain brow;
The father fill'd with fierce despair,
The maiden hopeless now.

The ballad concludes thus:

Few weeks have pass'd—the Kafir girl
Has left her native land,
And travel'd far, o'er hill and dale,
And now sits by the strand.

She gazes on that mighty sea
She ne'er had seen before;
Half-pleased, half-awed, she hears the waves
Hoarse-moaning on the shore.

She loves to see the stately waves
Come rolling to the land,
And dash their foam-crests on the rocks,
And murmur o'er the sand.

She speaks no word, she moves no limb,
But sits as in a trance,
And ever looks out to the sea
With that same wond'ring glance.

* * * * * * *

Long years have pass'd—the Kafir girl
Still loves to come at eve,
And sit upon some beetling crag,
And with the sad sea grieve.

Poor Amakeya! years shall pass,
And white men still shall come
Across that sea, and still press on,
And take thy new found home!

But, while one black man shall be found
Where thousands now do rove,
Still shall the touching tale be told
Of Amakeya's love.

The *Translations from the Dutch Poets* we must pass at present unnoticed, only remarking that they have secured a favorable judgment from no less severe a critic than the *Athenæum* itself. Altogether Mr. Thompson has produced a pleasant and a promising volume. He is yet, as he tells us in his preface, but a young beginner. His next publication will show indications of keener self-criticism than any to which he has subjected himself in his preparation of the poems, which, with all their faults, we now commend to the attention and perusal of our readers.

LA GITANA; OR, THE SPY.

Chapter VI.—Chaleca's Story.

"I was born in the village of Val Carlos; nursed by the air of those mountains around it, which breathe into the natives of such regions a spirit as bold and free as the breezes which kiss their lofty pinnacles. My parents were gipsies, who carried on for some years the traffic of *contrabandistas*, which not only brought many daring adventurers of the same sort to our dwelling, but caused me to be initiated, when a child, into all the schemes and stratagems of that dangerous and desperate trade. Amongst my few playmates was Francesco, the son of a neighboring *bandista*. He was a handsome, spirited boy; one, whose brave and buoyant heart was formed to captivate a girl devotedly fond of joining in his roving pastimes. With him would I track the wild izard into the valley as it came to drink at the lone fountain; with him would I watch the proud eagle as it soared into the sky, and wish I had wings to soar as loftily; or, reclining on rocks, beneath the mountain water-fall, love to feel the freshness of its spray, and admire the noon-day iris sparkling in the sun. There was delight, also, in sitting at night, and gazing at the glittering stars, and fancy fairy figures in their scattered lights, by which I hoped, some day, to read of the mysterious future.

"But these daily wanderings, whilst they nourished a spirit of adventure in our hearts, kindled also the far more exciting one of love; for Francesco, as he grew older and

handsomer, was the very being to charm the sense of dawning womanhood. The result of all was the sworn plight of our young affections. There was no objection raised on the part of our parents, so that hope presented to us the prospect of one boundless, beauteous future.

"But this happiness, alas, was not destined to last. Francesco was delicate in constitution. I could outstrip him in the race, and surpass him in the power of bearing fatigue: in short, had we exchanged raiment, our sexes, to outward appearance, would have been more naturally personified. The sequel will attest it.

"It was a delightful spring evening, the last on which I was ever destined to feel true pleasure again, when Francesco, who sometimes accompanied his father in his smuggling ventures, returned to his home. He expressed an excessive joy at heart, which delighted me, complaining, however, of over fatigue in his limbs, which I thought would pass away, as the journey had been long and arduous; but the natural weakness of his frame had received a blow from which he never recovered.

* * * * * * * * *

"I had just watched poor Francesco's last sigh pass from his lips into the shadow of darkness. I had vowed never to wed another; and strange though it may appear, without disclosing one word of my resolve to my parents, I arose, one moonlight night, and having previously secured the garments of my deceased lover, started forth, attired as a man, determined to enlist in the armies of France. In the course of ten days I had reached the port of Toulon.

"The French armament destined for the conquest of Egypt, with Napoleon Bonaparte as its leader, had already assembled. The name of the land to which it was going, acted, at that time, as a spell on my imagination. I had been called an Egyptian; it was then the clime of my forefathers; and hastening to the barracks, I enrolled myself as a private soldier in one of the regiments about to embark, gaining much applause for my enthusiasm, as a volunteer, and becoming a great favorite amongst my comrades. One apprehension alone disturbed me—the fear of some accidental discovery of my sex; but I was of a masculine frame; my features were large and unfeminine, and my natural disposition being firm and daring, I trusted to good fortune to protect my disguise.

"How gallantly did that vast flotilla depart from the shores of France; and after stopping to reinforce the garrison of Malta, traverse the broad Mediterranean, and land its brave

soldiers on the banks of the Nile. There were indeed bold, fiery spirits in that host, and triumphantly did they prove their prowess at Cairo, at Jaffa, and the battle of the Pyramids. But unfortunately, the ocean armament of France became the spoil of England at Aboukir. War and disease had thinned our ranks; whilst dissensions in the state not only prevented reinforcements from being sent to Egypt, but called on the chief, who was destined hereafter to be its Emperor, to return and transmute his sword into a sceptre."

Chaléca here paused from exhaustion, when Waltham endeavored to dissuade her from continuing her narrative then, and promised a return on the morrow, which the entire cessation of hostilities would now admit of; but her reply was, "No, I fear it will then be too late."

He then expressed his astonishment at the eloquence of her words, her information, and the strange interest of her adventures, when she said, "My knowledge was gained from the study of men, not books; you must now listen to something still more startling,—Aurilla's story is interwoven with mine." The utterance of these words caused the glances of the two young persons to meet. There was tenderness of feeling depicted in both; in the one it was of hope, in the other of melancholy, bending over the bed of death.

After calling for a draught of water, the gipsy proceeded:

"I had shared in most of the combats in which our troops, often inferior in numbers to the fierce Mamelukes, gained constant successes. On one occasion, my conduct in rushing forward and shooting a magnificent-looking bey, as he rode at the head of a large body of Arab horse, leading them on to the charge, was especially noticed by General Murat, and my dexterous courage was much extolled. Hitherto, likewise, my sex had been undiscovered, when the sanguinary battle of Aboukir ensued.

"It was an awful spectacle, on that bloody day, to witness the stern valor of our troops, and the wild desperation of the infuriated Turks, when triumphant at all points the indomitable Murat penetrated into the Pacha's camp, and drove thousands to perish in the waves.

"The light battalion to which I belonged had followed up this charge closely, and in the uproar and confusion consequent on the fury of conflict and rush for plunder, became scattered amongst the Turkish tents. Tossed in that hurricane of strife and rapine, I found myself close to the only stone building in the encampment, when the shriek of a female voice, heard above the loud clang of battle, struck upon my ear. It sufficed that it was a woman's cry of distress;

I rushed into a chamber, where I beheld two soldiers, in brutal passion, wrestling for the possession of their victim. I could compare the sight alone to the fury of tigers, gnashing their hungry jaws to devour a lamb. One ruffian had clenched the female's right hand in his iron grasp, which the other was fiercely endeavoring to loosen; whilst, in her left arm, she was pressing an infant to her bosom. As I advanced, that look of ineffable anguish, beautiful even in its agonized despair, struck me, as she cried 'Allah il Allah.' Oh, that supplicating gaze, it was enough. Maddened at the scene, I lowered the point of my bayonet, and plunged it into the body of one monster, when the other seized me by the throat, swearing a terrible oath. Fortunately, I carried a knife about me, which I now drew, and would have driven into his heart, but his quick eye saw it; when, loosening his grasp, with one sudden bound he reached the door—leveled his musket at me—fired, and disappeared.

"I felt I had been wounded; but, alas! to my horror, the same bullet which had passed through my thigh, had pierced the female's side. Heedless of myself, I raised her from the floor on which she had sunk; but death was already secure of his prey. She spoke, but the only word which I could understand, articulated in her dying breath, was 'Mustapha;' when, turning her last glance on myself, and seeming to implore my protection for her babe, her gentle spirit passed away for ever. I took the infant from its dead mother's bosom; but had scarcely nestled it in my arms, when sudden faintness, from loss of blood, came over me, and I fell, insensible, by the side of the lovely corpse.

"When I recovered my senses (which could not have been for several hours after), upon looking around, I saw the familiar faces of comrades near me, and among them the surgeon of our regiment, who spoke at once kindly, but to my unspeakable grief informed me that my sex had been discovered whilst lying unconscious in that unfortunate swoon. One circumstance alone connected with it assuaged my regret, as I turned my glance and beheld the infant I had rescued sleeping by my side. Its small, delicate features even then brought the image of its poor mother at once before my sight. They do so tenfold the more now they have expanded into woman's loveliness; look at her portrait," and Chaléca fixed her languid eyes, swimming in tears, on Aurilla.

Waltham had never seen that heart so subdued before, and he gazed with the silent mournfulness of sympathy on the gipsy's countenance, who now resumed her tale.

"The strange circumstance was soon reported through the camp, and occasioned most of the officers to visit '*la femme guerriere*,' as I was now called. Amongst the number was General Murat, who had formerly marked my gallant conduct, and now took particular interest in my recovery and comfort.

"Three weeks thus passed away; my wound had healed with such extraordinary rapidity as to enable me to rise and limp along slowly, when I was awakened one night out of a deep slumber by the surgeon, and told to rise, dress myself, and accompany him immediately, but to ask no questions; that it was for my advantage, and in accordance with the orders of General Murat. I hastened to obey, and wrapping up the infant in warm covering, found a horse at the door ready for me, with one mounted attendant, whilst the surgeon accompanied us also.

"We soon left the few lights which marked the city of Alexandria behind us, and in about an hour, reached the wild sea-shore. The night was calm, and the stars shone out sufficiently to enable the eye to observe the dark hulls of two large vessels in the distance.* Several boats were also drawn along the beach, close to the spot at which we had arrived. Shortly after, as day began to dawn, a party of horsemen were seen approaching; out of which number, about twenty dismounted and moved towards the beach; some giving their horses to the escort, whilst others allowed their steeds to run loose. I remarked that one of the group, dressed in a grey *redingote*, received especial attention, but the only individual I could recognize, from his commanding air and height, was General Murat. Our embarkation was soon effected by means of the fishing boats, and in a short time I found myself on board the *Carrére* frigate. The personage so obsequiously addressed was our General-in-chief, Bonaparte. How often, during our voyage, when our frigate neared the Muiron, have I watched that great man, now in adversity, pacing the quarter-deck of the vessel, with his arms folded behind him, silently nursing that genius which was soon to astonish the world. He was then in the flower of his age. Yet, majestic as he was, another there became my idol.

"The sleeping place allotted to me and the infant (whom I now looked upon as my own) was a small berth next to Murat's cabin. I have already said that he had taken a great interest in my fate, and as he showed me many kind-

* For a detailed account of this flight and embarkation,—vide "Lavallette's Memoirs," vol. 1, chap. 21, page 375.

nesses, I spent much of my time with him alone, for he had been wounded in the late battle, and required attendance.

"There was one other individual on board with whom I conversed often—Rustan, Napoleon's favorite Mameluke. The devotedness of that man to his master seemed to be the spell of fanaticism. Through him I gained some trace of the little Aurilla, whom I had so called from having found a pair of gold ear-rings, in the form of a crescent, suspended round her neck, and which, the Mameluke informed me, was proof of her noble birth. I learnt from him that her poor mother had been the favorite of Mustapha Pacha's harem, and so devotedly attached, as to persuade him to let her remain in his camp, and share his dangers, when the sudden and unexpected irruption of our troops, in the very heart of their tents, and the total defeat of the Turkish army, caused her safety to be overlooked and her person to fall a prey to the victors.

"At last, after many apprehensions of falling into the hands of your fleets, the blue hills of Provence opened gradually to our view, calling forth the wildest expressions of delight. It is a pleasure to all to revisit their native country, but here there was a feeling to stimulate beyond this joy; here were fiery spirits, eager to resume the power which controls nations. The small port of Frejus was our landing place, where two hours only were required by the future ruler of France and his followers, to make preparations for their departure, but where I soon found myself alone, with the child I had rescued, and a purse of money placed in my hands, to battle once more with life. Mine, however, was a spirit, too, not to bend to the storm. I had borne grief, fatigue, privations, pain, and self-reproach; what is there more for mortals to bear, but the last pang—of death?

"I now bent my footsteps towards the home of my birth, and the reflection haunted me as to my misconduct in having deserted my parents, and left them in ignorance of my fate. What must have been their sufferings! Alas, we seldom think seriously until the dart of sorrow pierces our own breast. Should I find them still alive? Alternate hopes and fears kept agitating my heart, causing an emotion as violent almost as the rush into combat, when I beheld the snowy peaks of my native mountains outstretched before me. It was a calm, bright evening when I reached Val Carlos,—the hour, too, when, after the day's toil, peasants love to enjoy rest around their cottage doors. I took the well-remembered path which led to my home, where, to my unspeakable delight, I saw the old couple seated. As I approached, I

pereeived an air of astonishment overspreading their looks, for I had conceived a strange fancy of retaining my soldier's garb; but when I called out '*Bon Dieu ce'st ma mere, mon pere,*' they knew their daughter's voice, and in an instant I found myself locked in their arms. There were tears mingled with smiles; retrospections without reproach, and endearing feelings expressed, which engrossed not only that night, but several ensuing days; that portion of my adventures regarding my little Aurilla, who was at first conjectured to be my own offspring, creating the deepest sensations.

"Oh, how gladly would I dwell on the tranquillity of the eight contented years which followed my return, when I lived cheerfully, quietly, with my parents, watching the increasing growth and beauty of that child; but I feel I must press on if I desire to bring my tale to its close."

Again did the gipsy pause to recover her breath, which was gradually growing weaker. Waltham was about to repeat his request, when motioning with her hand, as if to importune silence, she recommenced.

"Alas, there is no end to the trials and troubles of life, until death closes the scene. I had lived on contentedly in my mountain-home, little thinking of ever quitting that peaceful spot, when, in the short space of a month, both my parents were suddenly taken from me. Sorrow had now rendered the prospect desolate, when a report reached me of the intended march of the French army into Spain, to be led thither by some of those renowned soldiers who had aided in placing the imperial crown on Napoleon's brow. A sudden enthusiasm to witness war's mighty array again came across my mind, warmed by the brighter impressions of the past; when, acting on the sudden impulse, I left my homestead in charge of Chiboro, who has again been sent to protect it, and accompanied by Aurilla (who had imbibed health from the pure air of our mountains, and strength of limb through constant exercise) reached Bayonne on the second day after our departure. What I had heard, I now found to be true. A portion of the first Corps d'Armée had already arrived, and its General-in-chief, the Grand Duke of Berg, was expected on the morrow. That next day came. I had gone out with Aurilla, to witness his arrival with a second column of troops, little expecting whom I was to see again, for I had not heard of the dignities the Emperor had showered upon his generals, when, as the assembled crowd shouted, '*Ils vienent, ils vienent,*' amongst a number of officers, richly appareled, who rode in at the gate, I recognized General Murat. I became rivetted to the spot; yet uttering, involuntarily, '*Oh, mon Dieu, c'est*

lui, c'est lui.' His eyes met mine as he went past, and expressed, by their look, that he had recognized me also. I gazed, almost unconsciously, and seemed charmed as by a basilisk.

"A message was sent to me that evening to repair to the General-in-chief's quarters, where the greatest kindness was shown me, and after an hour's interview, I determined, at his solicitation, to join his suite as *concierge*, and on the following day proceeded in his baggage train to Madrid. But this visit, alas! proved a disastrous event: for here commenced my more serious misfortunes.

"The sudden recall of General Murat (who aspired to be made King of Spain), and Joseph's succession to the throne, left me almost friendless in Madrid, although, being pretty well known by the whole army, I attached myself to it as a *vivandiere*.

"But in this position I experienced many difficulties, and became subject to many insults, which my fierce temper could not brook, especially on account of that young creature, who, as she advanced in years, increased in beauty, which drew admirers around her. One young Spaniard, in particular, became most assiduous: he was a hidalgo by birth; but I remarked that his visits were always made in the most clandestine manner, the excuse being that the enmity between the two nations forced him to this measure. At length, a dishonorable proposal and attempt one night (just as the French army were about to quit the city, before the disastrous fight of Vittoria), made during my absence, brought matters to a fatal termination. I returned in the midst of it, and ascertaining its cause from Aurilla's tears, had recourse to violent words and blows,—the consequence of which was his resistance, by which a thrust with the hilt of his dagger (which every Spaniard carries) deprived me of this eye; but the moment following on this loss found my knife buried in his heart. He died without a groan. No one but Aurilla was a witness to the deed—it might remain undiscovered: at midnight, therefore, in spite of my suffering, I carried the corpse secretly, and laid it in the Puerto del Sol. Assassinations being frequent then in Madrid, he was supposed to have fallen in some unfortunate intrigue, by some jealous or rival hand. At least, I was not suspected, and in a fortnight after, we left Madrid, my wound having recovered sufficiently to enable me to do so.

"It was on our retiring from Burgos to Vittoria that I received the name of *La Tuerta*, which our soldiers, fond

of any joke on the march, applied to me,—a term which General Clauzel himself knew, whose column I accompanied. It was he who accosted me thus, when we supported you in your wounded state into the village of Val Carlos.

"From this period you know most of my story; how I ventured into your camp, animated by that restless spirit, which led me to commence life as I did; offering my services to Marshal Soult, to gain the wished-for information; taking that poor child with me to blind suspicion, for there was nothing that the experience of a life passed like mine would not attempt and could not master. Fate, for it is that which guides our doom, led us *to you*, whose generous conduct on that night was the occasion of winning our hearts. The tide of our destinies then united in one stream: mine, alas! soon to be swallowed up in the ocean of eternity; but your's and her's ———."

Some sudden spasm at this moment, in her effort to speak on, or an inward convulsion of feeling, caused Chaléca to stop, and again the tears rolled down her wan cheek.

The pause was long, for the gipsy was evidently much exhausted. Waltham and Aurilla approached, and leaning across where she lay, to observe her countenance, their hands met; the pressure of his, and a momentary look of sympathy, attested that his heart was not insensible to her hapless position,—when Chaléca in a few minutes, though in a feebler voice, recovered sufficiently to resume her story.

"Our visit to St. Jean de Luz had no other object but the hope of seeing you. I was not the only one animated with this desire, for a day seldom passed without your name being on our lips." (As the speaker said this, she turned her gaze upon Aurilla). "I was unluckily recognized by a foe on the morning after we had introduced ourselves to your comrades and yourself; the circumstance led me to expose our persons as little as possible abroad. I became also incensed at being deceived by you on the night you pledged yourself to the meeting and came not, as our flight on the morrow was inevitable; and I fancied you meant to become a foe and an informer likewise."

"You judged me wrongfully indeed," interrupted Waltham. "I was sent for suddenly by the colonel, and detained: when I returned you were gone."

"The colonel,—I remember him; where is he now?"

"Alas!" replied the young man mournfully, "your prediction was too true; he was killed, not a month since, at Vic Bigorre."

"I read it on his hand.* His was a noble nature; but genius is seldom rewarded with happiness. Strange, that I have seldom failed in my forewarnings which I practised in Egypt. Often, of a stilly night, when in the wide desert, holding converse with the twinkling stars alone, have I sat by the watchfire, as comrades slept around, and dived into the mysteries of the future, the spirit of which I imbibed in youth amongst my native mountains. I predicted Murat's greatness. *He is now a king;* but mark me, *he will come to a wretched and violent end.* Pride ever has a fall. I wish I could see the stars, I should find *the one* I have ever looked upon as that of my destiny, about to set behind a cloud. It will rise to smile again on others; but on me never more."

Chaléca's voice here dropped as if from exhaustion. Waltham arose, seeing her eyes closed, as if the spirit was about to depart; but she re-opened them at his stir, and said. "Wait a little longer,—the star has not yet gone down. I knew you were amongst the English host which surrounded Bayonne, though I had seen you not before the fatal night of the *sortie.* That intended attack became known to me, and having heard rumors of the change which was to silence the brazen tongue of war, I thought of the too many who must be the monster's last sacrifice. I thought of you, and found one willing like myself to risk life to avert the misery. He was the individual who gave you notice of the assault. I accompanied him to the spot where he was challenged; I recognized your voice, and allowed him to proceed alone, for I felt suddenly, as if by inspiration, that my presence would be necessary in the conflict to save you. The soldier's attire I had once more assumed, and the darkness of the night enabled me to pass unrecognized. It was not very far from this spot in the narrow lane, where the contest was most fierce, that I came in contact with yourself. I should not have quitted your side in the cave, it was a fatal mistake; but it was my destiny. Why do so many err against reason? It is

* Truth is at all times stranger than fiction. It is to the realities of life and human events, that literature is often indebted for its most interesting scenes and characters. Without further allusion, I beg the reader, if so disposed, to turn to Washington Irving's tale of "The Broken Heart," and to Napier's 6th volume of the "Peninsular War," book 24, page 614, to learn something more of this gallant soldier's life. Facts have supplied the chief materials in this story, including even the gipsy's chiromancy.

because their destiny leads them. It was now the fate of the French troops to be driven back in turn. The fear of discovery obliged me to rejoin their ranks, when one of the last bullets which cleaved the air, found a grave in my own breast."

During the latter part of this recital, the poor maiden had resumed her former kneeling posture, with her face buried in her hands. The gipsy on closing her story laid her hand gently on the mourner's head, saying, "My poor child—for I have ever called you such—and what is to become of you?"

A look of pleading mournfulness accompanied these words, as Chaléca uttered them, fixing her anxious gaze on Waltham, and adding, "Who will protect you now?"

An unusual tenderness in the tone of voice drew forth suffocating sobs from the gentle young creature so addressed, which would have choked all reply, had she even intended it, when in another moment the words "I will" sounded through the hovel.

"*You* will, signor?" and the same tender appeal lighted up the gipsy's pale, emaciated countenance with a smile: it was the halo of gratitude.

Waltham repeated his words, "*I will.*"

"Truly and honorably, then, I feel," added Chaléca, and she extended her hand, which the young man clasped with much emotion. Retaining it, she then said, "You have a mother and sisters alive,—perhaps, she will serve them. Her present boy's attire must be a disguise until then; otherwise, the world will deem her worse than she is, if seen alone, and with you. Do you promise this also?"

"I not only promise, but I swear it," said Waltham.

"Then I shall die happy;" and Chaléca covered her face with her hands, and wept; but they were tears of comfort.

Much as Waltham wished to remain longer, he felt the urgent necessity of going back to his quarters, to attend the interment of his dear comrade; but with the full intention of returning early on the morrow. It was his impression that he would still find Chaléca alive; and expressing this feelingly, he rose up to depart. "You must go," said Chaléca. "Yes, I feel there are more things to be attended to than a poor gipsy's dying wishes. The neglect of one duty leads to that of another; I would have you disregard none. But you will return, will you not?"

"Have I not promised it, dear Chaléca?"

"And you will protect my child? Pardon me—you have said so: it is enough."

Again she raised her hand, which Waltham took; again she fixed her languid eyes on him, calling at the same moment to Aurilla to look up. It would be difficult to say, on which countenance the most mournful tenderness was depicted. There where tears in each eye, as their gaze met; the kneeling maiden's streaming down her cheek. No more words were spoken, for their looks told all that was passing in their hearts, when Waltham with a fervent pressure of their hands, and a glance of the most poignant sorrow, quitted the apartment.

Chapter vii—and last.

Never did a spring morning break more brightly and beautifully on the face of nature than that upon which Waltham, after a few hours' rest, rose with a heavy heart to perform the last sad office of committing the remains of a brave comrade and friend to our mother-earth. As Goldsmith has expressed it, with his usual touching pathos,—"The most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied heads of soldiers." How many, many occasions for this tender feeling had not the fair fields of Spain presented?

The heart of Waltham was surcharged with the sorrow that had now fallen to his share, yet he felt he must not succumb to it. There are duties to be performed through life, which call for that philosophy of the soul, that resignation to the will of Providence, which, if they enjoin with them some of our severest trials, are hallowed, nevertheless, by the spirit of Divine love. But Waltham was essentially a Christian. The position in which he had placed himself testified to it. He had promised,—and strictly and honorably did he intend to bind up, if possible, the orphan's wound, and wipe away her tears. An event of great moment, however, to him, had transpired this morning, which might increase the difficulties considerably of the charge he had pledged himself to. His corps was one of those ordered for immediate embarkation with the force destined to proceed to America, and was to march to Passages in a few days; on hearing which, his first reflection turned to the young maiden, for he knew the gipsy's wound was mortal.

This intelligence and some necessary arrangements for his brother officer's interment, detained him longer than he had expected, before he could return to the abode of the dying gipsy, and it was full noon-day before he was enabled to proceed thither. When about to raise the latch, the door was opened by a French soldier, whom he recognized as the

individual found wounded in Chaléca's cottage at Val Carlos, and who accompanied her in her journey to procure his exchange. After a salutation of recognition, the man said "Il est trop tard, Monsieur; elle est morte!"

The first object which met Waltham's sight was the kneeling form of Aurilla, in the same attitude of grief as when he left her on the previous night, her two hands holding one of Chaléca's, with her head bowed down, and the lips pressed on its cold palm. With those who feel deeply themselves, there is a reluctance to disturb the mourner's early pangs of sorrow; the young officer stood, therefore, for some minutes in silent sympathy, supposing truly that his entrance had been unheeded by the weeping girl. The reappearance of the soldier causing her to raise her head, a fresh flood of grief burst forth at the sight of Waltham, who now advanced, and taking her hand, said, with much feeling, "Be comforted, dear Nenita; I know it is hard to prevent the heart, which anguish has turned into a cistern of tears, from overflowing, but your own health must now be considered, especially when all aid to her is unavailing," and he bent his eyes on the corpse.

"I never knew any mother or friend but her," faltered the disconsolate girl.

"Alas," said Waltham, "I cannot replace her in one sense, but I hope I will in the other."

Upon his uttering this, Aurilla's glance bespoke a hopeful, yet modest apprehension, when she answered, "It was the last wish she breathed. She prayed to *her* God for us both." The maiden's voice dropt so low at the last two words as to become almost lost to sound, and were only indicated to Waltham's sense by the motion of her lips. The faintness of articulation struck him as another proof of that delicacy of sentiment he had often remarked before at Val Carlos, when coupling their interests together. He was about to offer further consolation, when the Frenchman requested to speak to him outside the cottage; the purport of his communication being to point out a spot, within the enclosure close by, where the gipsy's grave might be dug, and proposing to get a comrade's assistance to prepare it. This was agreed to at once by Waltham, who promised to return in the evening, and see Chaléca's remains deposited in their last earthly home. He then undertook the melancholy task of informing the maiden. This was done with all that tenderness of feeling his kind nature was susceptible of; his words were mournful yet manly. It was as if the spirit of truth

had come with healing balm, to pour the precious ointment of charity on the head of devoted affection.

> "She gazed, she rose, then sunk in his embrace,
> If he had driven her from that resting place
> His had been more or less than mortal heart;
> But, good or ill, it bade her not depart."

This simple attestation of confiding emotion was destined to be the morning star of life through Waltham's future years. Yet the day was nevertheless fated otherwise to be a day of mourning. He had now to proceed to a dear friend's burial. There is something signally impressive in the military array of a soldier's funeral. The slow march, and solemn music, with whose mournful notes the roll of the muffled drum is timed; the long file of comrades, in glittering bright attire, contrasting with the black pall and sorrowing looks, and awakening thereby reflections of the insufficiency of all earthly pride; the riderless steed, that mute companion, perchance, through many a danger, with its gilded trappings now craped in the dark livery of woe; and lastly, as it echoes up to heaven, the loud volley, that announcement of another child of earth consigned to his parent-home, closes the scene, filling the mind with a train of thoughts, as serious for meditation as the ceremony has been imposing.

The evening was drawing to a close when Waltham returned from following the remains of his late gallant friend V——. He had now to change his garb, and hasten to perform the same last office for another, yet far different in pageantry from the one just consummated. His faithful servant Timmins was desired to attend him, and as twilight veiled the scene around, they arrived at the secluded hut.

Constant, the French soldier, with the aid of a comrade, had prepared the narrow dwelling for the dead. No useless coffin had been provided, for the gipsy's mode of burial disdained such a perishable tenement.

The face of the deceased was still left exposed to view, which Waltham noticed as he entered, whilst Aurilla knelt on one side of the corpse. She looked up at him with calm composure, and said, "I thought, signor, you would like to see her once more."

The formal address of "signor" caused Waltham an unpleasant feeling, but it was only for the moment, as he took her hand, and without replying, knelt down by her side. His first reflection, as he gazed on the wan, wasted countenance of the dead gipsy, reminded him that he had twice owed his life to her; the next, asked his heart, "Ought

he not to repay this double debt of humanity?" There was but one reply for true gratitude to give.

But the grave was prepared, and Constant, with his comrade, must shortly depart. His words were a sufficient notice. Timmins had accompanied them into the room. Waltham rose. Aurilla's intelligent mind told her what must be; with a manner that bespoke deep but resigned sorrow she kissed Chaléca's cold cheek, folded the blanket carefully over the pallid face, and stepping back, beckoned to the men to approach.

The night had become cloudy, few stars were to be seen twinkling forth their light; but towards the lofty Pyrennean hills, and in the direction of the home of the deceased's birth, one brilliant lamp of heaven was observed to shine out, undimmed by the surrounding vapors. Does Hope ask too much of Mercy, in breathing the thought—

> "That its bright beams seemed to say,
> Sister spirit, come away!
> Like to me with fiery wrath,
> Clouds have gathered round thy path,
> Darkness bound thee but to rise,
> Brighter, happier, in the skies!"

There is something very touching at all times in standing round a grave; but amidst the silence and gloom of night and a loneliness of scene, with a few, very few, sincere mourners to perform this last rite of the dead,—it seems to affect the heart still more sensibly with the nothingness of human life. Here there is no pomp or circumstance to turn the mind from the one impressive thought, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Such was the gipsy's burial. There was no word spoken; the dull sound of the earth, as the three soldiers filled up the cavity, was alone heard, save the repeated sob from Aurilla's breast. But the mournful task was soon accomplished, and Waltham, taking the maiden's hand, led her slowly away from her adopted mother's grave.

* * * * * * *

It was about four years after the occurrences just related that the following account was communicated in a letter from one friend to another; the former having accompanied Seymour Waltham to Canada, when their corps embarked at Passages for that destination.

"Time has passed here monotonously enough of late, whilst you have been reveling in all the novelties and luxuries of Paris. To *des-ennuyer* myself from the dullness of this place, I rode over to the new townships lately, to spend a few days with our old comrade, Waltham, who has become a

settler, not many miles from Kingston. He was a fine brave soldier and excellent companion; but that little despot called love had marked him out for his own, it seems, some time before we quitted Spain. It is a strange, romantic story, the particular circumstances attending which, I will now relate."

Here the writer entered into many of those events of Waltham's life with which the reader has already been made familiar, up to the period of the departure of the Peninsular army from the south of France. He then proceeds:

"On the day of our sailing, I ascertained that Waltham, being the senior captain on board, had managed by some private arrangement to secure the mate's cabin, yet it was remarked, that a hammock was slung for him at night near its door, and that he only entered it during the day, showing more than his accustomed reserve towards us all. I confess, there was a mystery about the affair which roused my curiosity; but having joked him once or twice on the matter, and found that he became annoyed, I desisted altogether; when on the third night, feeling feverish below and disinclined to sleep, I went up on deck. It was about midnight, —the weather was beautiful, whilst the moon lighted up sky and ocean with its silvery beams. The seaman at the helm and the mate appeared to be the only individuals on deck. On going towards the stern, however, I observed two more persons seated, but partly screened, beneath the taffrail; and approaching nearer, recognized one to be Waltham,— the other, I scarcely know how to describe, unless in Byron's exquisite delineation of Lara's page.

> "Light was the form and darkly delicate,
> That brow, whereon his native sun had set,
> But had not marred."
> * * * * * *
> Of higher birth he seemed and better days,—
> Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
> So femininely white, it might bespeak
> Another sex, when matched with that smooth cheek,
> But for his garb."

"Such seemed the interesting creature dressed in boy's attire whom I now looked on. Waltham saw it was useless to endeavor to keep up secrecy any longer, in a vessel, where three hundred souls were constantly roaming about, and as I was his oldest acquaintance on board, he made me his *confidant*, not only as regarding the past, but as to his future plans. During the remainder of our voyage, which was short and prosperous, his page never appeared by day on deck; but almost every night, unless the weather was too

rough, many hours were passed by the three in pleasant converse on former interesting times."

"On our landing at Quebec, the *ci-devant* page resumed female attire. I had hitherto seen her dressed as a boy; I now beheld her in the garb of her sex; both became her,—for her's is a face, which, under any circumstances, could never lose its interest or charms: she seemed a beautiful boy—she now looks one of the loveliest of woman kind. Waltham placed her immediately on our arrival as a boarder in one of the nunneries, calling her his sister, for his deportment towards her had truly been that of a brother.

"The war with America terminated a few months after our landing, peace having been made with the United States; but unluckily for us, our corps was not so fortunate as to be one of those ordered to return to Europe, to wind up the successes of Waterloo.

"Waltham, now tired of war's alarms, and having no near ties to take him back to England, gave up the service, and settled down on a farm, having some small patrimonial means to aid him. There he lives happily, blessed with the affection of a most lovely and devoted wife, and the possession of two sweet children."

Courteous reader, if thou hast followed me so far, such is the conclusion of "La Gitana." Waltham had married Anrilla: say, dost thou blame him?

G. L.

CURE OF ST. VITUS' DANCE,

BY THE AGENCY OF GALVANISM.

Having noticed in some of the latest *Chambers's Journals* that galvanism is much employed at the present day as a curative agent in nervous diseases, and not being aware that this powerful excitant is in any way extensively used for that purpose by any medical practitioner, I have ventured, as a non-professional person, to bring to notice the following cure, effected completely through the agency of galvanism alone, in order that that much-neglected and powerful agent may be more extensively studied and used by the medical profession than has hitherto been the case.

About the beginning of August last, I was requested by Dr. ———, of this town, to try the application of my electro-galvanic machine upon a patient of his, a girl of eight or nine years of age, who was suffering most severely from St. Vitus' dance,—to which, of course, I readily consented. It appeared that the disorder had made its appearance about a month previous, and notwithstanding the medical

treatment to which she was subjected, she became daily worse and worse, until her father at last, by the advice of some of his friends, persuaded the doctor to request me to attend with my galvanic apparatus, for the purpose of applying it to her.

Before seeing the child, I had expressed my firm conviction that if she could be cured at all, galvanism would effect it. My conviction, however, soon changed into doubt, when the painful contortions of her body were first observed by me. Indeed, they were agonizing to behold: arms, legs, eyes, the tongue and head, were all in perpetual motion, while the distortion of her features was sometimes truly terrible to witness. During the last few days, the spasms in the throat, together with the convulsions of her head, formed great impediments to her taking any food or drink, the gullet being so spasmodically affected, that the food or drink introduced with great difficulty (not by herself) into her mouth, was frequently stopped in its passage downward, so as to threaten to choke her, or be worked out again by the tongue. Sleep—if so it could be called—was hardly to be enjoyed by her, and she had to be watched day and night, for fear of being thrown upon the ground during the paroxysms.

The above is but a faint description of the suffering which this little girl had to experience. How great, however, was her surprise, as well as that of her parents, when the directors of the machine were applied, to witness, *instanter*, a complete cessation of the spasms and contortions of the body. The galvanic current was made to circulate crosswise, from one hand to the foot on the opposite side, and so mildly, as to be hardly perceptible at first, in order to obtain her confidence. Immediately after the application of the current, which lasted about half an hour daily, there was a change for the better visible, and a very good sleep that night was the result.

Next day she appeared much better, and was galvanized again in a similar manner as on the previous day, the strength of the current being only slightly increased. On the third day, there was already a remarkable change; and after the application of the machine that day, she was able to leave her bed.

Having thus obtained her entire confidence, the current was henceforth applied to the spine, and from that time she recovered very rapidly. *In less than a fortnight*, no trace of the disorder was left, while, during all this time, she did not partake of one single drop of medicine since the machine was first applied.

The above are some of the main features of the interesting case I have been trying to describe; and should this be the means of drawing the attention of persons more competent than myself to handle this powerful but much-neglected agent in the curing of diseases, my object will be accomplished.

J. D. HUGO.

Worcester.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The books received at the Public Library last month by the mail steamer *Phœbe* are—Trust and Trial; Eva Desmond; Ellison's Handbook of the Cotton Trade; Sandford's Studies of the Great Rebellion; Cornwallis' New Eldorado; Greener's Gunnery; and Cooke's China in 1857.

The selection is not a very rich one. Of the whole, the only work which seems really readable—although several are solid and highly valuable no doubt—is Mr. George Wingrove Cooke's admirable descriptions republished from his correspondence to the *Times*. Of that we can only here extract one or two brief passages. It abounds in the most graphic sketches of the war with China, now happily closed. Just take this hurrygraph of Admiral Keppel on the paddlebox of his gunboat and preparing to dash in among the celestial junks on the 1st of June, 1857:

Like a man thoroughly enjoying himself. His blue trowsers tucked into the tops of his Russian boots, his white pith hat, his small, active, springy figure, his coustitutionally good humor and devil-may-care laugh—there was a man who without the least ostentation was ready to go into any fire that gunpowder and iron could get up.

This is the dashing Keppel to the life. Mr. Cooke is equally successful in his sketches illustrative of Chinese character. We can only make room for one:

The Genoese have a proverb, "He lies like a tooth-drawer; no doubt a Greek, or a tooth-drawer, or an Italian picture-dealer will tell lies; but he knows that he is doing a mean, dirty thing, and that he at least ought to be ashamed if he is found out. He knows that lying in the abstract is a public offence reprobated by all men. John Chinaman is taught no such sentiment. With him a particular lie is a particular offence to the party lied to; but lying itself is a lawful thing. It is with him what a smart *repartee* is with us. The immediate recipient may wince and retort; but the world applauds and the sayer of the *bon-mot* chuckles. John Smith assures you that leather has risen to such a fabulous price that he is obliged to charge you £5 for a pair of boots, and is at that price considerably out of pocket. Now you know, and John Smith knows, that this is a monosyllabic mistake; but if you roughly tell John Smith he is a liar, he will infallibly raise his tradesman fist and fell you. So in weaker degree Simonides or Mendosa would feel it necessary to affect to be unjustly treated if you call them habitual liars. But if you say the same thing to a Chinaman, you arouse in him no sense of outrage, no sentiment of degradation. He does not deny the fact. His answer is, "I should not dare to lie to your excellency." To say to a Chinaman, "You are an habitual liar, and you are meditating a lie at this moment," is like saying to an Englishman, "You are a confirmed punster, and I am satisfied you have some horrible pun in your head at this moment." Much has been said and written about Chinese politeness. There is no nation in which in public places you see habitually so little of it. The Chinese peasant has no notion of courtesy. He never makes you a salutation in passing; he never moves out of your way, or even deflects from his straight course, without looking to see whether you will get out of his way The higher

classes keep all their politeness for great occasions. For those occasions they have a ritual of ceremonies, and this ritual is a sharp satire upon their daily practice. As their stage plays recall the events of extinct dynasties, so their ceremonial politenesses are histrionic representations of extinct virtues. Humanity, self-denial, and that true courtesy which teaches western nations that it is a part of personal dignity to respect the feelings of others, is in China dead in fact, and alive only in pantomime. The life and state papers of a Chinese statesman, like the Confessions of Rousseau, abound in the finest sentiments and the foulest deeds. He cuts off ten thousand heads, and cites a passage from Mencius about the sanctity of human life. He pockets the money given him to repair an embankment, and thus inundates a province; and he deplores the land lost to the cultivator of the soil. He makes a treaty which he secretly declares to be only a deception for the moment, and he exclaims against the crime of perjury. The meaner sort imitate at a distance the same qualities. They will put you to death if you innocently cause a death, yet they will not draw a struggling man out of the water, because it would spoil such a capital joke.

The permanent value of the work however consists in its elaborate chapters on the resources of China and its importance to European nations as a market for their produce.

Mr Carlyle's *opus magnum* on Frederick the Great has at last been published; or, to speak more correctly, the first two volumes of it have appeared. He has already devoted some ten years of persistent study to the excogitation of it; and he is at present in Germany again prosecuting his researches among musty tomes of correspondence in the archives of Potsdam, and surveying the battle-fields of the great commander. We are sadly disappointed that no copy of the work has yet reached the colony; but we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing some selections from the various extracts of it we have met with in the English papers. Carlyle is here himself once more. He has emerged from the wild insanities (as some deemed them) of the *Latterday Pamphlets* and the *Past and Present*, and is the same stern, massive thinker and heaven-endowed artist we have loved so well in the grand historic paintings of the *French Revolution* and the *Cromwell redivivus*. His *Memoirs of Frederick* seem to be just the sort of thing that astonished the world when Cromwell was first exhibited to the present generation in his true character and complexion. For the preparation of them Mr. Carlyle had to dig into the same dreary accumulation of forgotten lore. Wagon-loads of Dryasdust books and records were at his service; but, as he tells us dolefully, "they want all things, even an index. Truth is the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow and not afraid of labor, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known."

But as the result of all this gold-digging and gold-washing and occasional quartz-crushing, we have the richest ingots of the precious metal. What a picture is presented to us in the following. Every word of it is graphic. Little Frederick is born on the 24th of January, 1712. Here is the sort of world he gets introduced into:

There is the native German element for young Fritz, of which the

centre is Papa, now come to be King, and powerfully manifesting himself as such. An abrupt peremptory young King; and German to the bone. Along with whom, companions to him in his social hours, and fellow workers in his business, are a set of very rugged German sons of Nature; differing much from the French sons of Art. Baron Grumkow, Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau (not yet called the '*Old* Dessauer,' being under forty yet), General Glasenap, Colonel Derschau, General Flans; these, and the other nameless generals and officials, are a curious counterpart to the Camases, the Hautcharmoys and Forcades, with their nimble tongues and rapiers; still more to the Beausobres, Achards, full of ecclesiastical logic, made of Bayle and Calvin kneaded together; and to the high-frizzled ladies rustling in stiff silk, with the shadow of Versailles and of the Dragonades alike present to them. Born Hyperboreans these others; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp; native products of the rigorous north. Of whom, after all our reading, we know little. O Heaven, they have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude stalwart mould, and leading their rough life there, of whom we know absolutely nothing! Dumb all those preceding busy generations; and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim semi-articulate men; gone all to pipeclay and moustache for us. Strange blond-complexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honorable women, in hoops, brocades, and unintelligible head-gear and hair-towers,—*ach Gott*, they too are gone; and their musical talk, in the French or German language, that also is gone; and the hollow Eternities have swallowed it, as their wont is, in a very surprising manner!

Fritz must be educated, and among other accomplishments deemed important for him is religion, which is "to be taught him" by Noltenius and Panzendorf. On which Carlyle breaks forth:

The notion of 'teaching' religion, in the way of drill-exercise; which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Noltenius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle Heavenward, cannot be 'taught' by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious breachings and drillings. No; alas, no. Only by far other methods,—chiefly by silent continual Example, silently waiting for the favorable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named 'the grace of God,'—can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole Libraries of orthodox Theology is sometimes the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who *had* in them 'Devoutness, pious Nobleness!' In whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observing, came at length to recognize it; to read it, in this irrefragable manner, a seed planted thenceforth in the centre of his holiest affections for evermore!"

Fritz in course of time becomes a man and obstreperous,—"one of the prettiest and sprightliest lads,"—given to clandestine flute-playing and play-books, to consorting with Lieuts. Katte and Keith and more evil companions still, rather than to Prussian drill—at which his father's anger is incensed greatly. The Queen Sophie has a darling scheme in her head for the marriage of Fritz to the English princess Amelia, and the marriage of the English Prince Fred. to the Prussian Wilhelmine. Fritz himself seems nothing loth. The King becomes enraged: plots and counterplots ensue; which end in the arrest of the Crown Prince,

the execution of his friend Katte, and prison life at Custrin. It was after this bit of sharp discipline that the following characteristic epistle was addressed by the King to his subdued and helpless son:

My dear Son Fritz,—I am very glad you need no more physic. But you must have a care of yourself, some days yet, for the severe weather; which gives me and everybody colds: so pray be on your guard (*nehmet Euch hübsch in Acht*). You know, my dear son, that when my children are obedient, I love them much: so, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you everything; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but of your well-being and how to establish you,—not in the Army only, but also with a right Step-daughter, and so see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the Princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty people, what their conduct is, their education and so on: and so a Princess has been found, the eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought up, modest and retiring, as women ought to be. You will, without delay (*citò*) write me your mind on this. I have purchased the Von Katsch House; the Feldmarschall, old Wartensleben, poor Katte's graudfather, as 'Governor' of Berlin, will get that to live in: and his Government House I will have made new for you, and furnish it all; and give you enough to keep house yourself there; and will command you into the Army, April coming (which is quite a subordinate story, your Majesty!) The Princess is not ugly, nor beautiful. You must mention it to no mortal; —write indeed to Mamma (*der Mama*) that I have written to you. And when you shall have a Son, I will let you go on your Travels,—wedding, however, cannot be before winter next. Meanwhile I will contrive opportunity that you see one another, a few times, in all honor, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She is a God-fearing creature (*gottesfürchtiges Mensch*), which is all in all; will suit herself to you (be *comportable* to you) as she does to the Parents-in-law. God give his blessings to it; and bless You and your Posterity, and keep Thee as a good Christian. And have God always before your eyes;—and don't believe that damnable *Particular* tenet (Predestination); and be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in Time there in Eternity, go well with thee;—and whoever wishes that from the heart, let him say Amen.—Your true Father to the death, Friedrich Wilhelm.

When the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will have thee come. I think thy Bride will be here then. Adieu; God be with you.

Some of the detached sketches of individual characters and historic scenes are vividly portrayed. The intriguer Seckendorf is touched off in a few bold outlines thus:

The brow puckered together in a web of wrinkles from each temple, as if meant to hide the bad pair of eyes which look suspicion, inquiry, apprehension—the indeterminate chin, projecting with its thick chapped underlip, shaken out or shoved out in mill-hopper fashion, as if to swallow anything there may be for itself and grind it into a profitable meal.

Or take the following Prussian review scene. It is Carlylesque all over

Queen, Princess, and the proper Dames had, by his Majesty's order, to pass before the line: Princess in much trouble, 'with three caps huddled on me, to conceal myself,' poor soul. Margraf of Schwedt, at

the head of his regiment, 'looked swollen with rage,' high hopes gone in this manner;—and saluted us with eyes turned away. As for his Mother, the Dessau Margravine in high colors, she was 'blue in the face' all day. Lines passed, and salutations done, her Majesty and Dames withdrew to the safe distance, to look on:—Such a show, for pomp and circumstances, Wilhelmina owns, as could not be equaled in the world. Such wheeling, rhythmic coalescing and unfolding; accurate as clockwork, far and wide; swift big column here hitting swift big column there, at the appointed place and moment; with volleying and trumpetings, bright uniforms and streamers and field-music,—in equipment and manœuvre perfect all, to the meanest drummer or black kettledrummer:—supreme drill-sergeant playing on the thing, as on his huge piano, several square miles in area; Comes of the Old-Dessauer, all this; of the 'equal step,' of the abstruse meditations upon tactics, in that rough head of his. Very pretty indeed."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has given to the world another literary contribution, bearing the title of *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems*, which we are sure will be affectionately greeted wherever his writings are admired; and, notwithstanding that of late there has been some adverse criticism, we think that, among the reading portion of the Anglo-Saxon family, there is an universal admiration of the celebrated American poet. Considered as the mature work of one who has already written "enough for fame," this new production may disappoint those who look for something superior to the *Evangeline* or the *Golden Legend*; for it may be doubted whether, in elegance, delicacy, or dramatic power, it is equal to either of these, his earlier works. But to those who love the simplicity of the poet, and who prefer the light and graceful narrative to the uncongenial style of *Hiawatha*, the volume which we have now before us, will be as refreshing as a spring shower, and pleasant as an English nose-gay "pluck't in the merry May."

The Courtship of Miles Standish is a story connected with the old colony days, and, as the author informs us in a few words of prose preface, is based on historical truth. Miles Standish belonged to one of the old families of Lancashire, and was one of the poor but daring knights who did service in the Low Countries when the battle of religious liberty against the Spanish inquisition was fought, during the time of Queen Elizabeth. In Holland, he had learned to admire the Puritans, and he became the staunch friend and defender of the band of pilgrims who sailed in the *Mayflower*, to New England, in 1620. His wife, Rose Standish, was one of the first to die after they had reached the new colony, and the Puritan captain felt "lonesome and dreary," save when engaged in preparing defences, for the settlement, against the attacks of the Indians. One day, Miles Standish and his learned secretary, John Alden, "an elegant scholar, having the graces of speech, and skilled in the turning of phrases," were in their primitive dwelling, the secretary engaged in writing despatches to be sent home to England

by the *Mayflower*, while the Captain was surveying the defences and position of the colony, and occasionally meditating on the departed Rose:

"Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower!*
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

A volume of Cæsar's commentaries engages his attention for a time, and as he reads of the marvelous words and achievements of the Roman, he ejaculates

"That's what I always say; if you wish a thing well done
You must do it yourself, and not leave it to others."

After a while, the Captain closes the book, over which he has been abstractedly poring, and in a delightfully embarrassed fashion, addresses John Alden thus:

"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart I have been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together: I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.

And accordingly, he commissions his friend to proceed to the maiden, and tender her the hand and the heart of the blunt old captain. But John Alden and Priscilla Mullens had an affinity of disposition on their own private account, and the request of the captain was not by any means a pleasant one; so John excuses himself:

"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

The captain, with the air of a man whom nought can dissuade from his purpose, replies:

" Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!

After this, Alden's regard for Miles Standish induces him to forego his own claims and the wishes of his heart, and with a sadly perplexed spirit he goes forth on his embassy. On arriving at the house of Priscilla, he meets with a cordial welcome from the maiden, who thus describes her loneliness:

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the *Mayflower* that sailed on the morrow.
" I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
" Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

The marriage with Miles Standish is broached, and Alden urges his friend's suit: he

Came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.

But the maiden is struck with amazement and sorrow; at length she exclaims:

" If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
* * * * * * * *
" Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one;
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,

Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

The interview came to an end in a very rational way:

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?!"

Perplexed and bewildered, John Alden returns to the Captain, who in the interval has continued absorbed in the pages of Cæsar, having "fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city" during the time that the secretary was absent. But when the result of the mission and the maiden Priscilla's answer was related, the Captain's anger was exceeding great. Just at that moment, however, a messenger entered, announcing "rumors of war and hostile incursions of Indians," and Miles Standish had other matters than love and anger to engage his attention, for he was required to head a commando against the foes of the colony. Alden remained behind, but grieving at the rupture of the friendship which had so long existed between himself and the Captain, he determined upon returning to England in the *Mayflower*. On the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel, the settlers crowded on the beach, watching her departure. Amongst the crowd, Alden observed Priscilla standing alone and dejected; his resolution gave way, and he determined for her sake to share the fortunes of those who were around him. After a time, a rumor reached the settlement that the great captain Miles Standish had been slain in battle; and John Alden then permitted no further hesitation in pressing his own claims to the hand of Priscilla. An explanation takes place between them, and the maiden pleads forgiveness for the want of decorum she had shown in formerly hinting to John that he should speak for himself:

"Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I never can unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together."

It was wrong I acknowledge, for it is the fate of a woman
Long to go patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell in its silence.
Hence in the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of woman:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"

At length, the lovers get married:

Even as rivulets twain, for distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

And Miles Standish, notwithstanding the rumors of his death, was not slain: he arrived in the village just in time to appear amid the wedding-party—like an apparition—not however to alarm, but bless the newly-wedded couple; and so the story ends pleasantly.

It is in the delineation of the characters and feelings of the Puritan captain, the faithful but perplexed lover John Alden, and the innocent lovely maiden Priscilla, that the author has been most successful;—yet there are other charms in the poem, which will secure for it many admirers. His sketches of the early days of the New England colony, and its pilgrim settlers, are painted with artistic beauty. Such, for instance, is the following, which describes the departure of the *Mayflower*, on her return voyage to England. It is graphic to the life. The vessel was riding at anchor, well-appointed, and ready to leave, immediately her commander went on board: while on the beach—

There with his boat was the Master already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.

* * * * * * * * *

Meanwhile the Master, alert, with that dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the *Mayflower!*
No, not one looked back who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the *Mayflower* sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.
Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The report which is now submitted to the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* is intended to refer to the position of commercial matters during the months of October and November.

The former was one of almost entire gloom and stagnation, relieved only by the arrival of ships with cargoes, which necessitated a certain activity in discharging. But even in connection with the wharves, a dullness was perceptible, and an increased wage was demanded by the coolies working there, in consequence of the scarcity of labor. The epidemic, which is now evidently on the decrease in this city, made itself felt, when at its height, in every house, and to no class has it come home more than to the trading community. It is owing, we believe, to the very safe and cautious footing upon which commercial transactions have been lately carried on, that tradesmen are enabled to meet with such facility the engagements entered into when business seemed more promising.

A great number of vessels, bound to this port, with cargo, have arrived during the last two months; but we do not consider that stocks are by any means heavy, unless it is in manufactured articles, which have met with so little demand at a season when there is usually so much activity.

From the United Kingdom, we have eleven general cargoes, viz., two mail-steamers from Southampton, five sailing vessels from London, one from Glasgow, and three from Liverpool; of the latter, one nearly laden with salt. Swansea has supplied us with 460 tons patent fuel in one bottom, whilst from Cardiff there have been three arrivals, bringing 1507 tons coals. From the north of Europe, we have cargoes of timber, &c., namely, three from Stockholm, of which two are not reported, the one entered supplying 4415 deals, besides ploughs, iron, and other articles of Swedish manufacture; two from Gothenberg, with 9171 deals, and 150 logs timber; Memel, one, with a few spars, and 8997 deals.

From Hamburgh, there have arrived two cargoes; from Rotterdam, also two; and from Amsterdam one. These contain the usual supplies of gin, loaf sugar, cheese, and cordials.

We turn next to our own colonies of India, Mauritius, and Natal. From Calcutta, we have received part of a cargo, consisting of 6143

bags rice, principally brown. The market is rather abundantly supplied with this latter description, but white is getting scarce. To the frontier several parcels have been forwarded from time to time, and the demand occasioned for bread stuffs generally, by the drought in the midland and north-eastern districts, has turned the attention of speculators to rice.

We have received 6678 bags of sugar from Mauritius, which is, however, comparatively easy of sale. Natal is beginning to supply us with this article also; and, among our imports from that colony, we have much pleasure in noticing 914 bags sugar. We perceive, also, 118 cases arrowroot, and 678 tusks, and three cases of ivory,—the latter for re-shipment to England.

The coffee market has been and continues rather bare,—the arrivals in the last two months being 6730 bags from Rio, and 775 bags from Batavia. From this latter port, we also note the importation of 500 bags sugar.

Flour has been arriving in very small quantities, the only importation being 355 barrels from Rio, and 325 from New York. From this last-named city, 972 bags wheat, 33,000 pipe, 25,000 hogshead, and 4,000 butt staves, are also entered. Boston supplies us with lumber and pine timber, and 35,500 staves.

The last two mails from England have given us encouragement for the shipment of produce, and we hope that the prices now obtainable may be fully maintained. It is with regret, however, that we are informed that the double-shearing, say twice in eighteen, if not in twelve months, has been again commenced. The perpetrators of acts so prejudicial to the good name of the colony should at least be made to feel, by the prices given for their "short staple," that such practices are not to be encouraged. The old adage here is very applicable,

> "The devil got sick, the devil a saint would be,
> The devil got well again,—the devil a saint was he,"

for we cannot forget the promises made, and the regrets expressed, when the effects of their miserable policy was perceptible; and how soon these are forgotten.

Wool is coming in freely, and shipments are being made to the English market, to avail, if possible, for the February series of sales, which are generally the most beneficial for the produce of the colony. There are several vessels laid on for London, some of which have filled up in an unusually short space of time.

The banks have been and are easy; nor is there any reason to doubt any alteration in this respect for some time. Exchange on London has been and continues high,—1¼ to 1½ % being the rate for Treasury paper; good private bills having commanded nearly equal ratio, at ½ % discount to par, for drafts at 90 days' sight.

THE COMET.

The comet is still observable by means of a good telescope armed with suitable appliances; and altogether a valuable series towards investigating the orbit will be furnished from the Cape. But several months must elapse before the small stars in the path can be seen and their positions determined with the meridian instruments.

The last *Magazine* contained the approximate observed places of the comet for the use of those who might desire to trace its path in the heavens, for the interval October 11–27; the next will give a continuation of the same up to the last observation before going to press. T. M.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR OCTOBER, 1858.

Deduced from five observations daily.

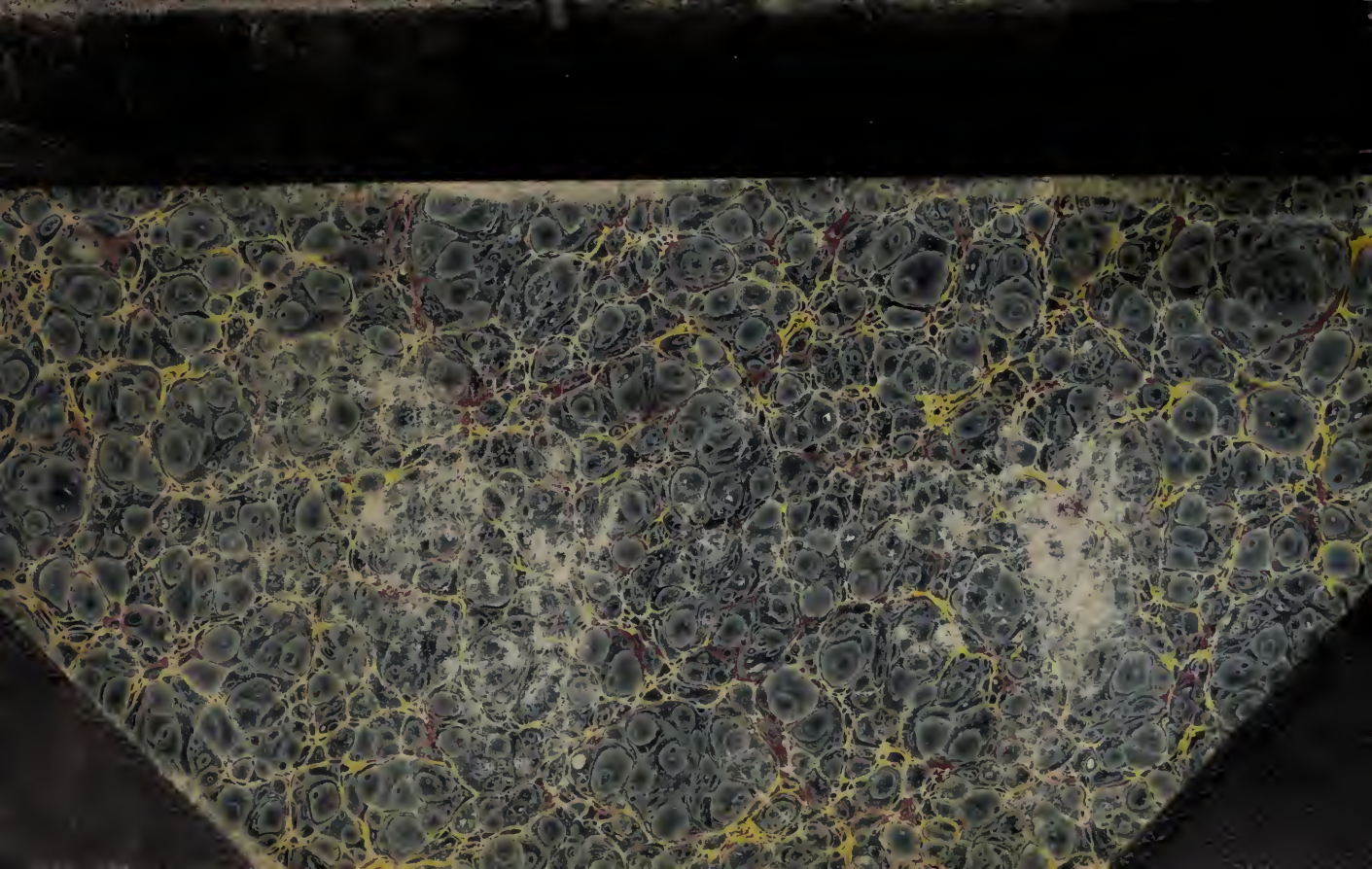
Hours of observation, $1^h\ 34^m$, $5^h\ 34^m$, $9^h\ 34^m$, $17^h\ 34^m$, $21^h\ 34^m$, Cape Mean Time

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Fah.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Humid. of Air. Sat. = 100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Oct.	inch.	°	°	°	°			inch.			inch.	
1	30·141	58·54	53·84	67·0	54·0	49·62	73·0	29·781	5 6	S ½ E		5·2
2	30·230	57·88	50·40	62·5	52·8	43·58	59·4	29·946	4·0	S b E		3·2
3	30·189	59·70	52·82	63·0	55·0	46 78	63 0	29·868	2·8	S		0·2
4	30·005	65 84	57·12	72·1	57·3	50·20	58·8	29·640	0·7	S b E		1·5
5	29·974	65·74	59·16	78·0	54·8	54·08	68·0	29·553	1·6	S W ½ W	0·030	7·4
6	29·967	59·20	55·90	67·2	52·5	53·06	81·6	29·563	1·4	WNW		6·0
7	30·013	58 74	56·12	63·8	55·8	53·82	84·2	29·597	2·3	NW	·008	8 0
8	29·982	57·38	54·46	64·5	52·2	51·81	82·4	29·594	2·0	NW b W	·072	9·0
9	30·035	56·40	50·68	60·4	51·7	45·52	67·4	29·729	1·7	W b N ½ N	·018	5·6
10	30·105	55·26	51·00	61·0	49·0	47·04	74·6	29·781	0·9	SW ½ W	·056	6·5
11	30·121	55·46	49·32	60·0	50·0	43·56	65·0	29·837	1·4	S ½ E	·128	2·4
12	29·990	58·62	53·24	65·0	48·5	48·51	71·0	29·645	2·2	S W b W		3·2
13	30·021	59·46	55·06	63·7	55·0	51·26	75·4	29·642	1·6	W b N ½ N	·007	7·9
14	30·087	59·02	52·14	65·8	53·5	46·06	62·6	29·775	1·8	S ½ E		4·4
15	29.962	61·06	53·68	65·7	55·0	47·32	60·8	29·634	2·1	SSW ½ W		5·7
16	29·982	62·28	56·02	73·4	53·8	50·92	68·4	29·607	1·0	NW b N		5·2
17	30·055	60·72	56·56	66·0	54·8	53·00	76·2	29·652	1·0	W ½ S		6·2
18	29·981	60·90	57·94	68·0	57·0	55·46	83·0	29·540	2·0	NW ½ W		5·9
19	29.972	59·06	57·54	62·0	56·6	56·12	90·0	29·520	2·1	NW b W	·750	9·8
20	30·114	60·22	54·44	65·0	54·5	49·44	68·6	29·761	0·8	SWbW ½ W	·012	7·7
21	30·219	59·16	52·50	65·6	52·0	46·66	64 0	29·900	0·7	S b W		3·2
22	30·213	62·46	55·74	67·0	57·8	50·06	64·4	29·850	2·1	S ½ E		0·6
23	30·124	61·14	57·58	71·5	52·8	54·62	80·2	29·697	1·2	SW ½ W		3·9
24	30·139	60·16	55·62	65·2	53·3	51·70	74·6	30·751	1·1	SW b S	·020	3·6
25	30·095	62·48	57·08	69·2	52·8	52·60	71·0	30·097	1·1	S ½ W		0·1
26	30·185	65·82	59·78	76·0	59 2	55·08	70 8	29·749	2·5	SSE		2·2
27	30·222	62·10	54·08	67·0	57·0	47·30	53·8	29·895	6 4	S b E		2 6
28	30·091	63 51	55·38	72·0	57·2	48·62	58·8	29·747	6·6	S		1·6
29	29·972	68·80	59·24	75·0	62·0	51·84	55·4	29·585	3·8	S		1·8
30	29·981	68·58	61·22	81·5	58·3	55·74	65 8	29·537	0·9	S b E		0·1
31	30·004	66·42	60·10	76·0	54·0	55·22	68·8	29·566	1·7	S ½ E		0·7
Mean,	30·070	61·04	55·35	67·7	54·5	50·54	69·9	29·698	2·2	S ¼ W S Sum,	1·101	4·2

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A M h m 5·34	A.M. h m 9·34	P.M. h m 1·34	P.M. h m 5·34	P.M. h m 9·34	highest.	lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30·062	30·090	30·056	30·057	30·085	30·294	29·858
,, Press. of dry air.	,,	29·703	29·711	29·676	29·684	29·716	30·022	29·421
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	55·95	63·69	66·70	61·10	57·73	80·0	50·0
,, Wet bulb.	,,	52·65	56·72	58·06	55·48	53·84	65·0	47·0
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	80·39	64·71	58·58	69·10	76·58	97·0	41·0
Dew Point.	degrees	49·56	50·98	51·21	50·64	50·30	58·8	40·1

GEORGE MACLEAR, Royal Observatory

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